

OLIVE'S SCREED.

HOW PLON PLON LOOKS AND LIVES—CELINE CHAUMONT'S LEER—CROIZETTE'S SMILE—AMERICANS IN PARIS.

From Olive Logan's Letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.

See that dark couple wheeling past rapidly, behind a massive brown mare whose eye-blinkers bear the badge of the Imperial crown, still to be seen, surmounting an N, on many of the palaces and great buildings of the State. Inside on the dark green cloth cushions is Prince Napoleon, a great mass of man, whose fatness seems to have been absorbed, leaving the jaundice-colored cuticle hanging in loose wrinkles. The sight of him makes your heart throb in spite of yourself. He is the living image of the great uncle, the hero in whose honor the superb arch crowns the summit of the Invalides, on the borders of the Seine, in the midst of the people he so loved. One cannot choose but wonder what is to be the ultimate destiny of this one, and whether the Imperial purple will ever swath this lean and slippered Pantaloon. Fortunately or unfortunately for him, as you choose to look at it, in the intellectual or the moral sense, he is in the hands of a mistress whose towering ambition will brook no rival for him for the throne, not even his own son. This lady, still handsome in spite of her forty years, strong-minded, marvelously well informed, is, as I have told you, a Chicagoan, married to a Frenchman. I believe the Princess Clotilde does not hesitate to say that it is her husband's relations with Madame de Canisy which have brought about the estrangement between Napoleon and herself. Clotilde lives almost the life of the cloister in an old castle in Savoy, an appanage of the kingly crown of Italy. Thither, once a year, goes Plon Plon to visit her. Their relations are a sort of friendly truce. They have two boys, and one or both may yet be Emperor of the French.

This being the case, it behooves them as parents to have no disgraceful rupture, and each lets the other lead the life he thinks best. Clotilde is so devout a Catholic she is almost a canonized Saint already, and Plon Plon—well, parole d'honneur, he is not a bit like that, not he. The road to Madame de Canisy was, as all the world is aware, past Cora Pearl, Anna Desjardins, Blanch D'Autigny, La Grande Gage, and St. Antony alone knows who else besides. In De Canisy he has found his master mind, and the whole cocotterie Parisienne, to whom he is still an envied object, for he is yet immensely rich, are powerless to make his allegiance falter.

We are opposite the Vaudeville now, the home of Sardou's genius, as the Gymnase is that of Dumas. Look at this little person coming out of the stage door. Did you ever see an ugly woman who was prettier than a pretty one? Don't know what I mean? Ah, then you never saw Maggie Mitchell with her scrawny arm before her red eyes, her tangled hair looking as if the bats had slept there, bewailing in a tear-choked voice that Laundry will not love her because she is "the ugly Fauchon." Then you never saw Celine Chaumont in the monologue which is now turning the heads of the town, and called Le Petit Abbe, where, for an hour, without the assistance of a living soul, she enchains the attention of three thousand enraptured spectators nightly. What a golden voice! The diction of Sarah Bernhardt, the diablerie of Lotta! These mincing airs, eyes raised prudishly to heaven, risky words underlined with but a quiver of the mobile mouth, delicacy, distinction, the bearing of an aristocrat, glossing over the instincts of a Gayroche—that is the plain-faced Celine Chaumont, to whom the gilded vice of Paris writes proposals which she answers with an eye-wink, and the French equivalent of "Do you see anything green?" In the sense of homage paid to prettiness, there is not a pretty woman in Paris so pretty as the ugly Chaumont.

If we walk these boulevards but long enough we shall see them all—Grevy, Gambetta, Marshal McMahon the Orleans Princes, Alexander Dumas, the whole kit and tattle of varying prominence in every line, who air their success or failure once at least in the twenty-four hours on the asphalt. There is Madame Thiers, accompanied by her inseparable sister, Mademoiselle Dosne. Madame has been to England, the land of the exile, all summer long, and has brought back a mass of papers which are to set the seal on Their greatness. Yonder is Croizette, the Duc d'Aumale's big shapeless lump of sweetness, her lovely mouth pressed up in a happy smile, as she leads her pretty boy, in whose bastard veins courses the blood of Kings. What a pageant it is! See, here is Emile Zola himself, turning hastily away from the brilliant spectacle of the great artery of the Boulevards into a side street, where perchance he can exercise his talents as a naturalistic reporter to better effect.

