

of France crossed the Channel to Weymouth, whence they proceeded to Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire. Their next resting place was at the Royal Palace of Holyrood, at Edinburgh; but at the end of 1832 Charles X. and his doleful train of kindred and dependents again became wanderers, and took up their quarters in the Castle of the Uradschin, at Prague, the rambling old Bohemian *schloss* now inhabited by the abdicated Austrian Kaiser, Ferdinand. For three years and seven months did they abide in the Hardschin; after that they established themselves at Goritz, in Illyria, where Charles X. died, on the 6th of November, 1835. The Duc de Bordeaux, after his grandfather's death, continued to reside at Goritz with his uncle Louis Antoine de France, whom bigoted Legitimists persisted notwithstanding the renunciation of Rambouillet, in styling "Louis XIX."—with his aunt, Marie Thereso, and his sister Louise. On the 23rd July, 1841, the young Prince, who had been passing some time at the Castle of Kirchberg, near Vienna, nearly lost his life by a fall from his horse. He escaped with a broken hip-bone. It may here be stated his early education had been conducted mainly by the Comte de Barante, the Duc de Levis, and General de Latour-Foissac. Accompanied by his preceptors, he traveled in succession through England, Germany, and Italy, settling for some months in Rome, where he devoted himself, it is stated, very sedulously to artistic study. He abode, in the Eternal City, at the Palazzo Conti. At the Palazzo Madama, not far from him, there was then dwelling another Exile—an old, a very old lady, whose maiden name was Letizia Lamolini, but who is better known as "Madame Mere"—the mother of Napoleon. It would be strange to inquire whether the grandmamma of the little King of Rome ever crossed carriages with the grandson of Charles X. on the Pincian Hill. The sojourn of the Duc de Bordeaux in Rome was eminently distasteful to the French Government; and the Ambassador of France at the Vatican, M. Chabaud-Latour, went so far as to hold threatening language to Pope Gregory XVI., hinting at the possibility of a French squadron appearing off Civita Vecchia if the Holy Father persisted in receiving the exiled Bourbon. In 1842 the Duc de Bordeaux came to England—to London, where a residence in Belgrave-square had been prepared for him—and his modest mansion soon became the shrine of a numerous and influential pilgrimage of Legitimists from France. Conspicuously among those devotees of the Right Divine came the Baron de Larcy, with four other members of the Chamber of Deputies—MM. de Valmy, Berryer, Chateaubriand, and the Duc de Fitz-James. The visit of these gentlemen to Belgrave Square was regarded by the French Ministry in the light of a political and anti-Orleanist demonstration. M. Guizot, then at the head of Louis Philippe's Cabinet, was furious, and, on their return to France, the five Legitimist deputies had no option but to resign their seats in the Chamber. Their constituents forthwith re-elected them, and the "incident" terminated fortunately without anybody being sent to prison. M. de Larcy, it may be mentioned, is the same gentleman who not long since accepted, under the presidency of M. Thiets, the portfolio of Minister of Commerce.

In 1845 died the uncle of Henri de France, the Duc d'Angouleme. Shortly after this event, the Prince—to be Duc de Bordeaux no larger—notified the Great Powers that, as Head of the House of Bourbon, he pro-

tested against the dynastic changes which had taken place since 1830 in France, and against the usurpation of the crown on the part of Louis Philippe d'Orleans. He very gravely and amply formulated his own inalienable rights to the throne; but added that he was unwilling to insist upon the vindication of his claims until, according to his conscience and conviction, the moment had arrived when his presence in his native country was imperatively demanded and might become veritably useful. Thus, he signified his intention to assume for the present the title of Comte de Chambord in his relations with foreign Courts. Having launched this manifesto—of which neither Europe in general nor France in particular took the slightest notice—the Comte de Chambord, his aunt, and his sister removed from Goritz to the Castle of Frohsdorf, an estate heretofore belonging to the ancient French family of De Blacas. In 1845 the Comte married, at Gratz, in Styria, the Archduchess Marie Thereso of Austria and Este, Princess Ducal of Modena. No offspring has been the fruit of this union. The Comte's sister "Mademoiselle," Louise de France, was married to the Infante of Spain, Hereditary Prince and Duke of Parma and Piacenza, a Sovereign of tendencies somewhat too mediæval—he was an atrocious miscreant—and who was very mediævally and completely assassinated one Sunday morning in Parma by a countryman, to a member of whose family he had done a foul wrong. His widow governed the Duchy as Regent during the minority of her son, Duke Robert, until the Duchies of Parma and Piacenza were swallowed up by the "Sub-Alpine King" Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia. Let it be likewise borne in mind, as another of the odd points of contact between the Bourbons and the Bonapartes, that these Duchies of Parma and Piacenza, with the Principality of Guastalla, formed the appanage allotted by the Congress of Vienna, to Maria Louisa, ex Empress of the French, and Archduchess of Austria, when Napoleon was sent to Ebba. As for the spouse of the Comte de Chambord, her father, the Duke of Modena, was another of the potty Italian potentates dispossessed in 1860 by the omnivorous "Re Sabando." The confidential friends of the Comte, the Duke of Levis in particular, have frequently been blamed for having favoured the marriage of Henri de France with the Modenese Princess, who is two years older than her Consort.

