

THE RIVER OF TIME.

On a wonderful stream is the River Time,
 And it flows through the realm of Tears;
 With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
 And a broadening sweep and a surge sublime,
 As it blends with the Ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
 And the summer like butts between;
 And the years and the shovels how they come
 and go.

On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,
 As they glide in the shadow and shoon.

There's a magic Isle up the River of Time,
 Where the softest of airs are playing;
 There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
 And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,
 And the June with the roses are staying.

And the name of that Isle is the 'Long Ago,'
 And we bury our treasures there;
 There are bows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
 (There are heaps of dust but we loved them so.)
 There are trinkets and treasures of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sing,
 And a part of an infant's prayer,
 There's a harp unwept and a lute without string,
 There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
 And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when that fairy
 shore,
 By the mirages lifted in air,
 And sometimes we hear through the turbulent
 war,
 Sweet voices we've heard in the days gone before,
 When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh remembered for aye be that blessed Isle,
 All the days of life till night;
 And when evening comes with a beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closed to slumber while,
 May that greenwood of soul be in sight.

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

THE EXILE OF FORTY YEARS.

(From the London Telegraph.)

Innumerable appointments and promotions in the Legion of Honour, the revived order of the Saint Esprit, and the newly created one of St. Michael took place in honour of the birth of Henri de France. Royal munificence, amnesties, favours of every kind were showered down on the people. The young mother had only to ask, and her every request was granted by the delighted old King. The child's cradle—a miracle in itself of rare woods, ivory, and mother o' pearl—was the most sumptuous ever seen in France since—well, since when? Since that day, perchance when, with Kings and Kaisers for sponsors, and with consecrated water from the river Jordan, an Archbishop of Paris baptised the Son of Napoleon the Great. As a mark of Royal gratitude and high condescension towards the noble city of the Garonne—which had, in 1814, shown her loyalty to the House of Bourbon (not without some encouragement and assistance from a certain Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington) by welcoming within her walls Monseigneur le Duc d'Angouleme and had again earned distinction in 1815 by protesting against the return from Elba of the Corsican Usurper, while offering an asylum to Madame la Duchesse d'Angouleme—the infant Henri was created Duc de Bordeaux. Just fifty years afterwards, in that same city of the Garonne, the legislative compromise known as the "Pacte de Bordeaux" was concluded. The outcome of the Pact is the imminent conversion of the Comte de Chambord, Duc de Bordeaux, into Henri Cinq, King of France and Navarre. As for his comital title, that designation he derived from the castle and estate of Chambord, a very ancient Royal demesne near Blois. It had become national property, and being for sale in 1520, was in danger of falling into the hands of a knot of speculators called "La Bande Noire," who were in the habit of purchasing historic mansions for the Vandalic purpose of pulling them down, selling the land in small lots to

farmers, and disposing of the valuable debris of the antique castle, such as sculptures, carvings, painted windows, ceilings, and oak panelling, to the old curiosity dealers. A public subscription rescued the Chateau de Chambord from the Iconoclasts of the Black Band; and the mansion and estate were presented, as a testimonial of the affection of the French people, to the baby Duke. When he came to man's estate, in the tenth year of his dreary exile, he assumed the *quasi incognito* title of Comte de Chambord, just as Peter the Great in his travels was called "Comte de Nord," Louis XVIII. in exile, "Comte de Lille," the Duchesse d'Angouleme, "Comtesse Marnes," and the ex King Joseph Bonaparte, "Comte de Survilliers." The estate of Chambord was not confiscated when Louis Philippe, by the cleverest of "flukes," ascended the throne; nor was the exiled Prince forced to sell the testimonial of French affection; and throughout the duration of the July Monarchy, together with that of the Second Empire, the Chateau de Chambord remained untenanted but intact, under the care of a few ancient servitors clad in the Bourbon livery.

