

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The closing session of the first Legislative Assembly of the second empire was finished on Thursday, the six years to which the mandate of that body is limited by the constitution having expired. The Moniteur of Saturday announced the dissolution of the Legislative Corps. The new elections are to commence on the 21st June, and will last for two days. The number of the deputies for the new chamber is fixed at 267. The Republican party, it appears, has decided on putting forth a certain number of candidates at the approaching elections in Paris.

THE STATE TRIALS.—The fate of the last batch of French conspirators is imprisonment and fine. Some of them have been sentenced to incarceration for four years; others for two, and the remainder for shorter periods, while all of them have to pay fines varying from 100 to 500 francs.

The Moniteur publishes the reports of Generals Renault, MacMahon, and Yussuf, who commanded the three divisions which, under the orders of Marshal Randon, attacked on the 24th of May the positions of the Kabyles in the mountains of Ait-Akerma and Afenson with complete success. A subsequent dispatch, received by telegraph from Marshal Randon, dated from the camp of El-Hadj-Ali, the 26th of May, announces that the Beni-Raten were beginning to come to terms. The Emperor reviewed on Monday evening the regiments of cavalry belonging to the garrison of Paris.

The Archbishop of Paris has narrowly escaped being poisoned. He partook of an ice, into which some coloring matter, composed of acetate of lead, had been introduced.

A camp is to be formed at Chalons-sur-Marne in September next, and is to consist of 25,000 men, which is to be commanded by the Emperor in person.

SPAIN.

The Spanish senate has voted the reply to the speech from the throne, after a stirring discussion, by 95 against 16 votes. The minority includes the Carlists as well as the Progressive senators, whose number is extremely small.

The Paris correspondent of the Times states that a despatch from Madrid announced that new difficulties had arisen in the negotiations on the Mexican question, and that private letters from the same city of the 25th confirm that fact. The "Mexican question" comprises the claims of certain bondholders in the republic, which are of old standing, and the satisfaction demanded by Spain for the outrages and murders perpetrated on Spanish subjects resident in the Mexican territory. Though some days ago a satisfactory settlement appeared extremely probable, yet there is reason to fear that, in spite of the united efforts of Lord Howden and the Marquis Turgoi, the question does not present at this moment a very favorable appearance. The President of the Council and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Marshal Narvaez and M. Pidal, are both moderate in their views and pacific in their intentions, but there is a violent and uncompromising feeling of hostility against Mexico among the public, in the press, and in the congress.

ITALY.

A letter from Rome of the 25th of May announces that the raising of the state of siege at Ancona had produced everywhere an excellent effect. The Holy Father continued his journey amid the enthusiasm and respectful salutations of the inhabitants. It is said that he had been induced to change his itinerary, and that he proceeded from Fermo to Ascoli. He was to arrive at Rimini on the 30th of May, so as to celebrate the festival of Pentecost in that town. His Holiness is to make his solemn entrance into Bologna on the 7th of June. All his Ministers and a great number of Cardinals are to meet him there.

The Bologna Gazette publishes a notification, dated Ancona, May 19th, announcing the cessation of the state of siege in the Romagna, Ancona, and part of the province of Pesaro, being the only territories where it was still in force. All the prisoners under trial by court-martial are to be delivered up to the civil authorities. Nevertheless, all cases of resistance to the armed force and of offences against the Austrian military are still to be under the cognisance of the Austrian courts-martial.

SARDINIA.—The city of Genoa has just escaped a grave danger. The 900 prisoners of the bagne, had planned an attempt at escape, but fortunately the plot was discovered in time. The city was plunged into great consternation by the bare announcement that the prisoners intended making the attempt, as in 1849, an evasion was attempted, and dreadful excesses committed.

On the 23th May, the Sardinian Senate passed the bill for the abolition of the usury laws, by a majority of 40 against 31.

NAPLES, MAY 27.—I have been informed that the conditions offered by the English Government to this Court for a settlement of differences were not accepted purely and simply, but that they were much modified, particularly in that part which related to Poggio and the other political prisoners.—Cor. Weekly Register.

ROME.—The great topic of discussion here is of course the Pope's visits to his dominions. The Grand Duke of Modena, and it appears to be said upon good authority, the Emperor of Austria, as well as the Grand Duke Viceroy of Lombardy, will meet his Holiness at Bologna, where he will remain at least a month. The Holy Father will certainly visit Florence on his way back to Rome. Our correspondent at Florence states that the Tuscan minister had just received the Pope's acceptance of the Grand Duke of Tuscany's invitation.—Cor. Weekly Register.

