

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULES."



DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE.
Gen'l. Harrison.

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WILKESBOROUGH, March 26, 1848.
Editors: Our Superior Court has terminated, his Honor Judge MANLY, presiding with his usual dignity and ability.

There were no very important cases on the Court Docket. When the State Docket was reached, the case of Rutha Brown, for the murder of her husband, Willis Brown, came up. The prisoner being unable to employ Counsel, the Court appointed J. A. LILLINGTON and L. C. CARMICHAEL, Esqrs., who after the necessary consultation, set apart Friday as the day of trial.

At an early hour, after the meeting of the Court, a good and efficient Jury were empanelled, and the witnesses being introduced, proceeded, conclusively, that on the evening of the 10th of November last, the prisoner with a large triangular stone, did attack the deceased while asleep, and inflicted various wounds—namely fractures of the skull, whereof he instantly died. The prisoner had been an invalid for several days, and the deceased, it was proven, had given her such faithful attention, that from watching and fatigue, in an unusual moment, he was asleep contiguous to her bed, which gave her an opportunity to perpetrate his murder.

Her counsel admitted the killing, but urged her exoneration on the plea of insanity or hysterical mania. The testimony, though positive, went also to prove, that at times she was insane, especially in reference to a supposed grievance on the part of her husband—connected with which there were also various superstitious and imaginary evils, which to a mind already perverted, served as incentives to the commission of a most revolting murder. It seemed that vindictive and unbecoming on the part of her husband, strangled nothing, in diverting her from her purpose.

Some of the evidence went to establish lucid intervals; and an important question to decide was, "whether or not she may not have been insane when the deed was done." Of this, however, there could be no satisfactory proof—and when the case went to the Jury, they brought in, after a few hours absence, a verdict of "Manslaughter." His Honor while wishing to discourage the barbarous custom of branding, was left but two alternatives, imprisonment and fine. His Honor accordingly sentenced the prisoner to four months imprisonment and \$10 fine.

As in almost all cases for capital offences, something is brought out, that may be turned to good account, so in this. The evidence went to show, that perhaps the first moving impulse in this woman to the commission of this murder, was the work of one of those pretended prophets known by the name of "fortune tellers." It seems, many years ago, one of those senseless, yet dangerous "Jahbers" got hold of her hand, and from sundry crosses and figures, very confidently asserted that in the great matrimonial lottery of life she, (the prisoner,) had missed the one she ought to have drawn, and therefore need never expect any happiness while associated with him. This, to a credulous and hereditarily weak mind was unfortunately sufficient to suggest the dark deed already registered in the annals of crime.

Fortune-tellers, though generally abandoned characters, and usually regarded as ignorant, superstitious and harmless beings; but who know how often they (as in the present instance) implant the seeds of crime, which in many a case, consigns a fellow creature to an early and horrid death.

It is with the hope, that the community may be put on their guard in reference to these despicable "pesta" of society—that parents may warn their children to shun them as they would the serpent, and that the press may extend the warning, that these lines are written.

PHILANTHROPY.

CALHOUN HEADING CASS.

During the running debate in the Senate, before the vote on the Ten Regiment bill was taken, the following occurred between Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Cass who acts as champion for the Administration on all occasions:

Mr. Calhoun.—As far as I understand the Senator (Mr. Cass)—and if I be in error I hope I will correct me—he assumes one broad position, which, in my judgment—I say it with great deference—is without a particle of truth to sustain it. He assumes that the President, by consequence of the declaration of war, has unlimited power in Mexico. Am I right?

Mr. Cass.—Unlimited, except by the restrictions imposed by the law of nations.

Mr. Calhoun.—Well, then, the law of nations does not prohibit an order of nobility. Can he create nobles in Mexico? Give me the answer!

Mr. Cass.—Is that one of the incidents of the war-making power?

Mr. Calhoun.—I repeat it. Can he establish an order of nobility?

Mr. Cass.—I would not give much for the patents of nobility.

Mr. Calhoun.—Can he, then, establish an order of nobles?

Mr. Cass.—Without going into any detail, I may state that the commander-in-chief and his generals may do any act in the prosecution of the war in Mexico, which is properly incident to a state of war. All I can do is to lay down general principles. It cannot be expected that I should go into details of all that may or may not be done.

