THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

A WINE DEALER'S GRANDDAUGHTER ON A THRONE.

EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH. A Popular Sketch by Clara Tschudi. Authorized Translation from the Norwegian, by E. M. Cope. 8vo, pp. 283. New-York: The Macmillan Company.

This is an agreeable book, done in that light, easy and picturesque manner which the term "popular" implies. The subject is one which invites lively description and moralizing of the obvious kind, and these things Miss Tschudi furnishes in abundance. This is not serious history, nor is it witty memoir, but it is sufficiently truthful, and requires no deep thought on the part of the reader.

The opening chapters introduces us to Señorita Manuela Kirkpatrick, the pretty, sprightly and coquettish daughter of a Scotch wine merchant and dealer in colonial wares, who, in the early years of this century, was living and trading with great profit to himself in the city of Malaga. Papa Kirkpatrick is said to have been "a descendant of a well known Scotch noble family"—a family involved in the fall of the Stuarts; but this has always been a hazy and indefinite assertion. Those who have professed to find in Eugénie Montijo's lovely features a strong resemblance to the portraits of Queen Mary of Scotland have tried to find also some links of kinship between the two sovereigns; but it is hardly necessary to say that these efforts ended in highly laughable uncertainty. But whether she were of royal descent or not, Señorita Manuela was as handsome as proud, and as ambitious as a princess, and, in the intervals of serving customers with wine in the back room of the paternal shop, she dreamed dreams of advancement in the world—advancement to be won by dint of her beauty, her undoubted cleverness and her Scotch energy. Her first move was to capture a husband with a title—one of the aforesaid customers and a colonel in a Spanish artillery regiment who had served under Napoleon I. Don Cipriano, Count Téba, was not young, nor handsome, nor very wise—he has even been pronounced foolish and stingy; but there was no question of the fact that he was a Spanish grandee of the bluest blood. Manuela put forth all her charm, and, without any concern for the opinions of his family, Cipriano Guzman Palafox y Porto-Carrero, Count of Téba, made the wine dealer's daughter his countess. Greater honors became hers, for, after the death of his elder brother, the Count acquired the additional family titles of Count of Montijo and Miranda and Duke of Peneranda. The pair lived for some years in Granada, where Manuela's beauty and piquant conversation made her salon popular; but domestic harmony was not a part of the ménage. The lady flirted and was extravagant, the head of the house was jealous, violent and parsimonious, and it was not long before they practically separated and the Countess Montijo went traveling with her two daughters in search of amusement.

The elder of these daughters was Fransiska Teresia, afterward Duchess of Alba; the younger Maria Eugenia Ignacia Augustina, who was to become Empress of the French. This little Eugénie of the melancholy eyes was born in Granada on May 5, 1826—born in the garden of her father's house while a fearful earthquake was in progress. Her introduction to the world was the prelude to many years of restless wandering and fluctuating social position on the part of Countess Montijo, who was seen and half contemptuously admired in Paris, London and the fashionable watering places of Europe. The mother's brains, it must not be forgotten, were of excellent quality, a fact which was discovered by such men as Stendahl, Prosper Merimée and the philosopher Laborde. It was the fascinating Manuela, by the way, who furnished Merimée with plots for several of his stories of Spain, and "Carmen" was among them. The two little girls were presently placed in the Sacré Cœur Convent in Paris, and there their education was going on when their father died in Madrid, and they were summoned by the Countess. There was no more study for them then; the ambitious mother took the girls of sixteen and fifteen into society as soon as their mourning was over, and all Madrid acknowledged their rare loveliness. The three ladies were immensely popular, for the Countess now had plenty of money with which to entertain her friends, and was a laughter loving, amusing, inventive and altogether delightful hostess. "She made all around her dance and sing," says M. Filon. "She scattered pleasures and created happiness on every side. She brought about marriages and amused her fellow beings till the last day of her life." However imprudent herself, she guarded her young daughters carefully and devoted herself to the task of capturing eligible husbands for them. The Duke of Berwick and Alba was of all the young Spanish grandees the best match, and he became the trusted friend of the house. Both beautiful little sisters liked him, and for a time he showed no more admiration for one than for the other. It is not to be wondered that Eugénie fell in love with the handsome and gallant youth and was broken hearted when he proposed for Fransiska. In her disappointment the child—for she was little more—took poison, and nearly died in the severe illness that followed. Miss Tschudi asserts that her whole nervous system was shaken, and a slight shudder, a twitching of the eyelids which she never entirely lost, sudden fits of depression and anxiety which would come on in the midst of enjoyment, and hysterical weeping when anything disturbed her, may all be attributed to this dose of poison and presumably the consequent illness. The experience, moreover, changed the gentle and shy little girl into a frivolous and ambitious coquette.

