



THE LITTLE TRIANON.

the bag, secure the mouth with a skewer, and plunge into boiling water; prick the bag with a fork to prevent it bursting, and boil for four hours. Haggis may be made in a jar, and thus save the trouble of cleaning the bag.

White Skin Puddings.—Thoroughly clean the skins, scraping them, and soaking in salt and water; cut into lengths of about a foot, and turn them outside in. Take about twelve pounds of oatmeal (the coarse kind is best) and six pounds of finely-minced pork suet; season with plenty of Jamaica, black, and white pepper, a little cayenne and ground cloves, and salt to taste; mix thoroughly; fill the skins, turning them again as the mixture is put in; sew up both ends, and double them. Put into a pot of boiling water, prick with a fork to prevent bursting, and boil for two hours. They will keep for almost any length

of time if packed in a barrel or jar of oatmeal. When wanted for the table, brown with a little dripping, add a little stock, and simmer for one hour.

Buttermilk Scones.—Take four pounds of flour, rub in two ounces of butter, add one small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one dessertspoonful of cream of tartar, and one of salt; mix well, add enough buttermilk to make a pretty stiff dough; knead lightly, roll out, shape, and bake on a girdle over a clear fire, allowing five minutes to each side. Delicious scones are made by using half wheaten and half barley flour.

Oatmeal Cakes or Bannocks.—Take for each cake two handfuls of coarse oatmeal, and a small piece of dripping, add a good pinch of salt, and moisten in a bowl with boiling water; turn out on a board sprinkled with oatmeal,

and knead out with the knuckles of the hand, shaping at the same time. Bake on a girdle for about five minutes to harden, and then toast on a toaster before the fire until quite hard and nicely browned on both sides.

Scotch Shortbread.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream; mix together one pound of rice flour, one pound of wheaten flour, and a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar; dredge slowly into the butter, and when well mixed divide the paste into four pieces. Have four sheets of well-greased paper ready, and knead one cake on each sheet, making it one inch thick, and shaping with a flagon-lid. Crimp the edges with a fork, and prick the centre. Bake for half an hour. Should the oven be too hot, place a sheet of white paper over the cakes to prevent them becoming too brown.

MARY A. D. BRECHIN.

A DAUGHTER OF SORROWS.



SOME months ago the writer was permitted to sketch in these pages the pathetic story of an English princess. It is proposed now to draw from French history what may in some respects be called a companion portrait.

The life of Marie Thérèse Charlotte de Bourbon exceeded, indeed, the short span allotted to Elizabeth Stuart by more than half a century; but while its earlier stages bear the greater resemblance to the life of our English princess, the full three score years and ten to which the daughter of France attained only give a wider scope for the display, under many varying circumstances, of courage, constancy, and devotion not less marked or less worthy of remembrance than those of her English sister.

CHAPTER I.

MADAME ROYALE.

MARIE THÉRÈSE CHARLOTTE, eldest child and only surviving daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born at the Tuileries, December 19, 1778, and was baptised the same day by the Cardinal de Rohan, the King of Spain being her godfather and the Empress Maria Theresa her godmother. One gets a few glimpses of her early childhood from Marie Antoinette's letters to her mother, the Empress. The Queen had her daughter constantly with her, and thought she knew her from her nurses by May of the next year. In August she could "walk very well in her leading strings," could say "papa," and, though "her teeth have not yet come through, we can feel them all." Madame de Guiménée, who had held the post of governess to the child of the late Dauphin, was appointed governess to the princess; but being obliged in 1782 to resign, owing to the pecuniary difficulties in which her husband, through his boundless extravagance, had become involved, the Queen bestowed the office on her great favourite, Madame de Polignac. She herself, however, mainly superintended her daughter's training, and from a very early age took her with her on all her little missions of charity. Among other places, she took her sometimes to the Carmelite Convent of St. Denis, where she went to visit her husband's aunt, the Princess Louise, who had for many years lived here in retirement from the world. It was hinted that there might be im-

prudence in bringing the child's mind too much under the influence of the Carmelite sisters. The Queen, however, far from fearing that her daughter might eventually be led to follow Madame Louise's example, declared that if the child should show an inclination to such a life, she would feel rather flattered than otherwise.

From the stately galleries and formal terraces of Versailles, with their accompaniments of elaborate ceremony and stiff etiquette, Marie Antoinette loved to escape with her children and one or two chosen friends to the delightful seclusion of the Little Trianon. Here, forgetful of Court formalities, the Queen became for the time being shepherdess or dairymaid, and the days passed in simple pleasures. There is a charm about these happy days of Marie Antoinette, which is all the more marked and pathetic because of the darkness that was so soon to close round her, and to blot out sunshine and gladness from the lives of both mother and children.

Thus, though older heads might see the storm coming, the early years of Madame Royale's childhood passed brightly enough. Two deaths, indeed, clouded it—those of the Princess Sophie and the Dauphin, but though she was of an age to feel sorrow, particularly for the latter, a child's grief is shortlived, and another brother six years younger than herself

remained to be her constant playfellow and companion.

It is strangely pathetic to read the future that Marie Antoinette in those early days marked out for her child. Madame Campan tells us how, when the princess was not quite nine years old, her aunt, the Queen of Naples, sent a private messenger to France to sound the Queen as to a marriage between Madame Royale and her son, the hereditary prince. Marie Antoinette gave the messenger no encouragement. "I had an opportunity on this occasion," says Madame Campan, "as, indeed, on many others, of judging to what extent the Queen valued and loved France and the dignity of our court. She then told me that Madame, in marrying her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, would not lose her rank as daughter of the Queen, and that her situation would be far more preferable to that of Queen of any other country; that there was nothing in Europe to be compared to the Court of France; and that it would be necessary, in order to avoid exposing a French princess to feelings of deep regret, in case she should be married to a foreign prince, to take her from the Palace of Versailles at seven years of age, and send her immediately to the court in which she was to dwell, and that at twelve it would be too late, for that recollections and comparisons would ruin the



THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES.

happiness of all the rest of her life." It will be seen that at this early date a marriage between the princess and the Duc d'Angoulême was already thought of. Twelve years later that marriage was to be solemnised, but between two exiles and in a foreign land.

When the storm burst in the autumn of 1789, and on the 5th of October, after a night and morning of agony, the King and Queen with their children were conducted by the populace from Versailles to Paris, Madame Royale was not quite eleven years old. That journey marks an epoch in her young life. The happy days of childhood were left behind for ever.