Mr. Calhoun.—I did not intend this as an irrelevant or impertinent question, and I must repeat the Senator's refusal to deny an admission on his part that the President has the power. Indeed, it followed necessarily from the principle laid down by him. It would indeed be an important power in the hands of the President to bring and subject a conquered country

under his arbitrary rule. It is indeed a dangerous power, if it be unlimited as he contends for. Can he create a field-marshal in Mexico? The Senator will not doubt that, if the President could raise an army there—he can create a field-marshal? I hold it to be the most monstrous proposition ever uttered in the Senate, that conquering such a country as Mexico, the President can himself be a despotic ruler without the slightest limitation on his power. If all this be true, war is indeed dangerous! If that be the fact, there are double reasons for the ratification of the treaty, or fleeing the country.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

We published last week a detailed account of the flight of Louis Philippe and his family from Paris and their escape to England. The suddenness and completeness of the fall of a King from a position rendered apparently impregnable by numerous fortifications and the presence of a large army of regulars, is under all the circumstances connected with it, an event without a parallel, and has elicited the annexed article from the leading English Journal:

From the London Times, March 10.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we announce the safe arrival of the last and most illustrious instalment of the "royal fugitives" on these shores. For a whole week the ex-King of the French, after playing for eighteen years the most conspicuous part on the most conspicuous stage of European affairs, had totally disappeared from the scene. His place could nowhere be found; and, shocking as all would have felt it, it was at least as probable a conjecture as any other, that his Majesty had perished in the Channel.—The Express steamer brought them yesterday morning to Newhaven, where they had to wait for some hours till the state of the tide should enable them to enter the harbor. At last they landed, and were glad to receive a very hearty welcome to the well-known shore. For the rest, we must refer to the particulars which we have been enabled to supply, and to which the rank, the misfortunes, and it must be added, the errors of the distinguished sufferer will impart so peculiar an interest.

It may be safely said, there is nothing in history—nothing, at least, in the examples which most readily occur to the mind—that at all comes near the tremendous suddenness of the present royal reverse. This day fortnight, Louis Philippe was the most prosperous, the most powerful, and accounted the ablest sovereign in the world. If the reader will just think of it, he will find that this wonderful man had attained the very acme of success, consideration, and power. It is a work of time to enumerate the many circumstances of his splendid condition. His numerous, handsome, and dutiful children; the brilliant alliances—one of them recently concluded—which brought into one family interest the vast region from Antwerp to Cadiz; the near prospect of an event which would probably make his grandchild the sovereign, his son the regent of Spain; the great cross and drawback of his reign just removed.—Algeria pacified after eighteen years' war; his immense private fortune; his eleven or twelve palaces, unequalled for situation and magnificence, on all of which he had recently spent immense sums of money; his splendid army of four hundred thousand men, in the highest discipline and equipment; a minister of unequalled energy and genius, who had found out at last the secret of France; a metropolis fortified and armed to the teeth against all the world; the favorable advances recently made by those powers who had previously looked down on the royal *porceau*; the well balanced state of his foreign relations, and the firmly-grasped reins of the political car;—all these gifts of fortune, and more, if we had time to go on with the list, were heaped on one man in such profusion as really to pall the imagination. What crown'd it all, was that Louis Philippe was allowed the entire credit of his success. It was all the work of his own hands. He might stand like the ancient king on the walls and towers which he had drawn round his city, and contemplate the perfect work of beauty and policy which himself had made. The balance of Europe, the causes of peoples and kings, the issues of peace and of war, were in his hands. If there was an *omni aliquid* in this garden of roses and delights, twenty impregnable forts and a hundred thousand armed men were no insignificant watch upon a few disorderly subjects. Solon himself would hardly have ventured to preach upon his envious text—*ante obitum nemo*—to so safe a man.

