

HENRI ROCHEFORT AND HIS COMPANIONS IN AUSTRALIA

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One of the most celebrated, or perhaps most notorious, nineteenth-century French visitors to Australia was Henri Rochefort.¹ His fame in his native France was certainly considerable: his portrait was painted by Gustave Courbet and (twice) by Edouard Manet, as well as by less well-known artists such as Eugène Carrière and Giovanni Boldini; he was mentioned in the poetry of his friend Victor Hugo, who wrote of

Rochefort the proud archer, the bold bowman,
Whose arrow landed in the Empire's flank;²

he was to lend his name posthumously to streets in Paris and other French cities as well as to at least one high school; and a bronze of him by Jules Dalou stands today in the Musée d'Orsay.³ Though his visit to this country, in the company of five of his compatriots, was the subject of lively interest and commentary in the Australian press of the time, it is largely overlooked today. Some background information about the man and the circumstances of his visit may therefore be useful as a prelude to an account of his impressions.

Rochefort—to give him his full title, the Marquis Victor-Henri de Rochefort-Luçay—was born on 31 January 1831 into a family of ancient nobility which had fallen on hard times. His father, the Marquis Claude-Louis-Marie de Rochefort-Luçay, was a journalist who also wrote for the theatre under the name Armand de Rochefort. Although of strong Legitimist convictions,⁴ he had married a commoner, Nicole Morel, who came from a staunchly Republican family. Despite his poverty, Rochefort senior was able to call on his government connections in order to have his son admitted to the Collège Saint-Louis, from which young Henri obtained his *baccalauréat* in 1849.

After a short period as a private tutor, during which he wrote his first play, Henri found employment in 1851 at the Paris Hôtel de Ville. Here he moved over the next ten years from one office to another—Patents, Architecture, Archives, Finance—without any real enthusiasm. By 1853 he had begun to make a minor name for himself as a pamphleteer strongly critical of Napoléon III, at the same time writing theatre criticism, vaudeville comedies and articles for various journals—initially Alexandre Dumas's

Le Mousquetaire, then *La Presse théâtrale* and (in 1859) *Le Charivari*. His pamphleteering and political articles embroiled him in several lawsuits and even a number of duels—the latter remaining a regular feature of his life for years to come.

His neglect of his duties at the Hôtel de Ville led to a decision by its Secretary General to dismiss him, but Haussmann, who was asked to countersign the dismissal document, refused to do so, appointing Rochefort instead as Assistant *Inspecteur des Beaux-Arts* on account of his admiration for the young man's vaudeville pieces. It was not long, however, before Rochefort's conscience got the better of him and he resigned, on the grounds that as a trenchant critic of the Emperor he could not accept largesse from one of the Emperor's leading associates.

For a while he was able to eke out a living from his work for various journals, some of them vehemently opposed to the Empire such as Aurélien Scholl's *Le Nain jaune* which he joined in 1863, others more moderate such as the weekly *Le Figaro* to which he moved the following year. In 1866 he left to join a new journal, *Le Soleil*, founded by Polydore Millaud, but returned to *Le Figaro* (now a daily) the following year at the invitation of its editor, J.-H.-A. Cartier de Villemessant. The latter, who had a high opinion of Rochefort's work, was to provide the financial backing which allowed Rochefort to found a weekly newspaper of his own, *La Lanterne*, the first issue of which appeared on 30 May 1868.

Fiercely hostile to the Empire, *La Lanterne* was marked by the wit and venom of its attacks. The historian Alfred Cobban, who describes the paper as "notorious", points out that it "reached a sale of half a million by June 1868. After three months of calculated and brilliant, if irresponsible, insults against the whole Bonapartist establishment, it was suppressed by legal action."⁵ The eleventh issue having been seized, Rochefort fled to Brussels, where he was given hospitality by Victor Hugo's sons Charles and François-Victor. For a while he continued to produce *La Lanterne*, having it smuggled into France despite a French Government ban on its importation. Though the Belgian issues were less witty than those of their French predecessors, the paper's political attacks became even more violent.⁶

Elected in November 1869 to the Corps législatif as a *Député* for Paris, Rochefort was given permission by the Emperor to re-enter France, and promptly founded another newspaper (*La Marseillaise*) to publicize his political ideas. On 10 January the following year, an employee of *La Marseillaise* by the name of Victor Noir was shot by Prince Pierre Bonaparte, the son of Napoléon's brother Lucien. (A duel had been arranged

between Bonaparte and another of Rochefort's *Marseillaise* team, Paschal Grousset,⁷ who had chosen Noir as his second; Noir claimed to have been insulted by Bonaparte, lost his temper and slapped him, whereupon Bonaparte fired a number of shots at him.) Noir died two days later, and Rochefort wrote a call to arms, inciting radicals to revolt.⁸ *La Marseillaise* was seized, and Rochefort was arrested and imprisoned.

He was saved by more significant events. In July, hostilities broke out with Germany. On 4 September, three days after the Battle of Sedan, crowds filled the streets of Paris, a republic was proclaimed by the Parisian Republicans, and Rochefort was freed from the prison of Sainte-Pélagie by the mob. An interim Government of National Defence was established, and Rochefort (who was still a Parisian *Député*) accepted an invitation to join it, becoming President of its Barricades Commission.

The most radical of all the members of the Government of National Defence, Rochefort now established yet another newspaper, *Le Mot d'Ordre*, which began circulation on 3 February 1871. Its purpose was to influence the coming elections for which Rochefort was not only standing but was backing a number of *Députés*; those of his candidates elected included Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, Garibaldi, Edgar Quinet, Ledru-Rollin and Gambetta, as well as Rochefort himself. But it was not to Paris that the new Assembly, under Thiers, was brought back from its initial seat in Bordeaux, but rather to Versailles. Republicans, a decided minority in the Assembly, were largely Parisians, whereas the monarchist majority reflected the conservative politics of the provinces: for their part, the republican Parisians feared that the Versailles-based Assembly would restore the monarchy. Rochefort's attacks were now directed at both Thiers and the Assembly, and were made both within the Assembly and (after his resignation as a *Député* and member of the government in order to concentrate on journalism) in *Le Mot d'Ordre*.

On 11 March the order was given by General Vinoy for six radical newspapers, including *Le Mot d'Ordre*, to be shut down, but this decree was abandoned when Vinoy was forced to evacuate Paris on 18 March following the declaration of the Commune. The events of the Paris Commune (18 March to 21 May 1871) are too well known to be described in detail here. Suffice it to say that, though he supported the Commune in its early days, Rochefort maintained a certain distance, even chiding it for wanting to suppress reactionary newspapers: censorship of any kind, he stated, meant the suppression of freedom and would eventually lead to Terror.⁹ So well known was he by now that his criticisms were reported at the other end of

the world, the *Sydney Morning Herald* carrying news of his "severe condemnation:"¹⁰ of the Commune's policy.

Often equivocal towards both the Commune and the Versailles Government, Rochefort had in common with the Communards mainly their enmity towards the National Assembly from which he had resigned. With enemies on both sides, he had to flee from Paris during the *semaine sanglante* in order to avoid reprisals. Leaving Paris on 20 May, he was arrested as soon as his train reached Meaux and was taken, handcuffed and under guard, to the prison at Versailles. Here he found, already incarcerated, his former employee from *Le Mot d'Ordre*, Paschal Grousset, as well as the painter Gustave Courbet.

The charges against Rochefort related to the attacks on the government made in *Le Mot d'Ordre*, which (along with the campaigns in his earlier newspapers and articles) led to his being tarred with the same brush as the Communards. He remained in prison until, on 21 September, he was sentenced to be deported for life, his sentence to be served in a fortified place. Victor Hugo pleaded with Thiers on his behalf, the latter agreeing that he should not be sent abroad but could be held in a French fortress where he could see his (illegitimate) children. Accordingly, on 9 November Rochefort was transferred, in leg-irons, to La Rochelle, then to Fort Boyard on the nearby Ile d'Aix where most of the prisoners—including Paschal Grousset, who was to be sent to New Caledonia—were awaiting deportation.

For the best part of two years, Rochefort was confined in various penitentiaries in the vicinity of La Rochelle: from Fort Boyard he was sent in June 1872 to a dungeon in the citadel on the Ile d'Oléron, and in August that year to the more comfortable citadel of Saint-Martin on the Ile de Ré, later to be the place of incarceration of two other famous Frenchmen—Dreyfus and Henri Carrère (known as Papillon).¹¹ During this period he completed a novel (*Les Dépravés*, intended for publication in instalments by the Hugo set in Brussels¹² in their journal *Le Rappel*) and was released for a short period to Versailles in order to marry his ex-mistress Marie Renaud and legitimize his children by her.

After 1871, political opinion within France began to shift in the direction of republicanism, though a monarchist majority still prevailed in the Assembly. Thiers had made up his mind that the republican cause would prevail at the next election, and began to throw his influence on that side. A by-election in Paris in April 1873 went against him, however, and he resigned on 23 May, being replaced as head of state by Maréchal Patrice Mac-Mahon. At the same time a leading Orleanist, the duc de Broglie, was

installed as head of the government. The new government not being bound by Thiers' commitments, Rochefort's deportation again became a live issue. Victor Hugo once again pleaded on his behalf—this time, not with the President, but with his fellow-Academician de Broglie—, describing Rochefort as "one of the most celebrated writers of our day" and as a man by now in poor health.¹³ De Broglie's sole concession on the latter point was to agree that Rochefort should be deported only if medically fit. A doctor having pronounced him well enough to travel, his personal possessions were sold and he was allowed to bid farewell to his children before embarking on the *Virginie* on 10 August 1873, his destination being the penal colony of New Caledonia.

His journey took four months. Travelling via the Cape of Good Hope in the company of other deportees—the best-known being Louise Michel,¹⁴ for whom he composed a rather poorly written verse satire directed against the government¹⁵—he arrived in Noumea on 10 December and had the good fortune to be sent to the penal settlement on the nearby Ile Ducos.¹⁶ This settlement's proximity to Noumea made it easier for its inhabitants to get news and commodities than was the case with establishments such as that on the Ile des Pins; its location, as he was soon to realize, also made the possibility of escape more readily feasible. His exile was further alleviated by his being greeted on arrival by two of his former colleagues.

