MILLIONAIRES' HOUSES.

It has been said that the average duration of New York houses is no more than ten years. That is an exaggeration; but it is undoubtedly true that no other great city is so frequently or so completely renovated as this. There are some old houses—old for a new country—still left in certain quarters, but they are becoming fewer day by day, many having lapsed from their ancient state and been turned to business uses, or even undergoing a transformation into tenement houses or sailors' boarding houses. It has come to be understood that nothing is built for permanence in New York. Even when the walls are of chiselled granite and the foundations are sunk to the solid rock, the architect feels that whatever faults he may commit will probably be wiped out before a generation has passed away. Stone by stone his work will be removed, and the place that has known him will know him no more. Post Office, and Court House, and Produce Exchange, and our neighbor's tall tower shall fade, and the men who have built them, with new ideas in their heads and new plans in their portfolios, will be busy erecting other buildings in their place. More fleeting still are the triumphs of our domestic architecture. Our rich men are all liable to become suddenly richer or poorer and to require grander houses or be forced to discontinue those which they have commenced. Trade is sure to invade the most fashionable quarters, and society is unusually capricious in its demands. To-day it is all for uniformity. To-morrow a man is nothing if not original. A great deal of display is tolerated just now. By and by it will be frowned upon; and then we shall experience a sort of Iconoclastic reaction. Graven images will be cast down and painted ones covered with whitewash, and an era of mock simplicity will follow one of tawdry magnificence.

It is natural that architects should be disgusted with this state of things. They cannot all be Mullettts, because most of them have consciences. They cannot be satisfied to see their art fall back to something like the position it held among the ancient Gauls, who burned their temples on every May day and built them anew. They yearn for an opportunity and for power to do something that will last. They would fain compete with European structures, and leave behind them buildings which, whether suited or not to their present or future occupants, must remain, because of the difficulty and cost of making away with them.

Singularly enough, the very same feeling, otherwise conditioned, prevails among their employers. Our rich men are no longer content with temporary power and prominence. They want to be the founders of great families; to root their stock in the land; to connect their names with as many things that are big and enduring that they shall become practically ineradicable. Hence one of them has brought over Cleopatra's Needle, and another has created a library which is kept sealed like an Egyptian tomb; and a score or more of them, if the huge statue of Liberty could be made to have a patriotic signification, would be very willing to build it a pedestal.

One would suppose that this coincidence would give the architects their chance. But it has not. Many costly residences have been put up within the last two or three years, but, with few exceptions, they are destined to go the way of all New York houses. They are full of defects of design and of construction, which, as their owners improve in taste and learn how to live, will make them uninhabitable. The folly of erecting street fortresses like those of mediæval Florence, of building an imitation French château on two Fifth avenue lots, and copying Ghiberti's baptistery gates for the doors of a private house, cannot long remain disguised. The sources of wealth in this country are not all, as yet, presumpted. People now poor will be building palaces before long, and so many mistakes have been committed in those which we look upon to-day that it will be hard if those of the future do not so far excel them as to compel the destruction of those that now excite wonder.

The causes of the failure lie partly in the disposition of the architects to copy, without careful adaptation, from European originals. The foible is very excusable. It shows a modesty born of some knowledge of the difficulties of the profession, a proper admiration of the great works of the past, and an alacrity, which is rather to be commended than blamed, to take hold of every opportunity for improving by practice. How is a man to tell that it will not do to add flying buttresses to a dormer window until he has tried it? And even if some Frenchman has tried it before with bad results, why should not an American make the experiment again to satisfy himself? And if an architect should so far lose his head as to copy a feature not merely structurally but socially inappropriate and ugly as well, like the covered balcony which Mr. Hunt has built over Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt's doorway, what then? We must expect some strange aberrations of taste in the case of a man who is forbidden to do a reasonable piece of work. And it may be taken for granted that as Mr. Vanderbilt will never hang forth bright tapestries over these sculptured balustrades or sit behind them to see the Seventh Regiment pass by, so surely Mr. Hunt will not again be guilty of such a solecism.

