

and whose regard for us is not less powerful, has been for some years back separated from us by the force of those unhappy circumstances which have made so many of us exiles! No means have existed of communicating with each other, nor of interchanging those hopes or fears for our country's welfare which are so near to every French heart! He in Germany, we in the wild Tyrol, one half the world apart! and dare not trust to a correspondence the utterance of those sympathies which have brought so many to the scaffold!"

"We would ask of you to see him, Monsieur de Tiernay, to know him," burst out Laura; "to tell him all that you can of France—above all, of the sentiments of the army; he is a soldier himself, and will hear you with pleasure."

"You may speak freely and frankly," continued the marquise; the count is man of the world enough to hear the truth even when it gives pain. Your own career will interest him deeply; heroism has always had a charm for all his house. This letter will introduce you; and, as the general informs us, you have some days at your own disposal, pray give them to our service in this cause."

"Willingly, madame," replied I, "only let me understand a little better—"

"There is no need to know more," interrupted Laura; "the Count de Marsanne will himself suggest every thing of which you will talk. He will speak of us, perhaps—of the Tyrol—of Kuffstein; then he will lead the conversation to France—in fact, once acquainted you will follow the dictates of your own fancy."

"Just so, Monsieur de Tiernay, it will be a visit with as little of ceremony as possible—"

"Aunt!" interrupted Laura, as if recalling the marquise to caution, and the old lady at once acknowledged the hint by a significant look.

I see it all, thought I, De Marsanne is Laura's accepted lover, and I am the person to be employed as a go-between. This was intolerable, and when the thought first struck me I was out of myself with passion.

"Are we asking too great a favor, Monsieur de Tiernay?" said the marquise, whose eyes were fixed upon me during this conflict.

"Of course not, madam," said I, in an accent of almost sarcastic tone. "If I am not wrong in my impressions the cause might claim a deeper devotion; but this is a theme I would not wish to enter upon."

"We are aware of that," said Laura, quickly, "we are quite prepared for your reserve, which is perfectly proper and becoming."

"Your position being one of unusual delicacy," chimed in the marquise.

I bowed haughtily and coldly, while the marquise uttered a thousand expressions of gratitude and regard to me.

"We had hoped to have seen you here a few days longer, monsieur," said she, "but perhaps, under the circumstances, it is better as it is."

"Under the circumstances, madam," repeated

I, "I am bound to agree with you;" and I turned to say farewell.

"Rather *au revoir*, Monsieur de Tiernay," said the marquise, "friendship, such as ours, should at least be hopeful; say then '*au revoir*.'"

"Perhaps Monsieur de Tiernay's hopes run not in the same channel as our own, aunt," said Laura, "and perhaps the days of happiness that we look forward to, would bring far different feelings to his heart."

This was too pointed—this was insupportably offensive! and I was only able to mutter, "You are right, mademoiselle;" and then, addressing myself to the marquise, I made some blundering apologies about haste and so forth; while I promised to fulfill her commission faithfully and promptly.

"Shall we not hear from you?" said the old lady, as she gave me her hand. I was about to say, "under the circumstances," better not, but I hesitated, and Laura, seeing my confusion, said, "It might be unfair, aunt, to expect it; remember how he is placed."

"Mademoiselle is a miracle of forethought and candor too," said I. "Adieu! adieu forever!" The last word I uttered in a low whisper.

"Adieu, Maurice," said she, equally low, and then turned away toward the window.

From that moment until the instant when, out of breath and exhausted, I halted for a few seconds on the crag below the fortress, I knew nothing; my brain was in a whirl of mad, conflicting thought. Every passion was working within me, and rage, jealousy, love, and revenge were alternately swaying and controlling me. Then, however, as I looked down for the last time on the village and the cottage beside the river, my heart softened, and I burst into a torrent of tears. There, said I, as I arose to resume my way, there is one illusion dissipated; let me take care that life never shall renew the affliction! Henceforth I will be a soldier, and only a soldier.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SENSITIVE SPIRIT.

MY earliest recollections are of a snug, modest-looking cottage, far away in the country, whose shady garden was full of the sweet breath of roses, and honeysuckle, and many other flowers. This house and this garden were, to my tiny apprehension, the sum and substance of all delight; and, truly, never was a scene more calculated to strike on the young soul in its bud of being, and to touch those mysterious chords yet unjarred by the world's rough hand. My father was an humble and unpretending country pastor, void of ambition, except as he could train the soul for Heaven. Alike removed from envying the powerful or scorning the poor, he, with calm dignity of mien and tenderness of heart, pursued the duties of his sacred calling. It seems so far back, that I can scarcely say whether it be a recollection of this life or a dream of some other;

