

dent were taken from private dwellings, the wounded removed to appropriate asylums, and, in the course of a few hours, I was alone with my father and our little household. His wounds were not dangerous; but perfect quiet, and the exclusion of exciting subjects, were pronounced by the physician essential to his preservation. Alas! it was not in my power to obtain for him this repose, whilst the stormy passions of men yet raged with unabated violence. From time to time intelligence was brought of the progress of the revolution. These favourable reports might have tranquillized his mind, but for the impatience with which he momentarily expected M. de V. Little those around me knew how deeply I participated in this inquietude! How anxiously I watched, how breathlessly I listened to approaching footsteps, hoping to recognize his well-known step! and how bitter was the pang with which each disappointment came, as persons entered the apartment, with whom my heart held no sympathy. In vain we watched. That night—the next—he came not—nor did he ever see again my father's brightened glance, his happy smile, nor meet the warm welcome of his grateful heart.

"The accounts gleaned of him, after repeated enquiries, were vague and contradictory. There were but few of our friends to whom he was much known. From his first introduction to my father, he evinced a reluctance to mingle in society. Whether this disposition was confined to the circle we moved in, or extended to others, I never knew, and never sought to ascertain: it was enough that he was happy with us. In accordance with this taste, though without acknowledging the motive even to myself, every day I narrowed the circle of my acquaintance. Home was my paradise; but my gay young friends found little pleasure in it: casual visits and formal calls soon took the place of daily intercourse, till at last my father's veteran friends were the only familiar guests that remained. What increased the difficulty of obtaining any accurate information of his fate, was our total ignorance of his friends and connexions. On this subject he had always maintained the most perfect reserve. We knew that he was in frequent attendance at the Palais Royal; that he was in the confidence of the Orleans family, and was occasionally seen in public with them; but this was the extent of our knowledge. Perhaps there did not breathe in Paris two beings less worldly or more simple minded than my father and myself. With me, it was the consequence of youth and inexperience of the world: in the full enjoyment of the present, my calculations for the future rarely extended beyond the morrow. A sanguine temperament, and a frank confiding

disposition, rendered my father perfectly satisfied with the friendship of one to whom he felt bound by the strongest ties of gratitude; and a wish to learn more of his guest than was voluntarily expressed, or a shade of distrust because so little was imparted, never crossed his generous mind. To very many of those who had taken part in the sanguinary conflict, his person seemed familiar, as one of those master spirits to whose vigilance, energy, and decision, the successful issue of the enterprise was mainly attributable; but none, excepting our domestics, and a few that had seen him at my father's, could recognize him by the name of M. de V. Some professed to have seen him at one post of danger, some at another; one asserted that he had seen him enter through Marmont's division, at the Pont Neuf—another, the brother of one of our servants, was equally positive that he had closely followed the intrepid young Areole over the suspension bridge the Swiss defended. These conflicting reports admitted but one conclusion—that he had fallen, unnoted, amongst crowds of his valiant countrymen—that his last words to me were, but too prophetic, and with his life, the sacrifice of feeling he had vowed to his country, was consummated. Keeping solitary watch beside my father's bed, my grief had free indulgence, yet the tears that fell were few. The carnage and destruction I had witnessed, his probable fate amidst such revolting scenes, was too dreadful to produce the soothing relief of tears. My mind, ever prone to exaggerated colouring, presented his disfigured and mutilated corpse at every point to my view. It was only when the recollection of a look, or smile, or word of tenderness came back upon my memory, and veiled for a moment the recent horrors, that I could weep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### TALENT.

ONE man perhaps proves miserable in the study of the law, who might have flourished in that of physic or divinity; another runs his head against the pulpit, who might have been serviceable to his country at the plough; and a third proves a very dull and heavy philosopher, who possibly would have made a good mechanic, and have done well enough at the *useful philosophy* of the *spade* or *anvil*.—*South*.

#### INNOVATIONS.

SCARCELY every medicine is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils; for time is the greatest innovator; and, if time, of course, alter things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?—*Bacon*.