Grousset had been sharing a mud-and-straw hut on the Ile Ducos with a fellow-deportee named Olivier Pain,¹⁷ who had worked as a young man on journals such as *L'Affranchi* and Rochefort's *Le Mot d'Ordre*. Pain's relations with Rochefort were much easier than were Grousset's, and the two appear to have become firm friends, Olivier Pain giving a somewhat partisan account of their relationship in 1879 in a book entitled *Henri Rochefort*. Grousset and Rochefort's relationship remained cool, but this did not prevent their collaboration in New Caledonia. "As fellow victims of the Versailles, they were easily comrades, but nothing more."¹⁸

Grousset and Pain had enlarged their makeshift hut in order to accommodate Rochefort. The latter, in turn, used the money he had brought with him, as well as funds sent to him later by friends in France, to make life more bearable for the three of them. Both the New Caledonian climate and the light physical work in their little garden appear to have improved his health (he was to live for another forty-two years), and indeed life during his exile seems to have been relatively comfortable. None of this, however, was to cut any ice with Rochefort, and he had scarcely arrived

on the island than he was already beginning to contemplate the best means of escape.

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The events of the next four months can be related largely in Rochefort's own words, being the subject of a number of chapters in his book *Retour de la Nouvelle-Calédonie: de Nouméa en Europe*, published in 1877.¹⁹ Though some of his companions were also to leave their own accounts of these events²⁰—each participant being, in Williams's words, "inclined to enlarge upon his particular role"²¹—and although imperfect memory or misleading information has at times led Rochefort into factual inaccuracies, for those whose main interest lies in his impressions and reactions the relevant chapters of his book can be taken as reasonably reliable documents.

The only one of his fellow-deportees whom Rochefort mentions by name in the work is Olivier Pain. His ostensible reason is that by naming them as parties to the escape plan he would compromise "a number of good people whom the slightest suspicion of complicity would have exposed to very serious danger".²² Why this does not apply equally to Pain is unclear, Pain not being amnestied until two years after the book's publication and thus presumably incurring the same risk as the others: Rochefort in fact keeps his own identity as author hidden for similar reasons.²³ Subsequent research has, however, revealed the identities of the other participants.

His first experience of the island was distinctly unpleasant, thanks to his being regarded as of the same ilk as Grousset and Pain:

The three of us were classified as "big guns" among the deportees, as they say in the navy, and as a result were kept under heavy surveillance. The very day when I disembarked, despite the fact that I was exhausted after four never-ending months at sea spent in steerage where I was constantly ill, I was taken hold of by two guards and placed in the prison on the peninsula,²⁴ where I spent twenty-four hours lying with no mattress on a wooden plank—of island wood, which made it all the harder.²⁵

His incarceration, though brief, was to prove providential, as he was soon joined in prison by a fellow-deportee—not named by Rochefort, but now known to have been François Jourde,²⁶ a failed businessman and failed

journalist who had risen to be at least as important a member of the Commune as Grousset, having been elected to it by the *cinquième arrondissement* and becoming its *Délégué aux Finances*. He was imprisoned with Rochefort when he protested against the treatment the latter had received.²⁷ By putting the two of them together, Rochefort later wrote:

the administration could not have done us a greater service. It was in our dungeon that the unshakeable resolve to escape whatever the risk first entered our heads, not leaving them until we ourselves had left.²⁸

Several escape plans were discussed, including one which involved having weapons sent to them secretly and trekking to the north of the island, buying a dugout from a native, equipping themselves with nets and living on the fish they would catch until they reached the New Hebrides.

At length, a less ambitious plan was decided upon. They would take advantage of the fact that New Caledonia's economy was not self-supporting, supplies and fuel having to be shipped in from Australia. They would therefore try to find "among the captains plying in and out of the port of Noumea a man generous enough to take us on board his vessel clandestinely. The problem was how to track down such a *rara avis* and, secondly, how to make contact with him."²⁹ A non-political deportee, Bastien Granthille by name,³⁰ was made privy to the escape plan, and undertook to make enquiries, but it was an unnamed local (to whom Rochefort had offered 1500 francs if he could find a suitably compliant captain) who was eventually to come forward with a name.

Captain D. Law (first name unknown)³¹ would be happy to have a number of French deportees board his three-master (the *P.C.E.*³²) in secret, and to take them to his native Australia on this coaler which plied regularly between the two countries. Though he did not stipulate a price, he was happy to accept the offer of payment—in the event, the sum of 10,000 francs.³³ Granthille, being now a party to the escape plan, enlisted a fellow-deportee, an architect-surveyor by the name of Achille Ballière,³⁴ as an additional participant, "either [Williams suggests] because they were already associates in an escape plot or because Granthille felt he needed physical assistance to insure [*sic*] the escape of the frail Rochefort".³⁵

The plotters by now were six in number: Rochefort, Grousset, Pain, Jourde, Granthille and Ballière. Of these, the first three were political prisoners living on the Ile Ducos, the others being located in Noumea. For those living in the town, access to the *P.C.E.* posed little problem, but for

those held in a fortified compound on the Ile Ducos there was no question of escaping via Noumea. The only solution was for the three town-dwellers to steal a rowing-boat, row to the Ile Ducos and pick up the other three who would wade out to meet them. Granthille, who was employed by a food merchant and delivered supplies to the Ile Ducos daily, decided to "borrow" the rowing-boat belonging to his employer, "an excellent man [says Rochefort] by the name of Dusser, who was subsequently accused of helping to plan our escape" and who was imprisoned for his pains. "The worst thing that can happen to a man when a plot is being hatched around him", Rochefort later reflected, "is not being in on it."³⁶

In any case, the *P.C.E.* was due to sail at 7 a.m. on Friday 20 March (1874), which would mean that the escapees needed to be on board on the Thursday evening.

Finally [Rochefort relates], on the Thursday morning, there arrived a triumphant letter, addressed by one of the Noumea plotters to one of his accomplices:

"Dear friend,

I shall send you this evening the *eight* volumes you asked me for last week."

In Kanak language, the note meant: "tonight at eight o'clock is when you are to enter the water and make for the rock from which the boat will pick you up". We had just finished reading this vitally important message when the food merchant, of all people, good Dusser himself, as if hoist on his own petard, presented himself in our straw hut accompanied by two natives bowed down under the weight of foodstuffs and fine wines. He had come to lunch with us and spend part of the day in our company. The rowing-boat that had brought him was the very one we were to take a few hours later.³⁷

For a while, the Ducos prisoners were in a state of some anxiety, especially when a storm blew up and threatened to oblige Dusser to spend the night on the island. Eventually, however, the clearing weather allowed him to return to Noumea where his boat was duly purloined, and the Ducos party (clad only in bathing costumes) waded out to sea under cover of darkness to await the arrival of their colleagues—gashing themselves rather badly in the process because of the sharp rocks they needed to traverse. At midnight, in pouring rain, they found the *P.C.E.* at anchor in Noumea harbour, climbed aboard and were greeted by the ship's cook.

"What do you want?" he asked in startled English.

"We want to see Captain Law", answered the only one of the six escapees who had some smattering of that tricky language.

"He's on land."

"When will he be back?"

"I don't know. But at seven tomorrow morning we're leaving for Australia."

"We've known that for the last three days."

"Then you had better leave the ship if you don't want to be taken with us."

"Thank you for your excellent advice, but we won't be taking it."³⁸

At this point, Captain Law himself appeared, having dragged himself away from the fleshpots of Noumea, and—counselling silence because of the presence in the berth next to the *P.C.E.* of a French man-o'-war, *La Vire*³⁹—sent the escapees down into the hold to hide until the three-master had cleared Noumea harbour and the pilot had left the ship.

Once they were out of New Caledonian waters, Captain Law (who had been communicating with his stowaways by written notes passed down to them from the bridge) was able to send them a final message: "We have passed the reefs: you can come up on deck." Rochefort ends his account of the flight from Noumea with words reminiscent of Voltaire's Pangloss:

Our friend Captain Law feigned great astonishment on seeing us emerge from his ship's hold. The sailors, in turn, pretended to believe in their captain's astonishment; and from Noumea to Australia, in a seven-day crossing, all was for the best in the most successful of escapes.⁴⁰

And so, crossing via Lord Howe Island and admiring the majestic site of Ball's Pyramid just opposite,⁴¹ the *P.C.E.* set sail for Captain Law's home port of Newcastle.

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The journey to Australia was relatively uneventful, Rochefort's narrative of it having to be enlivened (so his journalist's mind must have

told him) by a display of erudition and colourful local knowledge. Ball's Pyramid, for instance, is pretentiously described as a monument

erected (as a Freemason would say) by the Great Architect of the Universe, and reminiscent of an enormous feudal castle once occupied by some sea-monster—perhaps Adamastor whose place of residence Camoëns has not revealed to us.⁴²

Repeating a story no doubt told him by Captain Law, he relates how in 1853 four men, shipwrecked off Lord Howe Island, lived for four months on the eggs of sea-birds—"les œufs de goëlands, de damiers et de monomochs", as he puts it (p. 6). Whilst the first of these terms, *goëlands* [or *goélands*] (seagulls), presents no problem for the reader, the second, *damiers*, is extremely rare in the sense found here, only the *Grand Robert* recording its use (by Pierre Loti) to refer to the speckled petrel. As to the third, it is not to be found in any French dictionary and is presumably Rochefort's somewhat mis-remembered version of the familiar term "malle-muck" (or "mollymawk") used by Law or his crew to refer to the albatross. Similar examples are found throughout Rochefort's account of Australia, which at times is an infuriating parade of his esoteric vocabulary⁴³ and equally esoteric if half-digested information.

An example of the latter is found in his account of the entry to Newcastle harbour, described as being defended by a "dangerous belt of coral" which (to the eyes of the joyous escapees) seemed "the girdle of Venus herself".⁴⁴ Presumably he has confused the harbour bar or perhaps (since they were approaching from the north-east) the Stockton oyster-beds with the Great Barrier Reef which had no doubt been described to him by Captain Law or his crew.