Settled at the *Tuileries*, the winter days passed in a dull routine, broken only by varying anxieties and alarms. Every morning the Queen superintended her children's lessons. Madame de Polignac, their governess, had fled from the impending storm in July, and had been succeeded in her post by the Marquise de Tourzel, a lady of high character, to whom Marie Antoinette, in committing her children to her care, said, "I entrust to virtue what I entrusted to friendship."

The palace was unprepared for a royal residence, not having been used as such for many years, and the furniture and fittings were faded and shabby. The Queen in leisure moments occupied herself in working tapestry to help in its adornment. A carpet, worked by her for one of the rooms, afterwards fell into the hands of the Empress Josephine, who, with characteristic kindness, long preserved it, hoping some day to send it to Madame Royale as a precious relic of the past.

Madame de Tourzel, in her memoirs, which have been recently published, tells us how at this time, while the Dauphin's face still bore the impress of happiness and lightheartedness, his sister was already beginning to tread the path of sorrow. The King had a special fondness for her, which was constantly manifesting itself despite his usual undemonstrativeness. The Queen, though as fond of her daughter as

the King, thought it needful to counteract his fondness by some degree of severity. She thought the princess proud and apt to be extravagant, and kept her somewhat secluded from companions of her own age in consequence, although her governess could see no reason for such an opinion. "It would have been better for her," adds Madame de Tourzel, "to have seen a little more of the world than to have been always alone in her apartment with her women and the young person whom the Queen allowed to share her studies and her play."*

At Easter of the year 1790, Madame Royale received her first communion. Before setting out for the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where the ceremony was to take place, she fell on her knees before her parents to ask their blessing. "Pray, my child, for France and for us," said Louis XVI., raising and embracing her; "the prayers of innocence may soften the anger of heaven." The young girl burst into tears, and turned away without a word.

In June of the next year came the hapless flight to Varennes, of which Madame Royale has herself left a short account. Its issue is too well known to need detailing here. Another autumn, winter, and spring passed in the virtual imprisonment of the *Tuileries*, with increasing restrictions, added insults, hopes gradually lessening and dying away into darkness.

On the dreadful 20th of June, 1792, when the mob assaulted the *Tuileries* and paraded in triumph through the state apartments of the palace, the Queen, protected from the people only by the council table, held her daughter by the hand. "How old is your girl?" demanded one ruffian. "She is old enough," replied Marie Antoinette, "to feel deeply the horror of such scenes as these."

Six weeks later the final crash came, and the royal family left the *Tuileries* for ever, and

* This was Ernestine Lambriquet, daughter of one of the King's cloak-bearers, who was adopted by Marie Antoinette, and brought up with Madame Royale.

took refuge in the Assembly. There, crowded together in the reporters' box, they remained all day. Late at night they were conveyed to the Convent des Feuillants, where four cells were allotted to them. It was in one of these that Madame Campan saw the Queen for the last time. "The Dauphin came in with Madame and the Marquise de Tourzel. On seeing them, the Queen said to me, 'Poor children! How heartrending it is, instead of handing down to them so fine an inheritance, to say it ends with us!'"

Two days after, the royal family were removed to the Tower of the Temple—a place so little known that some of the King's attendants had never even heard of it before. It was a square building, with corner towers or *tourelles*, and lay behind and detached from the palace of the same name. They arrived there at seven o'clock in the evening, but it was one o'clock before they were finally conducted to the rooms they were to occupy.

These were of the most miserable description, and no preparations of any kind had been made for their reception.

The first days of this captivity were shared by the close attendants of the royal family. The Queen's bosom friend, the Princess de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel and her daughter Pauline, besides minor attendants, were there. Madame Royale and her brother had implored Madame de Tourzel not to separate them from Pauline. "Madame added, also, with a perfect grace, 'Do not refuse us; she shall be our comfort, and I will treat her as a sister.'" But this poor comfort only lasted a week. At the end of that time all persons who were not of the royal family were removed from the Temple. The municipal officers told the princesses they should see their friends again after they had been examined, and though they passed the night without sleep, they hoped to see them return next day. They were then, however, informed that the ladies had been removed to La Force, and would not come back to the Temple.

(To be continued.)

A FORTNIGHT IN OUR PARIS ORPHANAGE.

By ANNE BEALE.

"You must come and stay with us at the Orphanage for holiday-rest and quiet," said Miss Leigh, one fine day this summer.

So we went, nothing loth, to 35, Boulevard Bineau, Neuilly, Paris. We had been there before, and had breathed the delightful air of the health-giving suburb, although we had never actually stayed in the house; therefore we anticipated a pleasant holiday, but of the "rest and quiet" we knew nothing experimentally.

Sleep was the happy finale of a long day's journey, and for the first night orphanage and orphans were forgotten. But what of the first and succeeding days? At six o'clock there rang a bell, loud enough to awaken the dead, which called us back from the Land of Dreams to Wonderland, for we rubbed our eyes and asked what it was all about. The voices of children soon told us, and we found that nearly forty of various ages were astir, some dressing themselves, others their younger.

A succession of less excited bells summoned to breakfast and other duties, until a neat handmaiden in spectacles, and with "fair and shining hair," announced to us our *déjeuner*. Here a couple of juvenile parlour-maids were in attendance, and we began to realise what an orphanage meant. Here also a tiny dog, plaything of all the household, barked for his food.

To begin at the beginning. All the elder

girls did the work of the house, cooking excepted; therefore that "early bell" was very needful to arouse those juvenile domestics to prepare breakfast, not only for the orphans, but for governess, nurse, lady housekeeper, and such other hungry individuals as might be under the hospitable roof of what was once an English hospital. Yes; formerly the walls echoed to the wails of many patients, for the house was maintained by the brothers Galignani for the benefit of the sick and suffering English; but M. Galignani transferred it by deed of gift to Miss Leigh, to enable her to form it into a permanent home for English children orphaned or deserted in Paris. Sir Richard Wallace's magnificent English hospital in the immediate neighbourhood now provides efficiently for the sick, so this abode is no longer needed as a hospital.

We could but reflect, as we went through the rooms after our first breakfast, on the changes of years. The tramp of many feet and the happy ring of children's voices sounded where not so very long ago little but groans and moans was heard. A procession of children marched through the old wards to the grand new schoolroom, where they defiled and began to sing a cheerful hymn; and all was animation where formerly depression brooded. The hymn was the precursor of the daily Bible reading and prayers, which were, in their turns, forerunners of the diurnal lessons, needlework

and general instruction, which were to keep the children up to the "standards" of Board school education; and they manage to hold their own very respectably, thanks to an efficient certificated mistress.