THE PATRIOTIC ORDER.—The general chapter of the Passionist Order was held on the 8th of May at Rome. They have elected a new Provincial, a Father Ignatius, an Italian, who has been Master of Novices and Theologian of their house in Rome, and whom the General granted the English province only on the understanding that he was to be Provincial. He returns to England with Fathers Vincent and Ignatius (Hon. and Rev. G. Spencer) as his "consulatus."

SWITZERLAND.

In the sitting of the Grand Council of the Canton of Neuchâtel, on the 20th May, the Decree, of 1848,

whereby the territory of Neuchâtel was interdicted to Mgr. Marilley, Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, residing at Fribourg, was repealed. The Canton of Neuchâtel forms part of Mgr. Marilley's diocese.

BAVARIA.

The People's Messenger, of Munich, announces that the law promulgated by the Minister of Public Worship prohibiting all foreign Ecclesiastics, and particularly the Jesuits, from exercising their religious functions, has been repealed and annulled by the King of Bavaria, at the respectful remonstrances of the Bishops.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor Alexander will proceed to Wildbad on the 17th of July, in order to witness the fête which will take place in honor of the mother of the Empress. The King of Prussia is also expected. The Empress will then pass five or six days at Carlsruhe.

Letters from the Russian frontier state that the projected new customs tariff for Russia and Poland has been positively postponed, and that things will remain in statu quo.

The Prussian papers say that the Emperor of Russia is about to reduce his army, and it is stated at Vienna that the St. Petersburg Government has made advances to Austria.

BELGIUM.

The accounts from Belgium speak of tranquillity being generally restored, although some slight agitation still exists. The objections to the late bill on charitable institutions appear to gain ground. The Communal Council of Ghent, in its sitting of the 2nd, voted by a majority of 18 to 5 an address to the King, similar to that of the commune of Brussels. The Communal Council of Namur was to assemble on the same day to draw up a similar address.—Times.

CHINA.

The war is inactive just now, and the admiral is resting quietly until cool weather and a large naval and military force enable him to take aggressive measures. Troops and ships, steamers and gunboats, are coming, and an overpowering force is on its way. We are doing strange things. Every one talks about war with China. The fact is, we are at peace with China as an empire, our quarrel and war being with the Governor of the Quing-tung, the mandarin of Canton. At all the other ports we are on the most friendly terms, and doing a large trade, the Emperor probably knowing little or nothing of what is going on at Canton.—Tribune.

THE HALF SIR.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN. (Continued from our last.) CHAPTER V.

These women are strange things. 'Tis something of the latest now to weep— You should have wept when he was going from you, And chafed him with those tears at home.

The danger and inconsequence of extremes, are, I believe, coeval with men's experience. Had Emily left Remy to the guidance of his own natural share of prudence, the great probability is that her letter would have reached its destination in perfect safety; but the extreme vigilance which she induced him to exercise, greatly lessened the number of chances in its favour. He certainly did not once cease thinking of it from the moment he left the house until he arrived at his master's door. He selected the shortest way—avoided the crowds—manfully refused two invitations to "step in an take a morning" from different friends—and kept his hand continually hovering about the pocket in which the important charge was deposited. His surprise, therefore, was extreme, when, just before he ventured to awaken the slumbering echoes of the arena and coal vault, he found on examination that the letter was gone.

Enigmatical as this may appear to the reader, it did not long continue so to Remy, who discovered very speedily that amid all his great caution, while he had sewed up the pocket so securely, he never once thought of putting the letter into it. Rapid as his progress was in advance, the rate at which he retraced his steps was a great deal more expeditious; and he arrived with his face glowing in anxiety, and moist with perspiration, at Mr. O'Brien's house. He tapped at the window—rushed past Nelly, into the servant's hall—the window where he had laid it was still open—the letter had vanished. He clasped his hand uttered a groan, such as in the recesses of Warwick-lane, the sturdy bullock utters, after it has received the coup de grace, from the practised arm of the victualler.

"Nelly, we're done for!—I lost the letter. You wouldn't have it, would you?—You wouldn't see it after me there upon the windy?"

"Fait an' I'm sure dat I didn't, Remy."

Another groan. "An' after all the charges she gay, me about it. I wouldn't face her wit seel a story for the world. Lord direct them that tak it, whoansoever they wor, but they did great harm, this mornin'."

"'T would be better say nothin' at all about it, may be, Remy."

