

"The revolution of July was at hand, and I slumbered peacefully; it came, and I dreamed not of danger. The morning of the 26th broke fair and bright; the evening closed in strife, and blood, and the darkness of death to many.

"I watched, with mingled feelings of terror and curiosity, the gathering crowds; I marked the look of consternation in some, of despair and determined resolution in others; I heard their suppressed murmurs, their indignant exclamations, as hurriedly they passed. Sometimes groups of ill-dressed, ruthless-looking men would meet, and, stopping, fiercely grasp each other's hands, and, through their clenched teeth, swear that death was preferable to slavery, or pledge themselves to brotherly support in the destruction of their enemies; ragged archins, too, haggard and endeavorous in their looks, carrying their favourite emblem, the tri-color, and making the air resound with their shrill cries, mingled with the crowd; persons of every age, sex and condition, were in that ever moving throng. Shouts of exultation at one time resounded through the air—then cries of wild despair smote upon the ear, as the soldiery, in obedience to the hasty mandate of their commander, ruthlessly cut down the unarmed citizens. I saw the people fly from their sanguinary pursuers; I saw women slain—women young and beautiful—whilst others, undismayed, cast themselves as shields between the infuriated soldiery and their husbands, sons, and brothers. This scene of terrible disorder aroused me at last to a perception of the precipice on which I stood.

"My father had been absent from an early hour—such absence was not unusual—but need I say with what intense anxiety I watched for his return on this eventful day? The shades of evening were rendering objects indistinct, and despair was pressing on my heart, when his voice, and that of one equally beloved, removed my apprehensions. I hastened to receive them: I found they were surrounded by strangers—men whom I had never before seen—but their presence did not restrain me. I threw myself upon my father's neck, and relieved my full heart by weeping. He begged of those around him to pardon the weak fondness of an only child, and led me to an adjoining apartment.

"When I summoned courage to attend to their proceedings, I found, with inexpressible alarm, that M. de V. was the presiding genius of the meeting, and that whatever was going forward, or whichever party triumphed, his was the post of danger. With coolness and precision he appointed each one present to a particular duty for the night: he gave instructions, he received information, with the authority of a leader. In

the exigency of the moment, he assumed the rank to which his superior judgment and commanding genius entitled him. Weaker minds, appalled by the surrounding danger, and uncertain what course to pursue, looked to him for support, or yielded implicit obedience to his commands.

"With fervid eloquence he expatiated on the patriotism and self-devotion of the citizens that day in defence of their liberties—he exhorted them to perseverance—and, with vehement indignation, denounced the guilty parties that had imbued their hands in the blood of the youthful props* of their country, and wantonly ordered the indiscriminate massacre of an unarmed multitude. 'The groans of our dying brothers,' said he, 'still ring upon our ears; their blood is yet wet upon our garments, and appeals to us, not for the futile vengeance of life for life, but that we may persevere in the glorious effort to free our children from tyrants.'

"Whilst his animated address created a corresponding enthusiasm, and aroused every latent feeling of pride, ambition, and patriotism, in those for whom it was intended, it fell like an ice-bolt on my heart. Restless and agitated, I paced, with rapid steps, the small apartment. I tried, in vain, not to hear him, not to understand his words; but still they fell upon my ear, and conveyed a dreadful import. At length, when the mingled sounds of many voices ceased—when I heard the receding footsteps of the throng—all courage failed me. I threw myself in mute despair upon a couch: 'He seeks me not—he thinks not of me—I shall never see him more!' These thoughts coursed wildly through my burning brain; my brain that throbbed and burned with this sudden weight of misery. But I wronged him: he came. I sprang to meet him, and, clasping his extended hand, besought him to tell me what the scene I had witnessed might portend. 'Freedom to our country!' he animatedly answered; 'freedom to France. Agn ! You are a French woman, the daughter of one of her soldier sons, and will rejoice in the success of a noble cause, though it should be won by the blood of those dearest to you.' He took my hand, pressed it to his lips—to his heart—and continued: 'The moment has at last arrived, Agn , for which I have long and ardently toiled—for which I have made the dearest sacrifices of life; kindred has been forsaken—friends resigned—

* The revolutionary tendencies of the citizens of Paris received their strongest impetus on the morning of the 26th of July, from the dispersion, by the armed civil force, of some students of the Polytechnic and other schools, who had assembled round the hotel of Cassimir Perrier, to ascertain the decision of the deputies.