

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallage Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer George
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke Bebel Proust
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Strachwitz Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Gibbon Tschchow
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpus
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Nietzsche Nansen Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz
Marx vom Stein Lawrence Irving
von Ossietzky May Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Liebermann Korolenko
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Paris War Days Diary of an American

Charles Inman Barnard

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PARIS WAR DAYS

[Illustration: Myron T. Herrick, American Ambassador in Paris.
Frontispiece.]

PARIS WAR DAYS

DIARY OF AN AMERICAN

BY

CHARLES INMAN BARNARD, LL.B. (HARVARD)

Knight of the Legion of Honor
Paris Correspondent of The New York Tribune
President of The Association of the Foreign Press in Paris
Chairman of the Harvard Club of Paris

TO

Ogden Mills Reid

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

THIS DIARY IS DEDICATED
IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY OF
HIS FATHER, THE LATE

Whitelaw Reid

PREFACE

This is not a story of the world-wide war. These notes, jotted down at odd moments in a diary, are published with the idea of recording, day by day, the aspect, temper, mood, and humor of Paris, when the entire manhood of France responds with profound spontaneous patriotism to the call of mobilization in defense of national existence. France is herself again. Her capital, during this supreme trial, is a new Paris, the like of which, after the present crisis is over, will probably not be seen again by any one now living.

As a youth in the spring of 1871, I witnessed Paris, partly in ruins, emerging from the scourges of German invasion and of the Commune. As a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, under the personal direction of my chief, Mr. James Gordon Bennett—for whom I retain a deep-rooted friendship and admiration for his sterling, rugged qualities of a true American and a masterly journalist—it was my good fortune, during fourteen years, to share the joys and charms of Parisian life. I was in Paris during the throes of the Dreyfus affair when, at the call of the late Whitelaw Reid, I began my duties as resident correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. I saw Paris suffer the winter floods of 1910. Whether in storm or in sunshine, I have always found myself among friends in this vivacious center of humanity, intelligence, art, science, and sentiment, where our countrymen, and above all our countrywomen, realize that they have a second home. With a finger on the pulse, as it were, of Paris, I have sought to register the throbs and feelings of Parisians and Americans during these war days.

I acknowledge deep indebtedness to the European edition of the *New York Herald*, and to the Continental edition of the *Daily Mail*, from whose columns useful data and information have been freely drawn.

C. I. B.

Paris, October, 1914.

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PARIS WAR DAYS

Saturday, August 1, 1914

This war comes like the traditional "Bolt from the Blue!" I had made arrangements to retire from active journalism and relinquish the duties of Paris correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, which I had fulfilled for sixteen consecutive years. In reply to a request from Mr. Ogden Reid, I had expressed willingness to remain at my post in Paris until the early autumn, inasmuch as "a quiet summer was expected." Spring was a busy time for newspaper men. There had been the sensational assassination of Gaston Calmette, editor of the *Figaro*, by Mme. Caillaux, wife of the cabinet minister. Then there was the "caving-in" of the streets of Paris, owing to the effect of storms on the thin surface left by the underground tunnelling for the electric tramways, and for the new metropolitan "tubes." The big prize fight between Jack Johnson and Frank Moran for the heavy-weight championship of the world followed. Next came the trial of Mme. Caillaux and her acquittal. Then followed the newspaper campaign of the brothers, MM. Paul and Guy de Cassagnac, against German newspaper correspondents in Paris. The Cassagnacs demanded that certain German correspondents should quit French territory within twenty-four hours. As several German correspondents were members of the "Association of the Foreign Press," of which I happen to be president, I was able to smooth matters over a little. Although my personal sympathies were strongly with the Cassagnacs, who are editors of *L'Autorité*, especially in their condemnation of the severity of the German Government in regard to "Hansi," the Alsatian caricaturist and author of *Mon Village*, I managed with the help of some of my Russian, Italian, English, and Spanish colleagues to avoid needless duels and quarrels between French and German journalists. Finally, the day of the "Grand Prix

de Paris" brought the news of the murder at Sarajevo of the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne. My friend, Mr. Edward Schuler, was despatched by the Associated Press to Vienna, and when he returned, I readily saw, from the state of feeling that he described as existing in Vienna, that war between Austria and Serbia was inevitable, and that unless some supreme effort should be made for peace by Emperor William, a general European war must follow.