"Who knows but it's true for you? I wouldn't tell herself such a foolish thing as that I have lost it, for the world. I'll tell you how it is, Nelly. Better leave it to 'emselv, eh?—Them bits of written they do be senden one, one to another, is nothen, you see, but love letters, that way, and sure it's no loss what was in that scrap of paper when they'll be married shortly for life."

"True for you, Remy?"

"May be they wouldn't talk of it at all when they'd meet, an' if they did, itself, sure all that'll be about it is a scolden, the same as I'd get now as I tout it. Do you see now, Nelly, honey?"

"Oh iss, an' I think it stands wit' reason what you say, Remy. There'd be no do wit her, sure, after given you the notes an' all," said Nelly, who felt herself in some degree implicated in the transaction by her adventurous and unhappy too enthusiastic estimation of the value of her lover's head. "I wouldn't face her after the notes, any way."

"May be to take 'em of' me she would, eh?" said Remy, in additional alarm.

"O she's too much of a lady for that, but indeed she would begridge that it was themselves wint in place of de letter."

It was finally arranged between them that Hamond should learn nothing of the letter from Remy, and, if possible, that its miscarriage should be also kept secret from Miss Bury. Notwithstanding the tone of his letter, which in reality he more than half believed, Hamond was not prepared to be taken so immediately at his word as Emily appeared by her silence to have done. The certainty of his fate, moreover, was confirmed to him by the flourishing account Remy gave of the jocular health and spirits in which he had left the young lady; the brogue-footed Mercury conceiving that he could not better supply the loss of the letter than by communicating all the pleasing intelligence his own observation or invention could furnish. Whatever Emily's feelings were on the receipt of Hamond's letter—how deep soever the regret and remorse which it awakened within her spirit; how fierce soever the struggle which she had to sustain against her roused-up pride, it may readily be supposed that the apparently contemptuous silence with which her last, gentle, tender, and (in her own judgment) humiliating confession was treated, was not calculated to alleviate the convulsion in her mind. The first day passed over in anxious vigilance, the next in anger and deep offence, the third in wild alarm, the fourth in awe-struck, deadly certainty of misery—for proud and high-hearted as she was, the fate which she so unwittingly earned for herself was misery to her. A week passed away, but no Ha-

mond, nor no indication of his existence arrived at her guardian's house. It is perhaps one of the most costly charges attendant on the maintenance of pride; that it's votaries relinquish all claim to the comforts of human sympathy. When it happens moreover (as unfortunately was the case in the instance of Emily Bury) that this deadly purchased folly is lodged in a bosom otherwise filled with gentle and softening affections, the cruel tyranny which it exercises over them is sufficient to make life a protracted sickness under any circumstances, and more especially so when the sufferer is compelled to be his own only comforter—to nourish the lonely smothering agony within his heart, and make it his sole care to confine the flame that is secretly making ashes of his peace, so that it shall be evident through no blink or cleft in his demeanor. Both the pride and the affection of our heroine received a violent stimulus from this demote with her lover. When she stooped so low as to solicit his forgiveness in the terms which she used, she had not the remotest possible apprehension that her condescension could be unappreciated or ineffectual. If the question had ever occurred to her mind by accident, it is not easy to conjecture whether the letter would ever have been forwarded. But she wrote in an interval of lucid kindness and natural generosity—love's bounty was at the moment unchecked by the caution of her cold ruling passion—she wished to make Hamond an ample compensation for the unkindness of which he complained. She pictured to her own heart the gushing rapture, the tears of love, of gratitude, and ecstasy which should for ever wash away the remembrance of that single blot in their affection—that unhappy jar, which, however, she in the fond confidence of her sanguine love, taught her judgment to regard only as one of those useful misunderstandings which make the hearts of lovers more closely acquainted than ever—a momentary shadow—a trimming of the lamp which would eventually serve only to strengthen and purify its flame. She had no fear that Hamond really intended to extinguish it—and when that fear did come upon her heart, darkness deep and absolute came and abode there with it.

