

THE HOTEL LAMBERT.

A Wonderful Old Palace on the Seine—The Home of a Polish Patriot.

Anyone knowing Paris well, as Paris should be known, and desiring it with the stranger, will invariably find that he is well acquainted with the Louvre (especially the Magazines), with the Tuilleries, the Invalides, the Hotel de Ville; more superficially with the Tour St. Jacques, the St. Chapelle, that gem in stone; the Hotel Cluny, a private residence resembling a museum; but that he is profoundly unaware of the existence of numerous places pregnant with a deeper interest, still breathing the life of those past ages which he professes to like and traces of which he seeks with such seeming eagerness during his stay in Europe.

Of such, writes a correspondent of *The New York Sun*, is the Hotel Lambert. In the historical quarters of old Paris, in the Ile St. Louis, near the ancient church dedicated to the sainted king of France, under the shadow of the towers of Notre Dame, its walls bathed by the swift waters of the Seine, stands a building which has defied time and revolutions, to-day seems to rise in protest against the encroachments of frivolous, futile, pleasure-seeking era. The hotel, as it is called—palace as it is—was erected toward the close of the century of Louis XIV. by the wealthy financier whose name it bears. No expense was spared to make it one of the most sumptuous residences in Paris. A lavish and intelligent hand filled it with treasures of art with a profusion on remarkable even at a period when such prodigality was less rare than it is now. Some of the costly ornamentation and a few of the precious works of art have, sadly enough, been sacrificed to the vitiated taste of a succeeding generation and to a love of change and remodeling, but enough of the original remains to make it magnificently unique. The Hotel Lambert was almost miraculously spared during the revolution of '93. It, however, then became national property, and as such was indifferently kept up. Some pictures were sold to defray expenses, and the priceless frescoes were damaged by damp. The work of decay would have progressed unchecked had not Prince Adam Czartorisky bought the property.

The prince was a lineal descendant of the kings of Poland. He had repeatedly and earnestly endeavored to deliver his country from the iron rule of the Muscovites, and exile was the penalty of his patriot sm. He emigrated to France, and finally settled in Paris with his family, and after a year or two purchased the Hotel Lambert, a fitting abode for the banished heir of a royal race. He had the artistic sense to leave unaltered the characteristic features of the residence, merely restoring the beauties dimmed by neglect.

A lofty *porte cochere* leads from the street into an inner court. Facing it a broad stoop of eight steps leads to a *verru*, from which two short circular flights rise, to meet again at the foot of a monumental staircase. This staircase is entirely of white marble, and the balustrade is sculptured and fretted like lace. The elevat on of the dome is enormous. The side walks are lined with the most perfect of Gobel tapestries. Above a gallery, equally carved in delicate open tracery, leads to the apartments of the first floor. Time has mellowed the dazzling whiteness of the marble, and lent it an additional grace.

Through a paneled anteroom you pass into the first reception-room, with its tall, dark, wooden dado and a ceiling in deep *caissons* richly painted. The highly-wrought gantic brass clock, the candelabras, and the quaint massive dog-and-andirons are in the purest style of Louis XIV. The apartment abounds in pictures and historical furniture, and leads into the state saloon, forming a perfect square. The decoration of the walls consists of white panels, with heavily gilt moldings framing lofty mirrors rising from the parqueted floor to the highly ornamented ceiling. Four chandeliers of rock crystal hang at the four corners, and when lit for a fete and infinitely reflected in the mirrors they give an impression of dazzling brilliancy and limitless expanse. The mantel-piece is of pink marble, but the principal interest of the room centers in the authentic portraits of M. and Mme. Lambert, the founders of the hotel, and in good likenesses of the Czartorisky family in their rich national costumes.

Thence you pass into a gallery seventy feet long and fifteen feet wide, lit by eight tall, wide windows. The architecture, style, and ornamentation are at once chaste, artistic, and magnificent. It ends at the further extremity with three bays opening into a charming balcony, with richly wrought iron balustrade, from which a unique view of Paris is obtained extending over a distant reach of the Seine. The river parts at the foot of the hotel gardens to embrace in its two channels the whole Island St. Louis. Modern Paris seems annihilated. The Tuilleries, the Champs Elysees, the boulevards, with their noise and meretricious glare, are forgotten. Two hundred years are as if they had never been.

The gallery is used for receipt on, and leaves on all visitors an ineffaceable impression. Lebrun and Lesueur have painted the methological frescoes

of the roof. They represent the marriage of Hercules and Hebe. The gods of Olympus, with attendant nymphs appearing amid the clouds, support garlands of flowers twining around the cornice. Columbus starting from the walls form niches containing medallions surrounded by scutechons of bronze surrounded by intricate arabesques of gold on a pale-gray ground. The shutters are decorated in the same style and tone. There is hardly a gallery in the Louvre that can compete with the magnificent apartment, where the wealth of gilding is subdued, and, as it were, chastened by the undimmed splendor of the paintings and the depth of coloring above.

