

and the flush of joy that mantled over his whole countenance, when we casually met, contrasted strangely with the restraint of his manners. Thus, my vanity was flattered by the involuntary homage paid me, whilst my pride was deeply wounded by the reserve he chose to maintain. These conflicting sentiments were precisely such aids as a lover might wish to gain; they strengthened the influence he already held over my imagination. To think of him became the business of my life. I loved my father tenderly, delighted in his society, yet would I steal from his presence, to indulge in solitude the day dreams my fancy wove. I had no *confidante*—in truth, I had nothing to confide; if I had, my father's breast would have been the repository of my secret. He already knew that a gentleman of prepossessing exterior had, with great urbanity, calmed my apprehensions, when alarmed by a manne on the Boulevards, and that, by a fortunate coincidence, the same person, with unprecedented courage and presence of mind, averted from me a dreadful accident at Versailles. These events formed sufficient claims upon his gratitude, and he often regretted that chance denied him an opportunity of acknowledging the obligations he owed to my deliverer. A mother might have divined my feelings; but a father's pride forbade the possibility of his idol daughter's nourishing a chimerical and unrequited passion. How could I disclose the impression made on my too facile mind? how describe the eloquent and impassioned looks, the tender and respectful air of the stranger, whilst he studiously declined an introduction to my home, and sought not to inspire a reciprocity of sentiment. It was impossible. His sojourn in Paris was short. For a few brief weeks I met him, I believe, daily; for many more, I watched vainly his reappearance. Whether he had gone was a mystery to me; but that his image had a permanent home in my breast was too certain. Months passed. I despaired of ever seeing him again; but it was decreed we should meet, and that, for the third time, he should present himself in the character of my preserver.

"The popular amusement of the Parisians of the day took its tone, as usual, *avec les gens de mon pays*, from the political current of feeling that agitated society. It now set strongly against the court and royal family, and to hear these objects of public aversion satirized and shewn up to public ridicule, drew crowds, night after night, to the Théâtre Français. A piece, surpassing all that had yet appeared, in wit, brilliancy of fancy, and poignancy of satire, had, whilst in course of preparation, obtained circulation amongst the author's friends: it was much talked of, and the

curiosity of the Parisian world was strongly excited. My father, a zealous Bonapartist, always gave the sanction of his presence to every thing offensive to the Bourbons; and he was much chagrined that a severe cold prevented his seeing the expected *chef-d'œuvre* on its first presentation. He resolved, however, to enjoy it at second hand, and I was deputed reporter.

"The theatre was crowded to suffocation, and the piece elicited thunders of applause; but, before the conclusion of the third act, an order arrived from the minister for the suppression of the play. The order was enforced by a posse of *gens-d'armes*, and these again backed by a company of lancers. Their orders were to clear the stage, if obedience was not promptly rendered. It is impossible to describe the scene of confusion, terror, and bloodshed that ensued. The yells with which the announcement was received were terrific. The uproar increased. Hundreds sprang wildly upon the stage to repel the minions of authority, who had the temerity to enter. Seals were torn up—partitions pulled apart—every thing was seized upon that might serve as weapons against the armed intruders. The screams of terrified women and children added to the horror of the scene. In the *mêlée* I was separated from my friends. Since that time, (and I have often tried to recall my sensations), I could never comprehend what my feelings were. Memory only retains recollection of the efforts I made to force my way through the dense mass of living beings that choked up every outlet of the struggles—the suffocation to death—the trampling under foot of miserable beings, who like myself, with bewildered senses, rushed on destruction, to avoid witnessing the demoniac passions that raged around us. For a minute or two I was sensible that an arm encircled my waist, and that great force was used to draw me from the crowd; but so closely did the throng press on every side, that I could not look around. I resisted with the energy of despair; and my insane struggles for release might have frustrated the humane efforts made for my rescue, but that a voice, never for a moment forgotten, fell upon my ear, even in that hour of terror, as entrancingly sweet as the music of cherubims to the sinner in the opening of paradise.

"It was my mysterious protector, the hero of my fancy, that entreatingly pronounced my name. I heard no more—the reaction was too great—my senses forsook me. On recovering consciousness, I found myself in the open air, supported in the arms of my nameless friend. A cabriolet was in waiting—he assisted me to it—took his seat beside me, and, as a familiar friend would do, directed the way to my father's residence.