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CLEARFIELD, PA.
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oct. 9, '78-tf.

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Will attend to all legal business with promptness and fidelity.

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Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction.

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Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

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GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Editor & Proprietor. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

VOL. 54—WHOLE NO. 2,695. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1880. NEW SERIES—VOL. 21, NO. 43.

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Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

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All official business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

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Shop on Market St., opposite Court House
A clean towel for every customer.
Also dealer in
Best Brands of Tobacco and Cigars.
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He has prepared himself with all the necessary blank forms under the Pension and Bounty laws, as well as blank Deeds, etc. All legal matters entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harness, Bridles, Saddles, Collars, and Horse-Furnishing Goods.
All kinds of repairing promptly attended to. Saddlers' Hardware, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, &c., always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash price.

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired.

Livery Stable.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Hacks, Buggies, Saddles and Harness, on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Residence on Locust street, between Third and Fourth.
GEO. W. GEARHART
Clearfield, Feb. 4, 1874.

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
GLEN HOPE, PENN'A.
THE undersigned, having leased this commodious Hotel, in the village of Glen Hope, is now prepared to accommodate all who may call. My table and bar shall be supplied with the best the market affords.
GEORGE W. DOTTS, Jr.
Glen Hope, Pa., March 26, 1879-tf.

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GRAHAMTON, Pa.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled.

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All kinds of repairing in my line promptly attended to.

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ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.
THE undersigned, having established a Nursery on the Pike, about half way between Clearfield and Curwensville, is prepared to furnish all kinds of FRUIT TREES, (standard and dwarf,) Evergreens, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawton Blackberry, Strawberry, and Raspberry Vines. Also, Siberian Crab Trees, Quince, and early scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address,
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MEAT MARKET.
F. M. CARDON & BRO.,
On Market St., one door west of Mansion House,
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Our arrangements are of the most complete character for furnishing the public with Fresh Meats of all kind, and of the very best quality. We also deal in all kinds of Agricultural Implements, which we keep on exhibition for the benefit of the public. Call around when in town, and take a look at things, or address as
F. M. CARDON & BRO.
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Clearfield Insurance Agency.
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KERR & BIDDLE, Agents,
Represent the following and other first-class Co's

Companies.	Assets.
Liverpool London & Globe—U. S. Br.	$4,291,59
Lycoming—on mutual & cash plan	5,000,000
Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn	2,624,063
Insurance Co. of North America	6,634,674
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br.	1,742,863
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch	872,145
Watertown	761,818
Travelers (Life & Accident)	4,595,434

Office on Market St., opp. Court House, Clearfield, Pa.

IN THE DARK WOOD.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

Upon an eve I sat me down and wept,
Because the world to me seemed nowise good;
Still Autumn was it, and the meadows slept,
The misty hills dreamed, and the silent wood
Seemed listening to the sorrow of my mood;
I knew not if the earth with me did grieve,
Or if it mocked my grief that bitter eve.

Then 'twixt my tears a Maid did I see
Who drew a nigh me o'er the leaf-strewn grass,
Then stood and gazed upon me pitifully
With grief-worn eyes, until my woe did pass
From me to her, and tearless now I was;
And she, 'mid tears, was asking me of one
She long had sought unaided and alone.

Him I know not of, and she turned away
Into the dark wood; while my own great pain
Still held me there, till dark had slain the day,
And perished at the gray dawn's hand again.
Then from the wood a voice cried: "Ah, in vain,
In vain I seek thee, Oh, thou bitter sweet!
In what lone land are set thy long-for feet?"

Then I looked up, and, lo! a man there came
From 'midst the trees, and stood regarding me;
And, once again, my tears were dried for shame,
But he cried out: "Oh, mourner, where is she
Whom I have sought o'er every land and sea?
I love her, and she loveth me; and still
We meet no more than green hill meeteth hill."

With that he passed on sadly, and I knew
That these had met, and missed, in the dark night,
Blinded by blindness of the world untrue
That hideth love, and maketh wrong of right,
Then 'mided my pity for their lost delight,
Yet more with heaven longing I grew weak;
Yet more I mourned that I had none to seek.

PARIS AND THE COMMUNE.

A LECTURE BY EX-MINISTER WASHBURNE.

