

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

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LOUIS-PHILIPPE was born October 6, 1773; he is consequently sixty-seven. But his health is vigorous, and he has no marks of either age or indolence. His countenance is familiar to us from his pictures, and is manly, open, and good-humoured. His frame is largely moulded, but he moves with much ease. On the whole, he has much more the look of a prosperous and healthy English gentleman, than of a foreigner. He speaks and writes English very well, and is acquainted with several of the continental languages: a rather rare acquisition in a country which thinks "French sufficient for every want, and every region of mankind." He has also the unusual merit, in a land where the opera-dancers and singers reign triumphant, to respect domestic morality—to be as good a husband as he is an affectionate father; and thus to set an example, which is as much a rebuke to his predecessors as it is thrown away upon his people.

An anecdote, highly honourable to his sense of public duty, is mentioned on the authority of Stevenson, the American Envoy in London. Some extraordinary occurrence having called a French Statesman to the palace as late as two o'clock in the morning, he found the King in his cabinet, examining the case of a man condemned to execution. The Envoy afterwards ascertained that the King keeps a register, recording the name of every person capitally condemned, the decision, and its reasons. Frequently, in the still hours of the night, he performs the task of investigating those cases, and adds to the record the circumstances which influenced his decision.

The Envoy, probably, did not know, that the great and good George III. had pursued nearly the same practice fifty years before; weighed the evidence with the deepest anxiety; and generally shut himself up in his cabinet at Windsor, (it was presumed in prayer) during the hour appointed for the execution in London.

The early career of Louis-Philippe seems to have been intended to prepare him for the rank which he now holds. The best teacher of princes is clearly adversity. Swift, with dexterous sarcasm, says that "riding is the only thing that princes ever do well, because horses are no flatterers." The horrors of the Revolution may now be assisting him to some of that anti-revolutionary wisdom, of which he appears the only present possessor in France. But the difficulties of his early years unquestionably furnished a school in which vigilance, activity, and firmness were the natural lessons. The unhappy politics of his father involved the young prince in the revolutionary cause. He joined the army, and served with distinction in the invasion of Flanders, under Dumourier.

An interesting anecdote connected with this part of his life, was mentioned by the King in an address to his officers, at one of the reviews at Fontainebleau, as an encouragement to good conduct. Among the manœuvres performed at the camp, was the formation of a square to resist the charges of cavalry, the King and his cortege taking their places within the square, as is done upon the field when necessary. In his address to his officers, the King remarked that, in 1792, a charge upon the Austrian cavalry, in one of the battles on the northern frontier, had compelled a part of the division to form a similar square, into which he threw himself, and repulsed the enemy. "In the ranks of that square," said the King, "were two private soldiers; and now, full of honours and years, they are present upon the ground." One of them was Marshal Gerard.

Soult had also been a private soldier. A debate having taken place in the Chamber of Peers, in which it was said the order of St. Louis was never given to private soldiers; Soult stated, on his personal knowledge, that the *croix* was occasionally so given for distinguished services. "I myself," said he, "was a private soldier for six years before the Revolution, and all my aspirations were bounded by a hope of obtaining this distinction." He was then a Marshal of France, Minister of Foreign Affairs, President of the Council, and acknowledged the first General of the kingdom.

As the reign of terror advanced, the suspicions of the Jacobins in Paris were turned more dangerously on the young Duke of Orleans. He was then a mere boy; but the blood-royal of France was every where obnoxious, and the guillotine would evidently have been his portion, but for the activity of his escape. He fled into Switzerland, and being wholly destitute of pecuniary resources, and also knowing the necessity for disguise, he became a public professor at an establishment for education at Riehenau. Here he remained eight months, teaching geography, history, the French and English languages, and mathematics. Previously to admission, he underwent a severe and satisfactory examination; and on quitting the professorship, he received a certificate acknowledging his services. He was then but twenty-two years of age, and he not only managed to preserve his incognito, but was elected a deputy to the assembly at Coire. He was, however, still anxious to join the army, and left Switzerland to act as aide-de-camp under General Montesquieu, with whom he remained till 1794; but the Jacobins again menaced his life, and he finally abandoned France. He now repaired to Hamburg, thence travelled to Denmark and Sweden, and settled in Norway, at Christiana. There a curious circumstance occurred, to startle him with fear of discovery. One day, when about to return with a family from the country, he heard one of the party call aloud—

"The carriage of the Duke of Orleans!"

His first impression was that he was recognised; but preserving his presence of mind, and first trying his ground—

"Why," said he to the person in question, "did you call on the carriage of the Duke of Orleans, and what connexion have you with the Prince?"

"None at all," was the tranquillizing answer; "but when I was at Paris, whenever I came from the Opera, I heard them calling out, 'the carriage of the Duke of Orleans.' Having been more than once stunned with the noise, I just took it into my head to repeat the call."

