

A Naughty Prince Who Became an Emperor

By D. W. Higgins, Author of "The Mystic Spring," "The Passing of a Race," etc.



WHEN Prince Louis Napoleon, afterward Napoleon III., was a young man, his prospects of becoming emperor of the French were as remote as those of his illustrious uncle, the Little Corporal, when he attended the military school at Biarritz. Louis Napoleon was an adventurer of the most pronounced type. He was as shifty in ideas as the sands of the sea and as unstable as Reuben, who is referred to in Holy Writ as being like water, he could not excel. When, about 1841, he landed on the coast of France, he carried the tri-color in one hand and a young eagle in the other. He called on the people to fly to his standard, asserting that he was his uncle's legitimate successor and that the Orleanists, who then reigned, were oppressive and had robbed the people of their political and personal rights. A manifesto to that effect had been circulated throughout the country before he landed, and the gendarmes were on the alert. The few who rallied to his standard were dispersed and Louis Napoleon was caught and consigned to a dungeon in a castle. At first it was contemplated by the government to hang the adventurer for high treason, but wiser counsels prevailed and the ministers declined to make the young rebel a martyr. After imprisonment for a few months he was liberated—or escaped and fled to England. He was then practically penniless. For a time he was a charge on the finances of the adherents of the Bonaparte dynasty, who were themselves very poor, having been deprived of their possessions at the time of the Restoration. Louis Napoleon, after a time, visited the new world. He had some money, but not much. At New York he drew about him a number of dissipated young Englishmen and Americans and they led a dashing career for awhile. He remained in New York a couple of years. In California, fifty-two years ago, I ran across an English gentleman named Lomas, in reduced circumstances. This gentleman was one of the boon companions of the prince while he was "doing" New York in a double sense and never tired of relating their adventures. At that time, he said, the New York police force was composed of watchmen, many of them old and decrepit, and who, after years of toil, were deemed good enough to watch over the lives and properties of peaceful and honest citizens while they slept. The watchmen wore helmets of leather, so heavy that they made a fellow's head ache to look at, to say nothing of having to wear them. The popular name of the force was "Leatherheads" and the chief amusement of the young swells at night consisted in knocking off the helmets with their canes and tumbling the senile wearers into the ditch. The watchmen carried rattles which they sprung to summon assistance.

Louis Napoleon was a short, stocky man and very powerful. He could handle two of the old Leatherheads at one time, and had been known to bring two heads together with a resounding whack that must have made the poor watchmen wish that they had sought other employment. Sometimes the swells would tackle a young and vigorous Leatherhead, who would batter them into submission with his baton and lodge them in the station-house over-night.

Mr. Lomas told me that the prince and he were one morning arraigned in the New York police court for disorderly conduct. They had been badly battered. When taken in their hats were gone, their clothing hung in rags and their heads and faces were covered with blood. They appeared before the magistrate. Asked their names, Mr. Lomas responded: "William Henry Lomas."

"And what's yours?" asked the magistrate of the prince.

A titter ran through the courtroom as the culprit straightened himself up and replied in a loud voice with a French accent: "Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte!"

"Any relation of the great emperor?" queried the incredulous beak.

"I am his nephew," replied the prince proudly, and with emphasis.

The magistrate laughed outright, for he could not bring himself to believe that the clay of the forlorn-looking object before him was any better than an ordinary young Frenchman of fast proclivities who had hustled and assaulted a watchman and had been ignominiously dragged to prison to answer for his offence.

"Well," the magistrate said at last, while vainly trying to smother a laugh, in which the hangers-on joined, "Mr. Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, if that is your name, you must understand that in this free and enlightened country there are no princes or nobles. Every true citizen is a sovereign in his own right, and that watchman whom you assaulted is as good as any prince or potentate that ever lived. How do you plead?"

Both men pleaded guilty. They were fined \$5 each. Louis Napoleon had no money, but Lomas contrived to raise ten dollars and the fines were paid.