The Eugénie of the years between this sorrow and her marriage to Napoleon III was a picturesque if not admirable figure. She frequented the bull fights at Madrid in odd fancy costumes, she galloped through the streets of the city of an afternoon on a horse without a saddle, and smoking a cigar or cigarette, and she often appeared in man's attire. The gilded youths of Madrid raved about her, fluttered round her—but not one of them wanted to marry her. Here is a picture of her set forth by one who saw her at one of her favorite bull fights:

> Her slender figure is well defined by a costly bodice, which enhances her beauty and elegance. Her dainty hand is armed with a riding whip, instead of a fan, for she generally arrives at the circus on a wild Andalusian horse, and in her belt she carries a sharp pointed dagger. Her little feet are incased in red satin boots. Her head is crowned with her broad, golden plaits, interwoven with pearls and real flowers; her clear brow shines with youth and beauty and her gentle blue eyes sparkle from beneath the long lashes which almost conceal them. Her exquisitely formed nose, her mouth, fresher than a rosebud; the perfect oval of her face, the loveliness of which is only equalled by her graceful bearing, arouses the admiration of all. She is the recognized queen of beauty. It is she who crowns the victorious toreador, and her white hands present him with the prize due to his courage or agility, while she accompanies the gift with her most captivating smile.

The young Queen Isabella appointed her one of her maids of honor, and she was conspicuous in the festivities which followed the Queen's marriage; but her audacity and unconventionality displeased the royal lady, who preferred to have a monopoly of those qualities, and the girl was dismissed. Countess Montijo, who had been appointed First Lady of Honor, lost that office for reasons even less creditable, and mother and daughter presently left Spain again for travel in other lands. It is recorded that in disenchantment with the world Eugénie contemplated burying herself in a convent, but that when she entered to take her vows an aged, half witted nun came toward her, looked at her vacantly, and suddenly exclaimed: "My daughter, do not seek for rest within our walls; you are called to adorn a throne!" This is a pleasing tale, but more flowery than credible. However this may be, Eugénie gave up her intention and the two women spent several seasons in the gayest capitals of Europe. Everywhere the girl was a conspicuous and much admired coquette. They met Louis Napoleon in London in 1847-'48, and it is said that the then poverty stricken prince proposed in vain to Eugénie, who liked him and had a belief in his future, but was too prudent to join her life to his at that time. This may be as apocryphal as many other stories about the pair, but it is certain that during the two years that followed the Spaniard carefully watched the Prince's career, and that she set out for Paris shortly before the coup d'état. She appeared in the Court circle for the first time in the autumn of 1852 at Compiègne. She was introduced by Baron Rothschild and accompanied by his daughter, Countess Napoleon Camerata, and the beautiful creature who was perfection itself as a horsewoman reawakened all his former fancy in Napoleon's heart. He had asked in marriage most of the eligible princesses in Europe, and had been repulsed, and in humiliation and exasperation he was quite ready to yield to a veritable, if not to be lasting, infatuation for the granddaughter of the Malaga wine merchant. Mother and daughter conducted the affair with prudence and inflaming coldness; the Emperor's relatives and friends exhausted themselves in useless protest. The marriage was opposed in the Ministerial Council, and public opinion did not favor it. But Napoleon took his own way, and the tie was knotted with magnificent ceremonies in January, 1853.