The worst of the trouble has no doubt been due to the owners, as the friends of the architects have made haste to assert. It is almost incredible that a man of Mr. Hunt's scholarship and good sense, however rash he may be, would of himself have chosen a style that does all its character to Gothic peculiarities of plan and structure, and then put us off with a pepper-box turret and an assortment of pinnacles. Was it in acknowledgment of his politic indifference in more important matters that he was allowed to set his own statue, in paper cap and apron and with mallet and chisel in hand, on the topmost point of all? Or can it be that he was so carried away by the prevailing craze for incongruous decorations as to copy the excrescences of a French renaissance house without caring for either the spirit or the body of the style? The doubt is hypathetic. We will not entertain it. We prefer to believe that Mr. Vanderbilt is responsible. Perhaps he had read in his Gallhatched that "the turret, in the eyes of the feudal nobles, was a mark of their rank, and was so used by them in their luxurious palaces after they had given up living in fortified castles, in which it served as a defence." Perhaps it was thus, neither for use nor for ornament, but as a mark of nobility, that the turret and the balcony and the other external oddities, and M. Oudinot's great stained glass window of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," with its knights in armor and the painted ceilings which the unscrupulous Parisian critics feigned to go into ecstasies over—perhaps it was thus they all came into being. It is easier to imagine it so than to bring one's self to hold Mr. Hunt accountable.

Whatever Mr. Hunt's predicament may be, it is settled that neither Mr. Herter nor his assistant, Mr. Bigelow, is to blame for the strange brown-stone affair over the way. It is positively stated that Mr. William H. Vanderbilt was his own architect, and passed judgment himself upon all the decorations of his house. Everybody is familiar with the exterior appearance of this dwelling. It has the merit of being more readily ignored than its neighbor. Notwithstanding the gilt railings and the massive gas lamps, it hardly attracts more attention than the scores of ordinary brown-stone houses on either side. But the interior is a different matter. If Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt indulges in aristocratic appendages and poses as the herald of our future nobility, his father, Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, signalizes his position as the head and front of our present plutocracy by a display of wealth that no European money baron, Rothschild or Bischoffsheim, could outdo.

The vestibule that forms the connecting link between the two wings is well enough interiorly, if it did not look like a sort of gilded no man's land, in which the puzzled visitor stares about helplessly, undetermined whether to go to the right or to the left. If he comes to the correct decision, he passes next into a small entrance hall of Italian marble, which would be quite handsome if only there were light enough to see by. He goes past the staircase, shoved into a corner, full of angles, and dark, also, in spite of the stained glass windows, carefully disposed where they cannot be seen. The main hall is round another corner. It runs at right angles to the Fifth avenue front and is resplendent with marble and gilding, carved Cupids, and gingerbread decorations of every kind. It ends in a big ballroom at the rear of the building, where vulgar ostentation reaches its height; while off its other extremity open the dining room, library, and a small parlor or drawing room, fitted up to look like a room in a Chinese palace. The dining room is in dark wood, and is heavy and forbidding in appearance. This effect is increased by the execrable painting by M. Luminais which occupies the centre of the ceiling, the cold tones, the jumbled composition, and the deadly mechanical neatness of which are enough to chill the blood. The library is completely filled, door jambs and all, with mechanically executed inlaid work, for which the scroll-saw deserves all the credit.

So far, what has been described is only what might have been expected. It is the usual imitation of work of the worst period of Italian renaissance made with unusual bad taste. But the Chinese parlor ought to be much better than it is. Here was an opportunity for the exercise of fancy, of ingenuity, and of skill, if anybody concerned had possessed any. A man may be forgiven if, after having for many years been engaged in turning out the same pattern of acanthus leaves, the same tritons and water nymphs, with which the world is already overstocked, he should come to do his work without putting his mind in it. Nay, if, as often happens, he should purposely, by way of taking vengeance on his stupid patrons, do it worse than he needs, he is not much to blame. But when we find men wearying at sight of a new problem, and one not beyond their abilities, we may be sure that there is a deeper reason for it. Souvenir work is done, not from individual dishonesty, but at the command of an overseer, who in turn takes his orders from a superior officer as to what shall be scamped and what shall be sham; and, through the head of the firm which has undertaken the job, the owner of the house superintends this organized rascality, which he knows all about, and which he wants and pays for. His object is, if he spends a million, to get only half of his money's worth, provided it is made to look like five times as much. Of course, this can only be accomplished by a great deal of winking at patent frauds, and by much wilful ignorance on the part of himself and his friends; but this is seldom lacking. The worst effect of the system is that it makes machines of the workmen, who know that they can be replaced as easily as a set of tools, and who feel that their work being, great part of it, fraudulent, it is overpaid at any rate of wages. Therefore, when an attempt is made to do something unusual, something pretty or solid, though the driving parts of the machine may be properly set for the purpose, the working parts will not answer, and the result is failure.