Years afterwards, when the prince had been elected President of the Republic of France (Louis Philippe, the reigning monarch, having meanwhile been driven from the country and found refuge in England) Mr. Lomas, who had become reduced in circumstances, wrote to Napoleon and reminded him of their

New York escapades and asked for assistance. The return mail brought a substantial draft from the prince and a request that Mr. Lomas should send his eldest son, George, to Paris, where his future would be provided for. This was done. Numerous other instances of the kind were mentioned by the papers of the day, for the to-be emperor had long been regarded as a dead-beat and swindler. To escape imprisonment he was smuggled aboard a sailing vessel bound for London and landed there absolutely without means. At London, so great was his necessities, that he obtained employment as a special constable at the time of the Chartist riots. Several keepers of boarding houses in New York and London whom the prince had neglected to pay were similarly favored. To every response a substantial draft was sent until at last it was believed that every unpaid account had been liquidated a hundredfold. Those who had been kind to him and loaned him money when in exile were loaded down with favors and they and their families rewarded by the prince-president. He never turned his back on former acquaintances, however humble, and his personal cheque-book was ever in requisition. It is pleasant to record these acts of gratitude. Louis Napoleon was a grateful man, whatever else may be written of him.

History says that he was cruel, blood-thirsty and unprincipled. It is known that when he had been firmly seated in the presidential chair he began to plot against the republic. All must have heard or read of the infamous coup d'etat, or stroke of state, by which he abolished the republic and proclaimed France an empire with himself as emperor. The people rose en masse in resistance. They filled the streets and squares and armed with every conceivable weapon prepared to expel the adventurer and his friends. But the usurper had laid his plans well. The artillery commanded every street and square and terrific discharges of grape mowed the people down like grain before the husbandman's sickle. It was estimated that fifty thousand citizens of Paris lost their lives on that occasion. The city was deluged in blood before the populace withdrew from the unequal contest and sullenly acquiesced in the new order. Louis Napoleon ascended the throne after scenes of butchery and destruction that have no parallel in the history of modern times.

When president the emperor had cast about him for a consort. He selected a Mlle. Montijo, a Spanish girl of good family with a dash of Irish blood in her veins and who had come to the French court with her mother, an ad-

venturess. Mlle. Montijo became Empress Eugenie. Shortly after her marriage, one morning, she encountered in the Champs de Elysees an Englishwoman of great beauty. This woman, who was known as Mrs. Howard, had been on intimate terms with Louis Napoleon. Eugenie was mounted on a horse, for she was an accomplished rider. Mrs. Howard sat in an open barouche, the progress of which was stopped by a jam of vehicles. Eugenie saw her rival and rode deliberately to the carriage side and dealt her several severe blows across the face with her riding-whip. Great welts rose and Mrs. Howard fainted. The next day she found it convenient to leave Paris for England and France knew her no more.

At the coronation there was another bloody scene, but Frenchmen gradually became accustomed to the splendor and gaiety of the court. Titles were distributed with a lavish hand. Money purchased the silence of some and the support of others. When these failed exile or murder cleared the political atmosphere.

Several years of quietude followed and the empire flourished greatly under Napoleonic rule. It was during the first years of Napoleon's reign that Great Britain adopted the ruinous policy of Free Trade, a policy that Mr. Chamberlain and his party now propose to abolish and return to protection. The first ironclad, La Gloire, was built in a French dockyard. The vessel was plated with iron. Other nations copied and improved on that ironclad which was the forerunner of the Dreadnoughts and Invincibles of the present day. What a harmless tub Le Gloire would appear now by the side of a modern warship! In the Crimea the French and English were allied against Russia, and stayed the march of that nation toward Constantinople. It was in Napoleon's day that the Minnie rifle, the rifled cannon and the Mitrailleuse were invented. These weapons defeated the Austrians on the fields of Solferino and Magenta. Upon them the emperor relied for victory over the Germans in the war of 1870; but the Germans, with superior generals and weapons and larger armies destroyed the French forces and bore the emperor away a captive to their own country, as every one knows.

But I must remind the reader that this is not meant as a history of the French under Louis Napoleon. These reminiscences were recalled by a despatch from Los Angeles, on Tuesday last, which stated that Comte de Rudin, who was concerned in the Orsini bomb tragedy, is a resident of that city.