A large audience listened to the Hon. E. B. Washburne, ex-Minister to France, who delivered a lecture in Brooklyn, recently, before the Long Island Historical Society. The speaker was introduced by the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs. The subject of the greater part of the address was the "Siege and the Uprising of the Commune of Paris," and the terrible scenes of '71 were described in picturesque language. That portion of Mr. Washburne's remarks was particularly interesting where he refers to his acquaintance with Gambetta, Theirs and other well-known Frenchmen.

MR. PRESIDENT:—The paper I propose to read to-night is in relation to Paris and France during the Franco-German war, and particularly the siege and the uprising of the Commune of Paris, which are among the most extraordinary and interesting events set down in the annals of history. There was an avalanche of passion, crime, violence, enthusiasm and cowardice. There was suffering, devotion, turbulence, excitement, madness, cruelty, distress, shame and abasement and the savage despotism of the whole populace. Never before was witnessed the spectacle of two millions of people in the heart of a great nation, a long distance from the enemy's border, surrounded, besieged and shut up for five months. Never in ancient or modern times has such a city fallen into the hands of a lawless mob, to be ruled and controlled during all of that time by force and terror. No one in a reasonable space of time can do justice to these subjects. But what I have to say will be as brief as it must be unsatisfactory.

The Franco Prussian war broke out on the 15th of July, 1870, to be followed by the awful crash of Sedan, laying in its ruins an army of an empire. There is not recorded in all history a more tremendous downfall of a government. The people alarmed, discouraged, maddened by the disasters which had fallen upon them, prepared for great events. The news of the disaster was made known in Paris on the evening of the 3d of September, 1870. On that day the people of that city were awaiting the result of the great operations on the frontier; but it was the fearful calm before the storm that was soon to burst upon Paris and France. There was that indescribable something in the whole atmosphere that portended startling events. There was the silent current which electrified every heart. There was among the masses of the people but one thought, one purpose and one determination, and that was to tear down the dynasty which had so long oppressed and corrupted the people and now betrayed and dishonored France. At two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the National Guard and the people fraternized, and having overcome all opposition, invaded the Chamber of Deputies, thrust out the members and took possession of the hall; and from there they went to the Hotel de Ville, where so many governments of France had already been proclaimed; they now proclaimed another Republic of France. It was Gambetta who appeared at one of the windows of this grand old palace and threw out to the 60,000 people gathered on the Place de Grace a list of persons who were to form the Provisional Government to be called the Government of the National Defence. The list was composed of the Republican members of the Chamber of Deputies from the City of Paris.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.

And now a word as to Paris and France before the breaking out of the Franco-German war. The Emperor resided at the Tuileries in the midst of a brilliant court, and royalty was surrounded with glittering splendor. To a casual observer who visited Paris in the last days of the Empire, there were certain appearances of prosperity, happiness and content; but they were like the fruit of the Dead Sea, in the last degree deceptive. Beneath all this outside show there was to be heard the deep rumbling of popular discontent. The real people were dissatisfied, restless and uneasy. Their rights and liberties had been trampled under the iron heel of power, and their discontent was often made manifest in Paris by their turbulent gatherings on the boulevards, which had often to be dispersed by the police and squadrons of cavalry, whose clashing sabres and sounding bugles were heard in the streets. The cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" uttered by the courtiers and parasites, was responded to by a giddy mass in Paris, which flattered by the counterfeit construction of the government, dazzled by the glitter of the court, or fattening on the wealth of royalty, abandoned itself to the illusion of happy dreams, and bowed down before the glory and material strength of the Empire.

I cannot here enter upon an analysis of the character of the Emperor whose remarkable history has been so differently judged. Though falling from power amid blood and shame and humiliation, it would be idle to deny that his memory as a Bonaparte is held in reverence by a large and powerful body of French people. He was short of stature, with a dull face and heavy manners. Sober, reflective, he showed none of the vivacity which is a part of the French character. He was intelligent, thoughtful and a good judge of men. He called about him bold, sagacious and sometimes unscrupulous associates. But such was the character of his personal and official intercourse that he always attached to his person those with whom he was brought in contact. The stain upon his memory was the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, which will go down to all history as one of the blackest crimes which ever stained the ruler of a great people. Victor Hugo has said: "In one night liberty was stricken down by the hand sworn to support it." The inviolability of the law, the rights of the citizen, the dignity of the magistrate, the honor of the soldier—all disappeared. There arose the despotism of a personal government, founded on perjury, murder and assassination.

