

THE DAILY STAR

Story of the Prince Imperial

About fifteen years ago, when the Second Empire was in the hey-day of its prosperity, a great commotion occurred one day at the Palace of the Tuileries. The Prince Imperial was missing. His tutor M. Monnier, his valet Uhlmann, his equerry M. Bachon, might have been observed tearing down the terrace which skirts the Quai du Louvre, followed by young Louis Conneau, the Prince's playmate. Young Conneau appeared ready to cry; and the three officials above-named seemed disposed to hold him responsible for the mishap which they dreaded, for every now and then they turned round gesticulating, and sharply repeated the question, "When did you see him last?" It was about ten o'clock on a summer morning, and the public part of the Tuileries gardens was already crowded with nursemaids and children.

Some other walkers were abroad too, inhaling the tonic of Parisian June air, and several of these, noticing the goings to and fro of the persons on the terrace, stopped and stared, imagining that some court-dog must have played the truant. It would have given them an electrical sensation if they could have guessed that it was the heir to the throne who was being sought for among the rhododendrons and lilac bushes. This little bit of news, retailed by them in cafes—as it would have been very speedily—would have been enough to occasion a heavy fall in rentes and to have spread a panic on the Bourse that afternoon.

The Prince's tutor, equerry, and valet knew this but too well; and so did young Conneau, whose youthful mind had long ago opened to the comprehension that his Imperial playmate was not a boy like others. Guards surrounded him; all his steps were watched; he could not wander out of the sight of those appointed to keep their eyes on him without raising an amount of fuss of which Conneau himself always suffered rather more than the Prince did.

The functions of whipping-boy had happily been abolished before Louis Conneau's time; but whenever the prince did anything amiss, it was Conneau who was held blameworthy. He was told that he ought to set a better example, that he ought not to lead His Imperial Highness astray; that he was a boy who enjoyed great honors and had consequently big duties, all of which sayings Conneau bore with an air of outward meekness but with inward mutiny. Now, this much-lectured youth happened to know that the Prince Imperial chafed considerably under the tutelage in which he was held, and had long cherished the ambition of going forth and having a long day's spree by himself in the streets of Paris. There was a certain fried-potato stall where H. L. H. had said he should like to regale himself incoincidentally, and he much wished to go and mix with the herds of boys whom he had seen streaming out of the Lycees towards four in the afternoon, and to join in some of those delightful combats which they waged among themselves with their dictionaries and satchels.

Too generous to drag his comrade into a scrape, the Prince had never asked Conneau to join him in an escapade; but he had solemnly warned him that on the first occasion when he should catch M. Monnier napping, the officer on guard looking and the sentry at the garden gate looking stupid on his post, he should avail himself of the combination of circumstances and be off. Louis Conneau had treated this confidence as sacred, but he had used the voice of wisdom to persuade the Prince that there were just as good fried potatoes to be had at the Tuileries as at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré; and that eating these delicacies with one's fingers out of a piece of greasy yellow paper constituted no such treat as H. L. H. fancied. However, the Prince seemed now to have disregarded the advice, and Conneau, harried by questions, was at last fain to own that he thought His Highness had gone out for a bit of fun.

"What papers?" inquired M. Monnier. "I don't know, sir; I can't read," was the puzzled answer. "Anyhow, the man's a Radical," opined M. Bachon. "No Conservative writer would come to buy fried potatoes at a stall and pay for them in kind."

"Take him my photograph," answered Victor Marchy. The prisoner's photograph was submitted to the Prince Imperial, who recognized it as that of "the shabby Radical with the bad hat," in whose company he had spent his truant day. Wherefore the Emperor, as he himself examined the portrait, said, with some emotion: "This man held my boy's life in his hands during a whole day; he can be no enemy of mine!"