Briefly stated, the Orsini bomb tragedy

took its name from Comte Orsini, an Italian nobleman, who had become an anarchist. An anarchist's creed is death to all established government. In the early years of his exile, Louis Napoleon had joined the anarchists and taken the oath of annihilation to all rulers. Should he at any time recant, the oath read that his fellow-anarchists might kill him. When he became president and subsequently emperor, he committed an offence against the society and his life was declared forfeit. For a long time the conspirators awaited an opportunity to put the sentence of death in force. A bomb was prepared and Comte d'Orsini was selected to throw it. One evening, in 1857, while the emperor and empress were on their way to the opera house in a carriage surrounded by a life guard and a brilliant staff of officers, the looked-for opportunity presented itself. The bomb was thrown and exploded with a deafening report. The driver, the horses and twenty or thirty soldiers and notables were blown to pieces, and too injured; but, strange to say, although the imperial carriage was shattered and the floor splintered by the force of the explosion the emperor and his consort were not hurt at all. After the wreck had been cleared away and the dead and dying carried off the emperor appeared on the stage to show that he was not injured. He was received with deafening cheers, which showed that the populace had no sympathy with the assassins, although they did not admire the emperor. Among the list of the killed appeared the name of George Lomas, an aide de camp. I have often wondered if he was identical with the son of my California friend.

Orsini and several of his confederates were arrested and in a short time guillotined by the sentence of the court. Others fled to England. A Dr. Bernard was thrown into prison on suspicion of being one of the assassins. His guilt was clear. The emperor sent a despatch to the British government demanding the extradition of the prisoner. This demand aroused John Bull's ire. The people assembled in public meetings all over the kingdom and resolutions were passed calling upon the British government to resist the demand of the spurious monarch, as he was termed. The excitement increased and efforts were made to mob the police who had the Doctor in charge. Napoleon resorted to veiled threats, which added to the excitement. Then he subsidized the editorial columns of a London daily newspaper to advocate the surrender of the prisoner. The examination lasted many days, and at last, amid the wild plaudits of a multitude, Dr. Bernard was set at liberty, and the inci-

A European Travelling in Tibet



TRAVELLING in Tibet is not yet a pleasant pastime, or one easily indulged in. The people of the mountains resent the approach of the European, and he penetrates their fastnesses in peril of his life. Dr. Sven Hedin, the dauntless European explorer, has just returned from Tibet, bringing valuable geographical information. The following description of some of his adventures throws much light on present day conditions in the Himalayas:

Journeying onwards Dr. Sven Hedin found himself at last involved in difficulties with Tibetan officials. Passing through a Nomad encampment he refused the offer of guides, though heavy snow was falling, wishing to avoid Raga, above the Brahmaputra Valley. While making the usual daily observations a party of chiefs with an armed escort appeared. They had orders, they said, to search the caravan. The usual story about their being Ladakhi traders was rejected contemptuously. "Hedin Sahib, who was sent back last year, is in your caravan. He has come back to do what he was forbidden to do last year. Write and sign a statement that no European is with you, and take responsibility." Those were the curt replies given to Abdul Karim's protestations. The Tibetans were encamped within a few yards of Dr. Sven Hedin's tent. The Ladakhis expressed a fear that he would be killed, and suggested an escape with the instruments and records in darkness. A panic untroubled, and Dr. Sven Hedin realised that the time had come boldly to declare himself. He went straight to the Tibetan camp fire and seated himself between two chiefs whom he knew, asking where they recognized him. Surprise kept them silent for a moment, but soon the chiefs, polite but shy, insisted that he must go to see the Governor at Sakadzong. Dr. Sven Hedin refused, saying that he had accomplished the object of his journey in spite of the prohibitions of the previous year, and he would proceed to Darjeeling. A mutual agreement was reached that he should meet the Governor at Semoku. All proceeded there next day, April 24th.

Dr. Sven Hedin felt scarcely sure of freedom, as he had openly avowed himself a European. The Governor asked the object of his return contrary to orders, and suggested that Europeans visited Tibet in search of gold, though the country was poor. He knew Dr. Sven Hedin was a friend of Tashi Lama; and therefore welcomed him, but the standing instructions of Lhasa had to be obeyed. It appeared that the Chinese Mandarin stationed at Mingri, on the Nepal frontier, with 200 soldiers, had orders not only to forbid Europeans

to enter Tibet, but to stop Ghurkhas and other persons, and in case of refusal or resistance the Chinese soldiers would turn them out. Dr. Sven Hedin saw the significance of these orders, for Umigri was the scene of a battle in which the Chinese had defeated the Ghurkhas and invaded Nepal. Now they evidently regarded it as the principal entrance from Nepal to Tibet.