In the early years of her married life the Empress was heartily admired by the French people. She was certainly beautiful, and she filled her position with unexpected dignity and grace. Her kindness of heart was great and unaffected, and she inaugurated notable charitable enterprises with a judgment remarkably good. In most directions she was a better wife than Napoleon III deserved, and she was an excellent mother. If the Court over which she presided was a frivolous, corrupt and vulgar one, it was perhaps not altogether her fault. The Paris tradesmen assuredly had no reason to turn against her, for her craze for dress and show kept a stream of gold running through their shops, and there was always something on the carpet with which to amuse the crowd. The Church, too, had reason to think well of her, for she was ever its devout, not to say bigoted, adherent. Whenever she meddled with politics she was mischievous, even absurd. She was bitter in her hatreds, and foolish in many of her friendships. It is to her credit that she always showed great respect for brains, and admired even those who attacked her in print if they did it cleverly. Her literary tastes were not profound nor otherwise unusual, but they were far from contemptible. She had some taste in art—but not enough, be it remembered, to prevent her from introducing the most hideous abomination of modern times, the enormous crinoline. She set the pace in fashion toward the novel rather than the beautiful, and the feminine world has not yet, in truth, fallen out of step. She was never a thoroughly happy woman, even when the world seemed to offer her most. The sharpest thorn in her lot was her consciousness that she was not born in the purple, and she felt to the depths of her being the slights she received from those more fortunately placed.

If not happy at the culmination of her power and beauty, what can be said of the bent, haggard white haired woman who now wanders, a childless widow, from England to France, seeking health and ease of mind? Hers is a pathetic figure, one to which the most censorious must pay the tribute of a silent courtesy. It is nearly thirty years since the Second Empire fell in flaming ruin, but it is still too soon for a definite history of that strange and fantastic period. It is possible that the final record will be kinder to Eugénie Montijo than have been many of her contemporaries.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Punch" with the beginning of next year will see a pleasant augmentation of his proportions. The paper will then assume weekly the size of its Christmas number, and it is said that it may even add a feuilleton to its attractions. The price and the character of the journal will be unaltered.

The forthcoming English edition in twenty-two volumes of Mark Twain's writings is to be specially illustrated, and will contain, it is reported, matter which has not hitherto been included in any collection of his works.

Mr. Grant Allen is planning a journey to Sicily to collect material for future work. He has been ill for many months with malaria, contracted, it is said, in Canada, and brought out by residence in Venice and other Continental towns. He has been doing but little literary work, and that little with pain.

M. Paul Olagnier has lately published in Paris a curious book containing a mass of interesting information and anecdote about the profession of acting. We are told by "The London Morning Post" that the author discovered in Rome a mine of documents. "The Greeks, being a people of artists and poets, gave a brilliant place to the interpreter. But the Romans, being a nation of officials and civil engineers, kept the actor on the outskirts of society, treating him much in the same way as he was treated in the olden times in France. In Rome the professional entertainer was disqualified by law, but for all that he occupied an important place in the social life of the Empire. Nero had the second Paris murdered because he was jealous of him. Julius Cæsar, after Pompey's defeat, gave a grand performance in Rome. He restored the ring of knighthood to the tragedian Laberius and gave him a fee of 500,000 sesterces (about £5,000). Fifty years later Augustus made a law forbidding the Senators and Knights to wait outside the theatre to present their homage to the actors. Custom and law always went exactly in opposite directions. The more actors were flattered in actual practice the more severe was the legislation against them."

It is asserted that the sums paid to Miss Marie Corelli as advance royalties on her two new novels are so large as to be thought almost unprecedented in the recent annals of publishing.

"The Anglo-Saxon," Lady Randolph Churchill's quarterly, has had a notable success in England. It has been taken instantly from the binder's hands.

A contemporary of Thomas Hughes at Rugby says with regard to the characters in "Tom Brown" that no actual Rugby boys were put into the book; that there was no boy who could be identified with the bully, Flashman, and that he cannot remember any act of deliberate cruelty, though on one occasion during "tossing" the cry of "head master" arose, and the boys who were holding the blanket fled and the boy who was being tossed fell to the ground. He thinks the difficulties which Tom Hughes described were due partly to a mutiny against the Sixth Form, which happened at the time to be composed of clever boys who were so young that their authority was resented, and partly to a mistaken love of fun.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

GLIMPSES OF GASTRONOMY IN FICTION.