The Empress, though Spanish, had the manners and grace of a French woman. She was of the medium height, with graceful form and regular features. Intelligent, bright, and fond of society, with a kind heart for all, she captivated the court and the aristocratic society of Paris. She must have the credit of having been especially polite to our own country-people, whom she always greeted with the most charming affability at the Tuileries. It was sometimes said that the marked politeness that she showed to our country-women was that she desired to give a glory to her palace by the presence of the fair Americans, whose beauty and grace and splendid toilettes added so much to the brilliance of those magnificent fetes. But while she enjoyed this popularity with the court, it was said that she was a bigot, ruled by the priests and scheming for the suppression of popular rights and free thought. But undoubtedly great injustice was done her in many particulars. She was given credit for exercising great influence over the Emperor, and they alleged against her that she instigated the Mexican expedition which cost France so much blood and treasure. Always spoken of as the "Spanish woman," she came to be the *bête noir* to whom so many of the evils were to be attributed.

THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

I was at Carlsbad in Bohemia when the news of the declaration of war by France against Germany was received, and I hastened back to Paris at my post of duty. Reaching there late in the evening, I found the great masses of people, naturally so excitable and turbulent, and always disliking the Germans, had been maddened by the false news so skilfully disseminated that King William had insulted the French nation through its Ambassador. The streets and boulevards and avenues were filled with people in the greatest enthusiasm and exultation. The Champs Elysees with the brilliant and flashing gaslights, and all the open air concerts were encumbered with a multitude who filled the air with the cry of "To Berlin in eight days!" and their hearts were set on fire by the terrible refrain of the Marseillaise, the hymn of France.

At this time there were 40,000 Germans in Paris, who had come to France to live as good citizens under the protection of the laws. The German Ambassador and all his Legation being obliged to leave Paris immediately, it became necessary that this vast German population should have protection, and Prince Bismarck appealed to our Minister to afford them this protection and to take possession of the archives of the German Legation. Our government agreed to do so provided the French should agree. From that time the American minister became practically the German Ambassador to Paris, and so continued for a period of ten months. There was no precedent for such an action where great nations were involved. It was a task of delicacy and responsibility for the minister of a neutral power to become the minister for another nation at war with a neighboring nation. It became necessary to allay the fright and terror of this vast German population when they left themselves expelled from France. And the labor in giving these people passports and securing means to send out dispatches was very great indeed. Advising the German Government of the frightful situation in which its people were in Paris, in thirty-six hours with a promptness and liberality which will be forever an honor to the German Government, it placed 60,000 thalers to the credit of the American minister with the Rothschilds. It was but a very few days before the gates of Paris were shut. Many of the Germans could not get away, as some were in prison, and some without work, and there was danger that they would fall back into the hands of the Legation in case of a siege.

A PORTRAIT OF GAMBETTA.

It was at this time that I first saw Gambetta, who was then the Minister of the Interior. I stated the case to him, and he ordered the discharge of the prisoners, *en masse*, and, helping others, sent them to the Belgian frontier. This was a magnificent act on the French Government, and the credit was due to Gambetta. It was at this time that I first made the acquaintance of this distinguished man, an acquaintance that ripened into a firm friendship. He was then a young man of about thirty, a little under the ordinary height, and well proportioned; but he has now become very stout. He had glossy black hair, beard, and a handsome and intelligent face. One was struck with the quickness of his perceptions, his extraordinary executive ability, his promptness, his energy, his patriotism and supreme love of country. He had already developed in the Chamber of Deputies all that ability and eloquence which had attracted public attention; and in his colossal struggle to save the country, he has exhibited all the grand qualities of courage, devotion and pluck which acted upon the hearts of so many of his countrymen. He has rendered great service to his country, for which posterity will honor him, and has won undying laurels as an orator and a statesman, and is to-day one of the leading figures in French politics. As an orator, he is in my judgment without a peer in France; and is without an equal since Mirabeau thundered his eloquence in the Constituent Assembly. I have heard all the great orators of my country, and many of the great speakers in England, but never heard the equal of his speech in the Chamber of Deputies after the arbitrary dismissal by MacMahon of his Republican ministers. Before the great revolution in 1877, he was condemned to three months' imprisonment for saying in a speech at Lisle that as President MacMahon had challenged the judgment of his country, he must submit to its will or resign. For that speech he was tried and convicted. The government at that time might have wished to stifle that voice which had resounded through France and awakened echoes in the most remote hamlet of the country. But eloquent as Gambetta was, and dangerous as he was to the governing powers, had he been incarcerated, he would have been found more mighty behind the bars of a dungeon than at the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies at Versailles.

