CORREGONIAN PROBLEM COR was and seed this policy in the seed of the state of the seed of t in the matin world star () on the volume series and the list generally believed that other insurrections, which have been so shappily suppressed in a Italy and in the South of Spain, were well known to the Erench Government, and that it is owing to the rigilance of the Emperor that the Governments of those countries were put on the alert. They were doubtless to have had their headquarters at Paris, and to have included illustrious victims. We have doubtless yet to learn the extent of the dangers we have escaped; and though, as in all cases where the public mind is to attain to power on the part of the faction which | The Pope was still at Bologna. in every country where it has shown itself, is the enemy of religion, of order, and of tranquility. of Genoa, is the principal subject of attention. The Emperor is trying to live a retired life at A great danger has been escaped. The papers Plombieres, and is deriving much benefit from found on the prisoners, and others taken with the baths. The Empress has gone to Plombieres leaving the Imperial Prince at St. Cloud: it is show what were the intentions of the conspiratherefore presumed her stay will be short. On her arrival at Epinal, at half-past five, she started by post for Plombieres, but had not been long on her way, when the Emperor joined her, he having come thus far to meet her: they entered Plombieres at eight o'clock. The town was illuminated, and the windows and streets ornamented nest Pareto is arrested, on account of the suspiwith flowers and evergreens. The Emperor and Empress took a long excursion in the environs the next day, and only returned in the evening; at ten o'clock.—The preparations for the Expo- al parts of the drama, is also in the prison San sive arrivals from Algiers.

at the charge of the Imperial Civil List on the must then be watched, and her residence was put 17th ult. There was a large display of military, under the surveillance of the guards. It was and an immense crowd, but no manifestation.

quarters of France is most cheering. In some dal, for she could also wear a postiche, and perthe reaping is over, and in other places, where haps she preferred the notoriety of being imprithe corn is not yet rine for the sickle, the heat, which in Paris at least is intense, will soon bring to maturity. Letters from Bastia, in Corsica, of the 13th, mention that in some parts of the vessel.—Cor. of Weekly Register. of the 13th, mention that in some parts of the island the yield of grain is superabundant, and good throughout the whole. The price of wheat, which had been high, has fallen 20f. the hectolitre. In the Calvados wheat has fallen 3f. the hectolitre. The price of fat oxen has also declined.

The following is from a letter of Times Paris correspondent, dated the 6th ult.:-

Of the Italians who were at first arrested on the serious charge of conspiring against the Emperor's life, and who are still in Prison, one or two have avowed their guilt; the others deny it. I am assured that in the course of the investigations conducted by the authorities no complicity has been brought home to any of the French refugees of note in England. The conspiracy is Italian, and essentially Mazzinian; and the object assassination. A Commission of Inquiry is sent by the Government to Italy to collect further information as to the extent of the plot. This will retard the trial, which takes High Court of Justice.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Protestant Upper Ecclesiastical Board has issued a circular to the clergy respecting the blessing of the Church on the second marriage of divorced married people. It will be seen that the Prussian Protestant clergy are just relieved from the necessity of bestowing the adulterers, while nuptial blessing on the union of the Protestant clergy of England are being subjected to that necessity.

The text is as follows :-- " After we have presented our most dutiful report on the negotiations which for some time have been pending respecting the benediction of divorced wedded people, the subject has been brought to a provisional conclusion by a supreme order issued on the 8th inst. The King's Majesty has not yet found it timely to come with an absolute decision. Meanwhile, in order to further the approach of a better state of things, his Most High Majesty has pleased to order: 'that the clergy shall give notice to the Consistory of all cases in which married persons, civilly divorced, shall seek the ecclesiastical blessing on another marriage; but that the Consistory (reserving to the party feeling aggrieved the recourse to the Evangelical Upper Ecclesiastical Board), shall have to decide on the allowableness of the wedding according to the maxims of the Christian marriage law, according as it is founded on the Word of God. Hereof we inform the Royal Consistory, with the injunction forthwith to furnish the clergy with

the requisite directions. Herewith we unite the disclosure, that the King's Majesty, at the same time, on the same considerations, has forbidden the further granting of dispensations from the impediment of adul-

Hereafter, the royal ministry has to refuse at once any petitions which may come in, and to announce to the clergy that they are to abstain from any countenancing of such proposals. The sending in of periodical reports on the cases, which may have come to the knowledge of the Royal Consistory, of refusals to marry, may in future cease.