From The London Evening Standard.

It is curious that so far the gastronomy of the novelists has attracted little or no attention from literary critics and philosophers, and the more so that, insignificant as this feature may seem to the careless, there is none which is more characteristic of the nation, ideas and temperament of the individual to whom we owe in each instance the literary banquet. Women novelists, with one or two exceptions, notably Ouida, rarely allow their heroes and heroines to partake of a generous feast; whereas in the pages of the great male novelists dinners abound, and reflect the same artistic tendencies as are discoverable in the courage of the hero, the purity of the heroine and the general trend of the writer's philosophy of life. Compare Dickens with Thackeray. Note how the attitude towards life of each reveals itself in their gastronomic descriptions. Thackeray is just as fond as Dickens of telling you what his characters eat and drink upon all occasions, which details he very justly understands are by no means unimportant accessories to their portraits; and whether it is Major Pendennis's elegant little dinners or the Mugfords' plebeian but magnificent feasts, or Becky's "salmi" prepared for the fascination of Mr. Pitt by her own hands, according to the veracious lady, or Talbot Twysden's shabby, cheap, pretentious affairs with his wretched Château Margaux, there is always the same attitude, slightly cynical, yet epicurean—the attitude of the man of the world with a fastidious palate, who knows how to appreciate delicate and rare viands and wine, and has yet some kind of restraint which prevents his enjoying them in an open, hearty manner. How different from Dickens's very real, hearty and somewhat coarse relish of the food his personages eat, and invariably enjoy! Not a saucepan or an oven is safe from him, and he is never in more hilarious spirits than when the fare is of the humblest kind. Mr. Swiveller's boiled beef and greens, which this ingenious gentleman obtains on credit in his usual careless manner; poor Mrs. Quilp's little tea party of new bread, fresh butter and lettuces; or the famous meal prepared for Mr. Codlin at the "Jolly Sandboys"—nothing can exceed the gusto with which he retails the affair. "It's a stew of tripe," said the landlord, smacking his lips; "the cow heel," smacking them again, "and bacon," smacking them once more, "and steak," smacking them for the fourth time, "and peas, cauliflower, new potatoes and sparrow grass, all working up together in one delicious gravy."

All honest, wholesome appetites had the sympathy of Dickens, and never was there a novelist more loyal to the British fare of roast beef and stout. Between these two novelists stands Scott, and, while less coarse and realistic than Dickens, more full of homely, unaffected simplicity, and thereby more nobly dignified than Thackeray. His breakfasts and dinners serve to cement the bonds of good fellowship and geniality, and there is ever a hint of picturesque splendor about them which saves them from degenerating into mere animal eating and drinking. The noble meal which the Baron of Bradwardine sets before young Waverley upon the morning that he proposes to fight the Laird of Balmawhapple would have dissipated the ill humor of the surliest youth, even had not the lovely Rose presided at the table, "loaded with warm bread, both of flour, oatmeal and barley meal, in the shape of loaves, cakes, biscuits and other varieties; together with eggs, reindeer ham, mutton and beef ditto, smoked salmon, marmalade," and all the other delicacies which induced even Johnson himself to extol the luxury of a Scotch breakfast above that of all other countries. There is another breakfast, the famous one of Quentin Durward, where Louis XI plays the host in disguise, which surpasses all similar incidents in its persuasive appeal to the reader's sympathies, making him forget the French King's craft and subtlety, and even his detestable plot for the destruction of Quentin, in genuine admiration of the delightful human fashion in which he provides for the fine appetite of a bold, generous youth. There is, perhaps, only one other scene to match this, even in Scott's own pages, and this is the famous supper in the Hermitage of St. Dunstan, when another monarch plays with even finer success the part of guest to the jolly clerk of Copmanhurst.