This Chinese room purports to be under a roof of its own. There is no flat ceiling, but the beams and rafters are shown. The boarding which they support is made to seem open in some places as it might be in a summer pavilion, and dragon flies and beetles of coarsely moulded brass, which are supposed to have come in through the chinks, cling here and there to it, or, rather, are nailed on conspicuously. The beams are fantastically shaped and carved. There is an abundance of closets and shelves and the like covered with poor imitations of Chinese carvings. All this woodwork has been subjected to a deluge of some substance which never for one moment looks like red lacquer, as it was intended it should. About midway in the room there is a screen reaching as high as the walls and open in the centre, the two wings of which are filled with stained glass copied after some Japanese designs. This is comparatively so well executed as to make the other work seem all the more atrocious. It was probably not done under the same management as the rest.

We have chosen this house to describe in detail on account of its size and the amount of money spent on it, and also because it really furnishes a fair example of that elaborate interior decoration of which we hear so much. Far worse examples might be found. Mr. John Taylor Johnston has had the parlors of his fine white marble residence made gorgeous with palette scrapings and tinselly glass mosaic. Col. Gillette feasts his eyes on criss-cross Moorish patterns and pictures of chimeras dire. Mrs. Astor has a frieze of gilded pebbles and cockle-shells and impressions of butter moulds. There is a prominent firm of decorators whose trade mark, it appears, is a fried salamander. They introduce the unhappy animal into everything that they do. A promising young architect, Mr. White, threatened for a time to make his own of the peacock, so many images of that bird did he work into his designs. An upholsterer has appropriated the griffin, and others of the trade are lying in wait for the lion and the unicorn, the wyvern and the sphinx, or any beast that may happen to take the popular fancy.

This disorderly kind of decoration, though in itself inferior to that of the Vanderbilt houses, has yet been the means of doing some good. The workmen are left more free than is customary when engaged on it, and they have come to enjoy the thing. The scatter bits of colored glass about till they begin to look pretty is rare sport; and going it blind with a palette-knife, if the result is not too distressing, is very good fun indeed. Some of these men, after their long holiday shall have come to an end, will probably develop into capable workmen, who will be able to carry out intelligent designs. In the mean time it is pleasant to know that they at least like the work they are now doing, and get some profit from it.

WANTED, A WASHINGTON.

A Sculptor's Search For a Model of the Father of His Country.

More than a score of men, nearly all of them very tall, entered a red brick building at 119 West Fifty-second street the other morning. The building was three stories in height. The ground floor had a small door and only one window. The house was the studio of Mr. John Q. A. Ward, the sculptor. Mr. Ward was busily engaged in receiving the tall men, who came in answer to the following advertisement, published in THE SUN:

WASHINGTON.—A male model, about 6 feet high, in good condition and proportion, for statue form and good proportion, apply at 119 West 52d st., from 12 to 2 o'clock.

Some of the applicants were undersized and scrawny, and these were immediately dismissed. If a man seemed to be at all promising he was asked to take off his coat and roll up his sleeve for inspection. Many were lacking in muscle, and others had muscles developed and deposits. Nearly every one was poorly developed in some respect. The majority were too slight in the loins. Some had thin legs, or small shoulders, or were too gawky. Some were poorly developed all over.

Mr. Ward said he found that the best developed men were Germans and Orangemen. He selected three, whom he will probably use. He said: "By advertising I hoped to find some good models outside of the professionals, and, as it were, introduce a fine new blood into the business. Contrary to general belief, the best developed forms are found among well-to-do people. Laboring men are commonly ill developed in some particular, whereas the man of leisure, who hunts, fishes, rows, and lives well, will frequently have an almost perfect form. Good living and comfort are essential to the development of manly grace. I could easily select good models from among my friends, but, of course, they would not be willing to serve. I want these models for the statue of Washington to be placed on the steps of the Treasury building in Wall street, and for the statue of the Shoyhower Fiberin for the New England Society, both of which I have under way. Washington was 6 feet 2 inches in height, and a tall man is necessary to model from. Some of the applicants I saw were men out of work, or men who thought that being a model would pay better than their present employments. One was an educationist, two had been stockbrokers, and there was one who said he offered himself simply for the love of art. He was a magnificent fellow, over 6 feet 5 inches in height, and well proportioned, but somewhat too fat. He gave his address, and said he was wealthy, and lived in his own house. I suspect that he really desired to show his figure. I am in hopes of finding a tall man I want. If you know of one send him up."

SOUVENIRS OF LOUIS BLANC.

The Traits of a Remarkable Man—The New Academicians.

