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The Garland.

[FOR THE OBSERVER.]

FAREWELL.

"*Since all must end in that wild word, Farewell.*"
[Byron.

Oh the deep anguish of that blighting word,
When first upon my youthful heart it fell,
As on her dying lips my soul I poured
And caught the murmur of her last Farewell!

Oh how it shattered every pleasing cord
That tuned responsive to my bosom's swell;
Nor can the fleeting joys of life afford
One pleasure to repay that word Farewell.

As through the unfolding scenes of life I stray,
Its echo haunts me like a sounding knell;
And each fair flower that chequers life's rough way
As I would grasp it, withering, bids Farewell.

St. John, Sept. 27th. L.

THE FIRST AND LAST VOYAGE.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

He went down the sloping lawn,
He entered the waving wood,
Where nought but the step of the bounding fawn
Broke on his solitude.

He sat by the mossey stone
Whence the clear rivulet gush'd,
And thoughts of childhood's hours by-gone
Upon his spirit rush'd.

No witness but the skies
And the stream's light waves were near;
And up from the heart to the bright young eyes
Flowed freely many a tear.

And he thought beneath these trees
He had many an hour beguiled;
And he bowed his head upon his knees,
And wept like a very child.

Past, past away full soon
Was the sorrow from his face,
Like a cloud from the sunny heaven of June,
That leaves behind no trace.

He reached the sandy shore,
Near which his vessel lay,
And the youthful wanderer it bore
On his earliest voyage away.

Away through the rushing waves,
And away through the boiling foam
That the vessel's side like a snow wreath laves—
It bore him from his home.

He reached the sea where never
The tide may roughly rise,
Where the ocean, like a placid river,
Reflects the stormless skies.

He looked on the islets fair,
And on the Indian lands,
Where the tall plumy palm trees rear
Their heads like armed bands.

And still he longed to turn
Again to his own dear shore,
And still his weary heart would burn
To see that land once more.

Again the noble ship
Is on the bounding sea,
And the waves, like a herald's briny lip,
Kiss its stout sides buoyantly.

O well that voyage—the first—
In stormless seas had past;
And he little deem'd that the storm should burst,
And this should be his last!

But the gallant bark was borne
To wreck by the frenzied main;
And he who left the shore that morn
Ne'er trod his own again.

Miscellanea.

"*We endeavour by variety to adapt some things to one reader, some to another, and a few perhaps to every taste.*"—Pliny.

ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

From the Anglo-Saxons we derive the names of the most ancient officers amongst us—of the greater part of the divisions of the kingdom, and of almost all our towns and villages. From them also we derive our language; of which the structure, and a majority of its words, much greater than those who have not thought on the subject would at first easily believe, are Saxon. Of sixty-nine words which make up the Lord's Prayer, there are only five not Saxon; the best example of the natural bent of our language, and of the words apt to be chosen by those who speak and write it without design. Of eighty-one words in the soliloquy of Handel, thirteen only are of Latin origin. Even in a passage of ninety words in Milton, whose diction is more learned than that of any other poet, there are only sixteen Latin words. In four verses of the authorised version of Genesis, which contain about a hundred and thirty words, there are no more than five Latin. In seventy nine words of Addison, whose perfect taste preserved him from a pedantic or constrained preference for any portion of the language, we find only fifteen Latin. In latter times the language has rebelied against the bad taste of those otherwise vigorous writers, who, instead of ennobling their style like Milton, by the position and combination of words, have tried to raise it by unusual and far-fetched expressions. Dr. Johnson himself from whose corruptions English style is only recovering, in eighty-seven words of his fine parallel between Dryden and Pope, has found means to introduce no more than twenty-one of Latin derivation. The language of familiar intercourse, the terms of jest and pleasantry, and those of necessary business, the idioms or peculiar phrases into which words naturally run, the proverbs, which are the condensed and pointed sense of the people, the particles on which our syntax depends, and which are of perpetual recurrence; all these foundations of a language are more decisive proofs of the Saxon origin of ours, than even the great majority of Saxon words in writing, and the still greater majority in speaking. In all cases where we have preserved a whole family of words, the superior significancy of a Saxon over a Latin term is most remarkable. "Well being arises from well doing," is a Saxon phrase, which may be thus rendered into the Latin part of the language:—"Felicity attends virtue;" but how inferior in force is the latter! In the Saxon phrase the parts or roots of words being significant in our language, and familiar to our eyes and ears, throw their whole meaning into the compounds and derivations, while the Latin words of the same import having their roots and elements in a foreign language, carry only a cold and conventional signification to an English ear. It must not be a subject of wonder that language should have many closer connexions with the thoughts and feeling which it denotes, than our philosophy can always explain. As words convey these elements of the character of each particular mind, so the structure and idioms of a language, those properties of it which, being known to us only by their effect, we are obliged to call its spirit and genius, seem to represent the character or assemblage of qualities which distinguish one people from others.—*Sir J. Mackintosh's History of England.*