The captain having rejected the offers of numerous importunate tugboat owners to pilot him into his home port, the travellers were taken somewhat aback to find Newcastle harbour filled with "a jumble of vessels of all types of sail and all nationalities. Their every mast was decked with flags, and their rigging festooned with pennants."⁴⁵ Advised by the *P.C.E.*'s cook ("le stewart") that the escapees must have been recognized and were being welcomed by the local populace, they were both deflated and somewhat relieved to discover later that the reason for the general rejoicing on the wharves was nothing to do with them but was caused by the imminent arrival from Sydney of the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Hercules Robinson.



Henri Rochefort in the 1870s

Though some anxiety was caused to the party when a Customs vessel drew up alongside, Captain Law's explanation that the escapees had paid for their passage satisfied the Customs official and they were allowed to land. Their first impression of Newcastle was scarcely flattering:

The view of Newcastle from the jetty reveals a town built higgledy-piggledy to meet the needs of a population which is daily growing at a rate unknown in Europe. With the exception of two or three hotels of fairly lavish appearance, the houses show every sign of improvised construction. Their owners have perched them, without any concern for order or proper alignment, on hills which could perhaps have quite easily been levelled. Still, this very incoherence has a certain charm about it.

Having once ("once" means the year 1850) been inhabited by shepherds and bushmen, the town of Newcastle, stranded on a steep sandbank between the Hunter River and the sea, would have had nothing to recommend it except the safety of its anchorage and the low cost of land, had not the discovery and extraction of coal made it *par excellence* Australia's city of the "black diamond". From fifteen hundred inhabitants, it quickly rose to twenty thousand.⁴⁶

Though the physical description is reasonably accurate, the historical explanation is somewhat wide of the mark (the discovery of coal being the original reason for white settlement), and when Rochefort goes on to explain that "the only productive crop is sugar cane, which can be grown without watering",⁴⁷ it is clear that he is forsaking personal observation for second-hand misinformation.

The first concern of the escapees was financial, their combined resources amounting to 300 francs in colonial bonds drawn on the Bank of Noumea. Their first attempt at converting these to Australian currency was totally unsuccessful:

The captain [Law], who had himself now assumed the role of tugboat, towed us to one of those banks which accept paper money from all over the world. But the world from which we had just come apparently extended beyond the limits of outlandishness, the teller hurling at us from deep behind his window:

"We're not taking that",
which my strict sense of impartiality obliged me to translate as follows:

"As if I couldn't guess that you produced these banknotes with your own hands this very morning."⁴⁸

The bank next door was much more welcoming, even if the sight of the words "Bank of New Caledonia" set the entire establishment abuzz with whispers.

"Are you escaped French prisoners? You've just come in on the *P.C.E.* What are your names? Tell us all about your escape."

They crowded around us, calling out to one another to come and meet us and insisting we tell them everything. Although, like most financial establishments in such countries, the bank was unfamiliar with the mysteries of backwardation, contangoing and declaration of options, it did also operate as a commission agency.⁴⁹

While the Frenchmen were joining the bank manager in a glass of madeira to celebrate their escape, his chief teller was in the next room dashing off a wire which reached Paris before they themselves could transmit their own message from the Newcastle Telegraph Office to the Reuters agency. "A most regrettable contretemps", Rochefort commented, "since it had the effect of sending on to France, along with news of our escape, a list of escapees' names which was so garbled that their families could not begin to obtain confirmation of their identities until they had sent off a dozen or so telegrams of enquiry."⁵⁰

They took lodgings at "the best hotel in town", the Great Northern Hotel, using it as their base while Captain Law paraded them through the town as if they were trophies, having them tell over and over again the story of their escape. The *Newcastle Chronicle* reported the next morning:

Yesterday, the city was thrown into a state of some excitement by the arrival of the *P.C.E.* from New Caledonia, having on board six of the most prominent French State prisoners recently exiled to that colony. The name of Henri Rochefort was in itself enough to cause excitement, on account of the important part he had taken in effecting the overthrow of the French Empire, and the position he occupied in the Government, which existed in Paris during the time it was ruled by the Commune.⁵¹

The account was perhaps less than fair to Grousset and Jourde, though no doubt Rochefort enjoyed the pre-eminence given him.

He was acutely aware, however, that the escapees' lack of decent clothing was "heaping dishonour upon Paris, our native city and the capital of supreme elegance".⁵² The most pressing need in this respect was for Olivier Pain to acquire a decent pair of shoes, having at present only

a pair of old army boots saved from a shipwreck, and of such enormous size that he could walk around in them without his feet even touching the sides. While still in New Caledonia, the escapees had seriously contemplated fitting a sail to them and returning to Europe inside them. They gave up this plan once they realized that the boots leaked.⁵³

Enquiries at the nearest shoe shop were unhelpful, the young woman behind the counter explaining that the owner was unavailable to sell Pain a pair of shoes as he had left for the Blue Mountains in search of gold. Rochefort commented:

Olivier Pain had no wish to venture into the blue yonder of those mountains, so he left still wearing his army boots. But it sums up the typical Australian: above all else, he is a seeker after gold—has been, is, and always will be. Any other profession he may adopt is temporary and aimed purely at diverting suspicion. What he is seeking in Australia is not social position but a vein of gold.⁵⁴

By this time, the French visitors were a more popular sight in Newcastle than was Sir Hercules Robinson himself, the latter having now arrived on the 1500-ton steamboat the *Kembla*.⁵⁵ The companions spent that evening sampling the delights of an Australian public house, in which

young women, almost invariably charming, serve the customers, whose familiarity always remains within strictly observed bounds. Despite her continual contact with the public, a barmaid [*une barmesse*] is on the same level of respectability as the most genteel of young ladies. If there were a slight difference to be discerned, it would be to the advantage of the former: being generally more attractive and more seductively displayed than the latter, they more easily end up making a lucrative marriage. Two Ministers in the Australian Parliament had in fact married barmaids from the bars at which they stopped on their way to the House, and this outcome had not elicited any comment. Between

the legislators drinking and these pretty young women pouring their drinks, public opinion made no distinction.⁵⁶

It is a remarkably idealized picture. Class equality was of course far less characteristic of Australian society than Rochefort believed, seeing as he did through somewhat partisan eyes the greater social mobility here as compared with Europe.

The fact is [he commented] that equality in this country is not merely something written into the Code by recalcitrant legislators, as it is in Europe. It has to do with the necessities of personal relations and springs, as it were, from the very soil. Traditions of nobility, class privileges and feudal legends cannot exist on a continent which has been opened up for cultivation for scarcely a hundred years. [...] The axiom "Happy those peoples who have no history!" cannot be too often repeated. In fact the aristocracy of wealth, the only sort which is known here, can have but a purely material influence amongst people who are disreputable one day and wake up millionaires the next, only to fall back into a state close to destitution a few months later. The veneration that we feel, however reluctantly, for a major capitalist is unknown among the colonial people of Oceania. They admit the efficacy of wealth, but not its superiority. The poor man no more respects the rich man in Australia than the rich man despises the poor man.⁵⁷

Once again, one suspects, Rochefort's ideology has got the better of his objectivity.

His account reminds us, however, that there was a surprisingly sophisticated side to the Australian society of the time, even in a provincial coalmining town. Hearing a particular waltz tune played in every bar in Newcastle, and on the pianos in the houses the Frenchmen passed by, they were moved to comment on the charming English music that filled the streets. The French Consular Agent, Bonnard, put them right: "You take that for an English tune? You must be joking! It's the waltz from *La Fille de Madame Angot*."⁵⁸ Only then did they realize that, most of them having been incarcerated since 1871, they had never heard the music from Lecocq's operetta which had had its *début* in 1872.

Back in their hotel room and examining the state of their finances, it became apparent to them that the latter were by now reduced almost to zero. "If we paid the hotel bill", Rochefort mused, "we would not be able

to go to Sydney, the only town that offered us some hope of escaping from our predicament; but we could not leave for Sydney unless we had paid our account at the hotel."⁵⁹ Their solution to this dilemma was for Rochefort, with Grousset and Ballière, to proceed to Sydney and telegraph for funds, leaving Pain, Jourde and Granthille in Newcastle as surety. Accordingly, Rochefort with his two companions boarded the *Kembla* for her return trip to Sydney that evening, and on his arrival sent off a telegram to his friend and former colleague, the *Député* Edmond Adam,⁶⁰ in Paris. The telegram mentioned only that the sum of £1,000 was required by "Henri", Rochefort noting that "for M. Edmond Adam, this telegram would be a revelation. For the [French] Government, it would represent merely a normal banking transaction".⁶¹

Meanwhile, Pain and the others who were left in Newcastle became tourists for a few days, their first visit being to a coalmine. At this point, Rochefort's narrative becomes even more unreliable than elsewhere, since he is relaying (often in garbled form) the observations of Pain. The coalmine in question Rochefort situates in Maitland:

The train from Newcastle to Maitland picks up and sets down passengers at about fifteen stations, taking an hour and a half for the journey. The only sign that one has reached Maitland is that the train has stopped. The slowness of the railways is so extreme that one might almost think it deliberate.⁶²

Given that the mine itself is described as a horizontal tunnel which exits on the cliff-face overlooking the ocean, it is clear that he has confused a Lower Hunter Valley mine with one of the mines still being worked in Newcastle itself—the horizontal mine being a popular sight for European tourists, as Ludovic de Beauvoir had already noted during his visit to Newcastle in the 1860s.⁶³

While in the Maitland area, Pain and his friends were particularly impressed when M. Terrier, a Frenchman who had settled in nearby Lochinvar—"Looking-War" is Rochefort's idiosyncratic version of the town's name—was able to show them on his wall a portrait of Rochefort himself "in the same frame as those of Gambetta and Ledru-Rollin".⁶⁴ M. and Mme Terrier

offered their fellow-countrymen an excellent colonial wine made from grapes grown on the property. Although it originated from vine-stock

that had been brought from the Bordeaux district, the Australian sun had lent it the warmth and bouquet of the best burgundies. Their host had also experimented with champagne-making, but that drink of heterogeneous ingredients, whose tricks are usually limited to sending the drinker's cork flying up to the ceiling, loses its verve in the fiery tropics, so that out of ten thousand bottles M. Terrier was able to save only nine hundred at most.⁶⁵

Their visit to the Maitland area concluded with the inspection of a local boys' boarding school—possibly a Methodist school,⁶⁶ of which there were a number in the area—, evoking from Rochefort a wry commentary on English Puritanism, arising from the Headmaster's account of how one of the boys had his fees paid, secretly, by each of four wealthy property owners—the implication being that each of them believed the lad to be his illegitimate son.