PARIS, Dec. 8.—In his will Charles Blanc, the critic and historian of art, wrote: "I bequeath two works of art, which he shall choose himself, to my brother Louis, the greatest heart that I have ever known." Goodness, kindness, exquisite affection were the characteristics of Louis Blanc. In his good work as in his errors he remained always a great-hearted man, a man of unblemished honor and dignity of life. The affectionate relations of the brothers Charles and Louis Blanc were of the closest and most delicate kind. There was between them a perfect sympathy. Alexander Dumas's famous drama of the "Corsican Brothers" is based, so far as it turns upon identity of thought, feeling, sympathy, and sensation between the twins, on an incident in the career of Louis Blanc. Each brother had for the other an admiration without limit. Charles was never tired of talking about Louis and Louis was never happier than when he was recording the greatness of Charles. It was Charles had done this and Charles had done that. Charles used to relate that the reason why Louis Blanc was so diminutive in his stature was that, when they were in school together at Rodez, Louis, the elder by two years, having been born in 1811, and being therefore entitled to regard himself as the natural protector of his young brother, used to starve himself in order that Charles might fully satisfy his appetite, and so Charles Blanc grew to be a handsome and stalwart man, while Louis remained the diminutive creature whom the caricaturists have represented thus: A pile of books, on the back of which are the titles of Louis Blanc's works; on the top of the books a glass and spoon for sugared water, the inseparable accessory of a French orator; and, peering out above the rim of the glass, the head and gesticulating arms of the eloquent revolutionary orator.

At the age of 70 Louis Blanc had at first sight a juvenile, boyish appearance. He was a little man, with a smoothly shaven face, a small, finely tapering nose, a tiny mouth, and eyes that almost might be described as pointed. Close examination revealed in this seemingly youthful countenance a close network of subcutaneous wrinkles crossing and intercrossing in the eyes. The expression was not immediately attractive; you felt that the man might be sympathetic, but you were not quite sure. You felt that he was certainly somebody. His smallness of stature, which he had in common, for that matter, with Napoleon I., Thiers, Victor Hugo, Julius Cæsar, and Saint Paul, did not impress one except on reflection. Louis Blanc's bearing was irreproachable, his voice strong and fine; his language, his dress, his manners were correct, almost too correct. In short, he was a model of courtesy and the junk of orators.

Louis Blanc remained twenty-two years in exile in England. Even without the amnesty, the imperial Government would not have been extremely indulgent toward Louis Blanc. The Empire never forgave the vigor that Louis had had in attacking Napoleon III., and the immense obligation of gratitude to one of the members of the imperial family, and on terms almost of intimacy with that eminent personage. But no; Louis Blanc preferred to follow the example of Victor Hugo, to live in the Republican ranks. During this prolonged stay in England he made many friends among literary and political people; he was a providence for his fellow exiles, and by his letters and lectures he became as popular and well known to the English as he was to the French people. He used to speak and write English perfectly, and was up to the last peculiarly anxious about his reputation on the other side of the Channel. It was precisely the care about his English reputation which brought the present writer into relations with Louis Blanc six years ago, when he was still a frequent orator in political meetings. Someone had Louis Blanc delivered a speech than he had it composed at the *Rappel* office and sent proofs to the English newspapers, so that the speech could be read in London at the same time as it was found in person, explain with elegant rhetoric the importance of his speech, and use all the resources of persuasion in order to have it telegraphed in its entirety. With all the respect that the writer felt for Louis Blanc, the respect speedily became in the end rather a bore. It must be admitted that when Louis Blanc returned after the fall of the empire, he was more or less a fossil; he was the sycophant and often impertinent admirer of the grandiose rhetoric of French demagogues, returning from with immense majorities to the Chamber the people of Paris showed their gratitude and their respect for his spotless life, but for the past ten years, excepting a few desertions, he was saw in Louis Blanc simply a veteran, the last combatant of the heroic age of French democracy, whom they respected and loved, but upon whom and with whom they no longer counted. While in London, in the early days of his exile, M. Louis Blanc was an assiduous reader at the British Museum, where he discovered an immense quantity of valuable material for his history of the French Revolution. In London, too, he wrote his History of the Revolution of 1848, which, however, is by no means his best work. As a correspondent of *Le Temps* he wrote a series of letters on England, which are altogether remarkable. In 1859 Louis Blanc married a Greek, many lady, a widow, née Christian Groff, who, I believe, kept a lodging house at Brighton. He takes her name, Pauline Roland, and Victor Hugo made a remarkable speech over her grave. According to all accounts she was an excellent woman. A curious detail told me by a friend of the family is that Mme. Louis Blanc never learned French and Mme. Jules Simon never learned English; they used to converse in Italian. Since the death of this lady Louis Blanc has been taken care of by a housekeeper, who, while having the greatest possible respect for her master, seems to have had great difficulty in getting the latter to pay such attention, for, although he was a model of correctness, he was singularly careless about material things. He was a man whose palate could scarcely distinguish any difference between champagne and water or between a fine cigar and a cheap one, of two suits instead of one, and of forgetting socks and cravat altogether. So, before Louis Blanc went out, his old housekeeper used to turn him round in order to see that all was right. M. Victor Schœlcher, the senator, Louis Blanc's intimate friend, has for years acted the part of a housekeeper of this description, devoted to her master and the enemy of his enemies. This excessive person took certain liberties, such as occasionally joining in the conversation at table, which Louis Blanc, with his usual politeness, forbade, to the great disgust of the excessive person, who, however, remained in the house for twenty-four hours. She would have poisoned him in a fit the tyrant who had exiled her excellent master and such excellent men as Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, and the other proscripts.