What we have described was a sober and solid reality. What we now come to, reads like the proposterous incidents of a nursery tale. A mob of artizans, boys, and some women pour through the streets of Paris. They make for the palace.—Eighty thousand infantry, cavalry and artillery are dumfounded and stultified. In a few minutes, an elderly couple are seen bustling away from the hubbub; they are thrust into a hack-cab, and driven out of the way. The mob rushes into the Senate, and proclaims a republican government—which exists, which is ruling the

nation with great energy and judgment, and is already communicating with the representatives of foreign powers. But let us follow the princes. We say it without intending any disrespect, and only as relating the simple truth of the affair.—No family of Irish trampers was ever so summarily bundled out of the way as was this illustrious group. The Queen, we are told, had run back to a bureau for some silver; but it seems it was not enough, as the hat was sent round for the royal couple at St. Cloud, and a small sum clubbed by the national guard. At Dreux, they were left with a five franc piece between them. Flying "when none pursued," they get to Louis Philippe's once celebrated chateau at Eu, which they are afraid to enter. So there they disappear into space. They were to be at Eu, and for a week—that is all that we know of them. Meanwhile the rest had dropped in, one by one. They come like foreign birds dashed by a storm against a light house. The Duke de Nemours and certain Saxe Coburgs come one day, knowing nothing of the rest. They parted in the crowd. A Spanish Infanta, for whose hand all the world was competing only the year before last, scrambled out another way, through bye roads and back doors; and—strange event—is likely give Spain an English born sovereign, under Victoria's kindly auspices. No sooner, however, had the fugitives found a friendly asylum than they are obliged to seek another roof. Other princes and princesses turned up here and there. A lady-in-waiting rejoins her mistress. A cabinet minister is found. The children and governess of another arrive. The *rencontres* and *reunions* are strange enough. A prince of the blood and an ex-pretect meet in disguise, and do not know one another. Very late a youthful heir to the crown of France, and who had been acknowledged as reigning king by the deputies, is discovered at a channel island with his mother and brother. The two children had been almost lost in the mob on leaving the chamber, had been got somehow to Eu, with their mother, wearied and bearing muddy marks of rough travel. Thence, by heavy bribing, they had procured a passage to the first British rock. Thus are they driven and scattered by the besom of revolution. They arrive penniless, without a change of raiment, dejected and bewildered, telling one another their stories of many strange adventures, having each come a different journey, though starting from one point, and almost at one hour.

After many days suspense, the King and Queen are heard of, on some private information, on the coast of Normandy, where they had been "on the run" from house to house, and content with humble hospitality, the King, we are told, in strange disguises. They still have a small retinue. These half dozen invaders, without either arms or baggage, do not find it so easy to cross the channel. Stationing themselves at Honfleur, within twenty miles sail of Havre, they watch opportunity and the weather, which last delays their passage several days. At length they get into a British steamer. Arrived at Newhaven, after a rough passage, they encounter fresh delays, as if to prove that England is not so easily surprised. Louis Philippe, who was to bridge the British Hellespont, crosses it with foreign aid, and lands in a pea jacket borrowed from the English Captain; he finds himself at home; the associations and the friends of former exile greet him; a generation passes like a dream; and the aged monarch finds himself the Duke of Orleans, the banished son of old Egalite again.

Would that all could be forgotten! But, if that is said to be true, some recollections did occur of an accusing character. The frequent exclamation, "Like Charles X," we are told, betrayed the current of his thoughts. "We are verily guilty concerning our brother; therefore in this distress come upon us." At the very moment the missing King appears at one port, his lost minister is heard of at another. Guizot is now in London. His day for active life is over; he is again the philosopher and historian; and, doubtless, like the Roman orator, will forthwith occupy his political retirement with studies far more suited to his genius, and more conducive to his reputation than the government of States.

England's path is clear. She is the refuge of exiles, and opens her shores to the unfortunate of every land or party. She would at once preclude herself from offering this hospitality, and leave Europe without a refuge, if she involved herself in the ruined causes and pretensions of her royal visitors. She can only receive them as exiles, not as pretenders. It may be with some violence to feeling, but it is nevertheless necessary to let it be clearly understood by those differences which the range of courtly etiquette, that while the persons of the unfortunate are pitied and respected, and their former rank remembered, they still possess no higher character than what their own nation chooses to allow.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Courier—an American gentleman resident in that capital—furnishes the following very interesting account of the visit of the Duchess of Orleans to the Chambers

of Deputies, with her two children, when the abdication of Louis Philippe in favor of the young Count of Paris was rejected.

