

he waved his hand and curled his lip. "Mistoo 'Itchlin', in fact, if you yeh of something suitable to me I would like to yeh it. I am not satisfied with that pless yondeh with Doctah Seveeah. I was compel this mawnin', biffu you came in, to 'epoove 'im faw 'is 'oodness. He called me a jackass, in fact. I woon allow that. I 'ad to 'epoove 'im. 'Doctah Seveeah,' says I, 'don't you call me a jackass ag'in!' An' 'e din call it me ag'in. No, seh. But 'e din like to 'ush up. Thass the rizz'n 'e was a lill miscutteous to you. Me, I am always polite. As they say, 'A nod is juz as good as a kick f'om a bline hoss.' You ah fon' of maxim, Mistoo 'Itchlin'? Me, I'm ve'y fon' of them. But they's got one maxim what you may 'ave 'eard—I do not fine that maxim always come t'ue. 'Ave you evva yeah that maxim, 'A fool faw luck'? That don't always come t'ue. I 'ave discovered that."

"No," responded Richling, with a parting smile, "that doesn't always come true."

Dr. Sevier denounced the world at large, and the American nation in particular, for two days. Within himself, for twenty-four hours,

(To be continued.)

he grumly blamed Richling for their rupture; then for twenty-four hours reproached himself, and on the morning of the third day knocked at the door, corner of St. Mary and Prytania.

No one answered. He knocked again. A woman in bare feet showed herself at the corresponding door-way in the farther half of the house.

"Nobody don't live there no more, sir," she said.

"Where have they gone?"

"Well, reely, I couldn't tell you, sir. Because, reely, I don't know nothing about it. I haint but jest lately moved in here myself, and I don't know nothing about nobody around here scarcely at all."

The Doctor shut himself again in his carriage and let himself be whisked away, in great vacuity of mind.

"They can't blame anybody but themselves" was, by and by, his rallying thought. "Still"—he said to himself after another vacant interval, and said no more. The thought that whether *they* could blame others or not did not cover all the ground, rested heavily on him.

THE PRETENDERS TO THE THRONE OF FRANCE.

IF France were a republican nation, as many Americans, satisfied with their own fortunate lot, fondly suppose, this question of the various claimants to the French throne would surely be scarcely worth a moment's attention. But the alarm shown by the French Government whenever the question has been raised, the stringent measures adopted, and those proposed for the future, bear testimony to a feeling of insecurity. It cannot be doubted that a large part of the nation favors a constitutional government under a nominal king, one whose power would be restricted—a sort of president of a republican monarchy, if such a contradictory term may be admitted. A court of some kind is the great want felt in the luxurious city of Paris; a center of fashion and elegance, presided over by those whose undoubted rank would naturally call around them the most distinguished individuals of their own land and of other nations. In Paris, luxury is an absolute necessity, and Spartan virtues will never take root in that city of gayety and pleasure. The Parisian lives chiefly by the trades which thrive on the habits of a court and an aristocracy. When there is none, he seeks the patronage of

any one who will spend money lavishly; and then is seen what we see now, the degradation of the national taste, under the auspices of the meretricious leaders of pleasure.

That sooner or later the monarchy will be reëstablished, even many who are antagonistic to the principle feel to be more than a probability. Had the Prince Imperial lived, many think he would now be on the throne of France. The sensation produced by the illness and danger of the Comte de Chambord, the anxiety with which news of his condition was awaited, and the involuntary respect shown by even Republican politicians when writing of the almost unknown and exiled representative of the old royal race, is a striking proof of what we have said. If he had lived, it is probable that a reaction in his favor would have taken place. Still, the whole education, the chivalrous principles of the Comte de Chambord, seem to have rendered him unfit to reign over the French nation, such as it is now. No impartial observer can deny that the whole moral and intellectual tone of the nation has been lowered. That the profuse luxury and loose morality of the imperial *régime* did harm

must be acknowledged. But what do we see now? Never has public morality and decency been so outraged; never have crimes of the most horrible kind been so frequent. We see the reign of vice represented by low actresses of low theaters and women of bad reputation. All the journals relate their doings; their funerals are followed by literary men, who write their biographies and praise their "virtues"! As there are no royal ladies now to occupy public attention, and as private gentlewomen strive to remain unnoticed, these women are the queens of the day.

