

As we approached the Rue St. Honore, the cries became louder; and turning down the Rue des Bons Enfans, we found ourselves suddenly in the crowd from which they proceeded. It consisted of about five hundred men and boys, all unarmed. Some had stones in their hands, and some had sticks; but no more deadly weapon could I discern amongst them. A great proportion of the mob were discharged printers, and I was instantly recognized by several of my fellow workmen, drawn into the crowd with my brother, who was very willing to go, and hurried on towards the Place Vendome, whither the rioters were directing their steps, with the purpose of attacking the house of Monsieur de Peyronnet, one of the obnoxious ministers. The numbers in the Rue St. Honore were in no degree tremendous; but, as we entered the Place Vendome, I saw an equal body coming up the Rue Castiglione, and another approaching by the Rue de la Paix. A large force of mounted gens-d'armes was drawn up in the square; and shortly after, a party of the guard, and the troops of the line, appeared. There seemed to be considerable hesitation on both parts to strike the first blow; and as long as we kept to shouts, the military remained passive. What took place towards Peyronnet's house, I could not discover for the heads of the people, but there seemed a considerable tumult in that direction; and a moment after, a lad beside me threw an immense brick at the head of the officer of gens-d'armes, crying, "A bas le Roi! Vive la Charte!"

The missile took effect, knocked off the officer's hat, and covered his forehead with a stream of blood. That instant the word was given to charge; and in a moment we were driven down the Rue St. Honore in confusion and terror. My brother could not run so fast as I could, and at the corner of the Palais Royal, I found that he was left several yards behind, while the horses were close upon him. I instinctively started back to assist him, and seeing no other means, I seized a wine cask that stood at one of the doors, and rolled it with all my strength between him and the soldiers. The nearest gens-d'armes horse, stopped in full course, stumbled and fell over the barrel. A loud shout of gratulation and triumph burst from the people; and turning in their flight, they discharged a shower of bricks and stones upon the advancing cavalry, which struck more than one horseman from his saddle, and afforded time for my brother and myself to join the rest, which we did amidst great cheering and applause, as the first who had actively resisted the military. Elated by the cheers, my brother entered with enthusiasm into the feelings of the multitude, while I felt as if I had committed a crime, in injuring men who were but doing their duty.

A temporary cessation of hostility now occurred between the people and the soldiers. The gens-d'armes established themselves in the Place du Palais Royal, some troops of the line took possession of the Rue St. Honore, and the mob occupied the end of the Rue de Richelieu, and the corners of the Rue Montpensier, where the new and incomplete buildings afforded plenty of loose stones, which were seen again used as missiles against the gens-d'armes. I would fain now have got away and returned home, but my brother would remain; and my companions, remembering the affair of the barrel, put me forward as a kind of leader; so that vanity joined with enthusiasm to make me continue, while the thought of Mariette came from time to time across my memory with a thrill of dispiriting anxiety. The next two hours passed all in tumult. The soldiers charged us several times, and we fled, but still returned to our position as they reassumed theirs. Many shots were fired, but few fell, and muskets, bowing-pieces, pistols, and swords, began to appear amongst the crowd, while in one or two places I discerned the uniform of the National Guard, and two or three youths from the Polytechnic School. Darkness soon fell; this came on; the multitudes opposed to the soldiery were increasing every minute, and a cry began to run through the crowd, "To the gunsmith's shops! To the gunsmith's shops!" Instantly this suggestion was obeyed. We dispersed in a moment. Every gunsmith's shop in the neighbourhood was broken open, and almost before I was aware myself, I was armed with a double-barreled gun and a brace of pistols, and provided with powder and ball. The shop from which

these instruments of slaughter were procured was one at the end of the Rue de Vivienne, and as I came out, I paused to consider which way I should now turn. "Let us go to the Corps de Garde near the Exchange," cried one of the men who had been near me all the day. "Lead on, *mon brave*," he continued, laying his hand upon my shoulder, "you shall be our captain." I looked around for my brother, but he was no longer there, and I followed the man's suggestion. As we went, by the advice of one of the Polytechnic School, we put out all the lamps, and spread the cry every where to do the same. It was now quiet dark, and our number increased at every step as we advanced. Opposite to the Corps de Garde, at the Bourse, a small body of soldiers was drawn up, and two or three torches were lighted. A warning to stand off! was given, as soon as the troops heard our approach, and as we still advanced, increasing our pace, a volley instantly followed. A ball whistled close by my ear and made me start, but I still rushed on; and the soldiers, seeing the multitude by which they were attacked, attempted to retreat into the guard-house. We were upon them, however, before the doors could be closed, and a terrific struggle took place, man to man. One strong fellow closed with me, and the strife between us soon grew for life. Our feet slipped, and we fell together, rolling over and over, wrapped, with a sort of convulsive fold, in each other's arms. All thought was out of the question; but suddenly getting one of my hands free, I brought the muzzle of a pistol close to my opponent's head, and fired. For an instant his fingers pressed more tightly round my throat—then every muscle was in a moment relaxed, and as I sprang up, he rolled backwards on the pavement. The fury of excitement was now upon me, and bearing some shots still ringing within the guard-house, I was rushing towards it, when I perceived the multitude pouring forth, and a thick smoke, with some flashes of flame, streaming from the windows. The guard-house was on fire, and in an instant the whole sky was in a blaze. I stood to look at it, for a moment, as the fire light flashed and flickered upon the dark and demon-like figures that surrounded the pile, and in the various dead bodies that lay in the open space the people had left, as in awe, between them and the destruction they had wrought. It was a fearful sight—sweet memories of peace and home rushed upon my brain—I shuddered at my own deeds, and turning from the whole vision of excited passion before my eyes, I ran as hard as I could to reach my home.