Wednesday, July 29, the day after Austria's declaration of war against Serbia, I lunched at the Hotel Ritz with Mrs. Marshall Field and her nephew, Mr. Spencer Eddy. Mrs. Field was about to leave Paris for Aix-les-Bains. We talked about the probability of Russia being forced to make war with Germany. I warned Mrs. Field of the risk she would run in going to Aix-les-Bains, and in the event of mobilization, of being deprived of her motor-car and of all means of getting away. At that time no one seemed to think that war really would break out. Mrs. Field finally gave up her plan of going to Aix-les-Bains and went to London. The following evening Maître Charles Philippe of the Paris Bar and M. Max-Lyon, a French railroad engineer who had built many of the Turkish and Servian railroads, dined with me. They both felt that nothing could now avert war between France and Germany.

Yesterday (July 31) a sort of war fever permeated the air. A cabinet minister assured me that at whatever capital there was the slightest hope of engaging in negotiations and compromise, at that very point the "mailed fist" diplomacy of the Kaiser William dealt an unexpected blow. There seems no longer any hope for peace, because it is evident that the Military Pretorian Guard, advisers to the German and Austrian emperors, are in the ascendency, and they want war. "Very well, they will have it!" remarked the veteran French statesman, M. Georges Clemenceau.

After dinner last evening I happened to be near the Café du Croissant near the Bourse and in the heart of the newspaper quarter of Paris. Suddenly an excited crowd collected. "Jaurès has been assassinated!" shouted a waiter. The French deputy and anti-war agitator was sitting with his friends at a table near an open window in the café. A young Frenchman named Raoul Villain, son of a clerk of the Civil Court of Rheims, pushed a revolver through the window

and shot Jaurès through the head. He died a few moments later. The murder of the socialist leader would in ordinary times have so aroused party hatred that almost civil war would have broken out in Paris. But to-night, under the tremendous patriotic pressure of the German emperor's impending onslaught upon France, the whole nation is united as one man. As M. Arthur Meyer, editor of the *Gaulois*, remarked: "France is now herself again! Not since a hundred years has the world seen '*France Debout!*'"

At four o'clock this afternoon I was standing on the Place de la Bourse when the mobilization notices were posted. Paris seemed electrified. All cabs were immediately taken. I walked to the Place de l'Opéra and Rue de la Paix to note the effect of the mobilization call upon the people. Crowds of young men, with French flags, promenaded the streets, shouting "Vive La France!" Bevyes of young sewing-girls, *midinettes*, collected at the open windows and on the balconies of the Rue de la Paix, cheering, waving their handkerchiefs at the youthful patriots, and throwing down upon them handfuls of flowers and garlands that had decked the fronts of the shops. The crowd was not particularly noisy or boisterous. No cries of "On to Berlin!" or "Down with the Germans!" were heard. The shouts that predominated were simply: "Vive La France!" "Vive l'Armée!" and "Vive l'Angleterre!" One or two British flags were also borne along beside the French tricolor.

I cabled the following message to Mr. Ogden Reid, editor of the *New York Tribune*:

Tribune, New York, Private for Mr. Reid. Suggest supreme importance event hostilities of Brussels as center of all war news. Also that Harry Lawson, *Daily Telegraph*, London, is open any propositions coming from you concerning *Tribune* sharing war news service with his paper. According best military information be useless expense sending special men to front with French owing absolute rigid censorship.

BARNARD.

I based this suggestion about the supreme importance of Brussels because it has for years been an open secret among military men

that the only hope of the famous *attaque brusquée* of the German armies being successful would be by violating Belgian neutrality and swarming in like wasps near Liège and Namur, and surprising the French mobilization by sweeping by the lines of forts constructed by the foremost military engineer in Europe, the late Belgian general, De Brialmont.

I subsequently received a cable message from the editor of the *Tribune* expressing the wish to count upon my services during the present crisis. To this I promptly agreed.