* * * *

In Sydney, Rochefort was duly impressed by the harbour and its islands, the most important of which he called "le fort Macarie". Approaching Circular Quay and looking to the left, he noticed "a jumble of terraced houses" to which he gave the name "Vooloomooloo".

This suburb, whose name, pronounced Vouloumoulou, sounds like the cooing of a bird, is indeed a kind of nest to which one comes in order to dream, far from the industrial preoccupations of Sydney. It is the destination of lovers' walks and sentimental journeys. One fine evening, we had a very filling dinner there in one of the best-known restaurants, at a price even escapees could afford.⁶⁷

He and his companions, having at first been harassed by a Methodist⁶⁸ who made a vain attempt at converting them, were then treated by the same Methodist to an account of Woolloomooloo's discovery by a convict who had been chasing an Aboriginal woman from Botany Bay towards Port Jackson and had caught up with her at the top of the Woolloomooloo hill. The Methodist's observation that it was a signal humiliation for the English Crown that its possession of land in Sydney should be owing to such an event met with a typically anti-royalist riposte from Rochefort: "There is", he replied, "still time for the Crown to give up its claim."⁶⁹

Always a keen self-publicist, Rochefort had ensured that the arrival of his companions and himself in Newcastle was noted both in the local press and in that of the capital, contacting the various editors as one newspaperman to another. Whilst the *Newcastle Chronicle* was broadly sympathetic to the escapees' cause (noting that "They have called at our office to repudiate the imputations that Communes entertained the principles and objects imputed to that body"⁷⁰), the *Sydney Morning Herald* was more guarded—conceding only that "the Parisian Communists have this excuse, that what they did was not done in a time of profound peace, but in a time of almost anarchy".⁷¹ Rochefort had, however, presumed too much in assuming the *Herald* would altogether approve of his views:

The exiles from New Caledonia [it sniffed] on landing at Newcastle dispatched to us a fraternal greeting, hailing us as "literary brothers". Without being insensible to the compliment, we must beg our French guests to note that the tone of the *Herald* is very different from that of the *Lanterne*.⁷²

It was at pains to point out that, unlike Rochefort's journal, the *Herald* did not see its role as being to attack the institutions of government.

The *Herald's* attitude had already been guessed at by the other major Sydney newspaper of the time, *The Empire*. On Monday 30 March, its *Town Talk* column contained a paragraph dripping with irony:

How are we to do honour to our distinguished visitors from New Caledonia? Make a bonfire of a bank or two, shoot a bishop, or invite them to a *dejeuner a la fourchette*, with our own distinguished "Communists" about to taste once more the sweets of liberty? Certainly something should be done to express our sympathy with these illustrious political refugees, found guilty of nothing worse than the burning of a city, and the murder of a good old man, as well as our sense of obligation to the French government for assisting us to so valuable an addition to our population. M. Rochefort, in particular, will doubtless be a great acquisition both in political and literary circles. [...] That the lively editor of *La Lanterne* has lost none of his characteristic playfulness of humour, is evident from the happy ease with which he introduces himself and his grim friend Grousset to the editor of the *Herald*, as "literary brothers". This is as though the wolf should claim kindred with the pury old house dog, or the larrikin with the parish

beadle. "Literary brothers!" we can fancy the venerable old dame of Hunter-street exclaiming, aghast at the prospect of a visit from such doubtful relations—"Lock the door at once, and call a constable." ⁷³

The column is an interesting commentary on the difference in style between the somewhat raffish *Empire* and the rather more prim-and-proper *Herald*.

Bonnard, the Consular Agent in Newcastle, had recommended to Rochefort and his colleagues a Sydney hotel, the *Hôtel Courvoisier* at 55 George Street. The owner, Courvoisier himself, was delighted to meet his fellow-countrymen, all the more so as the tutor of Rochefort's children had made the acquaintance of his brother in La Rochelle and had mentioned to Rochefort the presence of Courvoisier in Australia. Having slept off the effects of seven sleepless nights on the *P.C.E.*, the visitors were introduced to Mme Courvoisier, "the life and soul of the establishment":

Having been born in Jersey, she spoke (as do all her fellow-citizens) a kind of French which was extremely correct, but characterized by archaic expressions that seemed to date from the seventeenth century when the Camisard Jean Cavalier—grown old and deprived of weapons—was Governor of that happy island.⁷⁴

The Courvoisiers had arrived in Australia in 1851 in search of gold. Deciding that the safest way of placing their new-found wealth was in the purchase of a hotel, they had taken over the George Street establishment the following year.

The *Hôtel Courvoisier* being the base from which Rochefort and the others gave their press conference, the *Empire* (having actually met them) was soon revising its earlier opinion of them: on 1 April it reported that "during the time the escaped Communists have been in Sydney, they have been very quiet and unobtrusive, and have rarely appeared in public, and thus have attracted little attention, which, considering that they played such important parts in the great drama or tragedy lately enacted in one of the greatest countries in the world, is remarkable". It went on to note that "M. Rochefort has extremely affable manners, and is communicative enough on all other subjects but his escape from New Caledonia". It even devoted a short article to Grousset, "who is, after M. Rochefort, the most notable of the escaped Communists". The editor of the *Town Talk* column adopted his usual ironic tone:

So far, no evil consequences have resulted from the irruption into our peaceful, order-loving Community of the French political convicts. No babies have been missed, the jewellers' shops have not suffered, and our brace of Archbishops have not found it necessary to apply to Mr Parkes for an escort. Visitors to Courvoisier—and their name has been legion—report themselves as considerably disappointed, not to say disgusted. There is nothing more formidably ferocious about M. Rochefort's appearance than a somewhat fierce-looking moustache, nor has M. Grousset the slightest look of a man who would care for roasting his grandmother, or dining off a bank manager. [...] They are going away, which is a pity—for Mr. Courvoisier.⁷⁵

Indeed, Courvoisier had soon discovered that his famous guests were bringing so much custom to his hotel that other hoteliers were anxious to know if there were any more political prisoners in New Caledonia whom they might persuade Captain Law to bring to Australia.⁷⁶

Along with other well-wishers, the Courvoisiers were anxious to show off Sydney to their distinguished visitors. A city by now of some 150,000 inhabitants, it struck Rochefort as full of houses of a dirty grey colour, one or two storeys high.

This is the "home" that is so dear to the English; it can be recognized in the tendency of the residents of an area to isolate themselves as much as they can. Very few houses are inhabited by more than one family. One of the characteristics of the British people is a hatred of being close to others.⁷⁷

But the public buildings, of sandstone (which Rochefort refers to as granite) or brick, impressed him as worthy of a capital city. In particular, he was struck by the public parks and gardens, though the Aborigines begging outside his hotel brought a less flattering reflexion:

All that England has given them in exchange for their estates, which it has annexed, is a large copper plaque that each of them wears tied round his neck by a chain that bounces about on his chest.

Having learned (so he claims) a few Aboriginal phrases, he asked them to entertain him, whereupon

[t]his descendant of the ruling families gave himself over, on the very pavement of George Street, to interminable balancing acts. When we believed we had sufficiently humiliated the monarchy in his person, we gave him a shilling, and as he left us he repeated with all the pride of a Spaniard:

"Touranga! Touranga!" ("I am a king!").⁷⁸

It is hard to avoid the suspicion, on reading such a passage, that Rochefort's sentiments relate more to his contempt for the British establishment than to his compassion for those who suffered under it. Indeed, one gains the impression that during their stay in New Caledonia the attitude of Rochefort and his companions towards the indigenous inhabitants was one of colonial superiority—contrasting markedly, for example, with the solidarity shown them by Rochefort's fellow-deportee Louise Michel.⁷⁹ His later reflections on the Australian Aborigines are marked by the uncritical re-tailing at second hand of stories of bloody massacres supposedly based on an official policy of total extermination of the original inhabitants; whatever element of truth they contain, his observations are primarily motivated by his animus against the monarchical system of government.⁸⁰

Religion, always a choice object of Rochefort's ridicule, soon reared its head again when he came across an Irish priest preaching in one of Sydney's parks.

Never before had Catholic fanaticism led a man into such contortions. The crowd, over-excited by this attack of epilepsy, would at one moment raise its eyes heavenwards, at another kneel on the grass and remain there as though crushed by the anathemas of the man of God. But our surprise bordered on stupefaction when we heard our own names, and especially mine, coming from the mouth of this ranting fanatic. His subject was the six escapees, of whom this Irish Savonarola painted the blackest of pictures. He furiously berated his flock for having welcomed them so warmly, and predicted the imminent destruction of Sydney for having been so unwise as to open its gates (of which, by the way, there are none) to such openly declared enemies of the Apostolic and Roman religion.⁸¹

It was probably as well for all concerned that the priest failed to recognize Rochefort and his colleagues among his listeners. His harangue, however, made a deep impression on the Courvoisiers' Irish chambermaid, who was

sure the hotel would fall down and was surprised to find it "as solid as ever" the next day.

Amongst the French living in Sydney, one in particular sought Rochefort's help—a Parisian woman whose husband worked in a New Caledonian copper mine. Fearing that the Governor of New Caledonia, Gauthier de la Richerie, would be dismissed for not preventing the escape,⁸² she asked Rochefort would he please return to the island. He gallantly declined. Courvoisier himself, who had land holdings in New Caledonia, was equally disadvantaged by the escape, finding on his next visit to the island that if he disembarked from the ship and set foot on New Caledonian soil he would be considered a State criminal and imprisoned for giving succour to the escapees.⁸³

The high point of the Frenchmen's time in Sydney was the reception accorded them by the leading civic and political figures of the day. A group of Sydney's most prominent citizens visited them at their hotel to present them with a testimonial address assuring "their lordships" of their best wishes, along with a bottle filled with gold nuggets.