Oh never did I feel the thought of returning to the secure arms of her I loved, so exquisite, as at that moment! and I flew up the stairs rather than ran. I opened the door and entered. Mariette was kneeling by the cradle of her child. She did not hear me come in. I pronounced her name. At first she made no reply; but then turned round with a face that will haunt me to the grave, and pointed to the cradle. I sprang forward and looked. There were traces of blood and bloody bandages strewn about, and round the poor infant's white and delicate shoulder were the compresses and dressings of a fresh wound.

"Good God, Mariette," I exclaimed, "how is this? How?" "I heard firing in the streets," she answered, with an awful degree of calmness, "I feared for my husband—I ran out to see; and not daring to leave it all alone, I took my child to death. I had scarcely gone a yard, when a shot struck it in my arms."

Through the whole of that dreadful night, Mariette and I sat by the cradle of our dying child—silent as the grave, with our eyes fixed upon its pale and ashy countenance, and hardly daring to lift our looks towards each other. From time to time it gave a faint and torturing cry, but in general, seemed in a panting sort of sleep, till towards four in the morning, when the breathing stopped, and I know not what grey shadow fell over its calm sweet face. I did not think it was dead; but Mariette threw her arms round my neck, and hid her eyes upon my bosom.

It was nearly mid-day on the Wednesday, when one of my companions came to tell me that the man who, it was reported, had been seen with me the day before, had been killed by a shot on the Boulevards, and I hastened after the messenger to ascertain the

truth, for my brother had not yet appeared. He led me to the door of the Exchange, over which the tri-coloured flag was now flying in triumph, but on each side of the gate was stretched a dead corpse, and the first I saw was indeed my brother. Rage and revenge took possession of my whole heart. I joined the brave men who were marching down to the Place de Greve; and from that moment, I entered into every act of the revolution, with all the enthusiasm, the zeal, and the fury of the rest. It is needless to detail every scene I witnessed, and every struggle in which I shared. Suffice it, I was in most of those that occurred—at the taking and the re-taking of the Hotel de Ville—at the storming of the Louvre, and at the capture of the Tuileries. And the enthusiasm amongst us was immense and overpowering; and the moderation and heroism with which it was conducted, reconciled me fully to the revolution. From time to time, I ran home to soothe and console my poor Mariette, and to snatch a mouthful of bread, for our purse was now so low that we did not dare to purchase anything else. Mariette ate little while I was there, but she assured me that she had plenty, and that she generally took something while I was gone in the middle of the day. Grief and anxiety had worn her sadly; and the lustre had quitted her eye, and the rose had left her cheek; and she looked at me so sadly, so painfully, as I went away, that every time I determined it should be the last. At length the royal troops were beaten out of Paris, and the palace were monarchs had revealed fell into the hands of the people. A few of the National Guard and a few of the common people were selected, as to a post of high honor, to guard the Tuileries during the night, under the command of a student of the Polytechnic School. I was one of those fixed upon; and having sent, by a comrade, a message to Mariette, which he forgot to deliver, I remained for the night in those scenes of ancient splendor. There was something awfully melancholy in the solitary palace, and a feeling of compassion for the dethroned king grew over my heart as I sat in the midst of the magnificent halls that he might never see again. As soon as we were relieved the next morning, I flew to Mariette. She has passed a night of the most dreadful anxiety, my comrade having, as I have said, never delivered my message. Her eye was hollow and her cheek was sunk, but all seemed forgotten when she beheld me safe; and seeing me fatigued and faint, she made me eat some bread and drink a glass of water, almost weeping that she had not something better to give me.

As the last bit touched my lip, a vague thought struck me that she had had none herself, and I insisted on her telling me. She cast her arms around me, and assured me with a smile, that it did her more good to see me eat than to take any herself; but I at length drew from her that all our money was expended, and that she had not tasted anything for two days.

I thought I should have gone distracted; and after remaining for a few minutes stupified as it were, I ran to the printing-house to see if I could get work, and induce the overseer to advance me a single franc to buy some bread for my poor Mariette. The office, however, was shut up, and I knocked in vain for admittance. I then turned to the lodging of one of my fellow printers, who might lend me, I thought, even a sous. I hurried up the narrow dirty staircase where he lived, and went into his room; but the sight I saw soon convinced me he wanted assistance as much as I did. He was sitting at an uncovered table, with five children of different ages about him. His cheek was waxen and hollow; and as I entered, he fixed his haggard eye upon the door, while a little girl kept pulling him importunately by the arm, crying, "Give me a piece, papa—I will have a piece of bread." "Lend me a franc," cried he as soon as he saw me; "my children are starving—I will pay you when I get work."

I told him my own condition; but he burst forth in the midst, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, trembling with passion, and his eye glaring like that of a wild beast. "You are one of the revolutionists too. God's curse and mine upon you! See what your revolutions have brought! My children are starving—every artisan in Paris is beggared and unemployed. I am starving—my wife is dying for want of medicine."