On Thursday, Feb. 24, between one and two, P. M., I entered the Chamber of Deputies. Upon reaching the vestibule, finding only some 12 or 13 gentlemen there walking up and down, and that the session had not yet opened, I lounged about there instead of mounting to the diplomatic tribune. After I had been there a few minutes, one of the ushers entered from without in haste, saying that Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans, and Mons. le Comte de Paris, were coming to the Chamber; and that the President must be instantly sent for to take his place, and the great doors of the session soon opened. All was then hurry on the part of the ushers, and excitement on the part of the gentlemen in the vestibule. In two or three minutes the Duchess appeared leading the Comte de Paris, and attended by the Duc de Nemours and two or three other gentlemen in the uniform of generals, with several members of the National Guard. She was also accompanied by one of her ladies of honor, whose name I could not learn, and also by her youngest son, the Duc de Chartres, who was carried in the arms of a person whom I took to be his preceptor.

It may interest your ladies to know that the Duchesse wore a black silk dress with three rows of frounces, black silk hat, and cape or long shawl. Her children were dressed in plain black suits, with round caps of black cloth. The Duchess is nearly 35 years of age, of medium stature and finely formed. She has dark auburn hair, a full forehead, very regular features, light eyes, but not a very expressive countenance. She had no color, her cheeks were thin, and she had rather a sickly look. Her manner was dignified and graceful, and she and her children appeared perfectly collected. She bowed as she advanced, and every body uncovering saluted her with the most profound respect. Many of the persons and National Guard present kissed the hand of the young Comte de Paris. The young Prince is nearly ten years old, and is a very handsome and intelligent looking fellow. He has light auburn hair, cut short, fine clear complexion, broad and expanded forehead, and full and expressive eyes. The young Duc de Chartres is only eight years of age, and has a delicate appearance. His hair is quite light, he has no color, and his countenance is not near as expressive as his brother's. He was carried most of the time.

For some moments after the party entered, there was some little confusion and discussion between the Duchesse, and the Duke de Nemours and one or two gentlemen as to what was to be done. At last it was concluded to enter the Chamber by the side entrance on the right of the President's pulpit. The persons in the vestibule then all passed in with the Royal party. I with others, advanced to the central area, in front of the orator's tribune. A sofa was hastily placed before the tribune, and the Duchess with her children took seats upon it, while the Duke de Nemours and other officers, and the lady of honor, stood behind it. The few members of the National Guard who had followed the Duchess in, pressed back the gentlemen who had entered at the same time from the area before the tribune, and I retreated to the first step of one of the aisles between the central benches. There were, at first, not more than about 150 members present, and all remained standing and uncovered for some time. Although it was only 1 1/2 o'clock, some of the public tribunes were filled. After a few minutes, order being obtained, M. Dupin ascended the tribune and announced that the manifestations that had taken place had resulted in the abdication of the King in favor of the Comte de Paris with the regency of the Duchess of Orleans. Acclamations here followed from all parts. The orator went on to say that these acclamations were not the first that had been evinced on this occasion;—that the Duchess had crossed the Tuilleries, the Place de la Concorde, and the Bridge, on foot, with her children, with no other escort than a few members of the National Guard; and that every where on her passage the people had greeted her with lively acclamations. This announcement was received with what I deemed loud applause. But when the noise had ceased, an ominous voice sounded from one of the public tribunes, solemnly and distinctly,—"It est trop tard"—It is too late.

M. Dupin then proposed that the Chambers should confirm the acclamations which had just been made, and order the insertion in the proceedings of the proclamation of the Comte de Paris as King of the French, with the regency of the Duchess of Orleans. This was received with some applause from the centre, but several members stepped down from their seats immediately, and, with members of the National Guard and other persons, nearly filled the space in front of where the Duchess was seated, and all was tumult and disorder for some minutes. Several members and other persons tried to be heard, and a gentleman whom I learned to be M. Marie, present Minister of Public Works, mounted the tribune. In the meantime, I stepped down and leaned on the rail in front of the Minister's benches.

