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 kindliness, 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 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.)

* 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.

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 youngers.

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 *déjeûner*. 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 *peccavi*, 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 youngers! There was one poor little two-year-old who had come but lately—a dark, defiant, irritable specimen of orphandom, who slunk away into corners, and would not be consoled. One parent had been French, the other English, but she understood only French.

All the other children did their best to amuse and nurse her, and she was rarely out of the arms of one or another, when she would condescend to get into them. So it was with all. And they seemed and were so happy. If they ever cried or were naughty, which, of course, was the case sometimes, we never found it out. Under the huge chestnut trees that surrounded the house there was nothing but laughter and snatches of hymns, and within its gigantic boughs no sound but birds chirping to their young.

One day we heard the children capping verses, which ended with "Like a lark, in de dark. Like an eagle, in de. . . ." No rhyme could be found. Which of our girls could supply one? Almost all of these children had a strong foreign accent, and the *th* was pain and grief to them. Some, though born of English parents, were yet bred in Paris; others had a parent of each nationality; most had been more in France than England. Many of those who were not actually orphans had been deserted by their French fathers, who, having married English-women in England, were not compelled to acknowledge them as wives in their own country. The French marriage law is very complicated, and unless all its provisions are fulfilled the union is not legal. Hence, the children are worse than orphans—their mother worse than widowed. Men calling themselves gentlemen have deserted some of these children, and left them, with their English mothers, to poverty and degradation, or to the tender mercy of strangers.

Here Miss Leigh and the Orphanage have come to the rescue, and, both in the past and present, have relieved those disavowed by their natural protector. Their stories are very sad, but there are few indexes of them on the bright faces of the children. It is the weary mothers who must bear the burden. However, the foreign accent does not interfere with the voices, which are sweet and well trained.

"Don't they sing nicely!" said an admiring critic, three years of age, to us, as she sat by our side, beating time.

This mite could speak the two languages. Her French father had, however, not deserted her, but had been removed by death. Her mother died in the English hospital, committing her to the care of one of the benevolent ladies of the Homes, who adopted her. Others have similarly adopted children.

"My mamma is in heaven," said she, pointing her tiny finger upwards with a strange solemnity, and then proceeding with infantine simplicity to tell all she knew of her previous life, which seemed to have been innocent as herself.

Her appreciation of the singing was not ill founded. Eight of the elder girls were in the church choir, and their training enabled them to lead the rest. They went every Friday evening to Christ Church for their practice, and the little excitement made a pleasant change in their routine life. Not that it was dull or monotonous. Every Saturday the whole house was astir, and all the children swarmed over it from morning till night, scrubbing, dusting, brushing, washing, till every corner was swept and cleansed, from dormitory to living-room. How busy they were, and how bright all looked against Sunday!

We went to Christ Church on Trinity Sunday, when thanksgivings were offered for our beloved Queen on the 50th anniversary of her reign, by all the English in Paris. It was very suggestive. Sunday, the "day of days," was religiously kept, both at church and at home prayer and praise ascending indoors, while the usual labour proceeded outside; but there was also one particular weekday during our visit that deserves chronicling. On this day the children donned their best frocks, hats, and blue cloaks, and marched, as on Sunday, in procession to Christ Church. This sacred building was at last completed, and the south aisle was to be consecrated by Bishop Titcomb. This really beautiful church is another result of Miss Leigh's indefatigable labours, she having obtained funds to build it near the Orphanage.

The final dedication of His house to Him was very interesting; not only because it was set apart to the service of the Triune God at the season of Trinity, but because the orphans were seated down the middle aisle and in the choir. They and the congregation formed a contingent of the 20,000 English estimated to be in Paris. The bishop's reverent manner and consecration address, together with the prayers, were very impressive, and it is a matter of thankfulness that in these our days "peoples of other tongues" and creeds can worship unmolested in countries not their own. On this occasion Miss Leigh, her voluntary helpers, some of the inmates of her Homes, and the children of her Orphanage united with other English to "praise the Lord for His goodness to the children of men." And this in the French capital!

Another marked day followed quickly upon this. If Saturday was memorable for its scrubbings, this was more so, for was not the baroness, who had built the schoolrooms as well as a new wing for the special habitation of our foundress, coming to give the prizes to the children?

"Rest and quiet!" we murmured, "where are they?" And the echo answered, "Where?" But we really enjoyed the bustle most.