POEMS OF OSSIAN.

Some fragments of the songs of the Scottish Highlanders, of very uncertain antiquity, appear to have fallen into the hands of Macpherson, a young man of no mean genius, unacquainted with the higher criticism applied to the genuineness of ancient writings, and who was too much a stranger to the studious world to have learnt those refinements which extend probity to literature as well as to property. Elated by the praise not unjustly bestowed on some of these fragments, instead of insuring a general assent to them by a publication in their natural state, he unhappily applied his talent for skilful imitation to complete poetical works in a style similar to the fragments, and to work them into the unsuitable shape of epic and dramatic poems. He was not aware of the impossibility of poems preserved only by tradition, being intelligible after thirteen centuries, to readers who knew only the language of their own times: and he did not perceive the extravagance of peopling the Caledonian mountains in the fourth century with a race of men so generous and merciful, so gallant, so mild, and so magnanimous, that the most ingenious romances of the age of chivalry could not have ventured to represent a single hero as on a level with their common virtues. He did not consider the prodigious absurdity of inserting as it were a people thus advanced in moral civilization, between the Britons, ignorant and savage as they are painted by Cæsar, and the Highlanders, fierce and rude as they are represented by the first accounts of the chroniclers of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries. Even the better part of the Scots were, in the latter period, thus spoken of:—"In Scotland ye shall find no man lightly of honour or gentleness, they are like wild and savage people."—The great historian who made the annals of Scotland a part of European literature had sufficiently warned his countrymen against such faults, by the decisive observation that their forefathers were unacquainted with the art of writing, which alone preserves language from total change, and great events from oblivion. Macpherson was encouraged to overleap these and many other improbabilities by youth, talent and applause: perhaps he did not at first distinctly present to his mind the permanence of the deception. It is more probable, and it is a supposition countenanced by many circumstances, that after enjoying the pleasure of duping so many critics, he intended one day to claim the poems as his own; but if he had such a design, considerable obstacles to its execution arose around him. He was loaded with so much praise, that he seemed bound in honour to his admirers not to desert them. The support of his own country appeared to render adherence to those poems which Scotland inconsiderably sanctioned by a sort of national obligation. Exasperated, on the other hand, by the, perhaps, unduly vehement and sometimes very coarse attacks made on him, he was unwilling to surrender to such opponents. He involved himself at last so deeply as to leave him no decent retreat. Since the keen and searching publication of Mr. Laing these poems have fallen in reputation, as they lost the character of genuineness. They had been admired by all the nations, and by all the men of genius in Europe. The last incident in their story is perhaps the most remarkable. In an Italian version, which softened their defects, and rendered their characteristic qualities faint, they formed almost the whole poetical library of Napoleon:—a man who, whatever may be finally tho't of him in other respects, must be owned to be, by the transcendant vigour of his powers, entitled to a place in the first class of human minds. No other imposture in literary history approaches them in the splendour of their course.—*Ibid.*