On the raised ground floor are the private apartments of Prince Witold Czartorisky, son of Prince Adam, the first possessor, and of his family. lofty, comfortable, elegant, and convenient, they bear the impress of patriarchal, cheerful, elevated home life. All who have entered them have received a courteous, kind, dignified welcome. Prince Witold married Marguerite d'Orleans, daughter of H. R. H. the Duc de Nemours. She is allied by her mother, a princess of Saxecoburg, to all the royal families of Germany, and by her father to all the Bourbons. Her simplicity of manner and address at once puts her guests at their ease. She is tall, graceful, and possesses a wonderful charm of expression. Her husband has been and is still strikingly handsome. Exile and a yearning for his distant fatherland have prematurely aged him and given him a gravity and austerity beyond his actual years, but he is nevertheless as courteously hospitable as the pr neers.

With royal munificence the Czartoriskys have consecrated one wing of the hotel to an orphanage and school for Polish children. It is their wish and their aim that those young waifs should be instructed and made to cherish their national tongue, keeping warm and strong within their breasts the love of Poland. Every year when Easter comes round an old and touching custom opens wide the portals of the Hotel Lambert to every Pole, rich or poor, young and old, who may happen to pass before it. It is a habit of the country that the great day of the resurrection should be celebrated by a banquet called the "Beni." The priest goes around in every family, blessing the tables spread with viands. They are always cold and are eaten standing—a traditional repast in commemoration of the paschal lamb. Conspicuous are enormous cakes concocted from recipes found only in Poland.

At the Hotel Lambert the Beni is sumptuous indeed. Six large tables laid in the gallery groan under the weight of the family plate and the ever-replenished fare. The prince and princess, assisted by their sister, Countess Dzelinska, stand from noon till evening ministering to all comers. No invitations are issued. Whoever chooses to come is made welcome, be he noble or plebeian, the only condition to his admittance being that he speaks the tongue of his host. This annual agape, this gathering around him of those who are of his race and of his land, is the one green oasis in the eternal plain of the Czartoriskys' exile.

The Aged French Parrot.

A centenarian named Lenoir died recently in Paris at the ripe age of 103 years. Lenoir was a parrot. During the reign of Louis XVI. he was hatched out in the royal palace, and there he continued to live through all the vicissitudes that animated French governmental affairs. Since the reign of Charles X. it has been very difficult to teach any new phrases to Lenoir, but he possessed already many that he chattered with great volubility and often with singular inappropriateness. They did get him to learn "Vive Gambetta!" and he used to alternate that phrase with "A bas Robespierre!" which was a memory retained from the time of the Reign of Terror. Lenoir's last words were "Grace pour Marie Antoinette." When events in the Reign of Terror and names of those then conspicuous were mentioned before him he would repeat "L'aa est terrible."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Unreasonable Texans.

According to the Mexican papers, the Texans on the border are much given to making frivolous complaints. The Mexicans seem to think that Texans were created for no other purpose than to be abused, and they deprecate any grumbling on the part of their victims.

We have heard of something similar to this. The little boy of a neighbor complained to the gentleman living next door, that his boy was not acting right.

"What has my boy done?" asked the gentleman.

"What has he done? I'll tell you what he has done. Every time I hit him on the head with a hammer, he hollers out."

Every time the Texans are murdered or robbed by Mexican officials, they (the Texans) "holler out," and there are editors in New York who are shocked at the depravity of the Texans in making a fuss.—*Texas Siftings*.

Send me another copy of *The Bee*, says a letter recently received by the editor of the Richmond, Va., paper of that name. "I take one copy now, but there's so little in it I need another."

PERSONS AND EVENTS.

MONTANA cattlemen expect to ship 250,000 head of cattle to market this season.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE has been steadily failing in health since the death of her husband.

THE president's new country place, outside of Washington, will not be occupied until next spring.

AN enemy, doubtless, says that Chief Justice Cartter stutters so badly that he spells his name with two P's.

A NATIONAL military drill will be held at Washington next May at which \$20,000 in cash prizes will be offered.

ROSCOE CONKELING will shortly deliver a lecture in New York for the benefit of the Charleston sufferers.

GEN. SIMON CAMERON recently sent his check for \$1,000 to the relief fund for the Charleston, S. C., earthquake sufferers.

LOUIS LEAKEY, favorably known as a public reader both in French and English, has been appointed professor of English in Cornell university.

It has been discovered that the bill which authorized the construction of a public building at Jacksonville, Fla., to cost \$2,000,000, did not make 1 cent of an appropriation to build it.

