

## LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF FRANCE.

While the conflict was raging in Paris, between the troops of Charles X., and the insurgent people, it is said that the king, with his son, stood upon the towers of his palace at St. Cloud, about six miles from the city, with his spy-glass in his hand, anxiously watching the national flag, the emblems of the Bourbon power, as it floated from the battlements of the Tuilleries. Suddenly he saw it fall, and the tri-colored flag of victorious rebellion rose and was unfurled triumphantly in its stead. It revealed to him at a glance that all was lost—that his honor and his crown had fallen for ever. The next moment he saw the dust raised by his retreating troops, flying from the city. Charles and his family, accompanied by a small retinue, fled in the utmost consternation, to Rambouillet, about thirty miles from the revolted capital.

And now the cry resounds through the streets of Paris—'to Rambouillet! to Rambouillet!' Scarcely had Charles arrived with his fugitive household, at his hunting-seat, ere the alarm-couriers rushed from their panting, foaming steeds, into the presence of the royal family, to tell them, with pale lips, that all Paris was on the march to attack them. Men, women and children on horseback, in hacks and omnibuses, and carts, and on foot, a motley throng of uncounted thousands, were on their way to pay the fallen monarch a most unwelcome visit. It was a vivid revival of the scenes of terror in the old French revolution. Charles had not forgotten the awful day in which his brother Louis was torn from his throne and his palace, and dragged in a cart to a most ignominious death. The sun had already gone down, and darkness overshadowed the land. It was indeed a night of terror and of tears, when Charles and the royal family, in midnight gloom, precipitately entered their carriages, surrounded by a few faithful adherents, and fled from their foes. As the infuriated shouts of the approaching multitude swelled upon the night air, mingled with the crackling fire of musketry and the distant thunders of heavy artillery, the Bourbons commenced their melancholy journey, from regal magnificence to ignominy and exile.

When the next morning's sun rose above the hills of France, this funeral procession of departed power, was seen wending its mournful way through the distant provinces of the empire, to find in foreign lands a refuge and a grave. The alarm-bells of the nation tolled the knell of departed royalty, while every now and then came pealing through the air the deep and distant thunders of the insurrection gun. The tri-colored flag of triumphant revolt floating from every castle and stream from every turret, proclaimed that the Bourbons had gone down into a grave from whence there was no resurrection. Charles and his son, and his grandson, three generations of kings, with the sobbing females of the royal family, witnessed these sights, and heard these sounds, with emotions that no language can describe. They darkened the windows of their carriages, that they might conceal from the popular gaze their countenances, wan and wasted with sleeplessness and terror and despair. Apprehensive every hour of arrest, and consignment to the dungeon or the guillotine, they hardly ventured to alight for refreshment or repose, in the, funereal flight from the splendors and the honors of the Tuilleries Versailles and St. Cloud to the tomb of ignominy and of exile. A few hundreds of the defeated body-guard of the king followed in the train of the royal carriages, silent and dejected, the pall-bearers of the Bourbon house.

Deeply as we must condemn the conduct of this fallen monarch, who can refrain from shedding a tear of sympathy over the ruined fortunes of himself and his race? We forget his political crime in the magnitude of the ruin with which it overwhelmed him. Even the generous people whom he had so deeply injured, when they witnessed his utter and hopeless discomfiture, manifested no disposition, by arrest, or insult, or reproaches, to add to the bitterness of his anguish. They allowed him to depart unmolested. When this melancholy train of weeping fugitives arrived at the ocean shore, they were received into two American ships, which happened to be there, and were conveyed to England, there to linger out the remnant of their days in inglorious and hopeless banishment.

While these scenes were transpiring in Paris, the Duke of Orleans was at his residence in Neuilly, so weary of being the

support of revolutions as to take no part in the conflict. He seemed to feel that he had borne his full share in the perils of political parties, and could hardly with justice be called upon to expose himself to new dangers. But La Fayette and the other leaders of the revolution immediately directed their eyes to him, as the most suitable candidate to ascend the throne of the fallen monarch. They felt assured that France was not prepared for a republican form of government, and they wished to sustain the throne, but to surround it with free institutions. Louis Philippe was a branch of the royal family, and that would conciliate the royalists. [He was the richest man in France, and expended his immense resources with great liberality and wisdom, and that gave him great power, for all the world over, wealth is influence. I have seen his private property estimated by a French writer at one hundred millions of dollars. At any rate it is so immense that a few millions more or less are of no account. He owns some very valuable blocks of buildings in New York, so that in the event of another revolution his children will not find themselves penniless in this city.] He was a known and long-tried advocate of liberal political opinions, and that would reconcile the republicans.

The ministers of Charles also foresaw, that for these very reasons he was the individual from whom they had the most to fear. As the retreating troops of Charles passed the park of Louis Philippe, they discharged a few volleys of artillery into his country seat, as the emphatic expression of their consideration. On the same day, and almost at the same hour, two detachments arrived at his residence at Neuilly;—one from the victorious people of Paris, to conduct him in triumph to the capital; the other a detachment from the royal guard, to drag him with hasty violence, to imprisonment. But Louis Philippe, long schooled in the wisdom of troubled times, was nowhere to be found. He had sought security in concealment. The royal guard, however, soon abandoned the search, and consulted their own safety in precipitate flight. It was ten o'clock at night, when Louis ventured from his retreat to meet the deputation from Paris. He received them at the gate of his park. By the pale and flickering torch-light, he read the commission inviting him to the metropolis to take the office of Lieutenant-General of France, which meant, in reality, to ascend the now vacant throne of the Bourbons.

It is reported, and undoubtedly with truth, that Louis Philippe was exceedingly reluctant to leave the peaceful scenes of domestic enjoyment, and again launch forth upon the turbulent ocean of political life, where he had already encountered so many storms and perils. By such a change he hazarded every thing, and could gain nothing. He is reported to have said that during all his days he had been the victim of the tempests of state, in persecution, in poverty, in exile, and that he desired to be permitted to pass the evening of his days in the retirement and peace of his tranquil home. His wife also wept in unfeigned anguish, in the view of the dangers and the sorrows of regal state. She was familiar with the melancholy history of kings and courts, of popularity turned into hatred, of applause succeeded by execrations; monarchs and queens hurled from the throne, pelted by the people, driven into exile, or bleeding headless under the executioner's axe. She had heard the story of Maria Antoinette, driven from the very chambers of the palace at Versailles, into which her husband was now invited to enter; fleeing in her night-dress, even from the sanctity of her bed, before the infuriated rabble who swarm forth from the dens of infamy in Paris. She had not forgotten that from those regal mansions, into which the French nation would now introduce her, the idolized daughter of Austria, the once adored Queen of France, had been dragged by the most insolent and brutal violence, and plunged into a deep and dismal dungeon, till her fairy form was withered and her eye blinded, and her once almost angelic countenance became ghastly and hideous through the intensity of her woes. Amelia could not forget that the streets of Paris once resounded with the acclamations of Maria, as she entered them a youthful bride charioted in splendor; and that but a few years elapsed before she was dragged through those same streets on the executioner's hurdle, blinded, deformed, revolting in aspect, through her miseries, exposed to the jeers and to the execrations of the mob, till the slide of the guillotine terminated her woes.

She knew that the queenly diadem could be only one of thorns;