Childhood of Alfred.—Though he had reached the age of twelve before he acquired an art then so rare as that of reading, he was delighted with listening to the Anglo-Saxon songs. Judith, holding in her hands a volume of these poems, in which the beautiful characters pleased her husband's children, said to them, "I will give it to the one among you who first learns to read it."—"Will you?" eagerly asked Alfred, though the youngest, "Yes," said she, with a smile of pleasure. He suddenly snatched the volume out of her hands, and running to a schoolmaster, in no long time read or recited it to her. His great soul was roused by the love of letters, but not unmanned by it.—*Ibid.*

Extracts from the Canton Register.

Customs.—It was announced, in a Canton paper, the other day, that the infant son of a man of rank, had attained the age of one complete month. This intimation is a signal, both among rich and poor, for kindred and friends to offer congratulations, and send presents; such as rings for the wrists, and for the ankles; red vests, fruit, money, &c. Every one sends something according to his ability. The Father, to recompense his friends, prepares a feast, and invites them to drink wine. However rich the banquet may be, hen's eggs, and duck's eggs, dyed red, are an indispensible part of the entertainment. Also ginger steeped in a sour liquid. After drinking is finished—for drinking is, in Chinese phraseology, always the designation of a banquet,—after drinking, says the writer, is ended, each guest takes home with him three or four of the red eggs, and a bit of the ginger, that he also may have a son added to his family.

Missionaries.—In two works which have come to China this season, there are frequent references to missionaries. Mr. Madden, in his travels in Turkey, takes every opportunity to cavil at, and censure Missionaries. Dr. Philip, in his researches in South Africa, warmly defends them. The effects of Missions, he says, are not to be confined to what constitutes their principal object. The exertions made to accomplish that object, bring innumerable advantages connected with the improvement of the world, in their train. The extension of literature—the multiplication of books—translations into various languages—increase of Schools for the instruction of the natives—easy access to the literature of the East, &c.—are effects which have sprung from those exertions. With the translation of the Scriptures into the language of a kingdom, come translators, grammars, lexicons, type founders, and printers, with all their literary and scientific apparatus.—The literature of a country is brought into requisition, criticism and knowledge begin to circulate, and the collosion of mind which arises from opposition of sentiment, calls the slumbering energies of a nation into exercise. Knowledge always desires increase; it is like fire, which must first be kindled by some external agent, but which will afterwards propagate itself in every direction.

When, says Dr. Philip, the intellectual culture of man is the object under consideration, the preceptor has credit given him for what he effects, without having his unsuccessful labours attributed to himself or his system. But missionaries are often tried by another criterion.—While the objects of their mission have been declared impracticable, and treated with ridicule, they have been regarded as having done nothing, and caluminated simply because they have not wrought miracles—they have not extirpated every vice, and turned their converts into angels. But the husbandman does not expect a crop when he sows his seed; he must wait for it.—Philosophers and projectors had a hundred and fifty years to try their skill upon the Hottentots, before the christian missions commenced their labours in Africa, and the poor natives were as far from a state of civilization, as they were at the first introduction of Europeans among them. The Doctor's belief is that to christianize, is the shortest and safest way to civilize, in opposition to the common cry, civilize first, and christianize afterwards.

Bay of Gibraltar.—"A scene now presents itself that is scarcely to be equalled. You stand in the centre between two quarters of the globe, and two of its mighty seas. They are all within the little vista of your sight, and the sublimity of this reflection imparts additional charms to the natural beauty of every object round. As you advance a little, you lose sight of the Mediterranean, and your view is bounded on all sides by the most picturesque hills. Those of Andalusia bordering the bay, touched with deep shade, and based with the white and blue margin of the water. In the distance, the steep mountains of Grenada, blending into every hue that light and space can impart; and behind you the high double chain of the African mountains, whitened here and there with streaks of fleecy clouds over which they rear their heads. Your eye follows the sweeping circle of the bay that runs round from Cabrita point to the hill at Gibraltar, and the three white towns there imbedded in it lie before you. Algeziras on the left, creeping into the water, and backed up by a high mountain. San Roque sitting on the top, a green sloping hill at the other end, and Gibraltar on the right clinging upwards to the skirt of the rock. White sails speckle the surface of the bay, that like a mirror reflects the cloudless skies and the variegated flags of all nations glowing in the sun. Such is the scene as you enter the bay."—*Letters from Gibraltar, in the United Service Journal.*