While the American minister was giving his thought to the protection of the Germans and the persons and property of his countrymen in Paris and France, he watched narrowly the stupendous events that were convulsing that country from centre to circumference, and few events in history have more profoundly engaged the attention of the civilized world. The German armies approached the proud capital of France by a sure and resistless tread. The opposing hosts were scattered like thistledown and feathers, and the stoutest French hearts were appalled in confronting the impending danger. The people grew less in numbers in the streets, the theatres were but feebly attended, and the passionate accents of the Marseillaise no longer fell upon eager ears, but died away in the breezes; all Paris put on a serious air. Strange, wild scenes were everywhere repeated.

Events resulted in the fall of the Empire on the 4th of September, 1879. On the 7th of the same month, by direction of the Government of the United States, its ministers in France recognized the Government of the National Defence as the Government of France. This was the first recognition by any power, and it created a most favorable impression among the Parisians. A portion of the people, and particularly the National Guard, desirous to show how much they appreciated the prompt act of the United States, came every day to the American Legation and paid their respects to the American minister and our Government. The military came by regiments and battalions, marching to the sound of national air, and bore the American and French flags together, filling the air with "*Vive l'Amerique*" and "*Vive la Commerce.*" They would then depute some members of the Commune to go to the house to bear their personal compliments to the Minister ending by a little speech; they would then give the accolade and kiss both cheeks. [Laughter.]

PARIS SHUT IN FROM THE WORLD.

The gates were closed on Sunday, the 18th of September, and all communication with the outside world was shut off. The American minister, being also the German minister, was the only man permitted to have intercourse with the outside world. He had to send out his dispatches in the government pouches under a flag of trace, and received in the same manner his correspondence, newspapers, etc., from Washington and London, although he was sometimes without any intelligence whatever for three or four weeks. The balloon service was established soon after the commencement of the siege, and this became one means the people of Paris had of communicating with those outside. But while full information was going out of Paris in the balloons, and the world was advised of what was going on in the inside the insiders could get nothing from the outside. The carrier-pigeon service was utilized or received dispatches but it was uncertain and unreliable, and it scarcely amounted to anything.

Gambetta with the old government remained, with the exception of three of its members who had gone to Tours before the siege commenced. It was necessary to have that outside delegation reinforced, and Gambetta was elected as the member of the government to go out, which he did in a balloon. It was a hazardous adventure, but it was a success. Arriving safely at Tours, he seized the helm of the government, and with his soul on fire, with his indomitable purpose, his pauseless energy, his magnetism and enthusiasm, he at once subordinated his colleagues to his own imperious will. His enemies were right for once when they called him the "Dictator of France." That Dictatorship is one of the most interesting episodes of French history, and Gambetta lived to have full justice done him for the valuable and unselfish services he rendered to his country under the most trying circumstances in which a great nation was ever found. After the war was over, Gambetta's enemies in the Chamber of Deputies put in operation all the machinery of a parliamentary inquisition in the hope of staining his reputation, soiling his honor and destroying him in the public estimation. They pursued him for months, tracking him with spies and pimps to find a spot upon the good name. With the absolute control of uncounted and untold millions, they found his record clean, and his hand unstained by public plunder [applause]; a bright example—[applause]—a bright example to public men everywhere, and which can be followed with so much advantage in other countries than France. [Renewed applause.]

THE REVOLUTION OF OCTOBER 31, 1870.

I have not time to speak of the sufferings, patient endurance and noble sacrifices of the French people during the siege of Paris. I witnessed some of the remarkable scenes of the frightful time. The most extraordinary event during the siege was the Revolution on the 31st of October, a sort of *imperium in imperio*, of which little is really known. There was great discontent at this period among the National Guard; it had become mutinous and insubordinate, and only waited for the opportunity to make a demonstration against the Government of National Defence. They seized the time when the news came into Paris of the surrender of Bazaine. On these tidings the excitement of the people became intense beyond all description, and a part of the National Guard marched to the Hotel de Ville, surrounded it, and after a feeble opposition the members of the government were seized in the great hall of deliberation and held as close prisoners, and commenced measures for their final and complete overthrow. The most violent of the invaders entered the room where the members of the government were assembled, and demanded their abdication with threats of violence and assassination. The news of this *coup d'etat* spread like wildfire over the whole city, producing terror and consternation among all orderly people. It seemed as if the government of the National Defence was to be overthrown and the red flag displayed, and the revolutionary government installed in its place.