In speaking of Louis Blanc it will be observed that I repeat the christian name. The fact is that the veteran Republican never permitted self to call him simply M. Blanc. I did not ask the reason why, but I have my theories. I

M. Louis Blanc. Sir, you be good enough to speak of M. Victor Hugo, and never Hugo, M. Alexandre Dumas, and not M. Dumas.

When in England Louis Blanc met at dinner the greatest of Greek national poets, Tavaïnis, who was asked to sit next to the man of the guest was the late Tom Taylor. By the time the coffee and cigars had arrived Louis Blanc had began to perorate, he drew a brilliant tableau of the march of humanity from age to age, of its struggles, its victories, its progress. For three-quarters of an hour Louis Blanc fixed the battlefield of his eloquence upon Gavarni, who remained immovable, looking up into the fire and puffing away calmly at his cigar. Gavarni almost seemed bothered by this picture of humanity marching through the ages. "I had to thought, resumed Louis Blanc, "how much his mighty genius, by taking the side of progress, could do for the service of the human race; and would it not be a noble consecration of his brilliant career to devote himself to the cause of humanity and the march of progress?" Gavarni remained silent, and began slowly to roll up a cigarette. "Well," said Louis Blanc, "I have developed before your eyes the grand drama of progress. Will you join me in celebrating the progress?" Gavarni finished his cigarette at length, with his deeply rooted, skeptical philosophy, "I formally deny progress!"

M. Charles Edmond, the intimate friend of Louis Blanc, has written a biography, which we may expect to be published shortly. It is not generally known that Louis Blanc wrote a History of the Salons of the XVIIIth Century. He brought the manuscript with him when he returned from England, in September, 1870, and it was unfortunately burnt in the fire of the Rue de la Villette, where Louis Blanc had stored his baggage. Together with this manuscript was burnt Louis Blanc's correspondence with George Sand and Louis Napoleon while the latter was prisoner at Ham.

That there was a grain of jealousy in his character for the great man is probably true. I could detect it often in his talk and writings, and, above all, in his expression. Some one has said that Louis Blanc had the face of a girl of uncertain temper. In a witty letter, written in 1851, apropos of Louis Blanc's work on the organization of labor, Henri Heine refers to this quality as having already declared itself in the author. Heine describes Louis Blanc as an odd mixture of a Spartan and a Lilliputian. He refers also to two weaknesses which Louis Blanc retained more or less up to the end. Although, says Heine, "M. Blanc aims at Republican rigidity, he is, nevertheless, not free from that puerile vanity which we always find in little men. He would like to have spoken with the women; but those frivolous beings, those coquettes, those creatures laugh in his face. In vain he walks on the stilts of rhetoric; the ladies do not take him seriously, and prefer to the heartless orator some inoffensive with long moustaches. Nevertheless this orator pays the same attention to his reputation as a grand patriot, to his popularity, in short, as his friends give to their moustaches. He takes care of it as much as possible, rubs it, crops it, curls it, trains it and retrains it, and pays court to the paltriest little journalist who can get a puff of a few lines inserted in some newspaper." Heine was wicked and witty. I know, but nobody can deny that Louis Blanc was a singularly clever and indefatigable impresario of Louis Blanc and his reputation.

The very day after the death of Louis Blanc the French Academy proceeded to fill up the vacancy created by the death of his brother Charles Blanc and a second vacancy created by the death of M. de Champagny. Louis Blanc always refused to become a candidate for the French Academy, although he had all the requisite literary qualifications. In 1876 his candidature was quite expected, and Victor Hugo strongly urged him to offer himself, but Louis Blanc refused. The Academy, he said, could add nothing to his reputation. The songwriter Béranger was another of the rare Frenchmen who refused to become a candidate for the Academy. Béranger used to say: "What is the good? I should be the lowest of Academicians, whereas, as it is, I am the first song writer of France."