The House of Commons.—The following calculations place the obligations of the public to the reporters in a novel, but very striking point of view. Supposing the gallery of the House of Commons (the "cock-loft," as it has been called, whence the represented, under the designation of "strangers," are permitted to observe the proceedings of their representatives) to be capable of affording accommodation to 120 persons, and that it be filled by different persons every night, only 600 persons would be enabled to visit the House in the course of a week.—The utmost average length of a session is about five months, or 22 weeks, of five days each, in which time 13,200 would be the number of visiters. Therefore the gallery, in 50 years, would not allow more than 660,000 individuals to obtain a glimpse of the business of legislation, and in 100 years the number would not exceed 1,320,000. In this way, a number equal to the present male population of Great Britain and Ireland would not be enabled to enter the gallery in less than eight hundred years.—*Atlas.*

Ladies' Fashions for July.—At *dinner time* the ladies are melancholy in a cap of white crape, and a chemisette of black; and their robe is black *gros de Naples*. In the *evening* they mourn in a black crape hat and ostrich feathers; and for the more hidden sorrow, wear underneath their robe of black crape, a dress of black silk. *Out of doors, gros de Naples* is resumed; and they are tender in "a transparent bonnet of black crape, with a fall of very short ditto, as clear as aerophane," and "slightly crimped." In the *morning* they are in "plain black batiste over a black silk petticoat," and express their misery in "deep hems."—*Ibid.*

Novel School Punishment.—A schoolmaster in our fair city has discovered a most ingenious method of making the boys attentive to their tasks. He procured a large doll, and got it dressed in the costume of a suckling. When any boy is behind with his lesson, his punishment is to nurse the child for half an hour.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

FRANCE.

CAUSES AND PROGRESS OF THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The following outline of the history of the above mighty event is extracted from *Outlines of History*, being the ninth volume of Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. The careful reader will not neglect to contrast the first with the second revolution:—

"Literature now exerted a much more powerful influence over the public mind than it had done at any preceding period. A set of men, many of them of talents of the first order, arrogating to themselves the exclusive title of philosophers, and actuated at first perhaps, by a zeal for truth, carried on an incessant warfare against all that they were pleased to designate as superstition and vulgar prejudice. But theirs was not that philosophy which, elevated above all low and grovelling passions, and, irradiated by light from heaven, views with pity rather than contempt the aberrations of men, and seeks, by mild and gentle methods, to lead into the way of truth. It was heartless, cold, and cheerless; its summum bonum was sensual indulgence or literary fame, and few of its professors displayed any real dignity of soul. Its favourite weapon was ridicule. It attacked not alone the absurdities of the popular faith, but it levelled its shafts at the sublimest truths of religion; it shook the firmest basis of social order, and sought to rob man of all lofty hopes and aspirations. Every mode of composition, from the highest science and most serious history down to the lightest tale, was made the vehicle of this philosophy, with which was often joined a sickly, affected sensibility, calculated to gain it admittance even into the female bosom. The consequence was, as might be expected, a general laxity of principle.

