

me. I watched, with unremitting vigilance, in full faith of his recovery; but the third day saw me a solitary orphan!

"It would be impossible to describe the agony I experienced when my father's mortal remains were removed forever from my sight. For some time a mental lethargy overpowered my reasoning faculties; but when at length the necessity of actual exertion dispelled this dreaminess of grief, I looked around in dismay to see myself alone in the world—alone, at the age of twenty. There was not one on whom I had the claim of kindred—not one. This sense of loneliness oppressed me. I never for an instant grieved at the poverty to which I had fallen; never looked with sorrow to the prospect of penury before me. All I had lost I would freely have given—aye, if it were told ten thousand times over—to recall my father to existence, if it was but for an hour; or to be assured that M. de V. breathed amongst the living of the earth. At the time, I think, I would not, if I could, be restored to fortune. It was a sort of consolation, mixed with bitterness, if you will; but still a something soothing to my misery, when the bonds of love that bound me to the world were rudely broken, that the minor links of wealth and station were also dissolved. I might have thrown myself for counsel and support on the friends of my prosperity; but my pride recoiled from owing obligations to the mere impulse of humanity. It was a season, too, when calamities like mine were too frequent to excite more than brief sympathy. Pride in the past, joined to indifference for the future, prompted me to conceal, with jealous care, the state of destitution to which I was reduced.

"To one female friend only did I confide my situation; to her alone I looked for commiseration in my trials. The reciprocation of sorrow drew us together; our afflictions were similar, our prospects the same. She was the widow of a subaltern in my father's regiment. Her husband had perished on the banks of the Volga, in the disastrous retreat of the army from Russia. His colonel and he had been early friends: the elevation of the one did not diminish the friendship of either. When overpowered by disease and fatigue, he sank expiring beneath the inclement skies of that frigid region, my father lingered beside him—received his last breath—and soothed his departing spirit, with a promise that, if he lived to return to France, his wife and children should never want a protector whilst life was spared him. He faithfully adhered to his promise. Of two sons the widow had when she learned her husband's fate, one died in childhood; the other, a promising youth, was, when he obtained a proper age, placed by my father at

the Polytechnic school. The fond and partial mother looked forward to his manhood as the stay of her age—to his bright and rapidly developing genius as the ornament of his country. How many mothers at that time cherished hope like her, and like her, too, was doomed to anguish surpassing the bitterness of disappointment! He was one of the first victims of despotism; and his death, with the reckless massacre of the other young pupils, on the 26th of July, was the first impetus given to the popular spirit, and which ultimately led to astounding results. Bound thus by sympathy and suffering, we cling to each other; our sorrows were the same—joys we had none. I threw myself upon her experience, and resigned to her prudent management my embarrassed affairs—glad to retire to her obscure dwelling, that I might more freely yield to the woe of a bereaved heart.

"The residue of my once handsome fortune was, when all claims were liquidated, reduced to a few hundred francs—a miserable pittance for one accustomed to luxury and ease. My poor friend had been for years a pensioner on my father's bounty; and I saw, with pain, that age, devoted to labour, had terrors for her. This aroused me to exertion. Whatever I might undergo, I resolved that her comforts should not be diminished. I began to calculate my resources, and at the first cursory glance believed my education sufficient to preserve us from the horrors of want, or the degradation of a servile station. I played upon the harp and piano, spoke English and Italian, had learned drawing. 'At least,' thought I, 'there can be no hazard; I shall give lessons in some or all of these various branches;' but a close inspection of myself, and a recollection of my school days, awakened doubts of my capability—that discipline, necessary to a thorough acquirement of any branch of knowledge, had been totally disregarded. Suffered to learn what I pleased, I never persevered in the effort to master difficulties; and it so happened, though I had applied myself to learn every accomplishment deemed necessary to the education of a well brought-up girl, I was not perfect in any. On consulting with professors, I had my melancholy misgivings confirmed. Yes, it was too true, that I must study long and learn much before I could presume to instruct. In music I was imperfect in time, and unable to read it at first sight; my pronunciation in English and Italian was barbarous—I knew but indifferently the grammar of either language—and, to acknowledge the truth, was as ignorant of my own. Drawing was rather a favourite occupation with me; in it I had made a greater proficiency than in other studies; but yet I was far from having attained a respectable