At last the President, who was furiously ringing his bell all this time, obtained silence, and rose and declared that the Chamber had proclaimed the Comte de Paris King of the French, with the regency of his ugust mother. A great tumult then arose, every body screamed bravo! bravo! bravo!—others no! no! no! During which M. de Lamartine ascended the tribune and stood by the side of M. Marie. He succeeded in a few minutes in getting silence, when he proposed that the session should be suspended until the departure of the royal family. Then followed a scene of great confusion around the royal party, some crying "this way, others 'that way!' but at last two persons took the young Princess in their arms, and advanced with the Duchess and the Duke de Nemours up the central passage dividing the benches of the members. I stood near the lower entrance of this passage, and when I saw they were coming towards me, I stepped up slowly, preceding the Duchess and the children only two or three steps. I was determined to remain as near as possible to the Duchess. The intention of the party was to go out by the great doors at the top of the passage, but exit that way being found impossible on account of the great number of persons, mostly members and National Guard, who filled up the entrance, the Duchess was compelled to sit down on one of the back benches. At first she was directing herself towards the right side, but a gentleman spoke to the Duke de Nemours and said "better take the left,"—the left being the seats of the opposition, and she finally got placed on the left centre back bench, with her two children, the Comte de Paris on her right, the Duke de Chartres on her left, and the Duke de Nemours on the right of the Comte de Paris. Next to him was placed a National Guard, and I stood leaning behind the Duke de Nemours, in the narrow passage which runs round behind the last range of the benches. On the bench in front of the Princess two or three National Guards placed themselves. During all this time much disorder existed in the Chamber, but at last silence was obtained, M. Marie succeeded in making himself heard.

He spoke of the proclamation of the Duchess of Orleans as Regent, as incompatible with the existing law in favor of the Duc de Nemours, and concluded by demanding with great earnestness that a Provisional Government should be instituted. After him came Cremieux, present minister of Justice. He commenced by saying, that it was impossible that the whole population should agree immediately in the proclamation of the Comte de Paris as King, and the Duchess of Orleans as Regent, and it therefore was necessary to act with deliberation and regularity. He professed the most profound respect for the Duchess of Orleans, and much feeling for the misfortune of the King and royal family, whom, he said, he had just accompanied to the carriages which had transported them from the city. He concluded by calling upon the assembly in the most energetic terms and manner, to firmly and resolutely insist upon the immediate establishment of a Provisional Government. As I said before, the French can never miss an opportunity of a jest. When Cremieux said that he had just accompanied the King and the royal family to their carriages, a voice from one of the public tribunes cried out, "*bon voyage!*"—a pleasant journey to them!—This created a great laugh. During the speeches of Marie and Cremieux, I felt my interest constantly increasing for the Duchess, whose situation was becoming every instant more painful, and whose prospects were every instant becoming more feeble. She appeared, however, perfectly calm and collected. The Duc de Nemours, too, showed no agitation, and sat quietly listening to the speakers. After Cremieux finished, immense and long continued applause succeeded, and I was satisfied that it was all over for the Duchess. When he had descended the tribune, he advanced by the central aisle, and sat down by the side of the Duchess, where he remained during the speech of Barrot, frequently exchanging words with the Duchess. Cremieux is a man of about fifty years, large head, black curly hair, black eyes and dark complexion. He is quite short, and when he stands in the tribune, his head and shoulders are only seen.—He spoke with much vehemence and gesticulation. After Cremieux, Ollivon Barrot—the hitherto powerful leader of the opposition—ascended the tribune. He had been called for repeatedly before, but he only entered with Lafayette and several others while Cremieux was speaking. In an address of much eloquence, he called upon the people to show their patriotism and reason, and to use their strength to preserve union and to spare the country from the horrors of civil war.—He called upon his country, in the name of public order and harmony, to rally around the double representative of the revolution of July, in the persons of the mother and child, on whose head the crown of July was now reposing. As to himself, he said, he had consecrated all his faculties and his whole existence to secure the triumph of the beautiful cause of the revolution of July and of the true liberty, which he expressed his conviction would be gained under the regency of the Duch-