"The chief seat of this philosophy was France, where a court, corrupt and profligate beyond, perhaps, any which Europe had yet witnessed, had utterly degraded the minds of the upper classes of society. The efforts of the virtuous Louis XVI. to stem this torrent were unavailing. National vice was not to escape its merited chastisement. The middle orders were disgusted and galled by the privileges of the *noblesse* and their excessive pride and insolence; the writings of the philosophers, and the scandalous lives of many of the clergy, had shaken their reverence for religion; the abuses and oppression of arbitrary and extravagant government were keenly felt; the glorious struggle of the English for liberty in the last century, and the dignity and prosperity consequent on it, awakened the aspirations of the better disposed; the achievement of American independence filled the minds of many enthusiasts with vague ideas of freedom and happiness beneath republican institutions; and the lower orders in general looked forward to any change as a benefit.

"It was a time of innovation, turmoil, and violent change. The English colonies had thrown off the bridle of the mother country, whom she curbed too straitly. The kingdom of Poland had been most nefariously dismembered. Gustavis III. of Sweden had overthrown the aristocracy and made himself absolute. A contest arose in the United Provinces, between the party of the Stadtholder and those who wished to make the government of a more republican form, which drew the attention of all the principal powers. The respective parties appealed to arms, and by Prussian aid the republicans were crushed. All these were but preludes to the storm which was soon to burst over Europe.

"The disordered state of the French finances induced the court, displeased with the Parliament of Paris, to assemble the *Notables*, that is, persons selected from the privileged orders. This measure produced no effect, and all classes called for a meeting of the states general. This national council was at length convoked, and met at Versailles; but the commons were thought to assume so much power, and to encroach so on the other orders, that the King dismissed Necker, his minister of finance, and ordered some regiments to advance towards the capital. The populace, excited by the democrats, committed several outrages, and they took and demolished the fortress named the Bastile. The privileges of the nobility and clergy were soon abolished. The King was obliged to recall Necker, and to transfer the assembly to Paris, where the mob was at the devotion of the democrats. The property of the church was now transferred to the nation; the kingdom was divided into departments; change followed change without intermission; the King, for peace sake, assented to every thing; but commotion and bloodshed prevailed in different parts of the kingdom.

"The power of democrats still increased, and the famous Jacobin club was formed by them. Several of the nobility and of the royal family quitted France. A project being formed for the Emperor and other powers to assist the King in the recovery of his authority, of which he was now nearly deprived, he and the royal family endeavoured to escape out of France; but they were stopped at Varennes, and forced to return to Paris. The Jacobin and Cordelier factions loudly demanded his death, and a violent riot took place in the Champ de Mars. A constitutional code was at this time completed.

"Brissot, the leader of the Jacobins, procured a declaration of war against Austria, and La Fayette invaded the Netherlands, but he was unsuccessful. A Prussian army under the Duke of Brunswick approached the French frontier; but the violent and silly manifesto he put forth served only to injure the cause it advocated. The Jacobins, urged on by their atrocious leaders, excited the populace. The King and royal family were put into confinement. Numbers of the nobility and others were murdered, to prevent their joining the Prussians. Royalty was abolished. The Jacobins split into the Girondists, headed by Brissot and Roland, and the Jacobins, led by Robespierre. Danton, and Marat, three daring men whose bosoms knew not remorse. Disease and want of supplies forcing the Prussians and Austrians, who had nearly reached Paris, to retire, Dumoriez invaded the Netherlands, and, as the people were in his favour, speedily reduced them. Savoy was conquered, Germany invaded. The measure of Jacobin guilt was now nearly filled up: they brought their amiable and unhappy King to trial, and judicially murdered him. This iniquitous act was followed by a declaration of war against the kings of England and Spain and the Stadtholder of Holland.

"The guillotine afterwards poured out blood in all quarters, at the command of Robespierre and his ruthless associates; but at last justice awoke a little from her slumber, and the tyrant himself met a fate he more than deserved. Danton had already experienced it, and Marat had fallen by the hand of Charlotte Corde."

MARSEILLES HYMN.

[WRITTEN BY M. R. DELISLE.]

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise;
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary!
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Behold their tears, &c.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling host, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding;
To arms, to arms, ye brave;
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
On Victory or death,
March on, &c.