The immense airy schoolroom has been added to the Orphanage by the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, who has completed the work begun by M. Galignani. Beneath this large room is a playroom, surrounded by seats, which are virtually boxes to hold toys or such other treasures as the children may choose to put in them, while without is a playground, containing a swing, which is the delight of the youngsters. As the days went on we became a youngster too, and ventured into this swing.

Who shall describe the amazement of the children, or the gradual progress from timidity to boldness of the elders who swung us? At last we were sent up so high that we cried *precavi*, which meant, "My dear children, don't quite put an end to us."

Every morning they awaited us, and we had thus a capital opportunity of studying them and their ways. How kind the elders were to their youngsters! There was one poor little two-year-old who had come but lately—a dark, defiant, irritable specimen of orphanhood, who slunk away into corners, and would not be consoled. One parent had been French, the other English, but she understood only French.



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A DAUGHTER OF SORROWS.

CHAPTER II.

THE ORPHAN OF THE TEMPLE.

THOSE who would follow the story of the dark days in the Temple, can do so best by the perusal of the record left by Madame Royale herself. Written with an almost naive simplicity, it is touching in the highest degree, while incidentally it affords graphic pictures of the various members of the royal family.

Here, for instance, is Marie Antoinette sketched to the life. "Her calm contempt and her dignified air generally struck them (the municipal officers) with respect. They seldom ventured to speak to her."

"We passed the entire day together," writes the princess. "My father gave a lesson in geography to my brother; my mother made him read some pages of history, and learn some verses, and my aunt gave him a lesson in arithmetic. My father was so fortunate as to find a library which gave him occupation; my mother employed her time in working embroidery. . . . My aunt spent the greater part of her time in praying, and always read the prayers of the day. She read a great number of books of piety, which my mother frequently requested her to read aloud."

Every day exposed the prisoners to fresh insults.

"Antoinette pretends to be proud," said Rocher, one of their guards, "but I have brought her pride down. She, her daughter, and Elizabeth bow as they pass me, in spite of themselves. They must bend to me, for I keep the wicket low. Every night I puff my smoke into the eyes of Elizabeth as she passes." "Ca ira" was sung under the King's windows, and he was openly threatened from time to time with death. After the end of September he was separated from his family, and they were only allowed to meet at meals. At these times they were only permitted to converse in a loud tone, and in French, and Madame Elizabeth was severely rebuked by one of the guards because she spoke to her brother in a low voice.



THE DAUPHIN IN THE TEMPLE.

In December and January came the King's trial and condemnation. The agony of these days of suspense to the Queen, her sister, and her children, cannot be described. When the fatal sentence was pronounced, they were allowed one parting interview. The story of that farewell has often been told. It lasted for nearly two hours and a half. When the moment of separation came, Madame Royale swooned at her father's feet, and had to be borne away by the faithful Cléry, from whom she was snatched by one of the municipal officers, who carried her roughly to her room. All the night she fell from one swoon to another, and her aunt only left her to prostrate herself before the crucifix in an agony of prayer.

"The Queen had scarcely strength sufficient left to undress my brother and put him to bed. She herself lay down in her clothes, and all night long we could hear her shivering with cold and anguish." The King had promised to see them again in the morning, but he deemed it better not to expose them to the further ordeal. The beat of the drums and the shouts of the people told them that all was over.

"Nothing succeeded in calming the anguish of my mother," writes Madame Royale; "life or death had become indifferent to her. She sometimes gazed at us with a piteously forlorn air that made us shudder. Happily my own illness was increased by sorrow, and this gave my poor mother some occupation."

Marie Antoinette was unwilling to walk in the garden of the Temple after her husband's death, for in so doing she was obliged to pass the door of the room where he had been confined. Afraid, however, that the want of air would tell on her children's health, she obtained leave to walk with them on the top of the Tower. The platform was, however, surrounded with lattice work, and the air-holes were carefully stopped. The Queen asked to have a door opened between her room and that of Madame Elizabeth, but this request, after being referred to the Council General, was refused. At all hours—sometimes in the dead of night—their rooms were invaded by the municipals, or by commissaries of the convention, often intoxicated, who rudely searched every corner, and took away whatever little trifles they could find. "They searched even beneath our mattresses," says Madame Royale, on one occasion; "my poor brother was sleeping. They tore him roughly from his bed that they might search it, and my mother held him in her arms, quite benumbed with cold."

In the beginning of July the Convention ordered that the Dauphin should be separated from his mother, and committed to the guardianship of Simon, the shoemaker, in another part of the Tower. A terrible scene ensued when this decree was communicated to the hapless prisoners. The poor boy—he was only eight years old—threw himself with cries of terror into his mother's arms for protection, and Marie Antoinette for more than an hour defended the bed on which she laid him against the municipal officers, protesting that they should kill her before they should take away her child. "At length they grew enraged, and threatened so positively to kill both him and me, that her love for us once more compelled her to yield. My aunt and I took my brother out of bed, as my mother herself had no strength left; and, as soon as he was dressed, she took him in her arms, and, after bathing him in her tears, which were the more bitter as she foresaw that it was the last time she should ever see him, she placed him herself in the hands of the municipal officers."

The mother's cup of sorrows was nearly full. Madame Royale thus pictures the days that followed:—

"We ascended to the top of the Tower very frequently, because my brother also walked there at his side of the building, and the only pleasure my mother now had was to get an occasional distant glimpse of him through a small slit in the division wall. She used to remain there for entire hours, watching the moment when she could see her child. This was her only desire, her only solace, and her only occupation."

A month later Marie Antoinette's own turn came, and she was removed to the Conciergerie. She rose up, and submitted herself in silence.

"My mother, having first tenderly embraced me and exhorted me to take courage, to pay every attention to my aunt, and to obey her as a second mother, repeated to me the religious instructions I had before received from my father, and then, throwing herself into the arms of my aunt, she recommended her children to her care. I could not utter a word in reply, so overwhelmed was I at the thought that it might be the last time I should see her. My aunt said a few words to her in a low voice of anguish and despair. My mother then hastened from the room without casting another look towards us, fearful, no doubt, lest her firmness should desert her. She was stopped for some time at the bottom of the stairs while the municipal officers drew up a *procès verbal* for the keeper of the prison as a discharge for her person. In passing through the prison gate she struck her head against the wicket, her thoughts being so occupied that she forgot to stoop. She was asked if she had hurt herself. 'Oh, no,' said she; 'nothing now can hurt me.'"