THE EVANGELICAL UPPER ECCLESIACTICAL BOARD.

Berlin, June 15, 1857. ITALY.

Advices from Naples, of the 9th ult., state that the Two Sicilies are tranquil. The official journal says that the insurgents who escaped from the combat of Padula were attacked the nese Government. next day near Sanza, by the Urban Guard, the 11th Chasseurs, and the inhabitants. The rem-

man of great energy and resolution, appears much affected at the manner in which he was abandoned, and at the little sympathy which his enterprise had met with from the people ... The papers found upon him were, it is said, transmitted directly to the King, who alone perused them., Most of the letters from Naples concur in stating that the Mazzinian attempt to revolutionize the Two Sicilies was foolish and hope-

less at han held in the less at his hander that the Pope had restored to liberty three prisoners confined in the fort of Palliano: they had still an imprisonment of some months to undergo. The Diplomatic Corps had almost all quitted Rome. excited there is much exaggeration as to the circumstances, yet enough of the true remains to The French and Austrian Ambassadors alone prove that the plans included a universal attempt remained, at the request of Cardinal Antonelli.

The preparation for the trial of the insurgents arms and ammunition hidden in various places tors. Plunder of the rich, and of the middle classes who had any wealth. Lists of the houses which were to be pillaged, and persons were indicated, whose sole crime was the not partaking of the opinions of Mazzini; for this they were to be poignarded. The Marquis Ercion which attaches to the intimacy of Miss White with his family. His wife is an Englishwoman. Miss White, after having acted seversition are constantly being interrupted, and the Andrea. First, she refused to leave the town, effects disarranged, to make way for the succes- and the British minister must be consulted, lest the Government should get embroiled with England The Poet Beranger is dead, and was buried on her account; it was, however, agreed she said she dyed her hair, and tried to disguise her-The news of the harvest from nearly all self in order to escape; perhaps this was scansoned to the feminine grace of modestly hiding

ST. PETERSBURGH, July S .- The journals exhibit some degree of acrimony in refuting the charge of Russian intrigues in India. The Invalide Russe says, let England be convinced that she is under a delusion when she speaks of the designs of Russia on that rotten conglomeration which she pompously designates the British empire in India.

The Abeille du Nord says it would be better, instead of accusing the Persians and Russians, to reprint the predictions of Gen. Sir Charles Napier, who pointed out the true causes of what has now happened.

SWEDEN.

The Protestant Kingdom of Sweden is in a ridiculous position. In that country, in which Protestantism is absolutely and exclusively in possession of the field, and, therefore where English Protestants (if they were sincere) would place before the Court of Assize instead of the expect "the right of private judgment" and "liberty of conscience" to be universally recognised as mere matters of course, a most barbarous code of laws imposed conformity with the State Church under the heaviest penalties, and visited the slightest assertion of individual freedom with the gravest consequences. The notoriety given to this state of things, as well as the disaffection of a considerable body of Protestant Swedes, who wanted to set up a new reli- for that purpose the shooting, hanging, and torturing gion for themselves, induced the King last year to bring forward a measure for securing an increase of liberty, but which was no sooner published than it was found to be a penal measure of a most intolerant and persecuting tendency. In lieu of this measure, others have been proposed, of which it is only fair to say that they show some progress, and that the alterations are all calculated to make the harshness and injustice of the former law a little less remarkable. But the measure has encountered the most strenuous resistance of the Clergy and nobility. The Clergy, by the mouth of Thomander, Bishop of Lund, declare that the Swedes will abandon the Lutheran Church without adopting any religion whatever. The estate of the nobles were more afraid of Catholicity, and the Univers, from whom we are borrowing, tells us that M. Nils Tersmeden implored his peers to reflect on the imminent vices, because it shows that panic-fear has succeeded danger incurred by the Swedish Church of being absorbed by the Catholic Church if once liberty were granted. What had become of Holland? What of England? Even M. Iljerta, a warm advocate of the project, and therefore a Protestant Swede of exceptional liberality, strongly recommended that a clause should be added punishing with exile every man making proselytes in Sweden in the name of a Catholic authority, in other words, every Catholic Priest .- Tablet.