She had not even the consolation of her friend Martha's confidence; and the easy impenetrable indifference which the latter (though by no means dull of inference or apprehension) observed in all Emily's conduct, induced her to believe that in reality the circumstance did not clash in any degree with her inclinations. Still, however, she was totally at a loss to discover a motive for the conduct of her young friend. It was true that the latter, who would not permit a single inquiry or even remark at all verging on the subject, received the visits of the young Baron F—, but she could not by this manoeuvre hoodwink Martha so completely as to prevent her seeing that it was a mere feint—a mask, under cover of which some concealed and lurking passion was laying the foundation of a far different fortune for its victim. So far was the haughty young Irishwoman enabled to conquer her own nature, that she was much less frequently to be found alone than usual; she forced herself into the glare and bustle of society, for fear the slightest ground for suspicion might be afforded that she could for a moment descend to the consciousness of a natural emotion; her smiles were showered around in greater profusion than before; and all the precious succedanea of the period were anxiously made to tread in the steps of her departing bloom, and render its flight as secret and imperceptible as that of the peace of mind on which it had been nurtured: her mirth was louder (if loud it could be at any time) than before; and many even of her most intimate friends began to congratulate her on her enfranchisement from what now appeared to have been a weary thralldom. Amid all this proud superiority of mind, however, Emily was a more real object of compassion than the most yielding, and helpless, and forsaken of her sex; and she could not have brought her spirit to bear its burthen so enduringly, but for the resentment which the positive injustice with which her letter had been treated by Hamond, excited in her mind, and to which she constantly referred her heart in moments of depression. When a little time rolled by, however, and regret began to assume the mastery over anger, she found the task of dissimulation more burthensome than before. When she happened to be left for any time to the company of her own feelings, they would rush upon her with such an over-mastering influence as to quite subdue her resolution, and drag her down to the level of plain humanity, in her own despite. Her bosom would heave, her frame would tremble, and the pent-up sorrow swell and labor in her throat, until the approach of some wandering inmate of the mansion startled the sleeping dragon of self-esteem—when her character would again assume its armor—she would repel by a violent effort the rising passion, press her hands flat and close upon her neck, to stifle the rebellious impulse of her woman's nature—and like Lady Powley, in her gambling mood, "make a great gulp and swallow it."

Nearly a fortnight had thus elapsed, when, as Emily was laying aside her dress (after an excursion to Howth with her friend Martha and some acquaintances) in order to prepare for the evening, her attendant, Nelly, entered the room as usual to give her assistance. Her mistress, who was not so guarded in the presence of the sobrette, as in that of her more sensitive and sharp-eyed friends, and who was fatigued in heart and soul from the toilsome pleasures of the forenoon, sat at the table, her arm leaning on the toilet-cloth, her hand supporting her forehead, and her eyes fixed in thoughtful melancholy upon the floor.

"Isn't it greatly Mr. Hamond wouldn't call before he went, Miss?" Nelly said timidly, as she passed softly by the young lady's chair.

Emily raised her head quickly and in strong interest.—"Went! whither, Nelly?"

"Sure, never a know do I know, Miss, but to be walken down there, by Eden-quay, and to meet Remy O'Loon, an' he goen wit a waise or a kind of a portmanteau under his arm, out to the Pigeon-house."

"For what purpose, did he say?" asked Emily, endeavoring to subdue the cruel anxiety which began to stir within her bosom.

"I'll tell you that, Miss. 'Good mornin', Remy,' says I. 'Good mornin' kindly, Nelly,' says he, 'how is your Misses?' says he. 'Pretty well, Remy,' says I, 'considering.' 'I'm not goen to see you any more now, Nelly,' says he. 'Why so?' says I. 'Wisha then, I don't know,' says he, 'but my master is for foreign parts, direct,' says he, so—"

"'Abroad'—going abroad? leaving Ireland?" Emily exclaimed, starting up in undisguised alarm.

"The very words, I said myself, Miss. 'What?' says I, 'goen abroad,' says I, 'I'veen Ireland,' says I, 'iss, in trow,' says he, 'the passage is tuk an' all, an' this,' says he, 'shopen me the portmanteau the same time, 'is the last thing that's not on board yet—himself is on the high seas be this time, or will be before—'"

"Good heaven, I was not prepared for this. This is too dreadful!" Emily repeated, half aloud, as if unconsciously of an auditor.

"Me own very word to him, Miss. 'It's dreadful, Remy,' says I, 'an you too,' says I, 'that ought to have some sense, any way, goen after a bedlamite,' says I. 'Sure you know, Nelly,' says he, again, 'I can't help myself. He that's bound he must obey, while he that's free can run away,' says he. 'I must do the master's bidden, Nelly—his kipsy dicky is enough for me.' Ah, Miss Emily, sure it's often I heard that men was rovers, an' it's now we both feels it to our costs."

"I desire," said her mistress, less in a humor at present to be amused than to be annoyed, "that I may not be implicated in such ridiculous associations." Then resuming the train of her abstracted reflections, while Nelly, submissively disavowed any intention to do so wicked a thing as to "implicate" so good a "Misses," Emily again murmured—"Gone!—Gone! it possibly have been anything—any new insult in my last letter, that—"

"I beg pard'n, Miss," said Nelly, "but what was that you were sayin' abouts letter?"