Grant was standing near the guards of the steamer Wide West the other day, as she ploughed her way up the Columbia River, on an excursion to the Cascades. He seemed to be absorbed in contemplating the snow-clad peak of Mount Hood, when some one asked him if, after so many years elapsing since he had seen it, the grand old mountain looked natural. "Well, no," said the ex-President; "as I recollected it, I was under the impression that it was a saddle-mountain, with two peaks distinctly defined; whereas there seems to be but a single peak." "Yes," interrupted Mrs. Grant, with charming naivete, "but you must remember, 'Liss,' when you were out here before you saw everything double."

The students of Michigan University were suppressed by the police on Tuesday night. About five hundred young men congregated in front of the Post-office at Ann Arbor and made such disturbance that the police arrested the leader. The students closed in around the officers and attempted to rescue him. The Sheriff ordered the mob to disperse, and five students were arrested. The police were reinforced by several members of a militia company and a large body of citizens, and were enabled to hold their own. The students finally retreated to the University grounds.

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also how his friend Bachon and the valet Uhlmann were marking time nervously on the pavement, as if they too saw no pleasing vista opening before them; but this interesting observation did not cloak from him the necessity of returning to the Tuileries without further delay. So a cab was hailed, and the whole dismal party got into it. Louis Conneau, who had borne up bravely till then, began to cry, by doing which he rendered great service to the three men, who only wanted such an excuse to upbraid him all three together, and vow that the whole thing was his fault.

Let us read lightly over the scene that took place at the Tuileries when it was disclosed to Napoleon III. and the Empress that their son had taken what the French figuratively call the key of the fields, and had last been seen in the company of a tatterdemaldion quill driver. How aides-de-camp rushed about and how maids of honor fainted; how Secretaries of State went for, and arrived with their hair dishevelled; how the Prefect of Police drove to and fro about the city, giving orders and cross-orders; and how, during five mortal hours, the entire police of the best policed city in the world left off hunting rogues to chase their imperial master's heir—all these things will be recorded some day when the Court history of the Second Empire gets written. Enough to say here that toward six in the evening, when the confusion in the palace was at its height, a rather dusty and somewhat abashed little boy was seen parleying with the sentry who mounted guard under the Triumphal arch of the Carrousel.

"Why, it's he!" screamed M. Monnier, who witnessed the sight from his window; and he would have dashed out of the room; but he was practically in the custody of two officers of the gendarmes who courteously restrained him. The next moment, however, shouts of joy, greetings, &c., mingled with reproaches, could be heard in the passage outside, and M. Monnier knew that his people had come home safe and sound. Etiquette prevented the tutor from hastening into the Emperor's presence unbidden; but he was soon summoned, and entering the Emperor's drawing-room, found Her Majesty laughing as she dried her eyes, while the Emperor and half a dozen court ladies surrounded the Prince Imperial, with amused, half-wondering smiles, as if he were a boy of some strange breed, telling marvelous things. In sooth the lad was seated on a footstool, and having made his peace with his parents for his truancy, was complacently relating his adventures. On seeing his tutor, he stood up and hung his head, as if ashamed, for form's sake.

"Ah, Louis, you will have to beg M. Monnier's pardon, for you put him in great anxiety," said the Emperor. "Your punishment shall be to write out an account for him of all you've been doing." "I can't remember every little thing, you know," said the Prince, not much relishing the prospective task. M. Monnier made a mental note for a lecture on mnemonics, but for the present he said, "Well, monseigneur, do you at least know who your companion was?" "Oh, he was a very nice person," exclaimed the Prince. "When it rained he took me into his house and showed me a number of odd things. He seems to be a poor man, but he has seen a great number of countries and spent many years in Cayenne. Where is Cayenne, papa?"

And the Prince looked up artlessly at the Emperor, who winced. A few weeks later one of those political plots which used always to be breaking out in Paris under the Empire (perhaps because the police had some interest in their frequency) brought about a dozen co-called revolutionists into the meshes of the Rue de Jerusalem. Among them was a poor wight, a journalist, named Victor Marchy, who had but lately returned from a ten years' captivity at Cayenne, whence he had escaped. Lying in prison, this unfortunate fellow was told one day that papers had been found in his lodgings which implicated him in a plot against the Emperor's life.