The news from Hong Kong is to May 25 .-The sufferings of the Chinese are frightful. Famine continued to increase in Canton and the interior. The gunboats have gone up the Canton river to attack the Mandarin junks. General Garrett and his staff have arrived. Tea is going down freely to Foo-choo-foo, where all is quiet. A battle has been fought between the Imperialists and the rebels above Foo-choo-foo, and it is believed that the Imperialists have been victorious. The price of rice at Hong-Kong was four dollars per pekul. Sir John Bowring has intimated that compensation for loss sustained by British subjects will be demanded from the Chi-

REVOLUTION IN INDIA.

The whole army of Bengal has revolted .nant of the band lost thirty men, and all the rest | Thirty thousand British soldiers of every arm, were made prisoners. The official journal thanks horse, foot, and artillery, have renounced their the army and navy for its aid. The chief of allegiance, and declared for the legitimate King this abortive attempt on Naples, Colonel, Pisa- of Delhi. All the Northern Provinces of India cane, was arrested at Catanzaro by a strong de- are in open rebellion, and the revolutionary spirit tachment of the Royal Gendarmerie, under is fast spreading to the centre and the South.— Lieutenant Moro. He was immediately sent to Through the lately conquered districts of Oude, Lieutenant Moro. He was immediately sent to Through the lately conquered districts of Oude, thand to another. Played Emily's part! You have the fortress of Reggio, to await orders from the Punjaub, and Scinde, the British authority not deceived, decoyed, duped, and blasted the heart North Reggio. Naples. It is stated that the Colonel, who is a rests on a heaving volcano, every burst of which that loved you-that lay for years at your feet in your name-"

explodes and controls the whole district around. We do not exaggerate, and it is impossible to exaggerate the awful convulsion, which is rending that ill-got Empire asunder ... The best informed and most candid correspondents of the Times write in stronger terms than we could coin. One of them says at Calcutta : - 11 . 716 rod sell W

Wetcannot depend on our Sepoy troops or on the natives to keep the communication open between the European forces; we cannot withdraw a man from the Punjab; we have left Pegue with only one Euro-pean regiment; while the Madras Seppys (the 10th re-giment) have caught the infection of disobedience; and we are dependent for the very existence of . our government in Northern India on the fidelity of the Maharajah of Gwalior!"

Another writing at Agra, and warning the British public against believing the concocted news of the Indian journals, declares that this Maharajah is strongly suspected of being deeply implicated in the plot; and that the communications extant in India with reference to the origin, causes, and progress of the movement are utterly

untrustworthy, and only disguise the truth:
"Where you read in the Mojusilite that fall is quiet, &c. understand it to mean that the Native troops there have not yet risen in open mutiny; that the discontented portion of the inhabitant are not yet in open rebellion; that they are either too weak, or fancy themselves to be so, or that they are waiting for a more fitting time. When you read of the manifestation of loyalty, in any of the Bengal native regiments, cavalry or infantry, understand it to mean that one half of the regiments thus favorably mentioned only are really faithful; the other half are but acting a part, the better to find the Euro-peans off their guard when the proper time arrives, or by warding off suspicion, have it the more in their power to aid their mutinous companions."

This is a deadly crisis to follow the celebration of Clive's centenary. And we happen to have an additional authentic fact to contribute to the tale. An Irish Priest of very remarkable acuteness and sagacity, writing from Agra by the last mail, reports that Russian Agents are passing into the disturbed provinces in swarms; and that their authority and object, apparently overlooked by the Company's servants, are no secret to those who care to see an inch below the surface. We mark with interest the sublime silence of Le Nord, and smile at the announcement in yesterday's telegraph, that the news of the Indian Mutiny has created a profound sensation at St. Petersburgh.—Nation.