Sunday, August 2.

This is the first day of mobilization. I looked out of the dining-room window of my apartment at Number 8 Rue Théodule-Ribot at four this morning. Already the streets resounded with the buzz, whirl, and horns of motor-cars speeding along the Boulevard de Courcelles, and the excited conversation of men and women gathered in groups on the sidewalks. It was warm, rather cloudy weather. Thermometer, 20 degrees centigrade, with light, southwesterly breezes. My servant, Félicien, summoned by the mobilization notices calling out the reservists, was getting ready to join his regiment, the Thirty-second Dragoons. His young wife and child had arrived the day before from Brittany. My housekeeper, Sophie, who was born in Baden-Baden and came to Paris with her mother when a girl of eight, is in great anxiety lest she be expelled, owing to her German nationality.

I walked to the chancellery of the American Embassy, Number 5 Rue de Chaillot, where fifty stranded Americans were vainly asking the clerks how they could get away from Paris and how they could have their letters of credit cashed. Three stray Americans drove up in a one-horse cab. I took the cab, after it had been discharged, and went to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where I expected to find our Ambassador, Mr. Myron T. Herrick. M. Viviani, the President of the Council of Ministers and Minister of Foreign Affairs, was there

awaiting the arrival of Baron de Schoen, the German Ambassador, who had made an appointment for eleven o'clock. It was now half-past eleven, and his German excellency had not yet come.

I watched the arrival of the St. Cyr cadets at the Gare d'Orsay station on their way to the Gare de l'Est. These young French "West Pointers" are sturdy, active, wiry little chaps, brimful of pluck, intelligence, and determination. They carried their bags and boxes in their hands, and their overcoats were neatly folded *bandelière* fashion from the right shoulder to the left hip. Then came a couple of hundred requisitioned horses led by cavalrymen. Driving by the Invalides, I noticed about five hundred requisitioned automobiles. I was very much impressed by the earnest, grave determination of the reservists, who were silently rejoining their posts. Some of them were accompanied by wives, sisters, or sweethearts, who concealed their tears with forced smiles. Now and then groups of young men escorted the reservists, singing the "Marseillaise" and waving French, British, and Russian flags. At the Place de la Concorde, near the statue of "Strasbourg," was a procession of Italians, who had offered their military services to the Minister of War in spite of Italy's obligation to the Triple Alliance.

Later, at the American Embassy, Number 5 Rue François Premier, I found Ambassador Herrick arranging for a sort of relief committee of Americans to aid and regulate the situation of our stranded countrymen and women here. There are about three thousand who want to get home, but who are unable to obtain money on their letters of credit; if they have money, they are unable to find trains, or passenger space on westward bound liners. Mr. Herrick showed me a cablegram from the State Department at Washington instructing him to remain at his post until his successor, Mr. Sharp, can reach Paris; also to inform Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, American Ambassador at Rome, to cancel his leave of absence and stop in Rome, even if "Italy had decided to remain neutral." As soon as the German and Austro-Hungarian ambassadors quit the capital, Mr. Herrick will be placed in charge of all the German and Austro-Hungarian subjects left behind here. I met also M. J. J. Jusserand, French Ambassador at Washington, who intends sailing Tuesday for New York. M. Jusserand informed me that official news had reached the Paris Ministry of the Interior of Germany's violation of the territory of

Luxemburg, the independence of which had been guaranteed by the Powers, including of course Prussia, by the Treaty of London in 1867. M. Jusserand was very indignant at this reckless breach of international law.

At the suggestion of Mr. Herrick, a committee of Americans was chosen to co-operate with him in giving such information and advice to Americans in Paris as the efforts of the committee to ascertain facts and conditions may justify. The committee think there is no cause for alarm on the part of those who remain in the city for the present; and that Americans will be able to leave at some later date, if any desire to do so.

The committee will endeavor to learn what can be done in securing money on letters of credit or travelers' cheques, or in getting means of transportation to such places as they may desire to go.

