

and, more precious still, I long resisted the spell your beauty cast around me. It was in anticipation of this trying hour, that I withdrew from your influence, that I tried to steel my heart against the soft emotions you were the first to awaken; but in vain I fled—your image had erected its shrine within my breast—and my devotion to France became a divided worship. Yet I would not seek your love, to ally it perhaps with early sorrow. Blame me not if destiny overmastered my will. We love, Agulé—I know it. At another time you might resent this as presumption; but, on the brink of eternity, the soul casts aside all disguise—heart stands revealed to heart. We love—and if we meet no more on earth—'These were the last words I heard—the rest was but a confused murmuring on my ear—the light swam before my eyes—a chilliness like death was round my heart—my senses forsook me. On recovering, my father was kneeling beside the couch on which I lay—his arm supported my head—his warm tears fell upon my brow. I clasped my arms round him, and drew him wildly to me, as the deafening sounds of the busy multitude without recalled to my scattered recollection the perils with which we were surrounded. Throughout that long night there was not one instant's intermission from the labour of destruction, and the preparations for the defence of the morrow. Crowds pressed on to take the place of crowds wearied with toil—the incessant motion of that vast concourse—the mingling of their many voices—the noise of various implements used in the erection of the barriers—the cheers to inspire fresh zeal—the shout of exultation—and, above all these, there came at intervals the wild chorus of the Marseillaise song, taken up and re-echoed by thousands and tens of thousands. From every quarter these combined sounds proceeded, and produced an effect that language never can describe—for which the past can afford no comparison—and to which the future perhaps may never present a parallel. The night wore on. I must have slept; but how long I know not—whether for minutes or for hours. The gray dawn of morning was breaking, when I started from the couch, on which I had thrown myself, and with a foreboding of misery so keen, that the reality was less agonizing, I found that my father had left me, whither he had gone no one could tell; but it mattered not, there was danger on every side. The strange uproar of the night was now exchanged for the more dreadful sounds of conflict. The booming of artillery—the rapid firing of musketry, at a distance—the clashing of swords, and other weapons in the pent up streets—told of the dreadful work without. Stationed by a window that afforded a

distant view of the Port St. Denis, where, in the course of the morning, I learned my father commanded, I watched, with breathless anxiety, the furious contest that for many hours raged with alternate success. At one time the barriers were broken, the people repulsed and trampled upon by the fierce troopers; in a moment they rallied—fresh bodies poured from adjoining houses to their aid—they pressed with irresistible fury upon their sanguinary assailants—and recovered their post. But the triumph was momentary. The guards returned to the charge, and thus brave men fell on every side, and the carnage was continued. My anxiety to distinguish my father and M. de V. amongst the combatants, made me in some degree insensible to the horrors presented to my eyes. It was well that distance rendered such painful knowledge uncertain. A hundred times I fancied I discerned his erect and martial figure; but others, as erect and martial in appearance, would interpose between me and the object my fancy had selected.

"The day was far advanced. The wounded, dead, and dying filled the house. In the apartment I occupied two men were expiring. Humanity had calls upon me. I relinquished my unavailing watch, and devoted myself to the sufferers; but often the recollection of my father, as an aged veteran appeared among the victims, recalled me to my former post. At last I heard the cheers of victory prolonged by the people: the guards were broken and dispersed. I saw the dismounted cuirassiers flying in every direction from their intrepid pursuers, who, possessing themselves of the horses, turned them to disperse their owners. The contest was over in that quarter, and the victory complete on the part of the citizens. I turned to communicate the intelligence to those enthusiasts, whose thoughts were more engrossed with hopes for the cause, in support of which their life's blood was fast ebbing, than with dread of that unknown world to which they were hastening. As I did so, the first object my eyes encountered was my father, bleeding and nearly lifeless, borne between two men. Strange to say, this sight did not appal me as the anticipation of the morning had. I was calm and collected, and gave the necessary assistance and directions for dressing his wounds. A sabre cut in the arm, which was inflicted early in the fight, and attended with great effusion of blood, caused extreme weakness; but, in the excitement of the fray, he did not feel it, nor relinquish his command, till a gun shot wound in the side obliged him to retire in the moment of victory. The complete success of the people, in the direction of our residence, led to the speedy restoration of order, and to comparative tranquillity. The