Madame Royale and her aunt were now left alone. Inconsolable at the loss of the Queen, they made constant and urgent inquiries concerning her, and begged earnestly to be reunited to her. They were only told, however, in the vaguest terms that no harm would come to her. In September the rigour of their imprisonment was increased. They were confined to one room, and no longer allowed a servant to do the coarse work. "We made our beds ourselves, and were obliged to sweep the room, which took us a long time to do at first, until we got accustomed to it." They were not allowed to walk on the Tower, for fear they should attempt to escape, although the windows were all barred. Anything that could tend in any way to their comfort or convenience was taken away. Madame Elizabeth asked for something instead of meat on fast days. She was told that under the new rules of equality there was no difference between the days. When she asked another time, she was told, "No one but fools believe now in all that nonsense." In spite of these refusals, however, she managed to keep Lent strictly when it came. She took no breakfast, and reserved the coffee then provided for her dinner, while at night she only took bread. She wisely, however, forbade Madame Royale following her example, and urged her to eat whatever was brought, saying she had not yet come to an age which required her to abstain. In the winter evenings she taught her niece tric-trac, which they played together, "as a sort of distraction to our grief." As the days began to get longer, however, they were not allowed any more candles, and had to go to bed as soon as it was dark.

The beautiful prayer composed by Madame Elizabeth, which the aunt and niece used daily, shows us the pure influence which was helping to mould Madame Royale's character, and the spirit in which days of dreariness and grief were met and conquered:—

"What may befall me this day, O God! I know not; but I do know that nothing can happen to me which Thou hast not foreseen, ruled, willed, and ordained from all eternity;

and that suffices me. I adore Thy eternal and inscrutable designs. I submit to them with all my heart, through love to Thee. I accept all; I make unto Thee a sacrifice of all; and to this poor sacrifice I add that of my Divine Saviour. In His name, and for the sake of His infinite merits, I ask of Thee that I may be endowed with patience under suffering, and with the perfect submission which is due to all which Thou wilt or permittest."

All this time they remained ignorant of the fate of the Queen. They had, indeed, heard the street hawkers crying the sentence of death under their windows; but, though their hearts misgave them at times, they refused to believe that the sentence could have been actually carried out, and so hoped against hope. Whether from callous indifference or because no one had the heart to tell them, the fatal news never reached their ears, and it was eighteen months before Madame Royale knew of her mother's death.

Thus the days passed until the 9th of May, 1794. The day had been spent as usual, and the prisoners were just going to bed, when loud and continued knocking at the door and demands for immediate admission warned them of some new evil. The summons was for Madame Elizabeth. "Citizen, will you accompany us downstairs?" "And my niece?" "She shall be taken care of afterwards." Madame Elizabeth embraced her niece, and told her, by way of reassuring her, that she would soon return. "No, citizen," said the ruffians; "you will not return. Put on your bonnet and go downstairs." "She bore it all with patience," says Madame Royale, "put on her bonnet, embraced me once more, and told me to take courage and be firm, to place my hope in God, to live in the good principles of religion which my parents had taught me, and to keep constantly in my mind the last advice of my father and mother. She then departed."

The young girl of fifteen was thus left, as she herself expresses it, "in an utter state of desolation." She "passed a cruel night"; but, though filled with fears, she could not believe that serious harm could be intended to one who was so saintly and pure, and who could never be accused of taking any share in the Government or of any political offence. She was told the next day, in answer to her inquiries, that her aunt had been to take the air. She little thought that Madame Elizabeth had even then travelled her last journey and reached her long home.

Madame Royale's health did not sink under these accumulated sorrows, heavy and bitter though they were. Hué, her father's faithful attendant, writes of her:—"She had attained an age in which sorrows are keenly felt, but had learned by great examples to show herself superior to adversity. Left entirely by herself in the Tower of the Temple, God being her only adviser and support, she increased in grace and virtue, and grew like the lily which the tempest spared." The loving foresight of her aunt doubtless contributed in great measure to the preservation of her health. She had planned out the days for her, appointing set times for prayer, reading, work, and the care of her room. She had taught her to do everything for herself, showed her how to freshen the air of the room by sprinkling water, and had made her take regular exercise by walking rapidly, watch in hand, for an hour at a time. She saw no one except the municipal officers, who continued to search her room at frequent intervals, and the persons who brought her meals. To the latter she never spoke; to the former only to answer briefly a direct question. Madame Elizabeth had impressed on her that if ever she were left alone, she should immediately ask to have a woman to live with her. She felt obliged to obey her aunt's wish, but feared that if her

request were granted, some uncongenial person would be given her for a companion. It was, however, refused, and the princess confesses that she was very glad.

So the long summer days passed away, and the autumn came and went. Day followed day in a dreary sameness of solitude. The Princess of France grew to be thankful for very small mercies. "I continued at least to keep myself clean," she writes. "I had soap and water, and I swept my room every day. . . . I was not allowed any light; but in the long days I did not much feel this privation. They refused to give me any other books; those I had were books of piety and travels, which I had read over and over a thousand times. I also had a knitting machine, of which I was completely tired."

The appointment of a fresh commissary of the Convention, named Laurent, to take charge of the princess and her brother, brought some little relief. The unhappy Dauphin, after enduring six months' brutal treatment from Simon, had been left six months unattended and alone, and was reduced to the last degree of misery. Laurent, who seems to have been a kind-hearted man, did what he could for him, and treated Madame Royale with civility and consideration. She ventured to ask for news of her mother and her aunt, and asked him to use his influence to have her restored to her mother, but "he replied with an evident air of embarrassment and pain, that these were matters with which he had no concern."

"The winter passed with tolerable tranquillity," writes the princess, "and I had reason to be satisfied with the civility of my keepers. They offered to make my fire, and allowed me as much wood as I wished, which was a source of great comfort to me. They also brought me the books I asked for; Laurent had already procured me some. The greatest distress I had was in not being able to learn anything respecting my mother or my aunt."

The course of the spring of 1795 was marked only by the gradual fading away of the Dauphin. The Committee of General Safety sent physicians at last, and fresh keepers strove by their kindness to compensate in some feeble measure for the past cruelties he had endured, but it was too late. He grew weaker and weaker, then fever set in, which he had no strength to resist, and he died on the 9th of June. The poor child was only a little over ten years old.

With the death of her brother, Madame Royale's memoirs come to a conclusion, but we learn from other sources what followed.

The Government seem to have felt they had

gone too far. A feeling of pity for "the daughter of the last King" began to be awakened. A petition was presented from the City of Orleans, urging that she should be restored to freedom, and negotiations were set on foot which had in view an exchange of the princess for some prisoners in the custody of the Austrian Government. Meanwhile Madame Royale was treated with much greater consideration, and a lady, Madame de Chantereine, was appointed to attend on her.