The brutal atrocities committed by the mutineers in their first successes have provoked military severities which, if practised by the troops of the King of Naples or the Emperor of Austria, would doubtless, be denounced by the English press as instances of horrible cruelty. In the accounts in the Anglo-Indian journals the wholesale slaughter of the Hindoos, whether mutineers, deserters, or merely suspects, is frequently spoken of with an inhuman exultation, which we honestly believe neither the press of Austria nor of Naples would be guilty of. Of course a military mutiny is too dangerous a thing to be temporized with, and great severities are excusable in repressing such a revolt; but wanton slaughter and cruelties, such as are related with perfect indifference, or worse than indifference in the Indian journals, are deserving of the strongest reprobation. No matter what may be the imminence of danger, we are not justified in having recourse to savage atrocities in order to spread the terror of our arms. It is stated that a new punishment has been invented and practised for the benefit of the mutineers who have been taken. They are tied to the mouth of cannon and thus blown to pieces, a death which has a peculiar and horrible terror for the superstitious Hindoos.— Surely this brutal barbarity is not the act of British officers, nor authorised by the highest servants of a Government which is so scandalised at the King of Naples? As for the wholesale hangings and shootings, the burning of villages, and the other ordinary cruelties of civil war it is impossible to say how far they may be justifiable by the plea of necessity. No doubt the innocent must often suffer with the guilty. In such cases it is supposed to be the business of those who are employed to suppress rebellion to strike terror as widely and as deeply as possible, and of the innocent is probably more effective than the execution of just punishment on the guilty would be. But we doubt greatly that the severities and cruelties shown to the mutinous Sepoys, and to such of the population as are supposed to sympathise with them will have any but the worst possible effect. The immediate cause of the outburst at Meerut was the cruel sentence of from five to ten years' imprisonment in irons passed on eighty-five men of the 3rd Native Cavalry who, in a body, refused to use cartridges which their religious prejudices persuaded them it would be pollution for them to touch. It was these very men, aided by the fanatical rabble of Delhi, who afterwards committed so many barbarous murders of Europeaus. We may depend upon it that either in inflicting or in enduring cruelties, we shall prove no match for the Hindoos, who have been accustomed to the bloody rites of Juggernaut, and to see their women burn themselves alive as an act of religious duty. Indeed, this resort to wholesale slaughter and barbarous cruelty is, in our judgment, the worst and most ill-omened feature in the last ada too-easy security .- Tablet .

THE HALF SIR. BY GERALD GRIFFIN. (Concluded from our last.)

A pause here occurred-when Hamond, who already began to feel strongly prepossessed in favor of the lady's frankness and ready cordiality, petitioned for an ample detail of the circumstances of Lady Emily's life on the Continent, which was given with little hesitation. The conversation, as it had been long, now grew perfectly familiar, and the lady and gentleman talked as if they had been old acquaintances. The former, at length, ventured to become inquisitive in her turn.

"Pardon me," said the lady, "if I am intrusive. But you have already given me half a confidence, and it is on that I would presume."

"You will show me a kindness," said Hamond "if you use no ceremony. Pray, speak freely." "I know the cause of your retirement," said Miss O'Brien, after once more holding her peace for a few minutes. "Yet, if I should judge by the demeanor of Emily, and by my own heart, I should say that your state was far happier than hers who wronged

you."
"Why should you think it?" "I have played her part—and met her fate. Ay, I see," said she, as Hamond almost involuntarily moved his chair farther from her-"I see that I have already by this single avowal forfeited the little interest which you have taken in my history. I am hateful in my own eyes, and must be so to all who know my guilt, and who cannot know my peni-

"I beg pardon," said Hamond, "I bope—I—have no reason to form a judgment. Played her part?" "A prouder, viler part than hers appears to you." "It cannot be !" he said, with a vehemence that made her start. "You have not broken plight-

slavish fondness. (You have not acted thus through the strength of loud, delirious laughter, Hamond, Emily, 19th the action, as Miss O'Brien covered her face with her the action and the staggered agreeming heavily, to hands, and shrunk back in her chair. The Yio chair, while Emily, mistaking the action for lence of my recollections compels me to throw aside the decorum that is due from me. I did not remem-

ber that you were her friend in the print of the yer least that I deserve. I wish not to preserve a misplaced respect. My conscience is so galled with the burning weight of my errors-crimes I should call them that I feel a dreadful luxury in avowing them, even though positive contempt and detestation must be the consequence. Hear me, I entreat you. Since you have learned enough to hate me, let me tell you all. For you can serve me well. You know the person I have injured."