When the "vices of a court" are mentioned, is it not easy to inquire what could be worse than what we see now? Under Louis Philippe, the court was a pattern of domestic life and family affections. More that was worthy of blame might be brought forward against the Empire; still, whatever might have been the private lives of some of the courtiers, nothing serious could be urged against the Empress Eugénie, and all must feel respect for the Princesse Clotilde. That, under Henri V. (had the Comte de Chambord lived to obtain the throne), there could have been no danger of royal toleration of moral laxity at court, may be inferred from his traditions and training.

His full name was Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné of Bourbon—"Son of France" (*Fils de France*), Duc de Bordeaux, Comte de Chambord, and in the eyes of his adherents King of France, *de jure* if not *de facto*. They called him *Le Roi*.

Why *Dieudonné*—God-given? The heir-apparent of the childless Louis XVIII. was his brother, the Comte d'Artois, afterward Charles X., whose eldest son, the Duc d'Angoulême, married to the orphan daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was likewise without children. The hopes of the nation, as to the continuation of the dynasty, were consequently centered in the younger son of the Comte d'Artois, the Duc de Berry, married to the Princesse Caroline of Naples. One child was born, a daughter, who, in consequence of the Salic law, could not ascend the throne of France; if he should have no more, there would be an end to the elder branch of the Bourbons. It was then that the assassin Louvel struck down the young prince at the door of the opera-house, just as he turned away from the carriage to which he had taken the Duchess, his wife, who did not wish to remain till the end of the performance. The stab of the poniard had been directed with a sure hand, and the Duc de Berry died at the opera-house before morning, surrounded by the weeping royal family, and in the presence

of the old King, hastily summoned to witness the death of his murdered nephew, whose condition did not admit of his removal to the Tuileries palace.

Before his death, after vainly entreating for the pardon of his murderer, the Duke declared that his wife had hopes of an heir.

The child was born, and it was a boy, who, in thanksgiving, was named *Dieudonné*, God-given, and *Henri*, in memory of the ever popular founder of the Bourbon dynasty—Henri Quatre (Henry of Navarre).

The child of sorrow, the royal Benoni, grew up, educated with his charming sister, beloved by all, Louise of France, afterward Duchesse de Parma; a princess of great intelligence and of a masculine spirit, like many other daughters of the house of Bourbon; withal, irreproachable in her private life—a truly Christian wife and mother.

Henri was a bright and spirited boy; kind-hearted, with the characteristic kindness of the Bourbons, ever ready to respond to high and generous impulse; no bookworm, nor even very exemplary as a studious school-boy; but an engaging child, with the soul of a prince and, what is more, the soul of a gentleman.

At ten years of age he left France, an exile, having in vain been proclaimed king after the abdication of his grandfather, Charles X., which was immediately followed by that of his uncle, the Duc d'Angoulême. The family took refuge at Holyrood, the fated palace of the Stuarts, whose memories seemed to cast their gloomy shadow over the young heads of Henri and Louise. From Holyrood they went to Prague, and from Prague to Goritz, where Charles X. died. Meanwhile their mother, the Duchesse de Berry, had made an imprudent attempt to stir up the loyal western provinces of France in favor of her son; betrayed by the Hebrew Deutz, she was seized at Nantes by the emissaries of Louis Philippe, and detained as a state prisoner at the fortress of Blaye, near Bordeaux, where she was forced to confess a secret marriage with the Comte Lucchesi-Palli, which threw ridicule over the whole affair.

The extreme displeasure of the exiled King, on hearing of this act of indiscretion, was shown by the separation of the children from their mother, who, released by Louis Philippe after the birth of her child, followed her second husband to Venice, where she henceforward principally resided; while Henri and Louise were educated under the superintendence of their aunt, the austere Duchesse d'Angoulême. It was a gloomy life for them; but they grew up amiable, joyous, and full of noble spirit, loved by all who knew them. A terrible accident,



COMTE DE CHAMBORD. (DIED 1883.) (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BIANCO.)

which might have been fatal, partially crippled the young prince, and was certainly detrimental to his fine presence, from the persistent and marked lameness which remained; but he retained considerable beauty of feature. The clear, bright blue eyes had still a most peculiar and charming expression, in which were blended the dignity of exalted rank and the frank kindness of an honorable and excellent man, with the searching penetration of one accustomed to study character in those who sought his presence.

When the death of his grandfather and of his uncle the Duc d'Angoulême had removed all doubts as to his position, he announced his intention of being known simply as Comte de Chambord, from the name of an estate which, in happier days, had been presented to him by a national subscription. He lived henceforward chiefly at Frohsdorf, near Vienna, a plain manor, more suited to an ordinary country gentleman; but a visit to England was the occasion of a demonstration of loyalty on the part of the young French nobility, who gathered round the young and handsome pretender.