There are some things that French people do not do in broad daylight on the Boulevards, after all, though one would scarcely think it. It is the

province of Zola to discover those things, and noting them with reportorial accuracy, hold them up to the shuddering gaze of nations, crying aloud, "Behold! how vile we are."

Yet to the American observer on the Boulevards there is another sight to be seen here of far more intimate interest than anything I have yet mentioned. It is the procession of Paris-Americans themselves, the asphalt-poisoned hybrids whose boot-soles lick the pave day by day, month by month, year by year. Ostracism from Paris means to these shufflers, whom listless inaction has emaculated in the intellectual and moral sense, something worse than death. Something a great deal more unpleasant than dishonor. When a man's dead he is dead; but to be alive and not in Paris? The vile moral atmosphere of England, the healthy onward tendencies of America—Good God! they recoil from these things with horror. They prefer to pass their lives looking in the *bonbons* windows of Gonache, or lounging under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli. To remain here these beings, lost to shame and pride, sick with the capriciousness of the beauty of Paris, will not hesitate to beg, are past masters in the art of borrowing, and—oh, yes, certainly, if the worse comes to the worst they will steal. Anything to stop in Paris. Sometimes stealing has quite unpleasant consequences, though, hang it all! An American was escorted to the frontier by the gendarmes the other day—no, not for the little trifle of persuading the unmarried girl to take, as they say here, the keys to the fields, as her mother did before her in Washington, bringing about the terrible tragedy that you know, and go live with him—but simply for selling the father's jewels, which the conscientious young lady had appropriated. Fine censors, we, of the morals of the French, when in Paris our own country is represented by specimen bricks made of such villainous clay as this!

THE GEN. THOMAS STATUE.

A WORK OF ART WHICH COST SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

It was natural, after the death of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, that the soldiers and officers of the Army of the Cumberland should desire to perpetuate his memory in some fitting manner. At the annual re-union held in Detroit, immediately after the demise of their old commander, a proposition was therefore made to erect a monument in bronze. The idea at once took definite shape, and committees were appointed to collect subscriptions to defray the expenses. A surplus in the treasury of the society was appropriated as a nucleus to the fund, and afterward Congress donated a quantity of condemned cannon to the society toward the monument, the sale of which realized about \$20,000,000. Through these instrumentalities, viz: private subscriptions, the appropriation of the society, and the donation of Congress, the necessary funds were secured. Besides these finance committees a general committee was appointed to have charge of the whole matter. This latter body immediately invited artists to send in models, but although a number were submitted at two separate meetings, held in Pittsburgh and Dayton, none were deemed worthy of acceptance. On reporting this fact to the society, the general committee was authorized to proceed and select an artist to whom the work could be entrusted. Acting under these instructions, the committee decided upon Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, of New York, and a contract was at once entered into with that gentleman. The committee consisted of Generals Hooker, Sheridan, Cruft, Davis, Jordan and Whipple, and Major Duffield. It was a part of the contract that at least three of the horse's legs should be upon the ground as it was not the intention of the society to have the animal appear in an unnatural attitude. For over four years Mr. Ward was steadily at work upon the statue, and early last spring his plaster of Paris cast was transferred to the foundry of Burlan Bros. & Heaton, of Philadelphia, by whom it was most successfully reproduced in bronze. The first cast was made about six months ago, since which time the firm has been busy upon the work, and the finishing touches were only made a few days before it was shipped to Washington. The height of the statue is about fifteen feet, the figures being about twice life size. Its cost was \$40,000, exclusive of the pedestal, which was erected by the Government at an expense of \$20,000. This pedestal is of granite, about sixteen feet high, and embellished with bronze decorations, including the representation of the badge of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, partly surmounted by a wreath of laurel. The statue complete weighs about 7,500 pounds. The horse and rider weigh about 5,300 pounds, and the base 2,200 pounds. The picture which is given of the statue gives a better idea of it than can any word description. Suffice it to say that the work is deservedly the object of universal praise. Those who knew General Thomas best are the most gratified with the likeness, faithfully portraying, as it does, the face and person of the dead hero. He has not been idealized out of recognition. But there was no need of this. Commanding in presence, of fine features, bearing in every line the marks of the courage, the will, and the force of character