Further conversation showed that the Chinese and Lhasa are more than ever determined to keep Tibet closed, especially to Europeans. Tibetans are compelled to yield obedience to this policy of exclusion.

Dr. Sven Hedin resolutely refused to retrace his steps or travel by trade route to Ladak. If he were killed the Governor, he said, would suffer afterwards. The negotiations ended in a compromise, the caravan being split up on the understanding that the parties should meet again. Dr. Sven Hedin left Bis on May 5 with his attendants, and an armed escort on thoroughly good terms. The caravan having been provisioned, he saw a chance of further exploitation in Bongha provinces. He travelled due north, crossing a pass of 19,000 feet in the great range, and made for Lake Tederany, the existence of which Nani Singh reported in 1873, its real name being Terenam. He found the lake to be long, narrow, and salt, and entirely different from its representation on the map. He then turned westward, and visited Mending Temple, situated on the bank of Somathawgo, the largest river in Tibet without outlet to the ocean. He failed to meet the main body of the caravan, but travelled in Tibet dress quite unmolested by a route west-south-west.

Crossing a range twenty thousand feet high he reached Kha-la, shown on the map as a great peak, but really a pass in a high range running from the main system. He then came to Ghalaringtso, which is described in maps as containing a monastery on an island. Its real name is Nguanglaringtso, and there are five islands. The shape given in maps is wrong, as it was east and west, and is intersected by three great rivers. The explorer crossed the great range for the tenth time, and reached Mansarawar on July 26 and thence by known roads made his way to Simla.

Geographically the two explorations are of the highest value. The blank space north and south of the island lake region have been traversed, and the mystery of Bongha has been solved. Bongha, though one of the grandest provinces of Tibet, has never before been visited by Europeans. The new map of Tibet will be of 900 sheets, which proves the extent of the exploration. All heights of the passes, river

crossings, and encampments are recorded; a hundred astronomical points have been fixed. Several thousand panoramas have been taken, with compass bearings and names.

Dr. Sven Hedin has brought back photographs, pencil drawings, and water colors. Meteorological observations were made three times daily, and the explorer has geographical specimens with dip and fall of rock from twelve hundred different parts. The total length of his journeys was four thousand miles. There are practically now no fresh discoveries left in the heart of Tibet.

Dr. Sven Hedin sums up the results of his explorations as follows: First, the great discoveries are the true sources of the Brahmaputra and Indus and the generic source of the Sutlej east of Mansarawar lake; secondly, exploration of Bongha, which traverses twice, by different routes; but, greatest of all, is the discovery of that continuous mountain chain, which, taken as a whole, is the most massive range on the crust of the earth, its average height above sea level being greater than that of the Himalayas. Its peaks are 4,600 to 5,000 feet lower than Everest, but its passes average 3,000 feet higher than the Himalayan passes. The eastern and western parts were known before, but the central and highest part is in Bongha, which was previously unexplored; not a tree or bush covers it. There are no deep-cut valleys as in the Himalayas, for rain is scanty. Dr. Sven Hedin proposes calling the chain the Trans-Himalaya range, a name which meets with the approval of the Viceroy, as one of the first to hear of the extent of the discovery.

CASHIER FOR 5s. WEEKLY

"At the Glasgow High Court the other day, a young Falkirk girl of eighteen was charged by her employers with the embezzlement of £1200, whilst acting as cashier and book-keeper at a salary of 5s. a week, raised at intervals to the maximum of 8s. 6d." says the Woman Worker. "The jury came back three times to court, each time with the finding of 'Not guilty,' and a rider attached that the girl had undoubtedly committed some defalcations, for which the louse system of book-keeping was largely responsible. After the third time counsel for the crown intimated that in the circumstances he would not move for sentence, and the girl was dismissed, amidst loud cheers."