At Frohsdorf he chose to be called simply by the neutral title of "*Monseigneur*," and set aside all ceremonious etiquette. The Duchesse

d'Angoulême, however, although styled "The Queen" (*La Reine*), punctiliously conformed to ancient usage, and invariably rose from her seat when her nephew entered the room or left it.

A bride had to be found for the young Prince; no easy matter when political difficulties were considered. The Princesse Marie Thérèse, of Modena, consented to devote her life to the exile, to whom she brought a large fortune, which, with all that was known of her amiable qualities, seemed to satisfy all requirements. But, although of an elegant figure and distinguished appearance, she could not lay claim to that beauty of feature to which in France so much importance is attached; and more than this, the marriage was childless, a source of lasting grief to the Comtesse de Chambord, although this privation may now prove a blessing to France, in simplifying the question of the various pretenders.

The Revolution of 1848, with the downfall of Louis Philippe, seemed to open the way to the young heir of the elder Bourbons. After the dreadful insurrection of June, it was evident that the country longed for peace, longed for a definite ruler, and would receive joyfully any one coming as a savior. Everything was *à la Chambord*; *fleurs-de-lis*, the Bourbon emblem, were seen everywhere; all the young men wore white flowers in their button-holes, and all looked eagerly toward Henri Dieudonné.

But no response came, and the disappointment was universal. There was no one at hand to play the part of General Monk, and the cautious advisers of the young Prince, men who loved him, men who had the recollection of the past fresh in their minds, could not bear that their cherished Prince should play the part of a political adventurer, or run any personal risk. Had he come forward then, as probably his ancestor, Henri Quatre, would have done, it is more than likely that the victory would have been his. But, restrained by his too prudent advisers, he hesitated, and that interval gave time to Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to step forward. As the Emperor himself said, at a later period:

"One went away—the other did not come—so I reached the goal."*

Another political mistake greatly to be regretted was the prohibition addressed by the Comte de Chambord to his adherents with regard to their acceptance of any public functions under other forms of government. The natural consequence has been that all the young Legitimist noblemen lived in idleness, and have become mere carpet knights; so

* "*L'un est parti—l'autre n'est pas venu—je suis arrivé.*"



COMTE DE PARIS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOLIOT.)

that if the Comte de Chambord had been proclaimed King of France, he would have been forced to choose the members of the government outside of the group of his most devoted followers.

After the establishment of the Empire, the Comte de Chambord seemed resigned to play a passive part, only interrupted by occasional protestations and manifestoes, to which nobody paid much attention. He lived quietly, like a private gentleman, at Frohsdorf, Goritz, and Venice, making no attempt to disturb by force the established form of government in France. A sincere Catholic, and punctual in the observance of the religious obligations of that faith, he yet never played the part of a gloomy bigot; and his genial manners, his love of field sports, the cordial hospitality offered to all visitors in his plain, unpretending manner, endeared him to those who had the honor of being received there; and all French visitors were heartily welcomed, even when known to belong to antagonistic political parties.

The Comte de Chambord has been represented as a stranger to France by education, and as a mere Austrian gentleman, who knew nothing of France. This is a great mistake. No one was more French than the exiled

Count; no one spoke the French language with a more perfect accent, or more elegance of expression; no one loved France better, or sought more information as to her destinies from every source. Newspapers of every political shade were received at Frohsdorf, carefully read by his secretaries, and marked for his perusal.

Having been told from his childhood that he was a direct gift from the Almighty, that he was predestined from his birth, he had, perhaps, a too absolute conviction that he was a sort of Messiah, and that his day must come. "The word to be spoken belongs to France; the hour belongs to God"—was his maxim.

Well informed, but not pedantic, of quick intelligence and ready speech, the Comte de Chambord, by his conversation, left the impression on his hearers of a superior mind and a determined will. Some may be inclined to say—*too* determined. Be this a virtue or a defect,—for it is not always easy to mark the exact point where firmness ceases and obstinacy begins,—the Comte de Chambord never yielded a point of principle or listened to suggestions of mere expediency.