with which he was endowed, the man whose memory is thus perpetuated in bronze proved a fit subject for the artist's hands. And the work has been done faithfully and well. One's first impression, too, in looking at the work, is a feeling of gratitude that the horse—for it is the horse, after all, that claims one's first glance, in an equestrian statue—is a possible horse, and not the stager, theatrical animal that poses and postures in so many of the public squares of the United States. Eager and alert, with fore feet firmly planted on the slight ascent up which the quick ride has just been made, with one of his hind feet on the slope placed before the other, with his head raised high in air, above a magnificent breadth of chest, with every muscle full of life and motion, the horse is a superb animal. He is encumbered with the least possible amount of trapping, only the necessities of equestrian life. The anatomy is good. Altogether, Mr. Ward has modeled a horse whose strength and speed and "eyes' quick intelligence" irresistibly remind one of the ride from Ghent to Aix. The figure of Gen. Thomas is firm and dignified. He sits easily in the saddle, leaning slightly backward, and with an intent look sweeps the horizon. The same simplicity of treatment which the artist has used throughout applies to the dress; the double-breasted military frock coat, buttoned to the chin, plain riding boots, belt and sword on the left side, his right hand falling easily and naturally to the saddle, and held a little back, grasps his army slouch hat and gloves. It is the intentness of one single purpose, animating horse and rider, that makes the statue instinct with life. There is not the slightest impression, which many an artist would not have been able to avoid, that Gen. Thomas has taken off his hat, and is standing for his portrait. He has taken his hat off to get that long, free look to the farthest horizon that he has come up the slope for—that both horse and man have come for. The modeling is broad and free, and the work thoroughly realistic in all its details. It is absolutely portraiture, but it is not, therefore, common-places nor unworthy. The artist has been too modest to obtrude his own private ideal of a hero—or a horse—and too truthful to take liberties with the facts. There is something, also, about the horse and his rider that is in sympathy. It is this, and the bold dash and freedom from conventionalities which characterize the statue, that gives it the charm it possesses. Altogether the Army of the Cumberland have every reason to be proud of the monument.

FORGOTTEN CONGRESSMEN.

REFERENCES TO A FEW STATESMEN WHO HAVE SUNK INTO OBLIVION.

How ephemeral is political fame. Among the thousands who figured in their day as Senators and Representatives in Congress, the names of but few are familiar to the present generation. Clay, Webster, and Calhoun made an impress on the history of their country which, perhaps, will never be forgotten. The class of statesmen standing next to them in ability are even now almost faded out of the public mind. John Forsyth, of Georgia, was one of the most accomplished off-hand debaters that ever appeared in the United States Senate; yet how few of the 45,000,000 of people now dwelling in this land of ours know that such a man ever lived. William C. Preston, of South Carolina, was an orator of great power and a Senator who reflected honor on his State. After his death how soon was he forgotten. Webster's reply to Robert Y. Hayne is likely to keep his (Hayne's) memory fresh in the mind of the reader. Otherwise he would have been lost to the recollection of posterity; yet he was one of the most brilliant men of his day. William T. Barry, of Kentucky, was one of the most eloquent of men, and played a conspicuous part in the politics of his State. It is safe to say that a large majority of the present voters are not apprised of the fact. Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, was noted for his eloquence at the bar and in the halls of Congress. It is only the political student or the survivors of the era in which he cut his most prominent figure who know anything about him. Maryland kept Gen. Sam. Smith in Congress thirty-nine years, and we venture to say that thousands of the politicians of the present day never heard of him. The same may be said of Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, who represented that State in Congress thirty-seven years. We might go on and specify a score of others, equally talented and influential in their day and generation, who are but seldom thought of beyond the precincts of their blood relations. If such should be the fate of these distinguished politicians, what is to become of the men who are now strutting on the political stage? A large majority of them will not be remembered five years after their life. Such is political fame.

"When a stranger treats one with a want of respect," said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old and shabby coat and shabby hat, which, to say truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So, if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it is nothing to me."

