



COMPREHENSIVE.

PROF. G. SMITH—"I infer from your addendum letter to the *Globe* that you do not approve of Annexation as our probable destiny?"

HON. E. B.—"Sir, I do not approve of anything in particular."

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE PRINCE PLON-PLON.

(BY OUR SPECIAL PARISIAN RACONTEUR).

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE usually called "Plon-Plon" for short, has gone over to the majority. He had a few more names, but we don't just remember what they were, and as Premier Mowat has not yet returned our *Almanach de Gotha* which he borrowed a few months ago for diplomatic correspondence with the Crowned Heads of Europe, we can't get them in time for this issue. But "no matter" as Joe Rymal would observe—Plon-Plon was his name for all practical purposes. He was a Prince by virtue of his position as one of about two dozen Rightful Heirs to the throne of France—By way of compromise the difficulty was settled by their all being thrown out of France. This occurrence has caused grave suspicion as to the true loyalty of the French people, but it must, in justice to them, be borne in mind that it is very confusing to have to be loyal to about a score of princes, *comtes*

and *ducs* simultaneously. It is the sort of promiscuousness of the thing that kills the loyalty racket in the sunny realm of Gaul.

But *revenons a nos* Plon-Plon. His father was erstwhile King of Westphalia. This circumstance was the occasion of a *mot* by the celebrated Talleyrand—"Should the West-fail-er" he said one day familiarly to the monarch, "you had better try the East." Talleyrand was famous for his *mots*. The funny papers were not paying at a rate of a dollar a joke for gags of this kind in those days, so he worked them off in job lots at dinner parties and cabinet councils. Previous to the birth of Plon-Plon the Westphalians unanimously tendered King Jerome his resignation, and he followed Talleyrand's advice. Prince Jerome was born in Trieste and grew to maturity in exile. He was frequently heard to remark "*la vie est Trieste*," showing thereby the *esprit* and *elan* of his race under the most adverse circumstances.

Meanwhile the gay Parisians were indulging in their customary biennial revolutions, and in process of time Louis Napoleon, one of the Rightful Heirs got a chance to spell his name with three l's. Shortly before this he had been the inmate of a jail, which gave rise to a *jeu d'esprit* by Lord Normanby at that time ambassador to France. Lord Normanby was a stolid, prosaic Englishman and could not joke worth a cent, but in order to fulfil the requirements of his position and solidify himself with the *beau monde* of the Faubourg St. Germain he had his secretary work off a few *mots* for him every morning, which he learned carefully by heart. "Ah" said he

to Thiers at a reception given by the Countess de Vieuxtemps, "I see they have arrested Louee Napoleon," "*Oui Milord*" *repondit il*. "Then" said the British ambassador, playfully nudging the French statesman in the ribs, "Let the jailed Gaul wince, our withers are unwrung—Shakespeare, ahem." This remark quickly made the rounds of the *salons* and when Napoleon III came to the throne was nearly a *casus belli*. After much diplomatic correspondence the astuteness of Lord Palmerston enabled the establishment of a *modus vivendi* which is yet extant. Normanby was publicly cashiered, but the cashier received private instructions to pay him his salary right along just as usual.

Plon-Plon, of course, returned to Paris and mingled in the gay and giddy whirl of the Second Empire. He fought in the Crimean War where he commanded a *corps*. His celebrated *mot* on learning of his appointment, to the effect that he would rather command a regiment of live men than one *corps*, is still a current bar-room jest, but of late grave doubt has been thrown on its originality. It is believed to have been first uttered by the celebrated Marshal Turenne. Be this as it may,