Hamond resumed his chair in an attitude half irresolute, half attentive, while the lady, retiring still farther into the shadow thrown by the window curtains on the already darkening apartment, spoke in a tone of deep agitation.

"I was bound as Emily was, to a young gentle-man whom you know, and who, I believe, sincerely loved me. He was handsome, witty, accomplished, elegant in mind and manner—passionate, and young -but lowly born-at least it seemed so, comparing both our fortunes. Indeed, I may truly say, that love never was deeper than his for me-

"Pardon me once more," said Hamond, rising impatiently, "I cannot always govern myself. This is not a tale for ears like mine, that are wearied with the sounds of fellowed?" the sounds of falsehood."

"You will not treat me so unfairly," said Miss O'Brien, using a gentle action to detain him in the chair. "Hear all that I would say. I wish not to escape your just reproaches, if you should, find me

Hamond, chafing under the restraint, returned to his seat, while Miss O'Brien continued. "We were betrothed-bound by a registered contract, and still more by the intelligence that subsisted between our hearts-but yet, united as we were by anticipation. it was my hourly sport to play upon his sensitive nature—to awake his jealousy—to see him watch me with an anxious glance through the whirl of the ball and rout, where I had smiles and quips for all but him-and pretty sentences strung up like pearls for every ear but his-"

"Must I hear this?" said Hamond, struggling violently with himself—"Fit companions! friends! Pray, madam—let me beg—"

"I loved to see him," Miss O'Brien continued, not heeding Hamond's impatience, "when it afterwards crept to my side with a pale and fretted brow-and a gentle and repreachful eye-I loved to point out to his notice the various members of the youthful aristocracy that passed us-to speak admiringly of their wealth-their titles and high birth-"

"Hold! torture and madness!-hold!" Hamond exclaimed, starting up in a paroxysm of ungovernable fury, and flinging the chair across the room, while Miss O'Breen recoiled in terror at this unexpected burst of violence. "What! taunt him with his lowliness—with the station of life in which the mighty Lord of life and nature had placed him? Did you tax that poor being with the will of providence? Why do you not chide the wren that it cannot outsoar the eagle? or those dwarfish shrubs before us, that they do not uplift their boughs above that pine or oak? Shame on you! Shame and sorrow on you! In this manner was it that my brain was stung, even to the very verge of madness-I feel the scourges of my heart renewed-but you are not yet too late-you have not yet flung your false vile person into another's arms—your injured love may yet be sought and satisfied. Oh, fly then! fly (since you speak of penitence) return to that poor wretch's feet-you know not the misery he en-dures-you know not how his heart is burning and his soul darkening within him-how restless are his nights, how bitter is his food-how lonely are his thoughts-how he howls and groans in the anguish of his spirit. You know not what that anguish is. I do. Fly to him! Find him out! If you leave a corner of the earth unsearched, and save him not, you are a murderess! Seek him out-fling yourself at his feet-moisten the dust around them with your tears-and if his pride-his honest, injured, manly pride, refuse the amend, and he should justly spurn you in your humbleness-go then, and hide you in your shame, where the eye of man may never look upon you more, and pray that the good and the virtuous may forget you, for a blessing.

"It is a just judgment that falls upon me," said the lady, faltering, "yet I would be penitent." Then ll more tating voice, hope from that? He never would forgive me."
"Go, do your part," said Hamond, as he passed

his handkerchief over his damp and heated browyour sin will end, at least." "Judge—" she again faltered some seconds, judge by your own heart, sir. If she whom you

once loved, Emily Bury-pray forgive my boldnessbut if she were now living to-

"Peace!" Hamond exclaimed sternly. Then with a graver and gentler tone, "She's in her tomb, young lady-there let her rest. Her fate is long since in His hands, in whose eye the titles and distinctions of human society are nothing more than the holiday sport of children in the thought of serious manhood. And yet, if that great change of being can purify the earthly nature, and make the soul once more white from its worldly follies, and if her spirit," he continued, raising his hands and his eyes, moist with tears, to heaven, "can read the heart it blighted—she does not see the silent agony of that heart more clearly than its full forgiveness and affection." And here, as if to compensate to his heart for the privation which he had before so coldly inflicted upon it, he drew the miniature from his bosom, and gazed long and fondly upon it, while the lady watched him with an emotion which almost