LONGING.

BY GEORGE W. BIRDSEYE.

A feeling of longing  
Now draws me away  
From home and its loved ones  
To wander astray  
Far over the hillsides  
The clouds hang in air,  
Aglow in the sunbeams—  
She waits for me there!

The shadow-wing'd ravens  
Move slowly along,  
And joining their party,  
Go with the throng.  
They soar o'er the mountains—  
I pass rock and tree;  
O, joy! I behold her!  
She tarries for me!

She roves through the forest;  
The signal I bring;  
The note of the song-bird  
O'erjoyed with the spring.  
She lingers and listens  
And whispers with glee:  
"He sings it so sweetly;  
He sings it for me!"

The last beams of sunset  
Are gilding the height;  
My loved one still tarries,  
She fears not the night.  
By brookside she wanders  
The green meadows through,  
And darker and darker  
Night's shadows pursue.

I glide through the bushes  
A wandering star,  
She starts and she trembles:  
"What gleams from afar?"  
"Tis only my lantern,  
My dearest and best,  
And I, at your feet, love,  
For here I am blest!"

EUGENIE'S LAST RELATIVE.

THE DEATH IN MADRID OF THE MOTHER OF THE EMPRESS BEFORE HER DAUGHTER'S ARRIVAL.

Dona Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick, of Cloeburn, Dowager Countess of Montijo, died on Saturday in Madrid. She was born in 1799, and was descended on the father's side from a Roman Catholic family of Scotland, which sought refuge in Spain after the downfall of the Stuarts. One of her ancestors, Sir Roger Kirkpatrick, a cousin of Robert Bruce, won the family motto, "I'mak sicker," by rushing back with this exclamation to finish the Regent Curnyn at the altar of the Greyfriars in Dumfries. His son fell into a deadly feud with the Lindsays, and his grand-daughter Margaret was the heroine of the ballad of "The Earl's Daughter." The father of the Countess of Montijo being British Consul at Malaga she there married Cyprian, Count of Montijo and Miranda and Duke of Peñaranda, three times a Grande of Spain of the first class. Her husband's family, the Porto-Carros, of Genoa, after settling in Spain in the fourteenth century formed connections there with many illustrious houses, including the Guzmans and Cerdas. A colonel in the Spanish Army, the Count had embraced the French cause with fervor, fighting under the banners of the First Empire in Spain and France and firing one of the last shots in defense of Paris in 1814. His wife bore him two daughters of singular beauty, whom, after her separation from her husband, she took to Paris in 1838. She placed them for a brief space at the Convent du Sacre Cœur, and here as a child the future Empress was feted and caressed by Prosper Merimee, a life long friend of her mother. The education of the daughters was completed at Toulouse, at Bristol in England and at Madrid, to which city the Countess returned upon her husband's death. In 1845, when with them she resided in the Rue St. Antoine at Paris, Mme. de Montijo was subjected to surveillance by the police of Louis Philippe and a confidential report made at that time was published by the French Republicans after the fall of the Second Empire to injure the Empress in the public mind. The sum and substance of the report was that the Countess de Montijo lived in easy but not affluent circumstances, receiving few female friends, but having many visitors at her receptions, where there was some talk of politics and a good deal of card-playing. Her eldest daughter, while still very young, married the Duke of Alba and Berwick, head of the great house of Fitz James, a descendant of the great soldier Duke of Berwick, the natural son of James II, and Arabella Churchill, the sister of the Duke of Marlborough; and also of the terrible tyrant of the Netherlands. This great nobleman settled a liberal allowance upon his mother-in-law, who, with her second daughter, fated to make a still more brilliant match, resumed her life of travel, dividing her time between Germany, England and Spain, always, however, maintaining her foothold at Paris, where, after the Revolution of 1848 and the foundation of the Second Empire, her daughter Eugenie became a court beauty and in due course of time Empress of the French. Since the marriage of Eugenie and Napoleon, Mme. de Montijo has been little heard of, though her daughter has frequently visited her at Madrid, where she has lived in a splendid sort of half-retirement. At the time of the death of the Prince Imperial, in June last, the Countess was in very feeble health and it was feared she would not long survive the news which, though broken to her with all gentleness and every precaution, threatened at first to prove fatal. Her death leaves the ex-Empress absolutely alone in the world, the Duchess of Alba and Berwick, it will be remembered, having

died in a very melancholy manner some years before the fall of the empire.