Above all her old friends, Madame de Tourzel, and her daughter, Pauline, and Madame de Mackan, former sub-governess to the children of France, were, after some difficulty, allowed to visit the Temple. Madame de Tourzel, in her memoirs, has left us many details of their first meeting.

They had left the princess feeble and delicate, and were surprised to find her beautiful, tall, and strong, and with that air of distinction which was her peculiar

shocked at the freedom with which Madame de Chantereine treated the princess, and the airs of authority which she assumed over her. The Marquise and her daughter endeavoured to make her see this by the great respect which they themselves showed Madame Royale, but it was to no purpose. Madame Royale, however, had attached herself to the lady, and did not resent her familiarity. Any companion who showed her kindness was welcome to her, and Madame de Chantereine was an educated person, could speak Italian, of which the princess was fond, and gave her lessons in embroidery, at which she was very skilful.

Madame Royale was allowed once more to walk in the garden of the Temple. The faithful Hué hired a room in a house overlooking the garden, and ventured to sing in her hearing a ballad which foretold that her captivity would soon be over. More than this, he contrived to have conveyed to the princess a letter, with which he had been

entrusted by her uncle, Louis XVIII., and to obtain her reply. From Madame de Tourzel Madame Royale learnt that it was the wish of her uncle, as it had been that of her parents, that she should wed her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême. It was the first time she had heard this, and she expressed surprise that her father and mother had never spoken to her on the subject, but Madame de Tourzel explained that they had probably refrained on account of her youth, and for fear of distracting her attention from her studies. The thought of being able to carry out what had been her parents' wish made a great impression on the princess, and with a fresh interest thus awakened she asked Madame de



THE PARTING.

characteristic, while they traced in her the features of the King, the Queen, and even of Madame Elizabeth. She had much to tell them of all three, and they drew from her many touching particulars of her solitary captivity. She confessed she had grown so weary of her profound solitude, that she had said to herself that she should not be able to keep from loving any companion they might give her short of a monster. When Madame de Tourzel expressed a hope that she might be allowed to leave France, Madame Royale answered sadly "that she still found some comfort in dwelling in a country which held the ashes of those who had been dearest to her in the world." And, she added with a burst of tears, that "she would have been much happier if she could have shared their fate instead of being condemned to weep for them." No single expression of bitterness, however, escaped from her.

The good Marquise was considerably

Tourzel many questions respecting the Duke.

The discovery, however, of a supposed Royalist plot, and, later on, the application of the Tuscan Envoy to be allowed to salute the princess, caused her to be again more closely confined and debarred from the society of her friends. But her captivity was now to be only of short duration, and at the end of November the following order opened the gates of the Temple:—

"The Executive Directory resolve that the Ministers of the Interior and Foreign Relations are charged to take the measures necessary to accelerate the exchange of the daughter of the last King for the Citizens Camus, Quinette, and other deputies or agents of the Republic; to appoint a proper officer of the gendarmerie, fit for the purpose, to accompany the daughter of the last King as far as Basle; and to allow her to take with her such persons engaged in her education as she likes best."

(To be continued.)



The following is from a medical contemporary, and although it refers to topcoats, it is equally *à propos* of any extra over-garment.

"The general effect is well enough while the overcoat is kept on, but the moment it is removed evaporation recommences, and the body is placed in a 'cooler,' constructed on the principle adopted when a damp cloth is wrapped round a butter-dish—the vapour passing off, abstracting the heat, and leaving the contents of the cooler refrigerated. The point to make clear is that the overcoat, let it be fashioned and ventilated as it may, does not prevent the underclothing from being saturated with moisture, but actually tends to make the moisture accumulate therein. This is proved by the sense of genial warmth felt while the overcoat is worn, and the evidences of perspiration easily perceived, under the arms and at the sides of the chest particu-

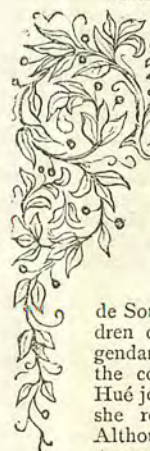
larly, after the overcoat has been removed. Moreover, we take off the coat when we enter a warm house, and precisely at the moment when muscular activity is suspended. A very little consideration will suffice to convince the common-sense thinker that nothing can well be worse managed than this process, both as regards its nature and the time and condition of its operation. It is opposed to all the canons of health to allow the clothing to become saturated with perspiration, and then to take off the external covering and suffer rapid cooling by evaporation; while if it were designed to do this at the worst possible time, probably none worse could be found than when muscular exercise has been discontinued. The suggestion we (*Lancet*) have to offer is that it would be far better policy to wear only one coat at a time, and to make whatever change may be neces-

sary by removing a thin coat and replacing it by a thicker one when going out of doors, and the reverse when coming in. If, instead of wearing overcoats, people would wear coats of different thicknesses, according to the weather and conditions generally, they would avoid the danger of cooling by evaporation; the garments saturated with moisture would be removed, and dry off the body instead of on it. We believe no inconsiderable portion of the 'colds,' attacks of lumbago, and even more formidable results of what are popularly called 'chills,' may be traced to the practice of wearing overcoats, which arrest the ordinary process of evaporation, cause the clothing within to be saturated with accumulated perspiration, and are then removed, when rapid cooling takes place. The avoidance of this peril is to be attained by such change of coats as the conditions require."

A DAUGHTER OF SORROWS.

CHAPTER III.

EXILE AND RESTORATION.



IT was midnight on the 19th of December, her seventeenth birthday, when Madame Royale left the Temple. M. Benezech, the Minister of the Inter-

rior, escorted her to the Porte St. Martin, where the travelling carriage provided for her journey to Vienna was in waiting. There went with her the Marchioness

de Soucy, sub-governess to the children of France, an officer of the gendarmerie, and M. Gomin, one of the commissaries of the Temple. Hué joined her at Huningen, which she reached on Christmas Eve. Although all precautions were taken to prevent her being known, the

princess was frequently recognised, and greeted with silent respect, in the course of her journey. She stayed over the 25th at the sign of the "Crow" at Huningen, and set out for Basle on the next day. As she left her room the innkeeper fell at her feet and asked her blessing. Tears stood in her eyes as she entered the carriage. "I leave France with regret," she said, "and shall never cease to regard it as my country."

At Basle the exchange was effected, and Madame Royale left on the night of the 26th, accompanied by Madame de Soucy and escorted by the Prince de Gavres, who had been appointed by the Austrian Emperor for the purpose. At Lauffenbourg she stayed a day to celebrate a service in memory of her parents, and at Innsbruck she remained two days to visit her aunt, the Archduchess Elizabeth. She arrived in Vienna on the 9th of January, 1796.