In opposition to him for many years was the young representative of the Orleans branch, the Comte de Paris. Like his cousin, he had lost his father by a violent death, and at ten years of age had been forced to fly from France, an exile, with an aged grandfather and a widowed mother. The Duchesse d'Orleans was, however, very different from the Duchesse de Berry, mother of the Comte de Chambord. A grave, well-informed German princess, as quiet and serious in her habits and mode of life as the Duchesse de Berry was vivacious and inconsiderate, there could be no question of withdrawing her sons from her influence. Their education was superintended by herself; she was an ambitious mother, and during her life there could be no reconciliation between the two rival branches of the Bourbons. In her sight, her son was the rightful King, and she would never have yielded to any compromise. But, while the Comte de Chambord inherited from his Italian mother her vivacity and grace, tempered in his case by the austere guidance of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Comte de Paris acquired the cold and grave exterior of the Duchesse d'Orleans and her love of intellectual pursuits. He is said to have been more a man of science and learning than a politician

La parole est à la France, l'heure est à Dieu.

or a statesman; his tastes were quiet, his habits were retired, and almost too simple for his position for those who think that princes should not forget the old saying that *majesty without its externals is a jest*, and that they must not be too much like other people.

This the Comte de Chambord recognized, and in his home there was just enough of necessary etiquette to mark the chief of the royal line. His table had the simplicity of a private home; but all was served on massive plate, engraved with the heraldic *fleur-de-lis* of the Bourbons. When dinner was announced, the Count and Countess walked out first and took the center places at the dinner-table; the visitors who were especially honored were placed on the left of the Count and the right of the Countess. These seats of honor were differently filled at every meal, by a graceful innovation of the host, that all might enjoy the privilege in turn. No one ventured to address him, but his kindness enabled every one to have an opportunity of conversing with him. In the case of any visitor of note, he was honored with a private interview in the study of the Comte de Chambord, who delighted in prolonged conversation and free discussion of every topic. The interview lasted during the pleasure of the royal host, who gave permission to retire by a significant smile and bend—motioning as if about to rise, but without actually leaving his seat.

The Comte de Paris, on the contrary, lives exactly like a private individual, and waives all etiquette. He is considered to be personally devoid of all ambition, but anxious to do what might be considered his duty. In the hope of smoothing difficulties with regard to the pacification of France after the war of 1870, he sought a reconciliation with the Comte de Chambord, who received his young cousin with open arms and the warmest feeling. The Comte de Paris has always, since then, proved most honorably faithful to the engagement taken, at that time, of never putting forward his own claims in opposition to those of the chief of his race. His partisans were inclined to regret the promise given, when the negotiations which had so nearly succeeded in placing the Comte de Chambord on the throne of France failed through his refusal to accept the tri-colored flag, which he rejected as the emblem of the Revolution, while the French army loved it as the emblem of military glory. Whatever may have been the feelings of the Comte de Paris on this occasion, the promise which he had given was faithfully and honorably kept. A compromise had been suggested which all regretted to see rejected by the Comte de Chambord: the tri-colored flag to be retained

by the army, and the white flag to be treated as a royal standard peculiar to the sovereign, like that used by Queen Victoria.

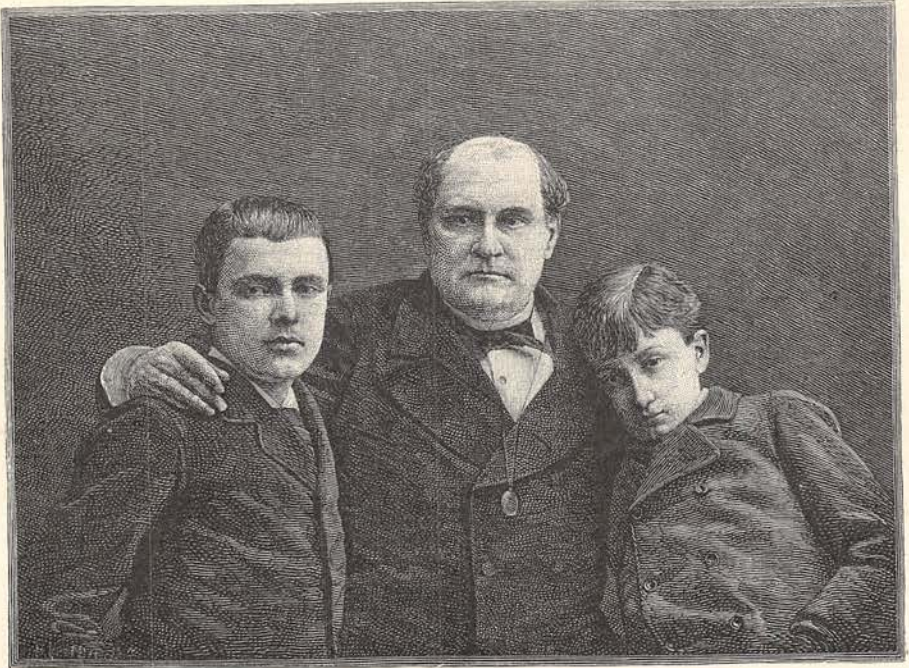
The *tricolore* had been accepted by Louis Philippe, and all his sons had "won their spurs" under its shade. It was not likely, therefore, to be distasteful to the Comte de Paris as an emblem of the liberal *citizen government* inaugurated by his grandfather, but repudiated by the principles of the elder branch represented by the Comte de Chambord. The Comte de Paris, however, has made no sign, no attempt to court popularity. He has continued, as before, to live the life of a private gentleman, studiously avoiding public notice, silent on political matters, and remarked only as the author of clever articles in reviews, chiefly on social questions, and of an elaborate "History of the Civil War in the United States," in which contest he served honorably. He is said to regard his position as a Pretender more in the light of a public duty than as the source of any advantage to himself or to his family.