The news reached the Legation about 5:30 in the afternoon, and I immediately went to the Hotel de Ville to see for myself the actual situation, and a more exciting and turbulent scene cannot well be conceived than that which I beheld. Here were armed men in the magnificent palace under the light of gas, which was everywhere brilliantly lighted. The whole building was filled with a mass of people in sympathy with revolt, and all treated the overthrow of the existing government as a fixed fact. Showing my card, I was permitted to enter, and I mingled freely with the crowd and heard the conversations and their plans. Everybody was in the utmost good humor, and in all the rooms were little knots of men making up their lists of the new government. Each knot handed me their list as a vote distributor would give a ballot on an election day. They felt assured that the government would abdicate, and if not they had the force to hold the members as prisoners. The situation to me seemed absolutely perilous, and I was impressed with the danger which impended over the city.

Returning to my Legation late in the evening I found the streets and boulevards filled with excited people, all breathing hostility to the Government of the National Defence. The loyal and patriotic people, filled with fright and terror, had retired to their houses, and brooded over their threatened danger. Soon the tocsin rang out in all the streets, and at 11 o'clock at night I heard from under my window that dreadful sound, which in the first Revolution had so often frozen every heart with terror. It was one of the most fearful nights ever experienced in that devoted city. Fortunately in the confusion and tumult attending the arrest of the government, M. Ernest Picard, Minister of Finance, escaped and immediately devoted himself to the organization of a loyal force to release his colleagues. This was made apparently easy; the revolutionists, from their certainty of success and their deep potations of wine, had become careless and in the latter part of the night sleepy. A loyal regiment was introduced into the Hotel de Ville by a subterranean way, and almost before the mob and National Guard knew it, they were driven head and heels out of the building, and the government was saved. [Applause.]

The Parisians held out until the whole city was litterally exhausted. All the horses were killed for food. Everything eatable was at enormous prices. On Christmas-eve, passing by a little meat shop in the Rue Lazare, I ventured to step in and inquire the price of a middling-sized turkey, for a Christmas dinner the next day, and the proprietor, with all the politeness of a Frenchman, said that, seeing it was me, I might have it for $25. All the wild animals in the Jardin des Plantes, with one exception the largest collection in the world, were killed and sold for food. Then there was no meat to be had but horse meat. I had no occasion, however, myself to eat horse meat, but I did eat mule meat, and I must say to the credit of that useful and forbearing animal, I found him quite good. [Laughter.] My Secretary, Colonel Hoffman, ate the meats of all the wild animals in the Jardin des Plantes, in order to judge which was the best, and after a fair trial he declared that the elephant was the best of all. [Laughter.]

But the time had come for the surrender of Paris, and a portion of the city to be occupied by 30,000 German troops until the treaty should be ratified by the National Assembly. It is impossible to describe the profound impression that this matter made upon the Parisians. But there were no resources left, for never was there a city so thoroughly exhausted in every respect. In many parts of the town the streets were not lighted at night. The people kept in-doors. The shutters were all closed, and so completely were some parts of the town deserted that they seemed like places of the dead. A terrible day was the 1st of March, 1871, to the Parisians. It was a day of unutterable sadness, humiliation and despair.

The treaty having been ratified according to its stipulation, the German troops commenced moving out on Friday morning at 8 o'clock, having occupied a portion of the city for two days. Marching up the Champs Elysees, they passed under the Arc de Triomphe, amidst vociferous cheering, and at 11 o'clock precisely the last German soldier passed out, and Paris once more breathed free. It must be said, to the honor of the German troops, that the utmost order prevailed, and that there was no violence against persons or property. No sooner were the troops on their way out of the city than the closed streets, restaurants and hotels threw open their doors. The grand avenue of the Champ Elysees was swept and sprinkled, and the magnificent fountains of the Place de la Concorde began to play. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the day was splendid; all that part of the city which had been so long under the guise of a funeral pall, presented a gay and cheerful appearance, and the people for the first time seemed happy after so many long, dreary, suffering and eventful months. Provisions immediately began to pour in for the relief of the starving people. With unbounded generosity, England and the United States stretched forth the hand of charity. [Applause.]