ess of Orleans—enlightened by a liberal ministry. He concluded by saying he could not take the responsibility of advocating any other course. His speech produced no effect, and was frequently interrupted by cries of impatience. He had finished, several members tried to be heard, but the greatest confusion and clamor prevailed for some minutes. At last M. Larochejacquin gained the tribune, but he had scarcely commenced speaking when a great multitude of persons in frocks, armed with guns and swords, and National Guards and other citizens, several of whom carried flags, burst in, filled the area in front of the tribune, the ministerial benches. They also pressed upon the President's platform and the orator's tribune. I remarked at the head of this motly rabble, a Polytechnic student and an old man with a long snowy beard, each having the tricolor flag. The tumult and uproar that followed the entrance of this multitude, it is impossible to give any idea of. I then began to entertain fears for the safety of the Duchess and the Princes. Every one around the National Guards and others, placed their hands upon their hearts and declared they would protect her at the peril of their lives, showing the greatest devotion to her and the young Princes. Neither nor they, however, showed any particular agitation or fear. The children appeared bewildered by the uproar, but not frightened. I took the hand of the Comte de Paris several times and patted him on the head, as I would do to any child to whom I am attached. I also took the hand of the Duchess and cried to her, "Courage! make courage!"

During the confusion, Ledru Rollin and Lamartine had mounted the tribune, and Lamartine succeeded in making himself heard. He is a tall, powerful and handsome man of 50 years, florid complexion, large head covered with black flowing hair, and large expressive eyes. He spoke like one who felt he was the strong side, declaiming in the most energetic manner against a regency, and insisting upon the institution of a Provisional Government, and a convention being called. The manner of his orator was exceedingly impressive, and he was tumultuously applauded by the public galleries and by the people around him. After him came Lamartine, the present minister of Foreign Affairs. He is a tall, fair man of about 50, with thin, light hair and highly intellectual look. He stands in the tribune in exceedingly dignified, graceful, and his language very eloquent and impressive. After making some touching allusions to the spectacle of a royal princess in a deserted palace and placing herself in her children in the bosom of this assembly, he called the attention of his auditory to the imposing spectacle of equality before them. This equality, he said, imposed upon all the signal of the re-establishment of order and glory in the country. He then alluded to the glorious struggle and victory of the people, a perjured government, and said that he had all now to appeal to the sentiment of the nation for a definitive form of government, and that in the meanwhile a Provisional Government must be chosen. He then went to speak of the necessity of establishing order and peace among the citizens, but here the door of the upper tribune was suddenly opened and the benches instantly filled with armed tumultuous rabble. One of the men of his legs over the rail of the gallery, and up his gun and aimed at the President.

I had previously had my attention directed to a small side door about 20 or 30 steps to the right, opening out from the narrow passage behind the last row of benches, and I made my mind that that was the only door which afforded any chance to the Princes to escape the Chamber. Several times, during the speeches of Ledru Rollin and Lamartine, I proposed to the National Guard in front of me to go to the Duchess by that route, and I said "there was no danger!" I was every moment more and more anxious on account, and when at last the mob broke the upper gallery, I saw no time was to be lost, and seizing her by the wrist with one hand, pointing to the little door with the other, I said "*par ici, madame, par ici!*"—this madame, this way!"

The National Guard next to me, and another person, took up the Comte de Paris in their arms, and another the Duc de Chartres, and all advanced towards the little door. When I came of the Duc de Nemours I knew not what I had read in the journals, and the sight of him from that moment, the semi-circular passage soon became obstructed as persons rushed up the other side, and for the same door, so that when we reached it was with much difficulty we got through. It was only one step in advance of the Duc de Paris, determined to adhere to her to the last. This door proved to be at the top of a narrow stair case, down which we descended very rapidly, and when we reached the bottom where there was a small lobby, the door which we were shut, the crowd and press were great that, at one time I feared we should suffocate or crushed to death. At last, however, we got a door open and pressed into a narrow corridor, along which we went to the Duchess, and thence through several rooms and passages, until finally we arrived at a small library, where we placed her in a chair. After getting into the lobby at the foot of the little stair-case, the party took different directions, and the children were separated from the mother. The first words of the Duchess after being seated in a chair were, "My children! my children! where are they?" A gentleman brought a glass of water, but she said, "I don't want any water, I only want my children!" A person around her (our own party consisted of 6 or 8, the rest having taken different directions) assured her that they must be safe, but she continued to clasp her hands and call for her children. A gentleman then left the room in a moment, and soon returned with the Comte de Paris was safe, whereupon the Duchess took his hand eagerly and we should never forget him. Soon another gentleman entered, saying the Comte de Paris had found and would soon be here, and in three minutes he was brought in by a gentleman.—The meeting of mother and child was very tender and affecting, and the body around was greatly touched.—The boy had been crying, and his face was his cheeks wet with tears. A few minutes