A MASSACHUSETTS man has discovered that Benedict Arnold, the traitor, utilized the same love letter he sent to Miss Shippen in laying siege to the heart of another young lady six months afterward.

GEN. DENIS F. BURKE, the last commander of Meagher's Irish brigade, Army of the Potomac, is about to take the lecture field, and will deliver a series of lectures on "The Irish Soldier in the War."

MR. FRANCIS H. SMITH has resigned as superintendent of the Virginia Military institute on account of some disagreement with the board of visitors. Gen. Smith has been with the institute since its foundation.

MRS. CUSTER has taken no summer outing whatever, but has been busily occupied at her home in New York writing her book on Kansas life during and after the war. The general and she spent several years there during those trying times.

PROF. ZELLER, of Berlin, recently celebrated his "doctor jubilee," the fiftieth anniversary of the date when he got his degree. He spoke the language of Plato and Aristotle fluently fifty years ago, and to-day has no superior as a Greek scholar.

The project of erecting a monument to Washington Irving conceived by Tarrytown citizens has been given a fresh impetus, and immediate steps will be taken to collect the necessary funds. The monument is to be a tower attached to St. Mark's church.

LIEUT. DAVID BRAINARD, one of the six survivors of the Arctic expedition, says he expects to start on another search after the north pole in the spring of 1890. The money to defray the cost of the expedition will be contributed by private individuals.

MGR. DE RENDE, papal nuncio, is the youngest member of the diplomatic corps in Paris, but the oldest in office. He is a great favorite in society, where he is attracted chiefly by his passionate love of music. His mother, la marquise, is also a well known society figure in the aristocratic Quartier St. Germain.

LEVI P. MORTON is devoted to his family. He has five children, all girls, the eldest within a year or two of ripening into womanhood. Mr. Morton is never so happy as when he is surrounded by his family group. He has provided the children with governesses and special instructors, and is lavish in his expenditure in their behalf.

PRINCESS BISMARCK is represented by a French correspondent as a woman of great worth, and, though of somewhat vulgar manner, possessing a good heart and a great amount of common-sense. She has the most unbounded love and admiration for her illustrious husband. She is not in the least proud of her position. She is greatly liked by everybody around her, though she is always brusque and sometimes even bearish.

AGERMAN journal publishes a curious portrait of Prince Bismarck. "Bismarck," says the writer, "was an enigma when a child, and he is an enigma still. He never knows one day what he will do the next day, and for years past he has simply taken advantage of present circumstances in directing the affairs of Europe. The great source of his strength is the facility with which he changes his opinions, abandons his friends, coddles his enemies, and profits by the malice of one, the hatred of another, the pride of a third, while he makes fools of them all. His conscience knows no scruple, and he professes an equally passionate fondness for the bible and the latest bad French novel."

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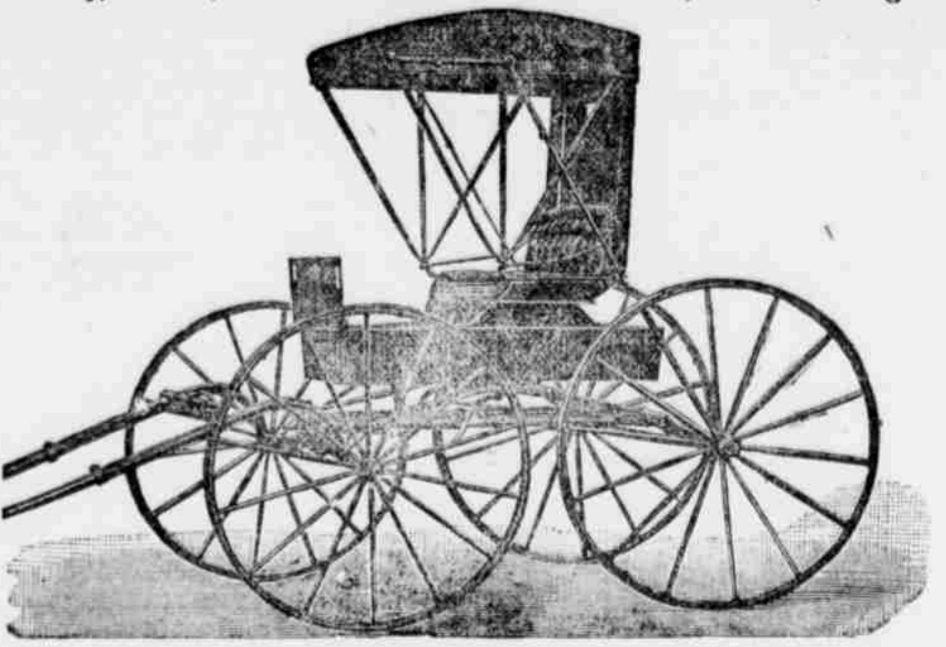
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