THE OUTBREAK OF THE COMMUNE.

After the siege, the Commune of Paris. It was on the 18th of March, 1871, that the insurrectionary National Guard, numbering nearly 150,000 men, well armed and equipped, drove the government of which Thiers was the chief or executive power out of Paris and took possession of the city. This was not like the Commune of Paris of the first Revolution. That was in theory the local government of that revolutionary and turbulent city, convulsed by the elements born of that great historic period, when thrones crumbled and dynasties fell. This old Commune was in subordination to the National convention of France, that terrible body which seized all the branches of the government, legislative, executive and judicial. This old Commune of Paris was the power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself, but at that time there was an organized government of France, which was the National convention itself, composed of one of the most imposing bodies of men the world has ever known. There was the execution of law in all of the ordinary forms, and the horrible cruelties, oppressions and murderers were under the forms of law. But in the Commune of Paris of 1871, it was simply the government of a city of two millions of people by a lawless mob, where justice and law and order were all trampled under foot, and there was no law but that of absolute force, wielded by the worst men that ever reached power in any country.

WONDERFUL WORK OF THIERS.

After Thiers became chief of the executive power of the new Republic of France, I presented to him my letters to the new government. From that time until the day of his death my relations with him and with his family were of the most cordial character, and I guarded the recollection of all his friendship as one of the most precious souvenirs of my official residence abroad. I cannot speak here of that remarkable man, who at the time of his death was the great central figure of Europe, and who had rendered to his country such inestimable and exceptional services as to entitle him, as Prince Bismarck said to me, to the proudest monument ever erected by a grateful people. No man could have rendered service to his country in that trying epoch as did Thiers. He had an activity without example, and his labors, to those who knew him, seemed almost incredible. He allotted to himself five hours of sleep in the twenty-four. He never arose later than five o'clock, and was always in his Cabinet at work at that hour. There was nothing in the whole range of the administration of the government of France that escaped him. He familiarized himself with the details of the business in all of the ministries, and it was often that a minister would be surprised to receive a note from him for an interview at six o'clock in the morning. He knew everything, and directed everything by his constant association with the most distinguished men in France. He acquired information of all that was going on. It was his habit, from the day I first met him, until the time of his death, to give a dinner party every day of his life, to which were invited the ablest and most distinguished and best informed men of France. After the dinner was over, and from half-past 9 to 11 or half-past 11 o'clock, his salon was always open for reception, at which all persons whose position gave them the right to enter, were cordially welcome, and hence his receptions were attended by all the most distinguished men of the country who were in sympathy with him; and by his conversation with these men he acquired vast information to aid him in the discharge of his official duties. He never gave up his valuable time in the day to the reception of office holders and place-hunters, and to dabble in the dirty pool of personal politics. [Applause.] His time was too valuable to his country to be taken up with such trifling matters. His name, enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, will go down to the end of all philosophic ages as the liberator of the territory of France. He was buried on the 8th of September, 1877, under circumstances such as had never before been witnessed in the history of the world. Eight hundred thousand people assisted at this unequaled ceremony, and all France poured out tears like water, over the green grave of that distinguished man. I followed the cortege and helped to lay flowers on his bier as America's tribute to the dead patriot and statesman, the friend of our country and the admirer of our institutions. [Applause.]

"Such honors Ilion to her here paid,
And peaceful sleeps the mighty Hector's shade."

AN ORGY OF BLOOD AND CRIME.

When the National Guard became mutinous, unfortunately the government did not act at once and disarm it at whatever cost. It took no resolute steps in that direction, and the spirit of insubordination grew by what it fed on. Its presence encouraged all the elements of discontent, and soon the National Guard defied all authority and took possession of and fortified the Heights of Montmartre. The time, however, soon came when the government was obliged to try titles with that rebellious force.