Warmly received by the Emperor and Empress, with a household appointed for her in accordance with her rank, Madame Royale took her place at the Austrian Court, and here she spent the next four years. But amid the glitter of the Court of Vienna she was, perhaps, more truly lonely than she had been in the Tower of the Temple. Her heart was in the graves of those she loved, and the mourning garments which she wore told truly that she lived in the past. The Archduke Charles sought her hand, and the Emperor

and Empress urged, and even insisted, that she should accept him. But Madame Royale steadily declined. She had no heart to give a lover; but the wish of her father and mother pointed out the path she was to take, and if she must wed it could only be her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême. Her refusal drew down on her the Imperial displeasure, which was augmented by her careful avoidance of various political schemes into which it was sought to entangle her.

It was a great relief, therefore, to the princess when this anomalous position was put an end to in the spring of 1799 by a demand on the part of the Emperor of Russia, made at the request of Louis XVIII., in terms which allowed no refusal, that Madame Royale should be permitted to join her uncle and the other members of her father's family at Mittau, in Courland, where they were then residing.

The princess gladly set out from Vienna in May, and on the 4th of June she was met at the gates of Mittau by Louis XVIII., his wife, and the Duc d'Angoulême. It was a touching meeting, memories of the past crowding up and dimming the happiness of the present, while rendering it more sacred. Not only her relatives, but loyal nobles of France and faithful servants of her father received Madame Royale at Mittau. Of these the most notable was the Abbé Edgeworth, who had attended Louis XVI. on the scaffold. The princess was, at her own request, left alone with the abbé, that she might learn from him the details of her father's last moments. She ever cherished for the good man the warmest regard, and when, some years after, a dangerous fever broke out at Mittau and numbered him among its victims, it was Madame Royale who took her place by his bedside, closed his dying eyes, and followed his remains to the grave.

The thought that lay uppermost in the minds of all when the first emotions of meeting were over, was the permanent union of Madame Royale to her family by her marriage with the Duc d'Angoulême. Where the wishes of all parties were at one, there was no need for delay. On the 10th of June, six days after the princess's arrival, the marriage ceremony took place in the gallery of the ducal castle. Loving hands had decked the altar with branches of lilac and summer flowers, and here, in a strange land, in the presence of the little court of Louis XVIII., the prince and princess plighted their troth.

It was the fulfilment of a vow rather than the consummation of a love match, and the faith was plighted to the dead as much as to the living.

We have lingered so long over Madame Royale's early life that we have no space to do more than glance at the years which immediately followed her marriage. In 1801 the exiles were obliged, through the caprice of the Czar, to quit Mittau in the depth of a severe winter. They appealed to the King of Prussia for a refuge, and he appointed Warsaw, where they remained some years. In 1805 they were again at Mittau. In 1808 they came to England. Here for two years they resided at Gosfield Hall, a seat of the Marquis of Buckingham in Essex, and here, in November, 1810, Louis XVIII. lost his Queen.

They then removed to Hautwell Hall, a fine Elizabethan house between Oxford and Aylesbury, which they occupied until the year 1814.

Some memories of the Duchess of Angoulême at Hartwell have been preserved. She is described as reserved and sad, and averse to the notice or attention of strangers. But she would often be seen standing in the porch of the little church a silent spectator of the Protestant service, and she expressed to the minister her pleasure at the reverence and fitness which characterised the English mode of worship.

When the events of 1814 drove Napoleon into exile, and brought back Louis XVIII. to the throne, the Duchess of Angoulême was at Hartwell with her uncle. It was on the 25th of March that the news reached them of the proclamation of Louis XVIII. at Bordeaux. A month later they set out on their return to France. The Prince Regent accompanied them to Dover, the Duke of Clarence escorted them across the Channel. From Calais to Paris their progress was one long triumphal procession.

The state entry of the King into Paris took place on the 3rd of May. Seated in an open carriage drawn by eight white horses, Louis XVIII. had on his left hand the "daughter of the last King." It was on her that all eyes were turned, and to her that the warmest tribute of welcome was paid. Dressed wholly in white, there was on her countenance a kind of grave joy which struck all beholders. What strangely mingled thoughts were passing through her mind may well be imagined. Tears which she could not

restrain fell frequently from her eyes. When she reached the Tuileries, which she had not seen since the fatal day when her parents had left it to take refuge in the Assembly twenty-two years before, the thronging memories of the past were too much for nature to bear, and she was carried into the palace in a swoon.

There had reached Madame Royale, year by year during her exile, a bunch of flowers gathered from her mother's grave. A faithful old Royalist, M. Descloseaux, had bought the ground in which the King and Queen, amongst many other victims of the Reign of Terror, had been interred, and to keep it sacred had converted it into an orchard and planted it with flowers. To this sacred spot the Duchess of Angoulême bent her steps the day after her entry into Paris, and there, as she thanked M. Descloseaux in a voice broken by emotion, the loyal old man made over to her the ground he had been preserving for her for the past seventeen years.

Public rejoicings followed the restoration in abundance. At the opera "Edipus at Colonus" was presented, and at the passage where Edipus recounts the tender care of Antigone, Louis XVIII. turned to the Duchess of Angoulême and kissed her hand.

Crowds came to the Tuileries to be presented to the duchess. She received twelve at a time, and the ladies so presented all wore white, with coronets of fleur-de-lys. The likeness which the duchess bore to her mother was much remarked; but it has been called "the resemblance of cold marble to animated flesh and blood," and young *débutantes* were apt to look upon the reserve and self-repression of the princess as austerity or want of sympathy. The terrible past was too deeply impressed on her mind for her to shake it off. The blessing of children, whose care and training might have brought her new hopes and new associations, had been denied her, and her thoughts went back constantly to the days of her youth and to the loved ones who had been so cruelly torn from her.

Within the year of the Restoration the Duchess of Angoulême found new work to her hand. Ten months after Louis XVIII.'s entry into Paris came the tidings that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and once more landed on French soil. The hearts of the French people, never aroused to enthusiasm for Louis XVIII., turned instinctively to the Emperor. The Duchess of Angoulême was at Bordeaux when the news reached her. The men of the city were loyal to the monarchy, but the soldiers of the line awaited the course of events in silence. It was to win these that the duchess bent all her energy. Mounted on horseback, she reviewed the troops day after day, and sought earnestly to make them declare for the King. She met with little or no support, and when, on the 1st of April, the Imperial forces, under General Clauzel, arrived before the city, it was evident that all their sympathies were with the Emperor. Perceiving this, the duchess addressed herself to the National Guard and the citizen volunteers. These, regardless of personal danger, she reviewed in face of the enemy, whose loaded guns on the other side of the river commanded the position. General Clauzel, in the true spirit of chivalry, kept his men from firing. His first duty, he said, was to respect the courage of the duchess. He could not order her to be fired upon when she was providing material for the noblest page in her history. The Duchess of Angoulême did not forget General Clauzel's chivalrous conduct. When he afterwards fell a prisoner into the hands of the Royalists, she interceded with the King and saved his life.