The personal appearance of the Comte de Chambord is comely, dignified and agreeable. As we have before hinted, his profile resembles that of his grand uncle Louis XVIII—a moustache and whiskers of a slightly Austrian cavalry cut being allowed for. His demeanour is easy, graceful, and unstudied. He is slightly above the middle height, and more than slightly given to *embonpoint* the family failing—if it be not the family favour—of the Elder Branch. His forehead is remarkably high and smooth. His voice is sonorous and peculiarly attractive. His acquirements as a linguist—especially in English—are, it is reported, remarkable; he is in every respect accomplished, and is a very brilliant conversationalist. The Prince is an early riser, seldom quitting his apartment latter than six in the morning. The day commences with the examination and rectification of an exceedingly voluminous correspondence, to which he gives his personal attention, answering a large number of letters with his own hand. The remainder of the epistolary duties fall to the share of M. de Blacas. Next the French and other

newspapers, of which weighty packets are every day received at Frohsdorf, are glanced through and sorted; the Prince again personally superintending their perusal, making numerous extracts and clippings with his own hands, and fitting the journals for future reference, with extraordinary patience and exactitude. Nor is this systematised method, perhaps, to be marvelled at. The time must have hung so heavily on our hands these forty years past! From journalism the Prince proceeds to equitation. He is passionately fond of horsemanship—his broken hip-bone notwithstanding—and his stables are magnificently stocked. Towards nine in the morning he starts for an airing on horseback, accompanied by a single servant, or by some gentleman on a visit to Frohsdorf. At half past ten he returns to breakfast—a very simple meal, the Prince being neither "gourmand" nor "gourmet." The repast never lasts longer than half an hour; the Comte taking the head of the table, Madame la Comtesse sitting on his right; and the *vis à vis* being occupied by one of his confidential friends. The seat to the left is reserved for any visitor who may be staying at the Chateau. The meal over, the Prince adjourns to the smoking room, there to sup a cup of coffee. He talks freely upon ordinary topics, receives visitors, and gives audience to persons coming on business. During the remainder of the day he usually devotes two or three hours to writing, after which, accompanied by the Princess he takes a ride in the park or in the environs of Frohsdorf, returning to dinner, which is served at seven o'clock, and lasts precisely one hour. Beyond the rules of exalted etiquette, which are, of course, rigidly observed, there is no restraint on the conversation that concludes the evening; and by ten o'clock all is quiet in the Castle of Frohsdorf. What a life! The days pass, and do resemble each other, and so they have done, with but very few intervals of variation, for more than a quarter of a century. Let it be also mentioned that the Comte and Comtesse are both passing wealthy; but that a large portion of their revenues annually expended in pensions, annuities, and donations to the neighbouring poor, and to indigent French people of all ranks and classes in society. Such as we have been enabled to sketch his story and that of his belongings, is the Man Henri Dieudonne de France, of whom his heroic mother, the Duchesse de Berry, wrote twenty years since to an old and faithful adherent—"If he were known, as he is, I have not the slightest doubt that his name would become once and universally popular—as popular as that of Henri Quatre, even with these who are now most prejudiced against him. It is what all who see him feel, and you will not wonder at his mother acknowledging and being proud of it."

Kingston, Jam., Dec. 13.—News from Hayti is unsatisfactory. President Nissage Saget will not vacate the Presidency except to establish Gen. Dominique therein, and as there is the party in the House of Representatives determined not to have Dominique at all, trouble is therefore imminent. Dominique is ready for any emergency that may arise. He was heard to say, "Ah, they do not want me for President, but they shall have me." Nissage Saget keeps the peace with a firm hand.

Black troops have been shipped for service in the Ashantee war.