The first ten years of the little Duke's life were passed as those of heirs presumptive to great thrones generally have been passed. He was of, course, lapped in luxury, swaddled in obsequious homage, and weaned on adulation. His great uncle, King Louis, died; his grandfather, King Charles X., ascended the throne, and notwithstanding his splendid coronation and consecration in the Cathedral of Rheims—did somewhat badly as a Monarch; so badly, indeed, that by the end of July, 1830, the mob were in the Tuilleries, the army was disorganized, the crown in the kennel, and the Monarchy nowhere. In the midst of the last spasms of expiring Royalty a knot of fanatical Legitimists hastened to the palace of St. Cloud, where the Duchesse de Berri was residing with the young Prince, for the purpose of persuading her to waylay the Duke of Orleans—soon to be appointed Lieutenant-General of the kingdom—on his way from Neuilly, to extort from him a promise of fidelity; or, if necessary, to have him seized by force and detained as a hostage. Then the Duchess was to enter Paris, and traverse the boulevards with her son in her arms, imploring the compassion of the people for "the child of a martyr and the victim of an old man's imbecility." The brave young Duchess highly approved of this plan; a number of plucky Legitimist gentlemen were ready to aid her with their swords; and there is no saying but that the madcap enterprise might have succeeded had it not been for the veto of the impracticable Charles X., conveyed through the Baron de Damas. The unhappy King was utterly discouraged, and had lost all hope of regaining the crown sacrificed by his consummate obstinacy and folly. It may be said almost literally that the Bourbon Monarchy in July, 1830, tumbled over like a house of cards; for when all was lost, and the raging mob were on their way to St. Cloud, Charles X., quietly sat down to a game of whist with the Duchesse de Berri, the Duc de Luxembourg, and the Duc de Duras. Monsieur de Mortemart came to tell him that the troops were mutinying, but that there was some chance of their returning to their allegiance if the Duc d'Angouleme were permitted to place himself at their head. "Wait till to-morrow," announced, Charles Dix, scoring, it may be presumed, the odd trick. Then his Majesty went to bed, and on the morrow the Modes and Persians were at the gate, and his kingdom has given to another.

Flying from St. Cloud to Trianon, and thence to Rambouillet, a wretched reunion took place of these bankrupt Bourbons. The gray disrowned King, the Duchesse de Berri, the little Duc de Bordeaux, and she the—heirress of unending woe—the Duchesse de Angouleme, all met together. At Rambouillet Charles X. wrote a solemn letter to the Duc d'Orleans, formally abdicating the crown in favour of his grandson Henri. The Dauphin, he continued, alluding to the Duc d'Angouleme, had likewise resigned his rights in favour of his nephew. Upon this, the infatuated Charles commanded Louis-Phillippo, on his allegiance as Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom—he was already *de facto* King of France—to proclaim the accession to the throne of Henry Cinq; to take all the necessary measures pertaining to his office in order to settle the form of government during the now King's minority; and to communicate the gracious intentions of himself, Charles X., to the diplomatic body. And so his late Majesty concluded, "I renew to you, my cousin, the assurance of the sentiments with which I am your affectionate cousin, CHARLES." An archdeacon could not have more gracefully fulfilled archidiaconal functions. The poor old gentleman shortly afterwards faded away from Rambouillet to Maintenon, a chateau belonging to the Noailles family. This was on the 4th of August, 1830. On the 5th the Royal family took their departure for the coast, the Duchesse de Berri leading her son by the hand. The Royal widow had by this time recovered some things of her old petulance and vivacity; for contemporary chronicles tell us that when she left the Chateau of Maintenon she was dressed *in male attire*, and as she lifted her son into the travelling carriage she exclaimed cheerfully, "Il no faut plus songer au depart, mais au retour"—"Never mind the going away; let's think of coming back." Everybody can come back, so it would appear—save the dead. The exiles were so poor that, when they arrived at Dreux, they were forced to sell some of the plate they had with them to defray their travelling expenses. Reaching Cherbourg, after a long and dolorous journey, the luckless group embarked on board a vessel which had been provided for their conveyance to England. A few officers and privates of his old Garde Royale accompanied the King to the place of embarkation. They handed him the regimental flags. "I receive your standards," he replied in a voice choked with sobs, "but this child shall one day return them to you," and he touched with a trembling hand the forehead of the Duc de Bordeaux. It was a parody—a respectable and affecting one but still a parody—of the adieux of Napoleon to his Old Guard in the courtyard at Fontainebleau.

With that dismal scene on the quay at Cherbourg commenced the forty years' exile of Henri de France. Forty years! The story of his life, so far as his public acts and deeds during that period are concerned, might be summarised in forty lines of print; yet what an immensity of sorrow must not the banished Prince have endured in the wide span of two score summers! It is only recently that the veil which for so long a time has screened the individuality of the Comte de Chambord from public view has been even partially lifted; but day by day the sum of facts will increase and accumulate, and the world will be put into full possession of all the circumstances connected with the career of the last "Son of St. Louis." The ascertained points in his history since August, 1830, may be very briefly stated. From Cherbourg the Royal Family