The two new Academicians are M. Charles de Mazade and M. Edouard Pailleron, both protégés of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the French review par excellence in spite of upstart rivals and *malgré tout*. M. de Mazade is described as a publicist. During the past three weeks I have vainly endeavored, not so much to catch a glimpse of him myself, but to find any one who had. M. de Mazade is physically unknown in Parisian literary and journalistic society. Nobody has ever seen him. According to the biographical dictionaries he was born in 1821 at Castelsarrasin. For the past forty years M. de Mazade has been a constant writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and for the past thirty years he has kept the world acquainted with the political situation in France through the pages of that venerable periodical. That is about all that can be said about M. de Mazade.

M. Edouard Pailleron is a Parisian in the fullest sense of the term, and is the author of "Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie," one of the greatest successes of the Comédie Française in recent years. M. Pailleron was born in 1834, with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father, a pork butcher, left him an income of $12,000 a year. In spite of this M. Pailleron became a poet, and between 1860, the year of his debut, and 1882 he has produced two volumes of verse and has had played at the Gymnase, the Odeon, and the Comédie Française eight comedies or *proverbes* in verse and six in prose, in all some thirty acts, which have considerably augmented his fortune. A handsome man, of elegant and agreeable manners, he laid siege to the heart of Mlle. Bulos, carried the place, and so became the son-in-law of Buloz—one might almost say the son-in-law of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Pailleron has had but one ambition in his life—to become a member of the French Academy; and he took, in due time, the necessary measures to attain that end, which are to keep a good table and to have a fair amount of talent. He has accomplished his end, and he deserves it. M. Pailleron is a man of talent, of elegant wit, of exquisite manners. His literary work is gentlemanly and delicate, and shocks no one. He will make an excellent Academician.

This double election is a great triumph for the respectable and conservative reviews, which it is now fashionable to disparage. It must, however, be admitted that in its best days the *Revue* was always open to rising talent. Even Felix Pyat wrote in it. But taking the list of the French Academicians at the present moment, we shall find among them no less than fourteen books by the two new members, whose names are inseparable from that of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. These names are Boissier, Duc de Broglie, Caro, Maxime du Camp, Cherbuliez, Octave Feuillet, d'Haussonville, Xavier Marmier, Sisard, Mézières, Renan, Jules Lefèbre, Jules Simon, and Taine. The remaining members of the French Academy are Mignet, Duc de Noailles, J. B. Dumas, Gréville-Fleury, Victor Hugo, Legouvé, De Falloux, De Lacretelle, Camille Doucet, John Lemoinne, Camille Rousset, Ernest Daudet, Emile Ollivier, Sardou, Duc de Broglie, Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, Labiche, Rousse, Sully-Prudhomme, and Pasteur. An illustrious company indeed!

THEODORE CHILD.

A CATTLE RANCH IN WYOMING.

From the Cheyenne Leader.

Tom Sun's ranch is about sixty-five miles north of Rawlins, and to reach it one must travel for two days by wagon or on horseback. Tom Sun, by the way, is one of the best known men in Carbon county. He was a scout and guide for many years in this region, and might have been one yet but that the cattle business came in to yield him a fortune. People ask about his curious name, and there are discussions as to his nationality. The fact is that his real name is Thompson, and that in his quick manner of speech Tom so pronounced Thompson that it sounded like Tom Sun, and so he was thus dubbed. Others say that Tom is a French Canadian, and that on coming to this part of the country he found that people had difficulty in pronouncing his French name, Thomas Beaussoleil, and as Prettysun would hardly do, he adopted the last syllable only as his surname. While in too modest for abbreviating he has allowed his friends to shorten his name to Tom, and so he signs himself Tom Sun.