The handing over of the parchment [Rochefort noted] was accompanied by a long speech, of which we understood not a word. We responded to our visitors by a harangue whose meaning totally eluded them, and we all departed charmed by one another.⁸⁴

As to politics, Rochefort and the others were taken under the wing of the Hon. David Buchanan, a politician of republican leanings described by Rochefort as "the most popular orator in the Parliament", though later remembered as a bombastic demagogue.⁸⁵ Buchanan arranged for the visitors to attend a sitting of the Legislative Assembly on the evening of 31 March. Rochefort later recalled the scene:

The parliamentary chamber to which we made our entry at about eight in the evening, as the House does not sit during the day, is oblong and almost bare of decorations. The colonial representatives, about eighty in number, seem to attend the Assembly as though it were a club.⁸⁶

He particularly admired the familiar tone of parliamentary debate, and was amazed at the amount of autonomy claimed by Australia from its colonial masters: "On the day when Australia ceases to belong to England, neither country will even notice."⁸⁷

Buchanan was also to take up the defence of the "refugees" against attacks made on them by the French Consul-General in Sydney, Eugène Simon. In a letter to the *Sydney Morning Herald*, Simon stated that it was his "duty to let the public know the truth" about Rochefort and the others. Far from being exiles or political offenders, they had no right to assume that name, "which in any case could not palliate crimes such as plunder, arson, murder of hostages, &c." committed during the Commune.⁸⁸ Buchanan was quick to reply in a letter which read, *inter alia*:

Those French refugees now amongst us did much, especially M. Rochefort, to bring down the despotic government of Napoleon, to which France distinctly owes most of her present misfortunes. [. . .] I congratulate Rochefort and his friends on their restoration to freedom and to the world.⁸⁹

Not that Rochefort and the others were themselves silent in the face of Simon's attack. *The Empire* was to print spirited defences from Pain and Ballière as well as Rochefort himself. The latter wrote:

Mr Editor—Several honourable citizens of Sydney are inclined to believe that my intention is to prosecute M. Simon for libel, in answer to his letter of this day about us. Please be perfectly sure, Mr Editor, that although we are not to bring such a man before any court of law, still we intend offering him our most disdainful contempt [. . .]

while Pain was if anything even more scathing:

M. Eugene Simon, in a letter published this morning by the *Sydney Morning Herald*, is not afraid to say impudently that I am an ordinary convict, condemned for breaches of the common law, whilst I am a political offender and nothing else. Such conduct is explained only in this way:—During the time we were at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, we had opportunity to ascertain that Eugene Simon, whose button-hole is still uncoloured, was very anxious to get some ribbons, and was doing his best, in the most shameful manner, to get such a thing.

Finally, Ballière pointed out, in response to Simon's attacks, that he belonged to "as honourable a family as his own".⁹⁰

Filling in the time until their funds arrived from England by enjoying what Sydney had to offer by way of tourist recreations, they attended a performance of a French play, *Les Filles de marbre* by Lambert Thiboust ("adapted to Lutheran modesty in the most amusing manner"⁹¹) and made a visit to the racetrack by omnibus, Rochefort noting that the bookmakers ("les bookmakers") seemed to be just as anxious to fleece the public as were those of Longchamp.⁹² Almost an entire chapter of Rochefort's account is given over to a description of Sydney's Botanic Gardens (to his Parisian eyes a kind of antipodean Bois de Boulogne (p. 90)) and to the exotic flora and fauna they contained. He was equally impressed by a journey up the Parramatta River, the profusion and variety of vegetation along its banks making it "Australia's Touraine" (p. 107). The purpose of this journey was a kangaroo shoot, on which—suddenly confronted by a large wallaby ("un gros *wolubi*")—he fulfilled Olivier Pain's prophecy that he would be so impressed by the animal's appearance that he would forget to fire. However, one wallaby was captured alive and subsequently placed in the Botanic Gardens, a plaque on its enclosure reading "Wallaby from the banks of the Parramatta River, donated by M. Henri Rochefort".⁹³

The final chapter devoted to Australia is dominated by a second-hand and somewhat inaccurate account of the history of gold mining in this country, an account noteworthy mainly for the anti-Chinese sentiment with which it is permeated. It is followed by a resumption of the escapees' story, a telegram having arrived from England to announce that M. Edmond Adam had promptly raised the funds sought, and that the money could be withdrawn from the Bank of Australasia. Amidst great relief that no French official had discovered the transaction and aborted it, Rochefort set out with Courvoisier for the Bank, having sent a telegram to Captain Law (who had returned to Newcastle the day before) asking him to return to Sydney to take possession of the moneys owed him. Law returned the following day, scarcely bothering to look at his cheque and telling Rochefort that the photos of his companions and himself which Rochefort had promised him were far more important to him than a monetary reward.⁹⁴

This duty, and that of paying their hotel bills, having been accomplished, the most urgent matter was to obtain a passage on the next available vessel departing for England. Enquiries revealed that two berths could be had on the *R.M.S. Cyphrines*, a steamship of 1280 tons belonging to the Transoceanian Company; both were in First Class, but one senses that despite his limited finances Rochefort had little hesitation in securing them for Olivier Pain and himself.⁹⁵ On 11 April 1874, in a cabin "that was less

like a bedroom than a chest-of-drawers, with three beds on top of one another, each harder to get into than the last",⁹⁶ they left Sydney bound for Fiji, the first port of call on their way to England via San Francisco.

* * * *

Rochefort's career over the following years can be only briefly recounted here. From England, he revived *La Lanterne* and had it smuggled into France inside English newspapers. He later moved to Switzerland, working (sometimes in collaboration with Olivier Pain, who settled there for a time) on books and serialized accounts of his travels. Unable to sell his books in France if they bore his name as author, he first considered using simply the name "Henri" or the pseudonym *Le Lanternier*, but eventually decided that it would be more prudent to have the books appear anonymously.⁹⁷ Finally, on the day when the Amnesty Bill became law (11 July 1880), he returned to France with Pain and was welcomed at dinner by Victor Hugo.

He lost no time in founding another newspaper, this one (founded later the same month) entitled *L'Intransigeant*.⁹⁸ Having begun his career as a supporter of the extreme Left, he had gradually moved closer to supporting the Right, and his campaigns in *L'Intransigeant* were conducted in support of the extreme Radicals. In 1885 he was again elected as a *Député* for Paris, but resigned the following year. By the later 1880s, discontent and disaffection with the Republican Government were growing, and many on both the Left and the Right focused their hopes on a popular general, Georges Boulanger (1837-1891), whom Clemenceau had appointed Minister for War in January 1886 but whose retirement from the army was forced in 1888.

Rochefort, who as editor of *L'Intransigeant* had characteristically been conducting a guerilla war against the Republic, now contributed his clientele to a campaign to promote Boulanger's political career. It was no doubt his dislike of the more moderate Republicans that led him to support a man like Boulanger, described by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as a "reactionary adventurer".⁹⁹ When the latter won overwhelming support in the Paris election of January 1889, a campaign was led by the *Ligue des Patriotes* for a *coup d'état* installing him as President. Momentum was growing and success looked likely, but Boulanger himself appears to have lost his nerve and when the government began proceedings against him he fled to Brussels, fearing arrest. (He later committed suicide there, on the

tomb of his mistress.) Rochefort followed him to Belgium, incurring yet another governmental condemnation, this time *in absentia* (*par contumace*).

Returning to France in 1895 after another period spent in London, Rochefort continued to exercise a public voice, increasingly in support of the Right. From London he had attacked what he called the *chéquards* (bribed backers) of the Panama Canal scheme. At the time of the Dreyfus affair (1894–1899), he sided with the anti-Dreyfus forces—a certain anti-Semitism being already discernible in his account of Captain Law's treatment by his employers the Montefiores (who, now that Law was unwelcome in New Caledonia because of his role in the escape, were "too Israelitish"—*trop israélites*—to forgo their financial interests and dismissed him).¹⁰⁰ During his final years, he wrote for the conservative and nationalistic press, becoming a close ally of Charles Maurras.¹⁰¹

He died on 30 June 1913, of uraemic poisoning, at Aix-les-Bains. His body was sent to Paris on 3 August for a funeral (attended by Maurice Barrès amongst other sympathizers) at the cemetery of Montmartre.

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Notes

1. My chief source of biographical information on Rochefort has been Roger L. Williams, *Henri Rochefort: Prince of the Gutter Press*, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1966. Other sources include the *Larousse du XX^e siècle*, the *Grand Dictionnaire encyclopédique Larousse* and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. With a few exceptions (which are footnoted) I have not thought it necessary to provide the precise source or page reference for individual biographical events mentioned in these sources. In 1997 Jean-Paul Delamotte published an extract from Rochefort's account of his escape under the title *De Nouméa à Newcastle (Australie)* (Paris, La Petite Maison, Atelier Littéraire Franco-Australien, 1997), with a brief Introduction relating to Rochefort and his companions. He also included articles from the *Newcastle Chronicle* relating to their visit to that city. I express my indebtedness to Jean-Paul Delamotte for first alerting me to Rochefort's visit and for assisting me with background information for the present article. So far as I am aware, Rochefort's account of his time in Sydney and Newcastle, and the extracts from the press of the period, have not previously been discussed.
2. Hugo wrote of "Rochefort, l'archer fier, le hardi sagittaire / Dont la flèche est au flanc de l'Empire abattu." (Quoted by Williams, *op. cit.*, p. 25).
3. Information from encyclopedia articles and from the Internet (<http://www.mystudios.com/manet/people/rochefort.html>).