bordered on tumultuousness.
"I ask not of the dead," she said, at length, looking fixedly and solemnly upon him. "I ask of that Emily whom, living, you have loved, and who, living, wronged you. Suppose she lived yet. Do not start nor wave your hand in scorn—such things have been. The grave has yielded forth its tenants, coffined and shrouded though they were—buried men have sat again beside their living friends—the sea has given its half-devoured prey to life and light once more, in a relenting mood-mothers have taken to their bosoms their children long thought deadwives, husbands-fathers, sons. Might this not be

Hamond dropped the portrait from between his hands, and remained staring on the speaker in an attitude as set and stirless, as if her eye had been Medusa's, while she continued :-

"Suppose, I say, Eugene Hamond, that Emily Bury lived again, would your hatred revive with her? Suppose," she continued, panting heavily, and wringing her extended hands, "say that she stood before you now, here where I stand, her form thus drooped in shame and penitence, her hands

"Yes," Hamond said hoarsely, his eyes still rivet-ted on hers, while he spoke in soliloquy—"There is a meaning in those words, wild as they are. Is not earth, earth? death, death? Does not the grave-stone press heavily where it has been laid? The tomb is not so merciful. It is impossible."

"You have not answered me," said the lady, bendinglow before him. "Suppose that she did more than this—that she washed the earth before you with her tears—poured out the gushing penitence of her heart—and thus in her agony of sorrow—"

"Ha! hold! Stand back! Avoid me!" Hamond almost shricked in a tone of hourse anger and horror. "You are not she—'tis false!—Alive? What! living? Near me! Speaking with me! Once more, I bid you in mercy tell me who you are—give me but a word—a sign. My heart is bursting—speak!

mond extended his arm, but his strength failed him in the action; and the staggered agrosning heavily to a chair, while Emily, mistaking the action for one of repugnance and disgust, threw herself again at his feets would strength a chair with anounce and disgust, and nor look so dreadfully into my eyes. You have already pronounced my pardon. Do not retract by our word have suffered, deeply, Hamond I have sought you in toil and danger—I have watched by your sick bed how after hour—do you not know this face? Did it not ever mingle with the phantoms of your delirium? ever mingle with the phantoms of your delirium? Oh, do not reject me. I will if you desire that I should do so; leave you this instant, and never ver your sight again; but let me for once, from your own lips, be assured that I am forgiven.

While she spoke, Hamond gradually recovered, and muttered, while he gazed steadily on her-"Merciful Providence L. It is, indeed, her form-warm, living, and real!: The eye is dimmed with tears, but it is the same—the cheek is paler and colder, but the same soft relief is there still the same high forchead," he continued. "I have been cheated many years with a dream of miscry, and here comes my early happiness, waking and bright Reject you!" he added, as the echo of her words came back upon his memory: "Oh, let me lift you from the earth, and place you on the throne where you only have reigned as a queen since we first met my own dark and desolate heart. My own dear Emily!" he continued tenderly; "my resentment was not so dear to me as you are: Nay—nay—no more imploring looks, you have my heart's forgiveness

"And I will treasure it more heedfully than your

first confidence, Hamond."
"Hush," said Hamond, "I hear a footstep." Emily turned her head and beheld Martha Hunter, holding the half-open door in her hand, and gazing with her own sweet and benevolent smile on the scene of reconciliation. When she met Emily's eye, she let the door close, and in a moment the two friends were clasped close in each others arms.

"I owe all to you, my darling Martha, to-you and your kind husband. But this is only one act in your whole life of goodness and charity.

"Poh! poh! no speeches now. Well, Mr. Hamond, did I not tell you this lady would be worth knowing. Come now, and let us make the toilette. Hunter has agreed to take an Irish dinner for once, and is waiting for you in his dressing-room. Take Emily's arm, pray," she added merrily, as they were leaving the room—"I will dispense for once with ceremony. That's a good boy and girl-go, and never quarrel before strangers again."

**PHunter was only less delighted than his wife at

the success of their common stratagem; and the evening was worn pleasantly in mutual explanations -that of the letter, and the fair hand that ministered to him (like the prince in the tale of the White Cat) in his midnight fever, not being forgotten.

