

its peculiar difficulties—that obstacles surmounted are the hoarded treasures of the mind, enhancing, as we revert to them in after life, the pleasures of ultimate success. With these successive failures my despondency increased; life appeared before me a sad and dreary journey—wretched in the present, hopeless of the future. I lived but in the past, upon the recollection of each look and word of love—the tenderness with which each wish was anticipated, every expectation gratified—how the most trifling work of fancy, fashioned by my hand, was prized—and now to make the contrast—to feel there was not one to value, for my sake, productions that had cost me weary days and sleepless nights to accomplish—these were bitter thoughts, bitter to the youthful breast, when the heart most covets the love and approbation of its kind.

“But, though desolate, I was not deserted. Providence watched kindly over me; and, by means unforeseen, and to which human foresight could not lead me, shortened the term of my probationary trial. My new friend, pained by the distress my ineffectual attempt at authorship caused me, took a warm interest in my fate. Almost as poor and friendless as myself, her cheerfulness and gaiety of heart never forsook her: that smiling, happy face, and pleasant voice, when she sometimes came to our dark, dreary room, was like sunshine on a winter’s day, enlivening whilst it lasted, but with its disappearance leaving the world more dull and cheerless than before its brief beaming.

“Her first effort was to inspire me with hope, and revive the spirit of emulation, that may be dormant, but is never extinct in a young mind. Paintings, as I said, was my favourite accomplishment. M. de V. had long ago noticed and commended the boldness of my sketches, and, since my misfortunes, I had practised sedulously. My kind-hearted friend, observing this predilection, exerted her little interest in procuring me engravings to colour, from a celebrated picture dealer. This led to an engagement for drawings, to furnish the albums and portfolios of the indolent, whose wealth could purchase the reputation of talent, without the labour of cultivation. Costly drawing-books were decorated with my productions—richly encased portfolios, exhibited to admiring friends, contained the labours of my pencil—and little they who gazed upon those pieces in praise or censure, knew how often tears had marred the colouring and blotted the designs.

“The certainty of employment, and the remuneration it brought, relieved me of anxiety for the companion of my solitude, on whose constitution grief was making rapid inroads.

“The winter and the spring had passed; sum-

mer was advanced to the anniversary of the revolution; and my employer’s demands upon my time and skill increased, to furnish illustrations of a period, to me fraught with recollections of the bitterest misery. From constant practice, and employing the best models, I had attained to a vigorous and masterly style; and the scenes on which I was now engaged had made so strong and vivid an impression on my mind, that I transferred them to canvas with singular success. From many paintings I had completed—groupings designed by fancy—there were some I reserved for my own contemplation, and held sacred from other eyes. One of a series represented my last interview with M. de V. The fidelity with which I portrayed each lineament and feeling—the flashing of the eye—the enthusiastic expression that lighted up the patriot’s countenance as he approached me, flushed and animated from the excitement of debate—surprised myself. The next conveyed an equally faithful resemblance; but the emanation of an heroic spirit was exchanged for the tender and impassioned look of the lover, just as it remained engraved on my heart, since the first and last avowal of his affection. Beside these were various likenesses of my beloved father, taken as memory presented him to me in different moods of feeling. But to return to the anniversary. The morning was ushered in with all those demonstrations of rejoicing usual on such occasions. The festering sores inflicted on society, (and time had not yet cicatrised the harrowing remembrance to some,) the discontents of many were cast into the shade, by the exhilarating sounds of martial music, the glittering show of military parade, and the enlivening sight of gaily-dressed citizens, crowding through the flower-strewn streets, and garlanded archways, intent on the enjoyment of a holiday. Whilst the busy world without was thus engrossed in the pursuit of pleasure, I was anxiously endeavouring to finish some transparencies required for the decorations of the evening; but the nervous agitation, produced by the painful contrast of the present with the past, made it impossible for me to achieve the task. A trembling hand and a palpitating heart will retard the best artist in the world. It was in vain I tried to conquer this physical inability; the hour had already passed for which they were promised, and much yet remained to be done. I had thrown my pencil down in despair; and, as in fits of despondency I had often done before, placed a likeness of my father before me, as he appeared, wounded and bleeding, borne from the battle, when the person for whom the transparencies were ordered came himself to enquire into the cause of delay. He was a man of gentle