From Norway he advanced into the country of the Laplanders, and traversed on foot the land extending to the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. He then returned to Denmark, still under an assumed name; but having made up his mind not to serve against France, he declined an invitation to join the army of the Prince of Conde. But the condition of things in France was horrible, and he had to taste of its bitterness. His father had died upon the scaffold, his mother had been imprisoned at Marseilles, and his two brothers had been imprisoned at Marseilles, where they were treated with republican cruelty. The Duke still contrived to evade pursuit; but this only rendered him a stronger object of suspicion to the men of blood. At length, a communication was opened between the Directory and the Duchess of Orleans, stating that if she could find out her eldest son, and induce him to leave Europe altogether, and go to America, her own condition would be rendered more tolerable, the sequestration removed from her property, and his two brothers be permitted to rejoin him. To this proposal the Duchess assented, and wrote him a letter recommending its acceptance, and adding:—"May the prospect of relieving the sufferings of your poor mother, of rendering the situation of your brothers less painful, and of contributing to give quiet to your country, recompense your generosity."

His answer was in the spirit of filial duty. He acceded to her request, and concluded by saying, "When my dear mother shall receive this letter, her orders will be executed, and I shall have sailed for the United States."

The ship "American," Captain Ewing, a regular trader between Philadelphia and Hamburg, was then lying in the Elbe, preparing for her departure. The Prince passing for a Dane, engaged his passage for the usual amount, (at that time thirty-five guineas.) He found here some of the natural inconveniences of secrecy. Being anxious to avoid observation in Hamburg, he asked permission of the captain to be received on board, and remain a few days before his departure. This demand made the captain conceive that he was embarking an escaped swindler; but, after some reluctance, he complied. Late in the night before the ship sailed, when the Prince had gone to bed, an elderly Frenchman who was to be his only fellow-passenger, came on board. This old personage not only found fault with everything, but was shocked at finding that his little English could not help him. He called for an interpreter, and in the morning seeing the Prince, and telling him that "he spoke French very well for a Dane," installed him in the office. This curious personage, a French planter, returning to St. Domingo, probably helped to lighten the weariness of the voyage to him by the employment. The vessel reached the Delaware after a passage of twenty-seven days.

On nearing the American coast, the Prince told the captain who he was, and the captain returned this confidence by another—the acknowledgment that he had supposed him to be committed in some gambling transaction, which compelled him to fly from Europe! The old gentleman, however, was left in ignorance until he heard the news in public, when he called to express his surprise, and to pay his congratulations.

Philadelphia was at this period the seat of the Federal Government, with Washington for its President. The Prince's two brothers had arrived after an exhausting passage of ninety-three days, which alarmed him with the idea that they had been lost, or again seized by the Directory. The three young strangers were presented to Washington, who invited them to Mount Vernon. The King describes his manners as they have been described by others—he was comparatively silent, methodical in his division of time, and careful in its use. The arrangement of his household was that of a wealthy Virginia gentleman of the old school—unostentatious, comfortable, and leaving his guests to fill up their hours as they thought fit, but at the same time providing whatever was necessary for pleasant employment. One morning, after the usual salutations, the Prince asked him how he had slept on the preceding night. It is probable that his thoughts might have turned upon the evils of the republican press. "I always sleep well," said he; "for I never wrote a word in my life which I afterwards had reason to regret."

From Mount Vernon the brothers set out on horseback, with nothing but their saddle-bags to supply them, during a journey through the "western country." Washington gave them an itinerary, and they penetrated the country to a great extent—in those days of the Wilderness and the Indian, a bold enterprise. This excursion took up four months, and they travelled about three thousand miles. A fragment of a letter from one of the brothers, the Duc de Montpensier, gives a formidable conception of their experience. It is written to his sister, the Princess Adelaide of Orleans:—

"To give you an idea of the agreeable manner in which they travel in this country, I shall tell you that we passed fourteen nights in the woods, devoured by all kinds of insects, after being wet to the bone, without being able to dry ourselves, and eating pork, and sometimes a little salt beef and Indian corn bread."

At New York, they learned that fortune had not yet grown weary of persecuting their family, a decree having been issued for the expulsion of all the Bourbons from France. The Duchess of Orleans was then driven to take refuge in Spain, where her sons now prepared to join her. But the American seas being obstructed by French vessels, they set out for the Havannah. On the way the Prince exhibited his skill in the art of surgery, so much to the admiration of a party of settlers, going to the west, that they proposed to him to go along with them, and offered him the appointment of surgeon to the village!

They embarked from New Orleans in an American vessel for the Havannah. On their passage they were chased by a frigate under the tri-coloured flag. This was an anxious moment; for, if found on board the American by a ship of the Republic, they could expect nothing but to be carried to France, and there to share the common fate of the French nobility. But, to their great joy, they found that the frigate was English—were welcomed on board by the gallant captain, treated with the attention due to their rank and misfortunes, and by him carried to the Havannah.

On his return to Europe, the Duke found his relatives, the Royal Family of Naples, in Sicily, fugitives like himself. There he married their eldest Princess, to whom, after a union of thirty years, he exhibits unabated respect and attachment.