"I have only one quarrel yet remaining against you, Emily," said Hamond; "and that is, that you should have trusted so little to my own sense of justice, so as to suppose that any thing more than these explanations was required, to reconcile me to all that has taken place since we parted. But you have duped me into happiness-and I should be an epicare indeed in good fortune, if I took exception at the means. I do so only so far as my own Emily's sufferings are concerned. But I will take care to compensate to you for those. I do not know, notwithstanding the many years that have been lost, to me at least, why we should not still live happily. We have our experience in return for our suffering— the fervor of our youth is cooled and subdued—but there is the less danger that the flame of our affection may waste or change. We will love as well though more calmly than in younger and simpler days, and live the happier for our saddening recollections--"

"And advise our neighbors to take warning by our tale," said Emily, "and to be convinced that they can be all that true Irish men and women ought to be; that they may retain Irish spirit-Irish worth-and Irish honor, in all their force, without suffering their hearts to be warped and tainted by the vanore of Inisir prine."

Whether the anticipations of the lovers were fulfilled-whether their old contract, so unhappily broken, was now again respected-or whether they were content to wear out the remainder of their days in the quiet enjoyment of a steady esteem and friendship, are questions in which, probably, the render may now have ceased to take an interest; I will intrude yet so far upon his time, nevertheless, to tell him that Castle Hamond soon became (what all Irish houses are, with few exceptions) the abode of hospitality, and (what all Irish houses, alas! are not) the seat of happiness and comfort. The traces of a female hand and taste soon became evident in the improved appearance of the little demesne; the hay-band no longer aspired to the office of a gatelock—the arenue was cleared and weeded—the bundle of newspapers was no longer permitted to act as deputy for a window-pane-and the economy of the establishment was no longer so confined, as to involve Remmy in such degrading implications as that thrown out by the wren-boy at the commence-

ment of our tale.
"My master is delighted at the thoughts of Miss Emily comen to life agen," said Remmy O'Lone to his mother, as he sat dangling his leg over the corner of the kitchen table one evening. "May be 'twould of the kitchen table one evening. "May be 'twould be another story with him after they're married a

It was not "another story" with them, however. Hamond and Emily persevered in the benevolent course of life which both had adopted for some time before; and the condition of their tenantry, and of all the cottagers who came within the sphere of their good offices, afforded a pleasing proof of the benefits that might be conferred on even the most destitute portion of Munster cottagers by a single well-dis-

posed resident proprietor.

Lady Emily Hamond was seated in a rustic chair, on a fine summer evening, near the gravel-plot before the hall-door, while Mr. Hamond was walking down the lawn with Mr. Charles Lane and his young wife, who were now sober settled bodies in their neighborhood. Looking on one side she saw Remmy O'Lone sidling towards her in a half bashful way—now pausing, and looking sheepishly at his toes—now pushing bis hat up behind, and using more comical actions than I have time. actions than I have time or space to describe. When he had at length approached within a yard of his lady's side he made a grin, and with a half-laughing affectation of freedom:

"Why then, please your ladyship," said he, "if it wasn't making too free, ma'am, there was a little girl that I had a sort of a rattlen regard for—Nelly, you know, ma'am; 'tisn't living with you or anybody belongen to your ladyship still she'd be ma'am, I

"Oh! Nelly? she was married very soon after your master left Dublin, to a sergeant, Remmy." "Gondoutha! Wisha an' I never seen the peer of

her. That's the way of it, Nelly? Wint off wit a sodger! Very well, why—"
"Indeed she was a foolish girl, Remmy," said Lady

"Oh then-not contradicten your ladyship-not an ounce of foolish flesh was there upon her carciss. Aych, fool indeed! If you bought Nelly to sell for

a fool you'd lie a long while out o' your money. 'Tis like all their doens—the thieves." "Whose doings, Remmy?" "The women, ma'am with submission to you. Women an' pigs bate the world." "Oh! fie, Remmy. How can you be so ungallant, so un-Irish as to say that in my presence," said Lady

Emily, smiling.
"Irish or no Irish, ma'am, I speak the plain truth an' sure 'tis well I knows em," said Remmy, stoutly.