The country for thirty miles north of Rawlins is most uninviting and has no feature of interest. Indeed, excepting a few deserted cabins at the point mine, two miles from Rawlins, the first house to be seen by the traveller moving northward is a cabin twenty-eight miles from the town. Some eight miles farther is another, while the cabins of Tom Sun are two or three more standing close together. From these last-named to Tom Sun's, a journey of perhaps eighteen miles, not a house of any kind is to be seen. It is interesting to note that near the little collection of cabins just mentioned there is a spring of water, which, by some means and eight scholars, there being several families of settlers across the country in a direction different from that leading to Sun's ranch. Northward of Rawlins there is a series of high ridges, some ten or fifteen miles apart, the intervening country being sad basins, sustaining no vegetable growth but that of sage brush. From some of the hilltops not a tree is to be seen in any direction, save here and there a lonely pine or scattering of hilltop trees, one of the guides in the high ridges. On reaching a point about forty miles from Rawlins, where the western decline of the Seminoe Mountains comes into view, their outlines are seen to be in a measure covered with timber. Further on, to the westward, is the Ferris range, well covered with a growth of mountain timber. These mountains rise abruptly to a height of perhaps 400 feet above the plateau at their feet. It is observed at this season of the year that, while the Ferris range retains the heavy coat of snow that has fallen on it, the Seminoe range, to the eastward, is comparatively free from snow, and is covered to the color of brown and yellow. If there is a tree on the ranch it is so small as to escape observation.

The buildings of Tom Sun's ranch are situated at the eastern end, not far from the mountain side. The ordinary form of the log cabin has been followed in the main building, though planed boards, large windows, artistic effects in whitewash, and deer-horn decorations have taken away the rude character of the building to be expected in that far-off region. This larger building has in it five rooms—large, cheery, and comfortable. The furniture is of good, factory-made articles, and about the floor are strewn as rugs the skins of wild animals. The outbuildings are quite numerous, there being stables, a meat house, an ice house, a smith's shop and a chicken house. The herd belonging to this ranch numbers about 5,000.

The Latest Fashions in Paris.

From the London World.

PARIS, Dec. 3.—Our *belles mondaines* are always changing their habits. It is coming particularly into fashion to dine late, at 7 or 7 30 instead of 6. It is no longer particularly chic to pay visits. A ceremonial card is declared to suffice. Dances, balls, receptions afford opportunities enough of seeing one's friends, and the Tuesdays at the Française, which begin this week, and the Fridays at the Opera, are excellent occasions for rendering the homage of ceremony. And as for balls, the quadrille is slowly but surely giving place to the quadrille. Bracelets are worn above the glove, and the quite diminutive watches are worn at the wrist. The jewelry and the articles de Paris at the present moment tend to take the form of toys or curiosities of ornamentation. You ask the stationer for a paper weight, and he will offer you an exceedingly series of little girls of the Kate Greenaway type, sitting in a row on a bank, you ask for an ink bottle and he will produce a black poodle with an invisible hinge in the back of his neck.

An Expert Shot.

From the Harrisburg Telegraph.

Ellsworth Bierbower is remarkably skilful with a rifle. One of his latest shots is described as follows: A piece of half inch zinc was inserted through a heavy piece of iron as a target. At one end of the target he affixed the blade of a hatchet, so that the sharp edge rested against the pipe, the other side of the hatchet he bound a glass ball. Standing off at a distance of forty feet, he fired with a Winchester repeating rifle at the ex- passed and of the glass, through which the bullet passed and was split on the sharp edge, each half breaking the glass ball on either side of the hatchet. Having done this remarkable shot to his satisfaction in the ordinary way, he said he had yet to do it in a different manner. Holding the gun over his shoulder he sighted through a small mirror he held in his left hand and fired with his back to the object. Again did the ball pass through the glass pipe and split on the hatchet edge and break both balls. And another way was tried. Bending over he fired the rifle down and sighted under his legs, again making the shot successfully.

THE FEAST OF ST. JAMES.

The Great Annual Religious Ceremony in the City of Santiago de Compostella.

SANTIAGO OF SPAIN, Nov. 25.—It is no easy thing to sleep late in such a city as Santiago, and on the feast of St. James, its great patron. Hundreds of church bells ring forth merrily with the first peep of dawn, while the usually slumbrous old city seems to awaken with the bird, and to become all vocal with joyous sounds. Besides, if you would judge correctly of the piety, both of the citizens themselve and of the numerous strangers present on such a feast, you must go to the cathedral in the early morning hours. The late pontifical mass, with its solemn pageant, will not convey a true idea of the people's piety and depth of feeling.

Go as early as you please, you will find every confessional crowded with an expectant throng of penitents, and priests and worshippers at every altar. The men vie in numbers with the women; country folk with their picturesque costumes, Gallegos, Asturians, Basques, Aragonese, and Castilians are all mixed up together. Kneeling near the same confessional and waiting for their turn to approach the priest are a nobleman and a poor lame old man. Presently a lady rises from the confessional, perhaps the nobleman's wife, and both he and the soldier by his side help the poor lame one to his feet and support him to the place just left vacant by the lady. You cannot mistake the sincerity, the earnestness of these early worshippers, stealing in here with the first light to perform a duty which they evidently do not deem a hardship.