4. I.e., he was a supporter of the Comte de Chambord as against the "Orleanist" Comte de Paris as the rightful heir to the French throne.
5. Alfred Cobban, *A History of Modern France*, Vol. 2: *From the First Empire to the Fourth Republic, 1799–1945*, Harmondsworth, Penguin Books, 1961, p. 189.
6. *La Lanterne* had 74 weekly editions, several of them seized by the government, before it was suppressed in November 1869. It reappeared, though with Rochefort replaced as editor, as a daily in 1877, becoming a radical-socialist and anti-clerical magazine. It ceased publication in 1928.
7. [Jean-François] Paschal Grousset (1844–1909) was born in Corsica. Abandoning his medical studies for a journalistic career, he found a job writing anti-religious and pro-revolutionary articles for Rochefort's *La Marseillaise*. For his newspaper campaign against the Empire, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in 1870. A Jacobin, he was elected a member of the Commune for the 18th *arrondissement*, and became the Commune's *Délégué aux Relations extérieures* and a member of its Executive Committee. The public announcement of this appointment led to something of a falling-out with Rochefort, who found it hard to take the appointment seriously and published a jibe in *Le Mot d'Ordre*. In 1872 Grousset was sent to New Caledonia on board the *Guerrière* and the two men found themselves together once again (see below). After his escape, he lived for various periods in San Francisco, New York and London, making a living by teaching French. He returned to France after the 1880 amnesty, for a while abandoning a political career for literature and physical culture, but eventually returning to politics and becoming in 1893 a socialist *Député* for the 12th *arrondissement*. He published a great deal under various pseudonyms.
8. Roger L. Williams, *The French Revolution of 1870–1871*, London, Weidenfeld and Nicholson, 1969, pp. 67–68. Victor Noir's real name was Yvan Salmon.
9. For a fuller discussion of Rochefort's relations with the Commune, see Williams, *Henri Rochefort*, pp. 104–107.
10. The *Sydney Morning Herald* reported on 15 May 1871: "Rochefort's journal is severe in its condemnation of the administration of affairs by the Commune." It added: "Grousset, appointed by the Insurgents Delegate Minister for Foreign Affairs, has sent out a circular addressed to the representatives of France abroad, notifying them of the election and organisation of the Commune." The Australian press of the time consistently referred to Rochefort and his companions as Insurgents or Communists: not until the term "Communist" had been appropriated by Marxism-Leninism in the twentieth century did the term "Communard" displace the former usage to refer to participants in the Paris Commune.
11. In *Ile of Ré* (Nantes, Artaud Frères, undated) Monique Jambut describes Rochefort as the most famous of the 400 insurrectionists of the Commune sent to the Saint-Martin citadel in 1872: he had been found "guilty of provoking by

his writing [. . .] with the aim of fomenting civil war". I am grateful to Professor John Ramsland for this information.

12. The chief members of the Hugo set in Brussels were Victor Hugo's sons Charles and François-Victor, together with Paul Meurice and Auguste Vacquerie. These made up the initial editorial team of *Le Rappel*.
13. Williams, *Henri Rochefort*, p. 133.
14. Louise Michel (1830–1905) had trained as a schoolteacher, but refused to swear loyalty to the Empire and collaborated on various opposition journals. Having been one of the most active participants in the Commune, she was arrested and deported to New Caledonia. Unlike most of the other Communards, she became a passionate defender of the Kanaks, working as their teacher and upholding their cause when they attempted an insurrection. She was amnestied and returned to France in 1880, subsequently writing books and poems and being frequently arrested for provocation of the police. (Source: *Grand Dictionnaire encyclopédique Larousse*)
15. Rochefort's poem to Louise Michel opens with the lines: "J'ai dit à Louise Michel: / Nous traversons pluie et soleil / Sous le cap de Bonne-Espérance. / Nous serons bientôt tout là-bas, / Eh bien, je ne m'aperçois pas / Que nous ayons quitté la France!". The four remaining stanzas are no better. The entire text may be found at <http://www.ac-creteil.fr/Louise/louise/ecrivain/rochefor.htm>.
16. Rochefort refers to the Ducos Peninsula (*la presqu'île Ducos*). It is generally referred to nowadays as the Ile Ducos.
17. Olivier Paim (1845–1885) was born in Troyes. After his escape from New Caledonia he went to live in Switzerland, then went as a war correspondent for *Le Temps* and *Le Figaro* to follow the operations in the war between Turkey and Russia. After gaining amnesty in 1879 he returned to France, and was later to work on another of Rochefort's newspapers, *L'Intransigeant*. His next move was to Egypt, then to Sudan where he died in 1885. Two accounts exist of his death: that of Bernard Noël (*Dictionnaire de la Commune*), which states that he either died of "fever" or was shot by the English who found his presence inconvenient; and that of the *Larousse* which states that he was a prisoner of the Mahdi (a Muslim messianic figure) "whom he had, to his misfortune, succeeded in approaching" (cf. J.-P. Delamotte, op. cit., p. 16).
18. Williams, *Henri Rochefort*, p. 118. It was suggested some years later that it was Grousset who had betrayed Rochefort in 1871 (leading to the latter's arrest when his train reached Meaux). His motivation would have been revenge for Rochefort's jibe in *Le Mot d'Ordre*. This suggestion had not yet surfaced, however, when the two of them met in New Caledonia.
19. The book's title-page reads: *Retour de la Nouvelle-Calédonie / de Nouméa en Europe / 200 illustrations contenant 700 sujets / Dessins de Denis, Desjours, V. Gilbert, Mathon, D. Vierge, E. Hareux, etc., etc. / Paris / Ancienne Librairie Martinon / F. Jeanmaire, Successeur / 32, rue des Bons-Enfants, 32.*

The relevant chapters are: Ch. 1 (Newcastle), pp. 3-38; Chs. 2-5 (Sydney), pp. 39-146; Ch. 16 (the escape), pp. 343-363.

20. See in particular Olivier Pain, *Henri Rochefort*, Paris, 1879; Achille Ballière, *Les Aventures du Marquis de Rochefort et de l'auteur dans les prisons françaises*, Paris, 1905.
21. *Henri Rochefort*, p. 136.
22. "quelques braves gens que le moindre soupçon de connivence eût exposés aux plus sérieux dangers" (Rochefort, *Retour de la Nouvelle-Calédonie*, p. 343).
23. He later commented: "Even the law permits a deportee to write, but not to sign." (Quoted in Williams, *Henri Rochefort*, p. 148)
24. This is the Ile Ducos; see note 16 above.
25. "Nous étions classés tous les trois parmi les grosses cravates de la déportation, comme on dit dans la marine, et conséquemment fort surveillés. Le jour même de mon débarquement, alors qu'exténué par quatre interminables mois de navigation passés dans un entrepont où j'avais été constamment malade, je fus saisi par deux gardiens et conduit à la prison de la presqu'île, où je passai vingt-quatre heures couché, sans matelas, sur une planche en bois des fies, ce qui ne la rendait que plus dure." (Rochefort, pp. 343-344)
26. François Jourde (1843-1893) had been a notary's clerk and bank employee. In 1868 he opened a business which soon failed, after which he founded a journal (*La Pipe en bois*) of which only one number ever appeared. During the siege of Paris he was elected to the Commune as a moderate, becoming its *Délégué aux Finances*. Arrested on 30 May 1871, he was condemned to deportation on 2 September and arrived on the Ile des Pins in October the following year. In October 1873 he was transferred to Noumea where he worked as an accountant. Jourde lived abroad after his escape, first in Switzerland, then Brussels and finally London. He was granted amnesty in 1877. With Grousset, he published in 1876 (from Geneva) an account of the escape from New Caledonia (*Les Condamnés politiques en Nouvelle-Calédonie: récit de deux évadés*). On his return to France he was editor of the journal *La Convention nationale* before attempting a career in politics. Unsuccessful in his attempts at gaining election as a municipal councillor in Paris and *Député* in Lyons, he died poor.
27. Rochefort (p. 344) gives this as the reason for Jourde's incarceration as his companion.
28. "L'administration ne pouvait nous rendre un plus grand service. C'est dans notre cachot que la résolution immuable de nous évader à tous risques nous entra dans la tête pour n'en plus sortir que le jour où nous sortirions nous-mêmes." (loc. cit.)
29. "[de rencontrer,] parmi les capitaines caboteurs qui fréquentaient le port de Nouméa, un homme assez généreux pour nous prendre clandestinement à son bord. Le difficile était de dénicher ce rara avis et, en second lieu, de nous aboucher avec lui." (loc. cit.)

30. Little is known about Granthille, other than that he was a deportee and a military man. In accounts given in Australian newspapers, his name is misquoted as "Charles Bostiere Grandhille, Commandant de Bataillon" (*Newcastle Chronicle*, 28 March 1874) and "Caven Grant Achille, ex-Commandant of the National Guard" (*Sydney Morning Herald*, 10 April 1874).
31. Law's initial is not given by Rochefort, but the *Sydney Morning Herald* report of 3 April 1874 refers to the "three-master British vessel P.C.E., 291 tons, D. Law, master".
32. The ship's name, *P.C.E.*, stands for "Peace, Comfort and Ease" (Delamotte, p. 11). Law's address is given by Rochefort (p. 79) as 49 Botany Street, Newcastle; this street no longer exists.
33. According to Ballière, Rochefort initially authorized Granthille to offer Law as much as 40,000 francs for the escape of the six deportees, claiming that royalties for his writings were owed to him for that sum; however, he suggested that Granthille begin negotiations with an offer of 10,000 francs, this proving sufficient to obtain Law's help. Rochefort later claimed that the 10,000 francs was for him alone, and that he had to pay Law 5,000 francs for each of the other five escapees. Ballière was to comment bitterly that Rochefort's social theory could be summed up as "No money, no friend". (Letter published in *Le Précurseur* (Geneva), 9 February 1878; quoted in Williams, *Henri Rochefort*, p. 136.)
34. A letter to *The Empire*, Sydney, dated 3 April 1874 (see Note 90 below), is signed "A. Balliere, Architect-surveyor". This seems to be the only information available as to Ballière's profession.
35. *Henri Rochefort*, p. 136.
36. "Ce qui peut arriver de pis à un homme autour duquel s'agite un complot, c'est de ne pas en être." (p. 346)
37. "Enfin, le jeudi matin, arriva cette lettre triomphale, adressée par l'un des comploteurs de Nouméa à l'un de ses affiliés:
 'Mon cher ami,
 Je t'enverrai ce soir les huit volumes que tu m'as demandés la semaine dernière.'
- En langue kanaque, ce billet voulait dire: c'est ce soir même, à huit heures, que vous vous mettez à l'eau pour gagner le rocher où la barque doit aller vous cueillir. Nous achevions cette communication capitale quand, précisément, le marchand de comestibles, le bon Dusser, s'enferrant comme à plaisir, se présenta dans notre paillote accompagné de deux naturels ployant sous le poids des victuailles et des vins fins. Il venait déjeuner et passer avec nous une partie de la journée. Le canot qui l'avait conduit était celui que nous devions prendre quelques heures plus tard." (p. 347)
38. "— Que voulez-vous? nous dit-il dans un anglais effarouché.
 — Voir le capitaine Law, répondit le seul des six évadés qui eût quelque teinture de cette langue épineuse.
 — Il est à terre.

— Quand rentrera-t-il?

— Je ne sais pas. Mais demain à sept heures nous mettons le cap sur l'Australie.