But it was too evident that the duchess's efforts were in vain. With tears in her eyes she thanked the National Guard for what they had done, and begged them, as a last favour, to lay down their arms and so avoid bloodshed. Then, with a sad heart, she set out for Pouillac, where she embarked for Spain. As she once more quitted the shore of France as an exile, she turned to the people who were

assembled to witness her departure, and distributed amongst them the plume of white feathers which she wore in her hair. "Bring them back to me with better days," she said, "and Marie Thérèse will show you she has a good memory, and has not forgotten her friends at Bordeaux."

The King had fled already, and the Duc d'Angoulême was temporarily a prisoner. But who does not know the story of the Hundred Days? It was on the 3rd of April that the Duchess of Angoulême left France; on the 18th of June Napoleon staked and lost all on the field of Waterloo. Five weeks later the duchess was once more on her way to Paris, her path strewn with flowers and the air rent with shouts of welcome. Louis XVIII. was already there, and as she rejoined her uncle at the Tuileries, it might have seemed that the cries of the populace were but the echoes of those of the year before, which time had not yet allowed to die away.

But the orphan of the Temple—the *filia dolorosa* of France—had had bitter experience of the fickle, easily-swayed French people. Was it matter for wonder if she withdrew more than ever into herself, and appeared more than ever cold and austere? Taking as little part as possible in Court festivities, she led a simple, retired life. Rising early in the morning, she lit her fire and made her early breakfast with her own hands. At seven o'clock she went to mass in the chapel of the palace. The day passed in simple routine; no sumptuous dinners or late hours were known in her household. But her charity flowed forth freely to all who were in need, although it was wisely administered so as to reach only the really deserving. The anniversaries of her parents' deaths were always kept by her in strictest seclusion, and it was noticed that in her daily drives her carriage always made a wide detour, rather than pass the fatal spot where they had perished on the scaffold.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

A BROAD HINT.

A prudent and parsimonious old lady, who lived in one of the Western Isles of Scotland, took the following method to get rid of the visitors and strangers who came to her house. Having set before her guests an ample Highland breakfast, she said, towards the conclusion of the meal:—

"Pray, take a good breakfast; there is no saying where you may get your dinner."

A FAITHFUL DOG.—The following instance of canine fidelity has seldom if ever been surpassed. When nearing Montreal the engine-driver of a train quite recently saw a dog standing on the track and barking furiously. The driver blew his whistle; yet the hound did not budge, but crouching low was struck by the locomotive and killed. Some pieces of white muslin on the engine attracted the driver's notice; he stopped the train and went back. Beside the dead dog was a dead child, which it is supposed had wandered on the track and gone to sleep. The poor watchful guardian had given its signal for the train to stop; but unheeded had died at its post, a victim to duty.

AVARICE.—Extreme avarice almost always makes mistakes. There is no passion that oftener misses its aim; nor on which the present has so much influence, in prejudice of the future.—*Roche foucauld.*

A GOOD BEGINNING.

When children first leave their mother's room they must, according to an old superstition, "go upstairs before they go downstairs," otherwise they will never rise in the world."

Of course it frequently happens that there is no "upstairs," that the mother's room is the highest in the house. In this case the difficulty is met by the nurse setting a chair and stepping upon that with the child in her arms as she leaves the room.

HOW TO PLAY AT SIGHT.—To play at sight the following conditions are necessary: First, a good grounding in technical execution; secondly, a regular and systematic knowledge of fingering; thirdly, a cheerful and ready disposition; and fourthly, undivided attention and concentration of the mind on the work in hand.—*Ernst Pauer.*

GOOD COUNSEL THROWN AWAY.—A draught of milk to serpents does nothing but increase their poison. Good counsel bestowed upon fools does rather provoke than satisfy them.—*From the Sanskrit.*

IN PERIL.—Women are safer in perilous situations and emergencies than men, and might be still more so if they trusted themselves more confidently to the chivalry of manhood.—*Hawthorne.*

DEGREES OF LIGHTNESS.

Pray, what is lighter than a feather?
Dust, my friend, in driest weather.
What's lighter than that dust, I pray?
The wind that sweeps it far away.
Then what is lighter than the wind?
The lightness of a woman's mind.
And what is lighter than the last?
Now, now, good friend, you have me fast.

ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.—An insane author, once placed in confinement, employed most of his time in writing. One night, being thus engaged by the aid of a bright moon, a slight cloud passed over the luminary. In an impetuous manner the author called out—"Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon!" The cloud became thicker, and he exclaimed, "The stupid! he has snuffed it out."

BE SATISFIED.—I say to thee, be thou satisfied. It is recorded of the hares that with a general consent they went to drown themselves, out of a feeling of their misery; but when they saw a company of frogs more fearful than they were, they began to take courage and comfort again. Compare thine estate with that of others.—*Robert Burton.*

UNDESERVED PRAISE.—The shame that arises from praise which we do not deserve often makes us do things we should never otherwise have attempted.—*Roche foucauld.*

ment, they will also prove themselves interesting, pleasant tasks for young pianists.

In *Elementary Music*, Book I. of a complete school, by Alfred Gilbert, M.R.A.M., it seems to us that the arrangement made is likely to prove rather confusing than otherwise. Too much is said. One of the statements, at least, will be a source of trouble, viz., that "the white keys of the pianoforte are called naturals." What will the little student do about E \sharp , F \times , G \times , C \sharp , B \sharp , E \flat , etc., etc.? The contradiction of the above statement occurs naturally enough in the music provided later on, but only in the music.

J. AND J. HOPKINSON.

In Dreamland City. By Theo. Bonheur.—A pretty song, with a graceful, taking refrain.
Bonnie Face. Words by the late Hugh Conway. Music by A. H. Behrend.—Another

sad invitation from either a grannie, or an auntie, or an unclie to a little childie to keep its spirits up, and, if possible, remain a little child for ever, as the opportunities for enjoyment, or, at any rate, for laughter, become limited when we learn to read and write. Enough to damp the ardour of any healthy, growing child.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

La Zingara, for piano, by Michael Watson, is named by him "Morceau alla Tarantella."—The bite of the tarantula seems in this case to be rather pleasant than otherwise; it would be better styled "A Gipsy Dance."

MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.

Mirage.—An expressive, powerfully-written song, by Edith Marriott, who shows great progress in her various compositions.

There's a Bower of Roses.—A charmingly

simple setting of these lovely words of Thomas Moore.

F. PITMAN.

The Christmas double number of the *Violin Soloist* is a marvellous twopennyworth, containing twelve well-known pieces. They are fingered and bowed thoroughly, and the whole number is well printed and got up.

W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.

Verviers is the name of a bright, sparkling *air de ballet*, written for the piano by Ivan Caryl.

Three Sketches, by Edward L. Hopkins, are quiet Sunday scenes expressed on the pianoforte.

T. H. BARNETT.

Saltarello in A minor. By R. J. Thompson.—A bright little movement for players of moderate capacity and ready fingers.

A DAUGHTER OF SORROWS.

CHAPTER IV.

LAST DAYS.



It might have seemed now that Marie Thérèse of France had endured enough of sorrow, and that her days might be allowed to flow on evenly—not, indeed, joyfully, but in a calm content. For a year or two it seemed as if this would be the case, but there were still other storms to be encountered before the life history was to be complete.

Five years after the second Restoration the Duc de Berri was assassinated at the Opéra. The Duchess of Angoulême was one of those immediately summoned to the ante-room of the Opera House, where her brother-in-law lay dying. Her husband, fearing some danger, would have restrained her from accompanying him, but she felt her place was there. "What," exclaims Châteaubriand, "were dangers to her, who was accustomed to look revolution in the face!" Herself overcome with grief, she paid a noble tribute to the fortitude of the Duchesse de Berri. "She is sublime," she said more than once; and, bending over the dying man, she said, "Courage, brother; and if God calls you hence, ask my father there to pray for France and for us."

When, six months after his father's death, the only son of the Duc and Duchesse de Berri was born, it was the Duchess of Angoulême, to whom the blessing of children had been denied, who showed the infant to the people assembled before the palace windows with every sign of joy and delight.

The death of Louis XVIII. in 1824 made the Duchess of Angoulême Dauphine of France. But her life continued as retired as ever, and she spent much of her time in watching over the early years of her little nephew, the Duc de Bordeaux. After six comparatively uneventful years the storm broke which doomed her to a final exile. The duchess was at Dijon when a hostile reception at the theatre announced to her that there was once more a revolution. Travelling all night with one or two attendants to Versailles, she made her way in the disguise of a peasant to St. Cloud, only to find that the King was at Rambouillet. "Can you forgive me?" cried Charles X. as he met his niece. Her answer was an embrace. "I trust," she said, "we

are now united for ever." The King abdicated, and the Duc d'Angoulême surrendered his claims in favour of the little Duc de Bordeaux, while Louis Philippe of Orleans was to be Lieutenant-General during the prince's minority. But the Chamber of Deputies declared for Louis Philippe. After some little hesitation, he consented to become "King of the French," and there was nothing left for Charles X. but to depart. Escorted by the commissioners sent by the new king for the purpose, the royal family passed with slow stateliness on their way to the sea coast, taking a fortnight in reaching Cherbourg. The last pageant of the departing dynasty was witnessed for the most part with silent respect. The little Duc de Bordeaux and his sister, ignorant of the meaning of it all, stood at the carriage windows, bowing and kissing their hands in their childish way to the people, and the sight of the children made the tears start to many eyes. The Duchess of Angoulême sat in one of the carriages, silent and alone, save for a lady-in-waiting. It seemed a hard fate that condemned her once more to exile. It was the 16th of August, 1830, when they embarked for England, and it was characteristic of the duchess that she lingered longest on the deck, watching the shores of France as they receded for the last time from her sight.

The exiles landed at Weymouth, and spent two months under the hospitable roof of Cardinal Weld at Lulworth Castle. Thence they repaired to Edinburgh, where they occupied the palace of Holyrood. Thence, in the end of the year 1832, they returned to the Continent, and took up their residence in the old Hradschin palace at Prague. From Prague they removed to Goritz, and here, in the winter of 1836, Charles X. died. Eight years later the Duchess of Angoulême was left a widow.

The last years of her life were spent at Frohsdorf, a plain, somewhat uninteresting house near Neustadt, commanding a prospect over the plain which extends to the borders of Styria, which had been purchased for her from Caroline Murat, the ex-Queen of Naples, and to which she retired after her husband's death. The Duc de Bordeaux (better known to modern readers as the Comte de Chambord) and his sister, afterwards Duchess of Parma, resided with her, and old and faithful courtiers and servants—all of whom were French—formed her household. Distinguished Frenchmen often visited Frohsdorf, and were always received graciously and kindly. In 1848 the news was brought to the duchess of the fall of

Louis Philippe. "It is enough," she said, as the story brought vividly before her the memory of another fall eighteen years before, "I dare not listen any more; we are too completely avenged."

It was a sorrow to her that her nephew seemed content to let opportunities slip past him, and she had at last to acknowledge that he was unlikely to regain the throne of his ancestors. His training had been of a narrowing character, and he lacked the energy and the decision which, if exercised at the right time, might have led to great results.

The end came to the Duchess of Angoulême at Frohsdorf, in the autumn of 1851. Her illness lasted only two days, and she died on the 16th of October, the fifty-eighth anniversary of her mother's execution. We may not doubt that the happiest day of her long, eventful life was that which marked its close, and re-united her at last to all those she loved. "I do not fear death," she wrote, in her last will, "and, lacking merit of my own, I place all my trust in the mercy of God. . . . After the example of my parents, I pardon with my entire soul, and without exception, all those who have injured or offended me; sincerely praying God to extend to them His mercy, and to me also for the pardon of my sins. I pray God to shower down His blessings upon France—France, that I have never ceased to love under my bitterest affliction."

She was buried, in accordance with her expressed wish, in the vault of the Franciscan Convent at Goritz, between her husband and the King, her father-in-law. In the same vault there now rest the two children over whose early years she had watched with tender care—Henri Duc de Bordeaux and Comte de Chambord, and Louise Marie Thérèse Duchess of Parma.

A few words which form the close of an article on the Duchess of Angoulême, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* at the time of her death, sum up her life history so concisely, that I append them here by way of conclusion:—

"Of the seventy-three years of her life, she passed eight (the best of her youth) in restraint or in a dungeon, and thirty-eight in exile, and yet she died acknowledging the mercies and the glory of God. Let us who have not known affliction, or who have been but lightly visited, derive wisdom from the instruction offered us by the pious daughter of Louis Seize and Marie Antoinette."

R. W. R.

[THE END.]