"Ah pour ca non!" exclaimed Marchy. "J'en appelle au Prince Imperial que je ne suis pas un assassin!" perial. "Why to the Prince? Im d'g d'isho is but a child!" asked the justice, astonished. "Take him my photograph," answered Victor Marchy. The prisoner's photograph was submitted to the Prince Imperial, who recognized it as that of "the shabby Radical with the bad hat," in whose company he had spent his truant day. Wherefore the Emperor, as he himself examined the portrait, said, with some emotion: "This man held my boy's life in his hands during a whole day; he can be no enemy of mine!"

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BOSTON LETTER.

Talmage Shocks Boston—Theaters in the Hub—Notable Musical Events—The Fashions—Are Hoop Skirts to be Revived—New Books, Etc.

Correspondence of the Star.

Boston, Nov. 5, 1879.

"Did you hear Talmage?" has been the stereotyped question since the evening last week when that noted—or notorious—divine honored the people of the Hub by lecturing at Music Hall. His opinion of our "culture" can not be very high, for he began by saying that he once thought a lecturer should give his listeners something of consequence for their mental digestion, but that his present idea of a lecture is a familiar, informal talk on everyday subjects. In accordance with which, he talked for nearly two hours without saying anything, in his own peculiar, acrobatic manner, however, which undoubtedly "takes" with many people, and which roused even his Music Hall audience to applause at certain points of his discourse, so great is his personal magnetism. But Boston is unquestionably disappointed in the great preacher. And perhaps even something more than disappointed—possibly a little shocked. The speaker and his discourse came up the following morning for discussion at the rhetoric class of a certain college, which holds its sessions not far from the shadow of the gilded dome of the State House, and both were served up in a manner which might have astonished the reverend gentleman and his Brooklyn and New York admirers a little could they have had the opportunity of profiting by it. Of course there are lovers of the sensational in Boston, as elsewhere, who would have been better pleased had he stood on his head a few times literally, as well as figuratively; but there are others, to please whom, a manner somewhat more dignified, a style more refined, language approaching less closely to blasphemy, and a lecture containing something of substance, would be necessary, even from the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

For if Bostonians want amusement they go for it, not to clergymen, whether in the pulpit or on the platform, but to the theaters, of which our eight principal ones, and several minor ones, certainly give ample opportunity. There seems to be a mania for this class of entertainments of late years. Why, only five years ago there were but three theaters in the city, the Boston, the Museum, and the Howard Athenaeum. Of the present eight, the Park, which was opened last spring by Mr. Abbey, of the New York Park is undoubtedly the handsomest, but it is small, and there is always a demand for more seats than there are in the house. The inimitable Sothorn is giving "Lord Dundreary" this week to delighted audiences. He is Boston's pet actor, and has not been here for three years, so the people rush to see him at night and scan the newspapers by day to see if he has been playing off any more of his pranks. Some of his best jokes have been cracked in Boston. The thought just occurs to me—can it be possible that his practical jokes are perpetrated just to catch free advertising? If so, it is a brilliant idea, and not half as dangerous as the salamander propensity which has done so much for Kate Claxton.

"My Partner," which seems likely to bear off the palm as the great American drama, is in its last week at the Boston Theater, with crowded houses every night, and the Museum is filled to repletion at every performance of "Pippins," the delightful musical extravaganza. Where do all the people that fill our theaters come from? It is often wondered, but the secret is, that they come in from the suburbs and neighboring cities and towns in far greater numbers than formerly.

There have been some notable musical events of late. Prominent among them have been the two Remenyi concerts at the Siege of Paris Opera-house. Edeard Remenyi is called the greatest living violinist, not without cause, for he has the rare power of so manipulating the little wooden box with its four tant strings and the slender horse-hair bow, as to hold his audience completely spellbound in breathless, speechless delight, whether that audience be composed of the most cultured musical people or of those most ignorant of the divine art. Pray do not fail to hear this wizard of sweet sounds, if the opportunity should occur to you. The other artists of the company are each fine in his way, and encores were abundant during the concerts. Mrs. Emma Thurston has a sweet and powerful voice. Sig. Rosnati sings well, and Sig. Ferranti is too comical for anything in some of his selections.