There is something of the same geniality and good fellowship to be found in Lever's lively feasts, which, however, sometimes degenerate, as Sir Walter's never do, into scenes of disorderly riot. Who forgets the capital dinner in "Charles O'Malley," with the turbot, the sirloin, "the turkey flanked by a picket of ham, and detached squadron of chickens carefully ambushed in a forest of greens, potatoes piled like shot in an ordnance yard, and massive decanters of port and sherry, which stood proudly up like standard bearers amidst goodly array," of which beverages the gallant young men appear to have imbibed with generosity, for it was after Mr. Bodkin had sung "The Man of Galway" that Mr. Charles O'Malley threw a wineglass at his head, and had later on to meet that distinguished duellist. Although the young gentlemen in these romances invariably drink more punch than is prudent, their convivialities are pleasant, innocent reading, owing to the mirth, good humor and flow of high animal spirits with which they are portrayed, and to the delightful aspect of Irish character that they reveal. There is something more wholesome and natural, too, in a young man drinking more punch at supper than is good for him than in a young spendthrift aristocrat breakfasting early in the afternoon on "peaches, grapes, chocolate and claret in a chamber fit for a young princess, with its azure hangings, its Russian cabinets and its innumerable flowers." It is unnecessary to say that heroes of this order are to be found in the classic pages of the inimitable Ouida, whose elegant young men, strange to say, though they habitually keep late hours, drink all night and breakfast in the afternoon on truffles and claret, have a way of preserving their superb constitution and dexterity in shooting big game which is as amazing as it is enviable. It is only fair to say that a male novelist, the once popular Guy Livingston, feeds his magnificent young men in a similar artless fashion.

Disraeli, though he does not condescend to minute particulars, has a way of introducing magnificent banquets, with countless courses, which is at once picturesque and effective. Everthing in "Lothair" happens at dinner parties, and nearly all memorable and intellectual conversations took place at these functions, while the "fat little birds in aspic jelly" and the ortolans and the rest of the high class menu are being consumed. It is more, however, by implication than actual description that Disraeli permits us to discern the imperial nature of these entertainments, as, for instance, when St. Aldegonde searches in vain among the "pies and preparations of all climes at Brancepeth's dinner" for some cold meat, with which it is satisfactory to learn he was, after some delay, served. Perhaps in regard to this topic there is no single writer more individual and characteristic than Bulwer Lytton. His fashionable, brilliant young gentlemen, diplomats, politicians, philosophers or what not, have the most supreme contempt for British cookery, and their motto would seem to be: "Tell me what a man eats, and I will tell you what he is." "The low English people," he says, in the person of Pelham, have entirely ruined Véry's Restaurant, and he asks gravely what respect can be given to men who take no soup and begin with a rôti, who cannot tell at the first taste whether the Beaune is première qualité or the fricassée made of yesterday's chicken; who suffer in the stomach after a champignon and die with indigestion of a truffle. And he wittily adds: "Oh, English people, English people! why can you not stay and perish of apoplexy and Yorkshire pudding at home?" What miles all this is from the simple, wholesome venison pasties, and eggs, and hams, and oatmeal, upon which Sir Walter's brave unspoiled youths fed with such capital appetites, and who, happily for them, were not jaded libertines and cynical philosophers by the time they had reached twenty years of age.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

LIFE INDEED. By Edward B. Coe. 16mo, pp. 267. (Fleming H. Revell Company.)

THE SIX SYSTEMS OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY. By the Right. Hon. F. Max Müller. 8vo, pp. 618. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

PIERS GAVESTON. A Chapter of Early Constitutional History. By Walter Phelps Dodge. 8vo, pp. 249. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE GAME AND THE CANDLE. By Rhoda Broughton. 16mo, pp. 305. (D. Appleton & Co.)

LETITIA BERKELEY, A. M. A Novel. By Josephine Bontecu Steffens. 12mo, pp. 292. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

BETTER WORLD PHILOSOPHY. A Sociological Synthesis. By J. Howard Moore. 12mo, pp. 275. (Chicago: The Ward Waugh Company.)

YEAR BOOK OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK. 1899. Prepared by the Secretary, Theodore M. Banta. Imperial 8vo, pp. 299. (No publisher's name.)

THE GOLDEN PICTURE BOOK. 4to, pp. 288. (Thomas Nelson & Sons.)