but there we sit, on the evening of a summer's day, in our shady alcove, my father reading aloud, my mother at her work, little Edward and myself at their feet. We little ones are playing with some wild flowers, and form these into a variety of devices. Suddenly I break off, and look up in my father's face. He is not reading now. His eyes are resting on some object in the distance. His face wears a strange expression—a kind of faded, unearthly look. I did not know what this was then—I know it now. I am fascinated by this shadow on the beloved face, till I feel a strange pang at my heart, the first that has ever visited it. My father at last looks down, kindly pats my curly head, and says, "Why, how quiet we all are!" Upon this, I look at my mother, and see that her blue eyes are full of tears. She hurries into the house; my father follows; and I, finding my little brother fast asleep on his flowers, bury my face in my hands, and burst into a passion of weeping. I can not tell why I wept, but a shadow had come into my gay young heart; and, clasping little Edward in my arms, at last I sobbed myself to sleep also.

Yet another evening, and we sit in our humble parlor. We youngsters have had a merry day of it, for some little friends have been taking tea with us. The spirit of our exuberant glee has not yet died away, but we are quiet now, for it is the hour of prayer. Sally, our sole domestic, with her red arms, and red, good-humored face, tries to look demurely at us—which, in truth, she can not accomplish—and, by various telegraphic nods and shakes of the head, secures our good behavior. My mother plays on the piano, and we sing a hymn. We all join, in our way, Sally's rough voice setting off my mother's wonderfully. I wonder if the angels in Heaven sing as sweetly as she. I believe, in my small mind, that my father thinks so, for sometimes he does not sing, but listens to her, and looks at her, in a kind of rapt, admiring way. The hymn over, we listen to a portion of the Holy Book—God's Book—for that is the name by which we know it. Then my father prays, and we pray, in our simple manner, to the great Father above the blue sky. The religion of our dear home is neither morose nor sullen. All pleasant, simple delights are ours. Our merry laugh is not chidden, and we are early taught to minister to others. Thus it follows that we, unasked, give our weekly pence to the poor little boy whose father died last week, of whose desolate condition, and that of his mother, we hear our parents speak. We know very well, though none ever told us, that these same dear parents are ministering angels to the afflicted and distressed. We do sometimes wonder where the money comes from that helps the poor; for when I, seized with an envious fit, ask why I can not have gay apparel, like one of my little friends—why I must wear an old frock, while she displays a new one—my father shakes his head, and says, "My dear Mary, I can not afford finery for my children." Then a light breaks upon me, and I know that father is careful, and mother is care-

ful, and that we must be careful, too, that we may give to the poor. And now, after the lapse of some months, I observe again the old look on my father's face. He has a short cough, and seems tired with doing very little. His deep, dark eyes have a strange shadow about them, and there is a peculiar tenderness in his whole manner. Somehow, we children are more silent than we used to be. We do not feel so much inclined to be noisy and boisterous as heretofore. Days and weeks pass on. The shadow deepens on the beloved face. We are now told that our father is very ill, and urged to be quiet. In these days, we do much as we like—wander about the field at the back of our house, and through the shady garden, but the spirit of gladness has left our young hearts, and we go hither and thither with a strange weight resting on us. Fatigued, we sit beneath the aged elm. The happy birds sing in its branches. Far off, the cattle are lowing in the meadows, and sheep bleating on the hill-side. The busy hum of haymakers comes to us, but it does not make us merry as once it did.

Then come times of deeper gloom. We all tread on tiptoe. We just step within our father's room. His breath is very short and quick, and his eyes are bright—oh, how bright! He places his hand upon our heads, and, in trembling accents, commits us to our Heavenly Father. We hear him say he is tired, and will sleep. All is hushed. He closes his eyes. We watch long to see him wake, but he is now a pure seraph in the presence of his God; and, through life's pilgrimage, he is henceforth to be to those who love him a memory, a dream of other days, and yet a burning and shining light, whose rays penetrate not the less, because they are mild and benign.

For some time after this event all seems a blank. There is a sale at our house. Our cherished things are going to be taken from us. Then I understand that we are poor. My mother has a little, but not enough for our support; so she is fain to accept an offer that has been made her by a distant relative, who keeps a boarding-school for young ladies in a distant county. My mother is to assist in the school. She does not much like the scheme. She is telling all to a sympathizing friend. She speaks rather in a shuddering way of her relative, whom she describes as overbearing and tyrannical. Henceforth I look on this lady as a kind of dragon, and my state of mind toward her is not such as to insure her regard. I can not now speak of the tokens of affection we receive from our loving friends. Now the children call with nosegays of wild flowers. Now my little brother has a rabbit given him; I a canary. Now cakes and sweetmeats are thrust into our hands from humble donors, with tears and blessings. Now my mother receives anonymous gifts, from a £20 note, down to a pair of knitted stockings to travel in, accompanied by an ill-spelt, ill-written blessing and prayer, "That the Almighty will set his two eyes on the purty lady and her children, and make his honor's bed in heaven, although he did not worship the blessed Vargin." My mother

smiles through her tears, for she knows this is from old Judy, our Romish neighbor, whom, in a fit of illness, she befriended, long ago. And so, after much loving leave-taking, we depart, and at length reach our destination.