— Voilà trois jours que nous connaissons ce détail.

— Ainsi vous ferez bien de quitter le navire si vous ne voulez démarrer avec nous.

— Merci de votre excellent conseil, nous ne le suivrons pas."

(Ibid., pp. 355-356)

39. The *Sydney Morning Herald* later reported that "the steam-transport *Vire* had returned to port the very day before [the escape] and left New Caledonia on the same day as the *P.C.E.*" (3 April 1874).
40. "Notre ami Law feignit un grand étonnement en nous voyant émerger de la cale de son navire. Les matelots feignirent de croire à l'étonnement de leur capitaine; et de Nouméa en Australie, pendant une traversée de sept jours, tout alla pour le mieux dans la plus réussie des évasions." (p. 363) The *Sydney Morning Herald* reports confirm Rochefort's account. On 3 April 1874 it reported that papers from New Caledonia mentioned the departure of the *P.C.E.* from Noumea with one passenger, a Mr W. Sutherland, but that they made no mention of "the six Communist stowaways". On 10 April it listed the names of "the French Communists from New Caledonia" who had arrived on the ship, noting Captain Law's great surprise at having found them on his vessel after it had left port.
41. Lord Howe Island is described as "overlooked from a height of five hundred metres by the dark shelf known as Ball's Pyramid, which seems to threaten nearby ships but in fact warns them, thus combining the useful and the disagreeable" ["dominée à une hauteur de cinq cents mètres par le sombre écueil dit Pyramide de Ball, qui semble menacer les vaisseaux et qui, au fond, les avertit, joignant ainsi l'utile au désagréable"] (Rochefort, p. 4).
42. "élevé, dirait un franc-maçon, par le Grand Architecte de l'Univers, et qui a toute l'allure d'un immense château féodal occupé autrefois par quelque géant des mers, peut-être Adamastor, dont Camoëns nous a caché la résidence" (p. 4). Adamastor was the spirit of the Cape of Good Hope, described by Camoëns in *Os Lusíadas* (the *Lusiads*), who appeared to Vasco da Gama and foretold disaster to all attempting the voyage to India (*Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*).
43. An example is the use of the rare and antiquated *souleur* for *douleur* (p. 6). See also Note 49 below.
44. "La dangereuse ceinture de corail qui défend l'entrée du port nous parut être celle de Vénus." (p. 6)
45. "un tumulte de bâtiments de toutes voilures et de toutes nations. Tous les mâts sont pavoisés et les cordages festonnés de drapeaux." (p. 10)
46. "L'aspect de Newcastle, vu de la jetée, est celui d'une ville bâtie au hasard pour les besoins d'une population qui augmente tous les jours dans des proportions inconnues à l'Europe. Sauf deux ou trois hôtels d'assez riche

apparence, les maisons se ressentent d'une construction improvisée. Les propriétaires les ont juchées, sans ordre ni alignement sérieux, sur des collines qu'il eût été peut-être facile de niveler. Mais cette incohérence est pleine de gaieté.

Peuplée autrefois — autrefois, c'est l'année 1850 — de bergers et de bushmann, la ville de Newcastle, ensablée dans une dune raide, entre le Hunter-River et la mer, n'aurait jamais eu pour elle que la sûreté de son ancrage et le bas prix de ses terrains, si la découverte et l'exploitation du charbon de terre n'en avaient fait, par excellence en Australie, la cité du 'diamant noir'. De quinze cents habitants, elle a passé rapidement à vingt mille." (pp. 12-14)

47. "La seule culture productive dans ce terrain houillier est celle de la canne à sucre, qui se passe facilement d'arrosage." (p. 14)

48. "Le capitaine, transformé à son tour en remorqueur, nous conduit à une de ces banques qui échangent le papier de tous les mondes. Mais le monde d'où nous arrivions passait vraisemblablement les limites de l'excentricité, car le caissier nous envoya des profondeurs de son grillage un:

'Nous ne prenons pas ça!'

que notre impartialité nous obligea à traduire ainsi: 'Comme s'il était difficile de deviner que ce matin même vous avez fabriqué ces billets-là de vos propres mains.'" (p. 14)

49. "— Vous êtes des prisonniers français évadés? Vous venez d'arriver par le P.C.E. Donnez-nous vos noms. ConteZ-nous votre 'escape'.

On s'appela, on se groupa autour de nous. Il fallut tout narrer. Étranger, comme la plupart des établissements financiers de ces pays, aux mystères du départ, du report et de la réponse des primes, celui-là était en même temps une maison de commission." (pp. 14-15) The terms *départ*, *report* and *réponse des primes* are technical stockbroking language not in general use, and are another example of Rochefort's fondness for a display of lexicological erudition.

50. "Contre-temps déplorable, en ce qu'il eut pour effet de faire parvenir en France, avec la nouvelle de l'évasion, les noms des évadés si complètement dénaturés que leurs familles ne commencèrent à s'y reconnaître qu'au douzième télégramme." (p. 15)

51. *The Newcastle Chronicle*, 28 March 1874. *The Chronicle* was to devote two further articles to the escapees, their background and their politics (31 March and 2 April 1874). The articles are reproduced by Jean-Paul Delamotte in his edition (see Note 1 above), and can be consulted on the Coquun-Hunter River website at <http://www.newcastle.edu.au/services/library/collections/archives/int/rochefort.html>.

52. "nous ne pouvons déshonorer plus longtemps [...] Paris, notre ville natale, en même temps que la capitale de la suprême élégance" (p. 16).

53. "Olivier Pain portait pour chaussures de vieux godillots sauvés du naufrage, et d'une capacité telle qu'il pouvait s'y promener sans que son pied en touchât les parois. Déjà en Nouvelle-Calédonie, les fugitifs avaient songé sérieusement

- à leur adapter une voile, et à s'y installer pour regagner l'Europe. Ils avaient renoncé à ce projet, en constatant qu'ils prenaient l'eau." (p. 10)
54. "Olivier Pain n'avait aucune envie de s'aventurer dans l'indigo de ces montagnes et remporta ses godillots. Mais tout l'Australien est là: chercheur d'or avant tout, il en a cherché, il en cherche et il en cherchera. Toutes les professions qu'il embrasse en dehors de celle-là sont intérimaires et destinées à éloigner les soupçons. Ce n'est pas une position sociale qu'il veut trouver en Australie, c'est une veine." (p. 18)
55. Under the command of Captain G. Budd, the *Kembla* plied between Sydney and Newcastle from Tuesdays to Saturdays inclusive, leaving Sydney at 9 a.m. and returning the same evening at 11 p.m. Described in her advertisements as "renowned for her great speed and easy motion at sea", she offered travellers places at 12/6- in Saloon class and 7/6- in Steerage. (Advertisement in *Sydney Morning Herald*, 28 March 1874)
56. "Des jeunes filles, presque toutes charmantes, y servent les consommateurs, dont la familiarité se maintient toujours dans d'infranchissables bornes. Malgré ses continuelles accointances avec le public, une barmesse est sur le même pied d'honorabilité que les demoiselles les mieux vues. S'il y avait une nuance à faire ressortir, elle serait à l'avantage des premières, qui, étant généralement plus séduisantes et plus exhibées que les autres, finissent plus facilement par de riches mariages. Deux des ministres de la Chambre australienne avaient épousé ainsi les barmesses des comptoirs où ils s'arrêtaient en se rendant à l'Assemblée, et ce dénouement n'avait pas provoqué une réflexion. Entre ces législateurs qui buvaient et ces jolies personnes qui leur versaient à boire, l'opinion ne faisait aucune différence." (pp. 22-23)
57. "C'est que l'égalité, là-bas, n'est pas seulement comme en Europe inscrite dans le Code par des législateurs récalcitrants. Elle tient à la nécessité des relations et, pour ainsi dire, au sol même. Il ne peut y avoir de traditions nobiliaires, de privilèges de caste ou de légendes féodales sur un continent défriché depuis cent ans à peine. [. . .] On ne saurait trop rééditer cet axiome: Heureux les peuples qui n'ont pas d'histoire! L'aristocratie de la fortune, la seule qu'on y connaisse, ne peut même avoir qu'une influence purement matérielle entre gens qui, sans avoir la veille, se réveillent millionnaires le lendemain, pour retomber quelques mois après dans un état avoisinant la misère. Le sentiment de vénération que nous inspire, presque malgré nous, un gros capitaliste, est inconnu chez les colons océaniques. Ils admettent, certes, l'efficacité de l'argent, non sa supériorité. Le pauvre, en Australie, n'a pas plus le respect du riche que le riche n'a le mépris du pauvre." (pp. 23-24)
58. "— Comment! répondit M. Bonnard, vous prenez ça pour un air anglais? [. . .] Vous voulez rire! C'est la valse de *la Fille de Madame Angot*." (p. 25)
59. "Si nous acquittions la note de l'hôtel, nous ne pouvions nous rendre à Sydney, seule ville nous offrant quelque chance de nous débrouiller; mais nous ne pouvions partir pour Sydney sans régler nos dépenses à l'hôtel." (p. 26)