The insurrection of the 18th of March, 1871, was the commencement of an orgy of blood and crime, incendiarism, cruelty, ruin and desolation, in presence of which the world stands aghast. It was on the morning of the 18th of March, that the government had attempted to get possession of the Heights of Montmartre and retake the cannon which were in the possession of the National Guard; but that movement utterly failed, for as soon as the National Guard and the government troops came within sight of each other, the government troops fraternized with the Guard and refused to fire upon them. By four o'clock in the afternoon, the insurrectionary forces practically controlled the whole city. They had seized two gentlemen, Gen. Clement Thomas and Lecomte, bringing them to mock court-martial in a little room. They were condemned to death, and immediately shot in an adjoining garden. The government, seeing the desperate situation, without any means of defence, immediately left Paris for Versailles, leaving the National Guard in absolute control of the city. It was to them "an embarrassment of riches." They saw at their feet one of the richest, most beautiful and most productive cities in the world, with its wealth, splendor, refinement, intelligence, with all its departments of government—the treasury, the war, the navy, the interior, the police and the Hote de Ville; that city with all its historic associations, its splendid public edifices, its palatial residences; that city of luxury, taste, elegance and refinement which had attracted the whole world for centuries gone by—all, all in their hands. They trampled under foot all law and authority, and with no restraint and amenable to no power, the position of the new rulers was something never before seen.

Louis Blanc, in speaking of the frightful epoch of the French Revolution, says that the terror by its excess had made another revolution impossible, and that its violence had assured to the future of France tranquil destiny. Alas, it was in the near future that was to illustrate to the distinguished historian how he had misjudged the capacity of his countrymen under the influence of a storm of excitement for the most monstrous excesses.

The men put in power by the Commune had neither honesty, ability nor executive capacity. There was no weight to be given to the talk of these men that they were fighting for their liberty and municipal rights. It was a fight merely for power and plunder, and to free themselves from the restraints of law. Governed by no principle and having no regard for public right, they bawled for a Republic; but their first act was to murder General Clement Thomas, a Republican all his life, driven out of France as such by Napoleon at the *coup d'etat* of 1851, and only returning to his native land after eighteen years of exile to offer his sword to his country in the hour of her direct need. The reign of the Commune was the force of desperate and wicked men, unlimited, unchecked, unrestrained by any human power.

THE LEADER OF THE COMMUNE.

In approaching the history of this period, we early confront one of the most hideous figures in history, and we shudder at the murders, cruelties, assassinations and persecutions. Perhaps the man to be considered most of a leader of these frightful days was Raoul Rigault, who bore the title of Procureur to the Commune. He was a young man of not more than 25 years, a journalist by profession, highly educated and accomplished, of gentleman appearance and manners, always dressed with the most scrupulous taste and neatness; and yet under a plausible exterior he concealed the heart of a tiger. Bold, energetic, desperate, cynical, he was consumed by the most deadly hatred of society and the most intense thirst for blood. All his associate assassins bowed before his despotic will. None opposed him, for his gesture was the signal of death. He held in his hand the life of every man in Paris, and he wrought his vengeance on every man to whom he took a dislike. He organized murder, and regulated robbery and incendiarism. It was he who imprisoned the Archbishop of Paris, and Abbe Deguerry, and the Chief Justice, Bonjean, and the last moment, before the city was recaptured from the mob, ordered their assassination.

It was Rigault also who sought out Chaudey and murdered him under circumstances, the narration of which chills the blood. Chaudey was a distinguished lawyer of wealth and position, a well-known Republican, connected with one of the most influential Republican journals of Paris. One of the last letters he ever wrote was addressed to me, seeking my intervention to save his life. But, alas, it was too late, and Rigault had him shot down like a dog. He went at the dead of the night to Chaudey's cell, and said to him: "Chaudey, your hour has now come." Chaudey responded: "Would you execute me without judgment? You have known me, Rigault, for a long time. You know I have always done my duty as a Republican, a good citizen, and as an honest man. I have a wife and child." Here is voice was drowned by the blasphemies of Rigault. The assassin guard was called, and Chaudey was dragged to the prison yard. A dim lantern was hung upon the wall. The unfortunate man was ordered to stand up by it. The guard, with loaded pieces, stood in front of him. Recovering all self-possession in that supreme moment, with a firm voice he cried: "*Vive la Republique, Vive!*" Chaudey fell, bathed in his own blood.

In the same way, Rigault went to the prison of the Chief Justice, Bonjean, whom he found sleeping on his prison pallet of straw. "Get up