And now we alight from the hackney-coach, and take a timid survey of our new abode. It is a gaunt brick building, large and stately, with 'Miss ——'s Establishment for Young Ladies,' inscribed on a brass plate on the door. I hold my mother's hand, and feel that it trembles, as we are ushered into a stark, staring room, which, at this cool season of the year, is without fire. The door opens, and our relative appears. She imprints a fashionable kiss on my mother's pale cheek, and notices our presence by the words, "Fine children, but very countrified, my dear cousin." We have tea in a small parlor, where is a fire, but I observe that my mother can not eat; and little Edward bursting into a fit of crying, with the words, "I do not like this house—I want to go home," we are all dissolved together, at which Miss —— frowns mentally, ejaculating, "No spirit, no energy—a bad beginning, truly." I wonder, in my simple soul, what this energy means, of which my mother has been said to be deficient. It can not be that she has done wrong in letting those tears flow which have filled her eyes so often during the day, for I have often seen people weep at our house in the olden time, when they have been relating their troubles, when my father's gentle eye would grow more kind, his voice more soft. He would then speak another language, which now I know to be the language of promise, breathed by the great Eternal himself in the ear of his suffering ones.

I pass over some weeks, during which my mother has been duly installed into her office of teacher—rising early, to give lessons before breakfast; afterward walking out with the young people; then teaching all through the livelong day, till evening brings some repose. She always puts us to bed herself, and this is not a very hurried operation, for we clasp her round the neck, call her "dear mamma," and tell her how much we love her. She will then listen to our simple devotions, and tear herself away. Then we hear her in a room adjoining, pouring forth her soul in song. She sings the old lays, but there is another tone mingling with them—one that affects the listener to tears; for, stealing out of bed and opening the door, I have met other listeners, whose gay young faces showed that those saddened melodies had touched some mysterious chord, awaking it to sadness and tears.

My mother was greatly beloved by the young people. I soon found out that this fact was any thing but pleasing in the eyes of the lady superior, who could not imagine how a person so devoid of energy, as she termed it, could possess so much influence. Nevertheless, this best of all influence—the influence of affection—was possessed in no common degree. With what zest and pleasure was every little office rendered—with what sweetmeats were we feasted—what bouquets were placed on my mother's table—what nu-

merous presents of needlework were made her—how her wishes were anticipated—I know well. I know, too, how much my dear parent suffered in this house—how unequal her strength was to her labors—how the incessant small tyranny to which she was subjected ate out all the life of her spirit. Still she never complained; but I could hear her sometimes, in the silence of night, weeping bitterly, and calling on her beloved dead, who, when on earth, had never allowed one shadow to cross her path which he could avert.

Thus four years were passed, during which my brother died. This second blow pierced me to the heart, but, strange to say, mamma bore it calmly. I wondered at her, till I noticed how very thin she had become—how very trembling and frightened with every little thing—and how attentive the young people were to her wishes. Then the old agony came over my heart, and I knew all.

About this time, a gentleman, who had known and loved my father, dying, left my mother a legacy of £100. This sum enabled her to take a lodging near our old home, and here, some two months after our return, she died, in the full assurance of faith. Our faithful old Sally was now married to an honest yeoman, and from this good creature we received much kind attention.

I pass over some years, in which I experienced all the trials of a shabby-genteel life at a large school, where I was placed by the kindness of a distant friend. After trials and vicissitudes of no ordinary kind, I found myself, by the death of a relative in India, whose name I had never heard, entitled to the sum of £5000. With this wealth, which to my young imagination seemed boundless, I retired to my native village, in the quiet shades to enjoy the peace for which I had long sighed.

A stranger hand writes that Mary —— resided for some time in the retreat she had chosen, the idolized of the poor, the friend of the afflicted, more like an angel than ought belonging to this lower sphere, yet showing that she was of the earth, by the look of tender melancholy which haunted her cheek, and said how surely, "early griefs a lengthened shadow fling." She died in her youthful bloom, and the bitter sobs and lamentations of the poor testified to her worth. Her money still remains for them in perpetuity, but the meek, dove-like eyes are darkened, and gone the voice whose music made many glad. So have we seen a stream suddenly dried up, whose presence was only known by the verdure on its margin, scarcely known, scarcely cared for, except by the humble floweret, but, when gone, its absence was deplored by the sterility where once were bloom and freshness.

ESCAPE FROM A MEXICAN QUICKSAND.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

A FEW days afterward, another "adventure" befell me; and I began to think that I was destined to become a hero among the "mountain men."

A small party of the traders—myself among