60. Edmond Adam had been Prefect of Police in the Government of National Defence in which Rochefort had participated.
61. "Pour M. Edmond Adam, ce télégramme serait une révélation. Pour le gouvernement, il ne représenterait qu'une opération de banque ordinaire." (p. 60)
62. "De Newcastle, le train, sur un parcours d'une heure et demie, prend et laisse des voyageurs à environ quinze stations, jusqu'à Maitland où l'on n'arrive qu'à force de s'arrêter. Le chemin de fer va, du reste, avec une lenteur qu'on croirait calculée." (p. 27)
63. Ludovic Hébert de Beauvoir, *Australie (1866)*, in *Voyage autour du monde (1873)*, p. 306: "Les directeurs nous conduisent à cheval à la mine de Waratah: deux galeries, de huit cents mètres chacune, pénètrent horizontalement dans le flanc de la montagne qui est tout entière un énorme bloc de charbon."
64. "[. . .] ils montrent réunis dans le même cadre mon portrait avec ceux de Gambetta et de Ledru-Rollin." (p. 35)
65. "Ils font goûter à leurs compatriotes un excellent vin colonial récolté sur la propriété et qui, bien que provenant de cépages apportés du Bordelais, a pris sous le soleil austral la chaleur et le bouquet du meilleur bourgogne. Notre hôte a également expérimenté la fabrication du champagne, mais cette boisson d'ordre composite, dont les révoltes se bornent ordinairement à envoyer au plafond les bouchons de son propriétaire, s'exaspère au feu des tropiques, tellement que sur dix mille bouteilles M. Terrier put en sauver tout au plus neuf cents." (pp. 35-36)
66. Curiously, Rochefort talks of the local [Maitland] inhabitants as "luthériens pour la plupart" (p. 36), which was certainly not the case. Normally he is well able to distinguish between forms of Protestantism, but he is reporting here the observations of Pain, and it is possible that the latter had a less clear understanding of the differences between Methodism and Lutheranism.
67. "Ce faubourg, dont le nom, qui se prononce Vouloumoulou, ressemble à un roucoulement, est, en effet, un nid où l'on vient rêver loin des préoccupations industrielles qui agitent Sydney. C'est le but adopté pour les pèlerinages amoureux et les voyages sentimentaux. Nous allons y faire, un beau soir, dans un des restaurants les plus connus, et pour un véritable prix d'évadés, le plus complet des dîners." (p. 41)
68. It was not the last time he would be so harassed. Once on board ship and making for the USA, Rochefort discovered that a woman belonging to the Plymouth Brethren (*une darbyste*) was making repeated attempts at converting him. His puckish reaction was to tell her that she would do better to direct her efforts at Olivier Pain, who was showing signs of mystical tendencies and was no doubt ripe for conversion. However, once she turned her attention towards Pain, she made the latter's life such "a long torture" that Rochefort relented and devised a different strategy. He told the woman that Pain had just been converted to Methodism by a clergyman on board. "Or vous savez", he told his

- readers, "que les méthodistes et les darbystes sont à couteaux tirés." (p. 141)
From that moment on, the woman did not speak a single word to Pain.
69. "[. . .] une grande humiliation pour la couronne d'Angleterre de devoir la possession de Sydney à un événement de cette nature.
— Il est encore temps pour elle d'y renoncer." (p. 46)
70. *The Newcastle Chronicle*, 31 March 1874.
71. *Sydney Morning Herald*, 31 March 1874.
72. *Ibid.*
73. *The Empire*, Sydney, 30 March 1874.
74. "Jersiaise de naissance, elle parlait, comme tous ses concitoyens, un français très-correct, mais caractérisé par des archaïsmes qui semblaient dater du dix-septième siècle, alors que le camisard Jean Cavalier, vieilli et désarmé, gouvernait cette île heureuse." (p. 56) The *Camisards* were Calvinists from the Cévennes who revolted against the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1703. Their leader, Jean Cavalier (1680–1740), came to terms with the forces of Louis XIV, and ended his days as Governor of Jersey.
75. *The Empire*, Sydney, 1 April 1874.
76. Rochefort, p. 79.
77. "C'est le chez soi, le *home* si cher aux Anglais, qui se retrouve avec cette tendance des habitants d'un quartier à s'isoler le plus possible. Peu de maisons ont pour locataires plus d'une seule famille. Un des caractères du peuple britannique est l'horreur du voisinage." (p. 58)
78. "Tout ce que l'Angleterre leur a octroyé en échange de leurs Etats qu'elle s'est annexés, c'est une grande plaque de cuivre que chacun d'eux porte attaché au cou au moyen d'une chaîne qui ballote sur sa poitrine." (p. 63) "Ce descendant des familles régnantes se livra sur le trottoir même de Georges street à d'interminables tours d'équilibre. Quand nous crûmes avoir suffisamment humilié la monarchie en sa personne, nous lui donnâmes un schelling, et il nous quitta en répétant avec une fierté espagnole:
— *Touranga! Touranga! (Je suis roi!)*". (p. 64)
79. See Note 14 above.
80. For example, his assertion that it was British policy to treat the murder of an Aborigine as less significant than an infringement of the game laws. "Les Anglais se rendent, du reste, si bien compte des sympathies des natifs à leur égard que le but de leur politique, en Australie comme à la Nouvelle-Zélande, est l'extermination totale des populations. Tuer là-bas un naturel, à bout portant et sans motif aucun, n'est même pas un délit de chasse." (p. 146)
81. "Jamais le fanatisme catholique n'avait poussé un homme à de pareilles contorsions. La foule, surexcitée par cette séance d'épilepsie, tantôt levait les yeux au ciel, tantôt s'agenouillait dans l'herbe où elle restait comme écrasée sous les anathèmes de l'homme de Dieu. Mais notre surprise confina à la stupéfaction quand nous entendîmes nos noms et notamment le mien sortir de la bouche de cet énergumène. Il s'agissait en effet des six évadés dont le Savonarole irlandais faisait le plus sombre tableau. Il reprochait avec fureur à ses ouailles

- de les avoir si bien accueillis, et prédisait la prochaine destruction de Sydney qui avait eu l'imprudence d'ouvrir ses portes, d'ailleurs absentes, à des adversaires aussi déclarés des saints mystères de la religion apostolique et romaine." (p. 66)
82. Notwithstanding his plea in mitigation that he had been absent from Noumea (on a tour of duty in Bourail and other villages) when the escape took place (*Sydney Morning Herald*, 3 April 1874), Gauthier de la Richerie was in fact relieved of his post as Governor shortly afterwards.
83. Rochefort, p. 79.
84. "La remise du parchemin fut accompagnée d'un long discours, auquel nous ne comprîmes pas un mot. Nous répliquâmes à nos visiteurs par une harangue dont le sens leur échappa complètement, et nous nous séparâmes enchantés les uns des autres." (p. 83)
85. David Buchanan (1823?-1890) was a Scottish-born politician, barrister and critic who had been in touch with Garibaldi. The Parliamentary Hansard shows him to have been a man of fierce language, constantly reprimanded by the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. See also the entry on him by Martha Rutledge in the *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Vol. 3, 1851-1890.
86. "La salle du Parlement où nous fîmes notre entrée vers les huit heures du soir, car la Chambre ne siège pas le jour, est oblongue et très-sobre de décorations. La représentation coloniale, qui se compose d'environ quatre-vingts membres, semble venir à l'Assemblée comme au cercle." (p. 84) Rochefort claims that the proceedings of the Legislative Assembly were suspended in order to allow Buchanan to welcome the guests; no record of this is found either in the newspapers of the time (*The Empire* simply reporting on 1 April: "M. Rochefort and his companions in exile paid a visit to the Legislative Assembly, last night, and remained there for some time") or in the Hansard (*Australian Parliamentary Papers No. 45*, Legislative Assembly, 3rd Session 1873/74).
87. "Le jour où l'Australie cesserait d'appartenir à l'Angleterre, l'une ne s'en apercevrait pas plus que l'autre." (p. 86)
88. Letter to editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, 3 April 1874, reprinted in *The Empire*, 4 April 1874.
89. Letter to editor of *The Empire*, 4 April 1874. Rochefort's translation is not entirely accurate: "Ces condamnés, et spécialement M. Henri Rochefort, sont connus pour leurs luttes contre le gouvernement honteux de Napoléon III, et c'est à leurs efforts incessants pour le renverser qu'ils doivent en grande partie leurs infortunes." (p. 82) He also attributes the letter to "Sir" David Buchanan, which is not only incorrect but a highly unlikely title in view of Buchanan's attitudes.
90. Letters from Rochefort, Pain and Ballière in *The Empire*, 4 April 1874. The letters are dated 3 March, this being the date referred to by the expressions "this morning" and "this day".

91. "adaptée à la pudeur luthérienne de la façon la plus amusante" (p. 86). Rochefort goes on to say: "Tout le monde connaît l'œuvre de Lambert Thiboust...". The hundred or so vaudeville comedies written by Thiboust (1826-1867) are forgotten today.
92. "[...] les bookmakers fibustaient le public absolument comme dans la plaine de Longchamps [*sic*]". (p. 88)
93. "*Wolubi des bords de Paramatta* [*sic*], donné par M. Henri Rochefort" (p. 114).
94. "Le brave Law mit dans sa poche, sans le regarder, le chèque que selon les conventions on l'obligea à accepter, puis nous dit avec une bonhomie charmante: 'Il y a quelque chose de plus important pour moi, ce sont vos photographies que vous m'avez promises.' Nous les lui donnâmes avec des dédicaces pleines d'effusion et il repartit pour Newcastle le soir même." (pp. 131-132)
95. The *Sydney Morning Herald* reported on Saturday 11 April: "One of the party has sailed for San Francisco, and five others will leave for Europe today by the same route." The person referred to cannot have been Rochefort, since this is at odds with Rochefort's statement that he and Pain both left together. Moreover, the *Herald* report places the departure of this member of the party on 10 April, whereas the shipping lists of the time mention the *Cyphrenes* as having arrived in Sydney on 9 April and departing for Levuka on the 11th. Since only Rochefort and Pain left on the *Cyphrenes*, perhaps the three others left by another vessel on the same day.
96. "qui ressemblait moins à une chambre qu'à une commode dont les tiroirs étaient figurés par trois lits plus difficiles à escalader les uns que les autres" (p. 135).
97. Williams, *Henri Rochefort*, p. 148.
98. Founded in July 1880, *L'Intransigeant* was taken over by L. Bailby after Rochefort's death. Bailby, who ran the paper till 1932, made it France's most important evening daily until *Paris-Soir* became its rival. It kept going till 1940, and resumed from May 1947 until September 1948 under the name *L'Intransigeant—Journal de Paris*. It was eventually subsumed by *Paris-Presse*.
99. *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 14th ed., article "Boulangier, Georges".
100. "Le P.C.E. qui nous avait reçus à son bord appartenait aux Montefiore, les plus gros négociants de Sydney. Pleins d'admiration pour le courage du capitaine Law, mais trop israélites pour ne pas en calculer immédiatement toutes les conséquences au point de vue de leurs relations avec le gouvernement néo-calédonien, ils n'hésitèrent pas à imiter de loin Abraham, en sacrifiant le patron de leur trois-mâts." (p. 37) The captain who replaced Law at the helm of the *P.C.E.* sank the vessel the first time he took it out to sea.
101. Maurras had become a Nationalist ally of Rochefort after 1898 (Williams, *Henri Rochefort*, p. 269).