Oh Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can tyrants, bolts, and bars, confine thee,
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips, &c.
Too long our Country wept, bewailing
The blood stained sword our conquerors wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
On victory or death.
March on, &c.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Louis Philip d'Orleans, Duke of Orleans, first Prince of the blood, Colonel General of Hussars, is a son of the well known Louis Philip Joseph, Duke of Orleans, by a Princess of the house of Conde, and was born on the 6th October, 1773. At his birth the title of Duke of Valois was conferred on him but on his grandfather's death, he assumed that of Duke of Chartres. Though only the Dauphin, son of Charles 10th, and the young Duke of Bordeaux, intervene between the Duke of Orleans and the regular succession to the throne, he is but distantly related to the reigning branch; the Orleans family being descended from the only brother of Louis 14, who was born in 1640. The part taken by the father of the subject of this memoir, in the early revolutionary movements, his largesses, his crimes, and his unhappy fate, are fresh in the recollection of all who feel any interest in the events of those times.

At the age of nine years, the present Duke of Orleans was placed for his education under the direction of Madame de Genlis, who, by her numerous writings has acquired for herself an European reputation. The course which this distinguished lady pursued, in relation to the Prince and his brothers, is detailed in her "Lessons of a Governess to her Pupils," from which work it will be seen that they enjoyed advantages that rarely fall to the lot of persons in their position. At the commencement of the political commotions, the young Duke was made to attend the sittings of the legislative assemblies, and even of the popular societies, and was thus placed in a situation which the views of his father also favored, of appreciating the great events that were then occurring. He admired the eloquence for which the national assembly was conspicuous, and of which France had, till then, been ignorant. It is well known with what noble simplicity he welcomed the decree of that assembly, which abolished that right of primogeniture, which conferred on the Prince prerogatives to which his noble mind was a stranger. "I am delighted with it," said he "but it in no respect changes our position, as my brother well knows; every thing has long since, been equal between us."

The Prince had been named in 1785, Colonel of the 14th regiment of Dragoons. A decree of the constituent assembly having enjoined on all the titular Colonels to abandon the service, or take the command of their troops in person, the Duke de Chartres repaired to Vandome, where his regiment was in garrison. War had just been declared against Austria. Named Major General in 1792, he was, towards the end of the year, promoted to the rank of Lieutenant General, and received the command of Strasbourg, which he declined. "I am too young," said he, "to be shut up in a fortified town, and I beg to remain actively employed in the army." He consequently participated in the brilliant success of Valmy, which were the dawn of twenty years of triumph, and in the victory of Jemmapes, which covered with glory General Dumourier and the French army.

Soon after, when the ingratitude of the Government wished to extend the circle of its victims, and to reach all the members of an unfortunate family, the Duke had the good fortune to escape from this unjust persecution. Having withdrawn into Switzerland, the Prince was unwilling to be dependent on the support of others. Concealed under an obscure name, he gave lessons in geography, and made the instruction which he had acquired under happier auspices, contribute to his subsistence. A few years afterwards, the government made the voluntary exile of the Duke of Orleans beyond the European Continent, a condition of the liberty of his august brothers. The prince did not hesitate to comply with the requisition, and retired to the United States of America, where he soon had the happiness of pressing to his bosom the Duke of Montpensier and the Count of Beaujolois, to whose liberty he had the good fortune to contribute. After having spent some time in the American States, and studied the character and institutions of the people, relying frequently on the same resources that he had availed himself of in Switzerland, the Duke of Orleans went to Great Britain, where he had an interview with *Monsieur*, now Charles X. The Duke and his brothers were subsequently established in a country house, a few miles from London, which had formerly belonged to the celebrated *Pope*. It was here that the Duke of Montpensier died of consumption, and the Count of Beaujolois, who visited Malta for the benefit of his health, did not long survive him. The Duke of Orleans, who had accompanied his youngest brother, afterwards repaired to Palermo, then the residence of the Napolitan Court, where, on the 15th November, 1809, he married the sister of the King of the two Sicilies.*