How easy it is to borrow money when you haven't any use for it!

dent was closed when England flatly refused to allow the political offender to be extradited.

A couple of years later there landed on the ocean dock at Esquimaux from an ocean steamer two well-appareled men of respectable appearance and gentlemanly bearing. One was a Frenchman who spoke broken English and gave the name of Vincent, the other an Englishman called H. Abbott. They secured apartments in Victoria. At that time there stood on the west side of Church Hill a long, straggling building which had been built by the Congregationalists in 1859. The pastor, Rev. W. F. Clarke, had given offence to his flock by admitting to membership several colored families. The whites organized a second church with Rev. Mr. McFie as pastor, and built a temple on Fort street. The site is now occupied by the office and residence of Dr. Meredith Jones. After a while the Clarke church dwindled and died and the building passed into the hands of Dr. Hills, Bishop of Columbia, who converted it into the collegiate school with Ven. Archdeacon Woods as principal. To the Archdeacon one day came M. Vincent to apply for the position of teacher of languages. He was a man of medium height, slender figure, very bald, and about 35 years of age and with an aristocratic bearing. As it happened the Archdeacon stood in need of a person of M. Vincent's attainments and as the applicant's demand in the way of salary was not large, he was engaged. Those of the old collegiate school boys now alive will call to mind the grave and melancholy gentleman who taught them French nearly half a century ago, but they will know for the first time today that M. Vincent was an assumed name, that there was a price set on his head by the French government and that he was a refugee from justice, whose every movement was watched by a detective, who had followed him and Abbott through the United States, and finally to this place, in the hope some day of being enabled to kidnap and return them to Paris for trial. The detective bore the name of Strong. He was an Englishman and lived for some time at the boarding-house of Mrs. Bowman on Yates street, and few suspected that he was other than a quiet English gentleman who had come to enjoy Victoria's pleasant atmosphere and sunny skies.

One day, about two years after he had occupied the position at the collegiate school and won the confidence of all by his bearing and ability, M. Vincent requested an audience with his principal in the latter's private room. After closing the door carefully M. Vincent said: "I have a secret to impart to you, Archdeacon; I am here under an assumed name." The Archdeacon started, but said nothing. "Yes," the teacher continued: "My name is not Vincent at all; I committed a political offence in France and I am here, an exile."

"Good gracious, M. Vincent!" exclaimed the Archdeacon; "do you know what you are saying?"

"Alas! too well," he replied. "My name is Visseux, not Vincent—Comte de Visseux. I was an Anarchist and one of the Orsini bomb conspirators. I fled to the United States and afterwards came here with M. Abbott to escape capture. In an evil moment we both joined the Anarchist society; Louis Napoleon was one of the original members when he was a penniless wanderer. We all subscribed to the oath, and when the prince broke his word by becoming emperor, the death penalty was passed upon him. I did not throw the bomb, nor was I near the opera house when it was thrown, but my name was on the list of members and I believed the emperor deserved death. I do not think so now. My feelings have changed and I await the day when I may return to my native land and reside there in peace. I had Mr. Abbott's consent to tell you what I have and as we cannot be extradited for a political offence I wish to have my true name inserted in the next term's school circular." This was done and the name of Vincent disappeared forever from the advertisements of the school, and the name of Visseux came in its place.

Visseux and Abbott remained here many years. The former married but did not return to France until after the dethronement of Louis Napoleon in 1870. Abbott made frequent visits to London and Paris and was never molested.

The origin and progress of the Franco-German war are recorded in history. The French objected to a German prince being placed on the Spanish throne, and Napoleon's ambassador to Berlin insulted the German king in his palace, because his majesty declined to recall the prince. France declared war against Germany and the French emperor took the field himself. He was beaten in every conflict. At Sedan he surrendered his army, was made captive and confined in a German fortress until peace was proclaimed, which was after the surrender and occupation of Paris by the Germans.

The French republic having been proclaimed, Napoleon's occupation as emperor was gone. He purchased an estate at Chisellhurst where he died some years later. The Empress Eugenie is still alive. Her latest photograph shows the face and figure of a decrepit old woman. She is childless, her only son, the Prince Imperial, having lost his life in Zululand while reconnoitring with a small party of English officers.

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