The committee includes Messrs. Laurence B. Benét, W.S. Dalliba, Charles Carroll, Frederick Coudert, James Deering, Chauncey M. Depew, E.H. Gary, H. Herman Harjes, William Jay, F.B. Kellog, Percy Peixotto, and Henry S. Priest. The chairman is Judge E.H. Gary.

Mr. Herrick asked me to convey a private message to one of his friends, but as the telephone service was interrupted, Mr. Laurence Norton, the Ambassador's secretary, loaned me his motor-car for the purpose. On the Cour La Reine a procession of young men escorting reservists and bearing a French flag appeared. I naturally raised my hat to salute the colors. The crowd, noticing the red, white, and blue cockades on the hats of the chauffeur and the footman, mistook me for the American Ambassador or for a cabinet minister, and burst into frantic cheers.

In the German quarter, near the Rue d'Hauteville, a couple of German socialists who were so imprudent as to shout "*A bas l'armée!*" were surrounded by angry Frenchmen, and despite an attempt of the police to protect them, were very roughly handled. A German shoemaker who attempted to charge exaggerated prices for

boots had his windows smashed and his stock looted by an infuriated crowd.

The news that the German shops were being attacked soon spread, and youths gathered in bands, going from one shop to the other and wrecking them in the course of a few moments. Further riots occurred near the Gare de l'Est, a district which is inhabited by a large number of Germans. A great deal of damage was done.

Measures were taken at once by the authorities, and several cavalry detachments were called to the aid of the police. The youths were quite docile on the whole, a word from a policeman being sufficient to turn them away.

The cavalry, too, only made a few charges at a sharp trot and were received with hearty cheers. Policemen and municipal guards were, however, stationed before shops known to be owned by Germans.

[Illustration: Shop of a German merchant in Paris, wrecked by French mobs.]

In spite of this rioting, responsible Parisians may be said to have remained as calm as they have been all through this critical time. Among those taking part in wrecking shops were few people older than seventeen or eighteen.

Already the familiar aspect of the Parisian street crowd has changed. It is now composed almost exclusively of men either too young or too old for military service and of women and children. Most of the younger generation have already left to join corps on the front or elsewhere in France. It is impossible to spend more than a few minutes in the streets without witnessing scenes which speak of war.

There are long processions of vehicles of all sorts, market carts, two-wheeled lorries, furniture vans, all of them stocked with rifles for the reserves and all of them led or driven by soldiers.

Not a motor-omnibus is to be seen. The taxi-cabs and cabs are scarce. Tramway-cars are running, although on some lines the service is reduced considerably. In spite of the disorganization of traffic, the majority of Parisians go about their business quietly.

There is deep confidence in the national cause. "We did not want this war, but as Germany has begun we will fight, and Germany will find that the heart of France is in a war for freedom," is an expression heard on all sides.

Everywhere there are touching scenes. In the early hours of the morning a *chasseur* covered with dust, who had come to bid farewell to his family, was seen riding through the city. As he rode down the street, an old woman stopped him and said: "Do your best! They killed my husband in '70." The young soldier stooped from his saddle and silently gripped the old woman's hand.

Monday, August 3.

This is the second day of mobilization. A warm, cloudy day with occasional showers. Thermometer, 20 degrees centigrade.

At six this morning Félicien, with a brown paper parcel containing a day's rations consisting of cold roast beef, sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, bread, butter, and potato salad, walked off to the Gare St. Lazare, which is his point of rendezvous indicated by the mobilization paper. His young wife wept as if broken-hearted. Félicien, like all the reservists, restrained his emotions. I shook him warmly by the hand and said that I would surely see him again here within six months, and that he would come home a victor. "Don't be afraid of that, sir!" was his reply, and away he went.

I watched the looting of the Maggi milk shops near the Place des Ternes. The marauders were youths from fifteen to eighteen years old, and seemed to have no idea of the crimes they were committing. The Maggi is no longer a German enterprise, and the stupid acts of these young ruffians can only have the effect of depriving French mothers and infants of much-needed milk. I bought a bicycle to-day at Peugeot's in the Avenue of the Grande Armée, because it is hopeless to get cabs or motor-cabs. While there, the shop was