JEPHTHAH, AND OTHER MYSTERIES: LYRICAL AND DRAMATIC. By Aleister Crowley. 8vo, pp. 223. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

OUR NAVY IN TIME OF WAR. 1861-'98. By Franklin Matthews. 16mo, pp. 275. (D. Appleton & Co.)

FROM THE HIMALAYAS TO THE EQUATOR. A Tour in India and Malaysia. By Cyrus D. Foss. 16mo, pp. 262. (Eaton & Mains.)

BETWEEN THE OCEAN AND THE LAKES: THE STORY OF ERIE. By Edward Harold Mott. 4to, pp. 511. (John S. Collins.)

THE LETTERS OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS TO HIS WIFE. "Lettres d'un Innocent." Translated by L. G. Moreau. With portraits. 16mo, pp. 234. (Harper & Bros.)

FLAUBERT. Par Emile Faguet. 16mo, pp. 192. "Les Grands Ecrivans Français." (F. W. Christern.)

THE LOVE OF MONEY. A Drama. By Perry Marshall. Booklet. (Charles H. Kerr & Co.)

VINLAND. A Poem. By Perry Marshall. Booklet. (Charles H. Kerr & Co.)

LAUNCHING AND LANDING; OR, POEMS OF LIFE. By Perry Marshall. 16mo, pp. 309. (Charles H. Kerr & Co.)

REALISM IN LITERATURE AND ART. By Clarence S. Darrow. Booklet. (Charles H. Kerr & Co.)

CHINA. By Robert K. Douglas. Crown 8vo, pp. 456. "The Story of the Nations." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

ROSALBA: THE STORY OF HER DEVELOPMENT. By Olive Pratt Rayner. 16mo, pp. 396. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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In pursuance of a judgment of foreclosure and sale, duly made and entered in the above-entitled action, bearing date the twenty-eighth day of June, 1899, I, the undersigned, the referee in said judgment named, will sell at public auction, at the New York Real Estate Salesroom, No. 111 Broadway, in the Borough of Manhattan, City of New York, on the 3rd day of August, 1899, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, by D. Phenix Ingraham, auctioneer, the premises directed by said judgment to be sold, and therein described as follows:

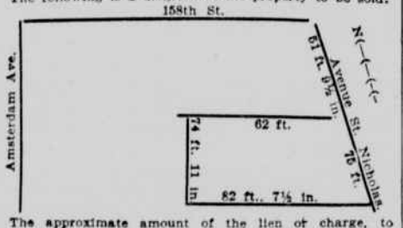
ALL that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being on the Westerly side of Avenue St. Nicholas, in the Borough of Manhattan, City of New York, and bounded and described as follows, to wit: BEGINNING at a point on the said Westerly side of Avenue St. Nicholas distant fifty-one feet, nine inches and one-half of an inch Southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the said Westerly side of Avenue St. Nicholas with the Southerly side of One hundred and fifty-eighth Street; thence running Westerly, and along land belonging to William S. Hartt, sixty-two feet; running thence Southerly, on a line parallel with the Easterly side of Amsterdam Avenue, seventy-four feet, eleven inches; running thence Easterly, on a line parallel with the said Southerly side of One hundred and fifty-eighth Street, eighty-two feet, seven inches and one-half of an inch to the said Westerly side of Avenue St. Nicholas; and thence Northerly, along the said Westerly side of Avenue St. Nicholas, seventy-five feet to the place of beginning, be said distances and dimensions more or less. Being the same premises conveyed to the said defendant Herbert Haight, by the said plaintiff, by deed of even date therewith, said mortgage being given to secure part of the consideration in said deed expressed.

Dated New York, July 10, 1899.

GEORGE WADDINGTON, Referee.

Duer, Strong & Whitehead, Attorneys for Plaintiff, No. 50 Wall Street, New York City.

The following is a diagram of the property to be sold:



The approximate amount of the lien of charge, to satisfy which the above described property is to be sold, is $21,188.87, with interest thereon from the 27th day of June, 1899, together with costs and allowances amounting to $406.09, with interest from June 28th, 1899, together with the expenses of the sale.

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Dated New York, July 10, 1899.

GEORGE WADDINGTON, Referee.

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