But to see this earnest feeling at its best you must go to the crypt, where the tomb of St. James was discovered in 813. Though the July sun has risen, its radiance penetrates not the gloom of this underground sanctuary; nor do the lamps around the shrine so light up the place as to dispel the darkness. The place is crowded, but not uncomfortably. To purify the air, on such occasions as the present, they have recourse here to the same means as in the upper church. The atmosphere is laden, not unpleasantly, with the fragrance of incense, and blind must be the man who, on entering here at this morning hour, cannot perceive how deep and how still runs the current of piety through the souls of the crowd. In the immediate vicinity of the altar-tomb, which contains the body of the apostle, are a number of infirm persons of every age, sex, and condition. The worshippers behind instinctively forbear to press forward on these suppliants for health. Meanwhile a constant stream of pilgrims moves onward round the shrine, their devotions over, and passing out to the upper air. There is the most perfect order, every person there being seemingly intent on preferring his or her own petition to the Divine Goodness, while careful not to disturb any of those who are kneeling around.

And this is the cave on the hillside—on the Monte Burgue or Libredon—which Bishop Theodomir in 813, and soon after him Alfonso the Chaste, found and visited with such heartfelt devotion. It became, with the shrine of Sts. Peter and Paul in Rome and the Sepulchre of the Master in Jerusalem, the goal toward which mediæval Christendom poured, generation after generation, in seasons of great calamity and danger, as well as in times of peace and prosperity. A Way-mark of the Saviour, enclosing the tomb, Alfonso the Chaste reared a modest but sufficiently spacious church. The Benedictines erected a monastery close by, vying with the secular clergy attached to the place in attending to the wants of the ever-increasing pilgrims, and opening in their monastery a school of literature. So grew both the basilica, with the adjoining monastic piles, and the town itself, which from the straggling burgh of San Fiks, was soon transformed into the populous and fairly-built city of Santiago de Compostela. Then, just as it was in the first stage of its prosperous development, came the mighty Moslem hordes of the victorious Al-Mansor, and of the upper church not one stone was left standing. The monastic and other buildings were also ruined. When the conqueror entered the crypt and approached the tomb of the saint, he found, sealed on it or before it, a monk of most venerable aspect, who calmly and calm and composed regarded the Moslem and prophesied his speedy punishment. It is certain that Al-Mansor did not escape the avenging sword of Heaven. The great western front of the cathedral fills it on the east while opposite to it, on the west side, is the stately Town Hall, evidently a proud and sad witness of past greatness and present decay. To your right is the College of St. Jerome, established by the Catholic Kings for the benefit of a kindred land in the West. Still a refuge to Celtics, and to Compostella will richly repay the pilgrim, the traveller, and the scholar.

BERNARD O'REILLY.

The Adulteration of French Wines.

From the St. James's Gazette.

A statement of analyses of wines made at the Municipal Laboratory of Paris has been published. All wines and liquors imported into France are subject to analysis at the Customs before delivery to importers, and if found adulterated they are not admitted to entry. There is, however, no inspection or examination of wines exported. In the year 1881 samples were analyzed, the total being that 279 were found to be good, not passable, and 1,721 bad, while in the first five months of the present year 1882 samples were analyzed, out of which 1,000 were good, 1,000 passable, and 911 bad, of these latter being [illegible] injurious. The American Consul in Paris calls the attention of his fellow countrymen to the fact that French wines are adulterated. A wine is largely said as wine which is made of mixed water, vinegar and logwood, with a fourth part of wine, and sold as the genuine article. Other ingredients are sugar, molasses, tartaric acid, [illegible] and plumbic acid, alum, [illegible] salts of the [illegible] and [illegible] manufactured without the existence of a single grape. [illegible] The Consul of Bordeaux reports that the quantity of wine produced in the district of Bordeaux is insufficient to supply the demand, and that the wines offered for sale are largely adulterated. The Consul of Marseilles reports that the wines of Algeria are sent to France in casks, and are there mixed with other wines, and sold as genuine. The Consul at Cette reports that the wines of the Herault are largely adulterated with sugar, and that the wines of Algeria are sent to France in casks, and are there mixed with other wines, and sold as genuine. The Consul at Bordeaux reports that the wines of the Gironde are largely adulterated with sugar, and that the wines of Algeria are sent to France in casks, and are there mixed with other wines, and sold as genuine. The Consul at