At the first restoration, and after twenty-two years of exile and suffering, the Duke of Orleans returned to France, and recovered those portions of the immense property of his family, which had not been alienated during the revolution. Louis XVIII. gave him, in common with the other Princes of his family, admission into the Chamber of Peers, and named him Colonel General of the Hussars. All the steps taken by the Prince proved to France that the school of misfortune had only enveloped those virtues and qualities for which his earliest years had been conspicuous. In March 1815, when the landing of Bonaparte was known at Paris, His Royal Highness was sent with *Monsieur* (Charles X.) to oppose the march of the army from the isle of Elba. The efforts of these two Princes having been without effect, they returned to Paris. The Duke of Orleans accompanied Louis XVIII to Lisle, and fulfilled the duties imposed on him by his birth, by following his august family into exile.

The Duke of Orleans entered France again immediately after the second restoration, and has ever since resided there, a model of the private virtues of the most noble patriotism. An enlightened protector of literature, and the arts, he has chosen Casimir Delavigne for his librarian, and Horace Vernet for his favourite painter; this is sufficient to show that the recollections of our national glory touch him as much as the *chefs d'œuvre* of the arts. Noble dispenser of an immense fortune, his Royal Highness has made the most glorious use of it. Never has misfortune made a vain appeal to his generosity. The great works which he has caused to be undertaken, and which have been pursued without interruption since 1815, gives an honorable existence to a large number of families, who find in them their only resource. His fine gallery every year receives those pictures of our artists, which cannot be embraced in the acts of royal munificence.

There is one proceeding of the Duke of Orleans which has especially attracted the attention of France, as being altogether worthy of his noble character, and of the enlightened love of rectitude which he has always manifested. His Royal Highness has wished that his sons should be educated in our colleges, in the midst of the rising generation at the head of which they are to be placed. The good sense of the French people has appreciated the magnanimity and generosity of this determination. They are convinced that Princes thus brought up cannot fail to be good citizens, and they have blessed His Royal Highness for the care that he has taken to secure to himself worthy successors, and to our children illustrious models.

This sketch would be incomplete, if we did not offer our homage to the august Princess, whose virtues constitute at the same time his most just pride, and his dearest recompense. These mild and unostentatious virtues, seem, by the modesty that encircles them, to fear to betray themselves by any public act. But, the crowds of unfortunate beings, whom Her Royal Highness seeks out and restores to happiness, bless them and reveal them to France.

We will terminate this article by an extract from the "New Biography of Living Characters;"

"The Duke of Orleans has, in person, the simplest taste, but in his household magnificence reigns by the side of order. A protector of the fine arts and of French industry, he delights in decorating with their productions the superb apartments of the Palais Royal, and his delicious residence at Neuilly, the gardens of which he himself laid out. A friend of letters, he calls around him, and loves to attach to him those who cultivate elegant literature.

"Finally, this Prince, who, during thirty years, fertile in changes of every kind, has known how to maintain himself in the same line of conduct and principles, now finds in the esteem of his former brothers in arms, who have forgotten neither Jemmapes nor Valmy, in the suffrages of the virtuous, and of the friends of well regulated liberty, in the affections of all who approach him, the oblivion of his misfortunes and the sweetest reward of his virtues."

*The Duchess of Orleans is the aunt of the Duchess of Berry, the mother of the young Duke of Bordeaux.

The total number of killed and wounded during the days of emancipation, the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, amounts to 7,000 or 8,000 as many citizens of Paris as of the Royal army. As they fought very close and in many instances hand to hand, the wounds are generally very severe; and, contrary to the usual results of all battles, the number of dead is more than that of the wounded. The blood of 8,000 Frenchmen has, therefore, drowned the rights of the elder branch of the Bourbons, and their very name is in a fair way to be swallowed up in this horrible hecatomb.