I read somewhere lately a futile attempt at a definition of the word "fashion." It is an impossible task to put it in words, but we see its definition in facts every day of our lives. But when has such a striking illustration of it been shown in any twelvemonth as during that just past? One short year ago women wore the sheath-like costume, trimmed all over in patchwork style, with long, close-fitting basques, and not a sail about the whole craft that was not tightly furled. And now—but let me describe a beautiful lady who rode up town in a horsecar opposite me the other day, and who stopped at the Commonwealth Hotel. She was tall and graceful, and a blonde. The skirt of her dress was of fine, soft gray corduroy, with silvery gleams in it. It was perfectly plain, without a sign of trimming of any sort, and was hemmed at the bottom instead of being braided.

There was an overdress of some black material, in points at the sides, and bunched-up drapery behind, but it only showed when she rose to leave the car. As she sat, only the plain gray skirt was seen below the black silk mantle, trimmed with rich fringe. She wore a broad-

brimmed black felt hat, set back on the head enough to show the light hair parted on the forehead and waved away from the face in the style of five years ago, and trimmed with a long black ostrich plume, drooping over the right side of the hat-brim its entire length, the end curling upon the looped braids of back hair. Long-wristed gloves of black undressed kid, and the tiniest of diamond studs in her ears, completed this simple costume. But beneath this was worn an unquestionable hoop-skirt!

Now, what are we to believe in this matter? One authority says positively that hoops are not going to be worn. Another, just as reliable (?), says that they are—and not so slowly, either—being adopted by fashionable ladies on both sides of the Atlantic. Certainly the revival of plain skirts would give some color to the latter statement, for untrimmed dresses are not apt to "hang," very well unaided. But there is time enough. One need not hasten to adopt such an innovation in dress, and especially those who remember by experience the last reign of that despotic hoop-skirt, will not be too ready to bend the knee to his yoke a second time.

Now, that there is so much interest in Captain Boyton's feat on the Connecticut River, is an excellent time for the appearance of the latest work of that other famous solitary traveler upon the water, Mr. Nathaniel H. Bishop, whose "Voyage in a Paper Canoe" was so generally read when it was issued, eighteen months ago. The same house, Messrs. Lee & Shepard, publish the present volume, "Four Months in a Sneak Box" (a boat used for duck-shooting) which is an account of a boat voyage of the author of 2,600 miles down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and the Gulf of Mexico to the Suwanee River. It is a remarkable history of a still more remarkable voyage, and is written in the same bright, chatty, yet statistically complete style of the author's other works, and is profusely illustrated.

From the same publishers comes a charming story for young people by Mary Thacher Higginson, entitled "Room for One More," one of those happy conceptions of home life which are alike interesting to old and young. Also a fine translation from the French of Jules Verne's latest work, "The Tribulations of a Chinaman in China." Everybody knows Jules Verne, and it only need be said that "The Chinaman" is another quaint, odd story, full of quirks and notions that nobody else ever could think of, and that keeps the reader in a chronic state of wonder from the first page to the last.

Two new books just issued by Messrs. Houghton & Osgood deserve special mention. One is a volume in the favorite "Little Classic" style, containing five of Bret Harte's last stories, of which "The Twins of Table Mountain" gives its title to the book. Bret Harte's stories are strange mixtures of fact and fancy strangely told, and they have taken a strong hold upon the reading public of the day. The other volume, of which I spoke above, is an anonymous story, called "The Earnest Trifler." It is a novel of decidedly the better class, dealing with modern people in modern times in our own country, and showing an insight into the hearts and motives of people of to-day, which scarcely betokens an author to whom the pen is a stranger, while there is a fresh, breezy originality of style throughout the whole story which does not seem to remind one of any of the known writers. Many speculations are already afloat as to its authorship. SUSIE SWEET.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

Corrected to Accord With City Time.

CINCINNATI SOUTHERN RAILWAY. Depot, corner McLean ave. and Gest street.