Far different is the character of the Bonaparte claimant, Prince Jerome Napoleon ("Plon-plon"). His resemblance in feature to his illustrious uncle, the great Emperor, is most striking; but no less striking is the difference of expression, which is certainly not to the advantage of Prince Napoleon. All the revelations of that face are confirmed by popular report, and universal sympathy is felt for the admirable Princesse Clotilde, forced by necessity to live apart from the husband to whom she had been sacrificed through political considerations. No two individuals could be more ill-matched than the atheistical, dissipated Jerome Napoleon, as celebrated for his immoral life as for his coarse brutality of temper, and his supposed—what shall we call it?—*personal prudence* under fire, and the calm, dignified Italian Princess, fearless, like a true daughter of the house of Savoy; devout, almost to excess; with the tastes and habits of a nun, and the ardent faith of a martyr. She did not possess the beauty or the quick, brilliant wit which might have pleased him; she cared little for splendid dress or worldly pleasures. She spent almost too much time in devotional practices, which he abhorred. During the Empire, the home life of the Princesse Clotilde was austere, quiet, and, it must be owned, very monotonous; perhaps too much so to be quite judicious, under the circumstances in which she was placed. But everything that surrounded her shocked her feelings so much that she could only take refuge in silence and reserve. Her husband was openly an unbeliever, the enemy of the church to which she was de-

voted; and his conduct in other respects was a permanent and cruel insult to his wife.

When the Empire fell, the Princess went to reside at a country-seat, in Switzerland, on the Lake of Geneva. There she led the

in consequence of the determined opposition of Prince Napoleon, through motives of personal ambition, and the dutiful submission of the young heir, appointed by the boy-like will of the Prince Imperial,—as if the crown



PRINCE NAPOLEON AND HIS SONS, VICTOR AND LOUIS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.)

life of a Sister of Charity, tending the poor and the sick with her own hands, and depriving herself of everything that could possibly be spared, in order to give more to those in need. After the death of the King, her father, she retired, without any opposition from the Prince, her husband, to the palace of Moncalieri, near Turin, which had been left to her; there, at least, she was not obliged to endure the affronts which hitherto had not been spared to her. The sympathy of all went with her, and the unpopularity of Prince Napoleon consequently increased. Notwithstanding his remarkable intelligence, which cannot be denied, his eloquence as an orator, and the prestige of that Bonaparte face, so like that of the great Emperor, Prince Napoleon is universally disliked, and despised as much as he is disliked. Even the Bonapartists dare not put forward his claims; their chance of success would be too small.

The attempt to transfer their allegiance to Prince Victor, his son, has proved a failure,

of France could be given away by will to a chosen successor!

The young Prince Victor has not yet had time or opportunity to show what he really is. But popular rumor is all in his favor. He is said to have few of the characteristics of the Bonaparte race, and to be more peculiarly a prince of Savoy, on the side of his mother, with the physical characteristics of the Italian royal family, and the high spirit of that line.

Which of these various Pretenders will reach the goal—if any does? Who knows? With the fickle character of the French nation everything is possible. Some expect that the Comte de Paris, at no distant period, will be summoned to the throne of France, with a liberal constitution, freely accepted by him, according to the traditions of his family. But it is as easy to foresee, a few years further on, a Bonaparte reaction, and the young Prince Victor, having reached a riper age, reëstablishing another Empire.

A. Bicknell.