As soon as the news of the illness of her mother reached the ex-Empress Eugenie authority for her to pass through France was obtained by the English Embassy there and she arrived in Paris on Thursday night. There she spent the day with the Duc de Mouchy and had some affecting interviews with the ex-Queen Isabella, Prince Napoleon and others. At 8 o'clock on Friday night she took a special train for Madrid, where she arrived Sunday. She was too late, coming only to find her mother already dead. King Alfonso, who was waiting at the railway station, communicated the sad news to the ex-Empress. She wished to go to her mother's residence at once, but was persuaded finally to go to the Alba palace, where many thousand visitors have called to inscribe their names in condolence and respect. Sunday the ex-Empress visited her mother's house and prayed over her.

PACIFIC RAILROAD MONOPOLY.

From the Harrisburg Patriot.

The Pacific railroad companies have disclosed with sufficient distinctness their purpose to demand the repeal of the Thurman act. In round figures the indebtedness of this gigantic monopoly to the people of the United States is \$64,500,000. This is the amount of bonds of the United States issued to them as a subsidy and for which the people are responsible. Of this debt \$25,000,000 is due from the Central Pacific railroad, \$27,000,000 from the Union Pacific, and \$12,500,000 from the Kansas Pacific. The rest has been distributed to branch lines which are under the control of the grand monopoly. These bonds of the United States are a second mortgage on the Pacific railroads.

Ever since the construction of the Pacific railroads by the magnificent subsidies of the people the managers of the monopoly have sought to escape from their obligations to the government with the view of ultimately evading payment of the whole amount of the debt. They have resisted payment in every way, in Congress, in the departments, and in the courts, until at last the Thurman act has brought them to book. The act having been declared valid and constitutional by the Supreme Court nothing remains at present but to enforce its provisions, which require the monopoly to pay into the treasury of the United States a certain percentage of their net earnings as a sinking fund for the ultimate extinction of the debt due the people. But a small portion of the amount that has accrued under this act has been grudgingly paid into the treasury, though the owners of the monopoly are sharing enormous profits. While reluctantly making payments Mr. Huntington, the president of the Central Pacific branch of the monopoly, insolently denounces the decision of the Supreme Court and demands the repeal of the law. There is no danger of repeal in the present Democratic Congress, but the movement will probably be made in the approaching session of Congress and the business will be kept warm in the hope of the advent of a favorable Republican majority and of a restoration of Grantism. The votes in the next session of Congress will reveal the strength of parties in regard to the monopoly and enable its managers to lay their plans for the future. They already exist in getting rid of their most formidable antagonist in Senator Thurman. The next object of the assault of the Pacific monopoly is Senator McDonald, of Indiana, and the Cincinnati Commercial boldly suggests to Jay Gould that he provide for the immediate settlement of ten thousand negroes from the South in that great State to control the elections. This intimation to Jay Gould was hardly necessary. Mr. John D. Defrees, public printer at Washington, in an interview published in the New York Tribune, boasts that negro colonization in Indiana is rapidly progressing, and that under the law of the State the colonists will be entitled to vote in six months. The Pacific monopoly can well afford this expenditure if it will relieve them of so sturdy an antagonist as Senator McDonald. As a political venture it would be far more profitable than negro colonization in Kansas.

The object of the Pacific monopolists is to carry on an underground warfare against the Democratic party in detail. Their alliance with the Republican party is becoming every day more perfect. They have recovered control of California, and the votes of that State in Congress and for President are to be given to the Republicans in carrying out the compact between a powerful and unscrupulous corporation ring and a corrupt party. Wherever the lavish expenditure of money can be made available, it is to be employed in wresting States and Representatives from the Democracy. Every Democratic member of Congress who has exerted himself to compel the monopoly to discharge its obligations to the people is to be struck down, and an obedient servant put in his place. There is no mistaking the magnitude of this struggle between the Democracy and insolent corporate power. The Pacific monopolists have a hundred and twenty millions, including principal and interest, involved in this issue, and they will fight with the utmost desperation.

THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

From the San Francisco Call Paris Letter.

Within the last week Paris has been the rendezvous for the leading members of the Russian imperial family, and in their train come an uncountable number of elegant and distinguished persons. Among these, and one of the most prominent, is that brilliant Russian authoress, the Princess Olga de Novikoff, whose powerful expose of the Russian attitude, published in book form, and called "Is Russia Wrong?" created such a sensation in England last year. The book was still further enhanced in value by having a preface from the vigorous pen of Mr. Froude. Carlyle is in full sympathy with the Russian cause. Here in Paris Mme. de Novikoff receives the greatest celebrities. I met Emile de Girardin as I was going to call upon the Princess yesterday. Kinglake visits her frequently. All Paris *journaliste* rallies around her. Physically, she is a very fine looking lady, and, like all the Russian aristocracy, she speaks both English and French without the slightest tinge of accent. Like all Russians, high and low, Mme. de Novikoff has the greatest regard for America and the Americans and seems anxious that our country people should understand Russia. Her brother is the general in attendance on the Grand Duke Constantine, who met with a sad accident two days ago. His Imperial Highness was visiting that wonderful shop called the Louvre, on its opening day, and slipping on the waxed staircase broke a vein in his ankle. Fortunately the accident is not serious. The brother of this Grand Duke, the delightful Alexis, who made such havoc among the girls' hearts when he went to America some years ago, will also be in Paris in a few days. The mother of these princes, the Empress of Russia, is now at Cannes, where a lovely residence has been fitted up for her. She is incognito, but still keeps up a certain degree of Imperial state. Sixty men form her body-guard, while her immediate household includes chamberlains and ladies of honor, besides servants innumerable.

Ladies Wearing of Monograms.

From the London Truth.

The whirling of fashion is bringing round an old-fashioned decoration, which has its merits. Ladies are wearing of monograms, and are adopting emblems and mottoes. The fourteenth and early sixteenth centuries were the times when mottoes and fanciful emblems flourished most abundantly. Besides his hereditary bearings, every knight had some emblems of fantasy, and every lady her symbol, which might be changed at pleasure. When these were embroidered on dresses the effect was quaint and variegated, and gave each costume a kind of originality. Parisians have rediscovered this, and birds and mottoes are embroidered all over dresses. A well-graced (and well-puffed) actress who is the reverse of stout in figure appeared lately with the device of ravens on her array. Her rival, who is not slim, observed that "where the skeleton is the ravens are gathered together." Swallows are more common than the sombre bird of the Danish banner—perhaps to indicate that the wearer intends "flying, flying South." Gold swallows are worn on a blue satin ground, though a naturalist might prefer to reverse the colors. Ladies of fashion, if the fashion prevails, will soon look as quaint as did Jacqueline de la Grange in her costume brodered with pink eagles and black ducks, or Anne of Bohemia with the crowned ostrich. The mottoes may slip from writing paper into wider use, and poets once more style themselves, on their title pages, *le banni de lieuse*. The old motto would serve many of the new poets very well, and the fashion will at least add some variety to existence, till the thing is overdone, and ceases to be an outward sign of inward mediocrity.

WHEN a man's house is building he never thinks the carpenter puts in one-third enough nails, and frequently with biting sarcasm asks him if he doesn't think the house would stand if he just simply leaned it up against itself, and saved all his nails? Then a few years afterward, when he tears down the new kitchen to build a new one, he growls and scolds, and sarcastically wonders why that fellow didn't make the house entirely of nails, and just put in enough lumber to hold the nails together.

WHEN a fool is young he spends much time in parting his hair in the middle. When he is old and bald he wastes much more time in trying to make the ends of his sparse locks meet on the polished crown above.

THERE are times when the simplest act of charity, or the slightest words of cheer or encouragement will accomplish untold good, therefore withhold neither, for the result obtained is a bountiful and noble reward.

THERE are many men who appear to be struggling against adversity, and yet are happy; but yet more, who, although abounding in wealth, are miserable.

THERE are enough fine mottoes in the world. What we want is for men to wear them pinned on the lapel of their conscience.