Depot	Arrive
Somerset Ex.	8:00 a.m.
Rich. Sterling Ex.	8:00 a.m.
Franklin Ex.	8:00 a.m.
Rich. Orchard via Dan. Jun.	8:00 a.m.
Lexington Ac.	8:00 a.m.
Harville Ac.	8:00 a.m.
Winchester Ac.	8:00 a.m.

ATLANTIC & GREAT WESTERN. Depot, Fifth and Hoody.

Depot	Arrive
New York Ex.	12:30 p.m.
New York Ex. daily.	12:30 p.m.

LOUISVILLE & CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE. Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Depot	Arrive
Louisville Ex. daily.	7:04 a.m.
Louisville Ex.	7:04 a.m.
Louisville Ex.	7:04 a.m.

MAIDENHEAD & CINCINNATI. Depot, Plum and Pearl.

Depot	Arrive
Parkersburg Ac.	5:53 a.m.
Hillsboro Ac.	5:58 a.m.
Parkersburg Ex. daily.	5:58 a.m.
Parkersburg Ex. daily.	5:58 a.m.
Loveland Ac.	5:53 a.m.
Chillicothe Ac.	5:18 p.m.
Hillsboro Ac.	5:18 p.m.
Loveland Ac.	5:18 p.m.
Loveland Ac.	5:18 p.m.

BALTIMORE & OHIO VIA PARKERSBURG. Depot, Pearl and Plum.

Depot	Arrive
Baltimore Ex. daily.	8:08 a.m.
Baltimore Ex. daily.	8:30 p.m.

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI. Depot, Mill and Front.

Depot	Arrive
St. Louis Fast Line.	7:07 a.m.
St. Louis Ex. daily.	7:12 p.m.
St. Louis Ex. daily.	7:12 p.m.
St. Louis Ex. daily.	7:12 p.m.
St. Louis Ex. daily.	7:12 p.m.
St. Louis Ex. daily.	7:12 p.m.
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CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & INDIANAPOLIS. Depot, Fifth and Hoody.

Depot	Arrive
Dayton Ex. daily.	9:23 p.m.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & INDIANAPOLIS. Depot, Fifth and Hoody.

Depot	Arrive
Indianapolis Ex. daily.	7:08 a.m.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE & COLUMBUS. Depot, Sixth and Hoody.

Depot	Arrive
Columbus Ex.	6:57 a.m.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE & SANDUSKY. Depot, Sixth and Hoody.

Depot	Arrive
Sandusky Ex.	8:23 a.m.
Sandusky Ex. (daily).	9:08 p.m.
Keaton Ac.	3:38 p.m.
Mauda Ac.	6:23 p.m.

INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI & LAFAYETTE. Depot, Pearl and Plum.

Depot	Arrive
Indianapolis Ac.	6:15 a.m.

WHITEWATER VALLEY. Depot, Pearl and Plum.

Depot	Arrive
Hagerstown Ac.	9:00 a.m.
Muncie Ac.	9:00 a.m.
Fort Wayne Ac.	9:00 a.m.
Hagerstown Ac.	9:00 a.m.
Muncie Ac.	9:00 a.m.
Fort Wayne Ac.	9:00 a.m.
Hagerstown Ac.	9:00 a.m.
Muncie Ac.	9:00 a.m.
Fort Wayne Ac.	9:00 a.m.
Hagerstown Ac.	9:00 a.m.

CINCINNATI AND POEHSWATER RAILROAD. Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Depot	Arrive
Amelia Ac.	7:38 a.m.

LITTLE MIAMI-PAINESVILLE, KANE. Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Depot	Arrive
New York Ex.	4:33 a.m.
New York Ex. daily.	4:33 a.m.
New York Ex. daily.	4:33 a.m.
New York Ex. daily.	4:33 a.m.
New York Ex. daily.	4:33 a.m.
New York Ex. daily.	4:33 a.m.
New York Ex. daily.	4:33 a.m.
New York Ex. daily.	4:33 a.m.
New York Ex. daily.	4:33 a.m.
New York Ex. daily.	4:33 a.m.