When the house and its inmates were made as clean as soap and water, brushes and flannel could make them, we all breathlessly awaited our guests. The big schoolroom gradually filled with friends, and the children's copybooks and needlework were duly inspected and admired. Miss Leigh was everywhere, and when the baroness arrived, accompanied by Bishop Titcomb, took her place with them and a few others on the platform. The children marched in, two by two, singing a hymn, and took their seats opposite. Prize-giving is always a pleasant sight, and as the chaplain of Neuilly read the names of the winners and placed the books in the hands of the baroness, she must have been indeed gratified to present them to the orphaned children, of whom she was the benefactress. She performed her task simply and gracefully, and when it was over said a few kindly words to the children. "Isn't she nice? Isn't she pretty?" they whispered afterwards, and the answer was an emphatic "Yes."

The names of the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild and that of Ada Leigh will henceforth be happily joined, and generations of children will, we hope, be taught to love them. Those present sang them their prettiest songs and hymns, and the eyes of many of the listeners glistened as they heard them. Short speeches from the bishop and Mr. Harrison concluded the little ceremony, after which the elder girls hastened to the sitting-room, where tea was prepared for the visitors. They waited well, and gave promise of soon becoming accomplished handmaidens, when they, like their predecessors, have to earn their living. Of course, they were delighted and flattered when they ministered to their own particular baroness.

But we must not linger over this scene, promising as it is, because we must draw "the moral from our tale." English girls should be warned not to contract marriages with foreigners, or to leave their own country unadvisedly. These children are the fruit of such alliances, or of a foolish desire to roam. Sad stories are daily heard of girls who come from all parts of Great Britain, Ireland, and America to Paris, sometimes to starve, at others to die. They are often attracted by advertisements, which may lead them to a fate even worse than starvation and death. To all we say emphatically, "Stop at home"; but to those who come, we would give the address of Miss Leigh's Homes for English Girls. At 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, they will find protection and receive good counsel. There they can get board and lodging at a moderate charge, and may possibly obtain a situation by means of the free registry. But before leaving England a girl should write to the secretary for advice, and if she has been misled by some advertisement or doubtful situation, the ladies of the Home will make inquiries and set her right.

As in England, so in Paris and other foreign capitals, wicked people are ever at hand to deceive the unsuspecting, and many innocent but incautious girls have been lured by them to their destruction. Let the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER take this to heart, and in these days of restless wandering ask for Divine guidance first, and then for advice from people well informed in such matters before they leave their native land. Unhappily, some have come to Paris from America, as well as England, without the parental consent, and have come to the Home in a state of utter destitution, and even insanity, or, not knowing of the Home, have been found dead in their lodgings. These are not isolated cases, but, alas! too frequently occurring. We repeat, Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, will at least, with God's help, avert such calamities.

Everyone sympathises with the struggles of the young and their desire to help their parents. But yesterday we had a conversation with a Scotch governess who had been many years in Paris, and who sent the best part of her earnings home to aid in the maintenance of an aged father; but all this time she had been unable to visit that father, and had it not been for our Home and Institute might have been herself destitute. Those orphans who have reached the age of seventeen are about to be placed in service, and are hoping, perhaps, to assist the one parent still left to some of them. They are well trained, and their start in life will be carefully guided. Two of them were confirmed last week, and every care had been taken previously to show them the way of salvation. May they walk in it!

They can as yet scarcely realise the extreme difficulty of supporting the establishment which has sheltered them, or all those other institutions connected with it. The food alone is a considerable item. "How well the children look," we remarked to one of the bigger girls. "We ought to be well; we eat enough," was her reply. And certainly they did seem to enjoy their meals when, with the untiring nurse at the head of one of the long tables, they partook of them in the large dining-room.

A difficulty has arisen in the transport of the said meals from the kitchen up a dark staircase to the refectories above ground. One of the girls was seriously injured, and Miss Leigh is appealing to the benevolent public for a lift, which, by conveying the heavy dishes, shall prevent similar accidents. She is, besides, asking for help in all sorts of ways. Money, of course; garments; lady workers who will not only labour gratuitously, but pay for their maintenance (they do all this cheerfully); and, finally, sympathy with a work that grows ever larger and larger. If instead of looking for rents in our neighbours' garments we helped to mend them, what a tidy world it would be! And if we all sympathised instead of finding fault with one another, what a peaceful family Mother Earth would have! She would soon become Eden again. Let us all help on this blessed consummation.