"I gave it you, Nelly, that mornin'."

"In trow, you are, that it is, anythin' in that Mr. Hamond told, offence at. Make your mind easy of that head, Miss, for he couldn't do it."

Nelly, who thought concealment any longer useless, and perhaps, mischievous, replied to the last question, by giving her young mistress a detailed account of the transaction, with which the reader is already acquainted.

"And, you knew of this, Nelly, and said not a word of it to me?"

"O then, bear'n forgive us all, Miss. I can't say but I did, indeed; an' sure if I knew it would be any hurt—"

Emily had listened to her first with astonishment—then anger—then utter horror: until at length, as the girl circumstantially unfolded her iniquity, the offence assumed a magnitude too gigantic for any extremity of rage or of punishment. She grew pale, trembled—and at length sunk with a burst of tears in the attendant's arms, as she exclaimed—"My poor girl, you did not know what you were doing, but you have ruined your mistress."

The shrill scream which Nelly set up at seeing the condition of her mistress, though checked almost instantly by the latter, brought Miss O'Brien into the room, who was shocked and terrified by the condition in which she found her friend. She hastened to snatch her from the arms of her waiting-maid, to support her upon her own bosom, and endeavor, by caresses and the most tender attentions, to restore her to some degree of composure.

"Nelly, leave the room," said Miss O'Brien. "What, in the name of wonder, can have happened, Emily?" she added, as the weeping and repentant girl obeyed her. "What does this mean?"

"It means, Madam, that I have been practising a fatal cheat upon you and on my own heart. Hamond has left the country, and under the conviction that I have acted a false and selfish part towards him."

"I was not prepared to hear that he was gone," said Martha, a little puzzled, "but I declare, Emily, I thought from your conduct this time past, that—"

"I know it. It was my wish to make you think so. I had written him a note, full of penitence, and requesting to see him here as soon as possible. He did not come, and I was anxious to save myself from the contempt which a knowledge of the degrading slight must necessarily occasion. But I now find that by some awkwardness of our servants, that letter was never received by him—and here have I been the dupe of my own folly, while he believes himself to have been treated with coldness and ingratitude. O Martha, I wish I had taken your advice, when last we spoke on the subject. You knew him better than I."

"Be comforted, Emily. It is fortunate that you have learned the circumstance in time to effect an explanation. If he has gone, we cannot find it difficult, either through his banker or some other channel, to procure a clue to his probable residence abroad—and all shall be well in a few weeks."

Fate, however, seemed disposed to make the lovers more deeply sensible of their mutual folly, by falsifying this consoling prediction. An accident which had intervened confirmed Hamond in his resolution of relinquishing his passion, if possible—at all events, of separating himself from its object for ever.

He had lingered in the unacknowledged hope of receiving some inducement to a reconciliation, at his old residence, for about a fortnight after he had sent the letter above-mentioned. In the midst of his wavering and irresolute humors, however, he received an account from Remy of the increased frequency of Lord E—'s visits. This circumstance, combined with Emily's silence, completely unsettled the hope that was beginning to take ground (for love's hope requires but light footing) on the barren possibility of a misconception.

"And now," said Hamond, after he had dispatched his servant to secure him a place in the packet, which was to sail on the following morning, "now, farewell high life and happiness, for ever! Farewell the sweet anxieties and mortifying kindness of patronage—the chance courtships—the eleemosynary smiles that are hung in pity to the unfriended mendicant for fashion—the stamped violence and set his teeth as the degrading epithet suggested itself to his mind. "Welcome now the wide world, with all its changes of climate, condition, and fortune! Welcome my own vulgar station. Its coarseness is but the wholesome blustering of nature's own elements, which may be much more easily provided against than the secret, withering mildew that is silently showered upon the heart, amid all the sunshine and summer kindness of high-born hypocrisy. Farewell love! and welcome toil, travel, and extremity! Farewell, Emily! let pride and honor make good to your happiness all the devoted tenderness which you have rejected, and I will myself say that you are wealthy in your loss!"

He repeated his farewell with a deeper and drearier feeling, however, on the following morning, when he stood on the packet, and cast his eyes with a fondness over the distant hills of Wicklow, that separated him from his old Munster home. The morning was a still and beautiful one, and the face of the bay, agitated only by the bulk of his own waters into that leaping undulation which we cannot describe otherwise than by referring the reader (in defiance of the imputation of a common-place affectation) to Claude Lorraine's embarkation pictures, looked clear and glassy-green. The pier was crowded with passengers who were waiting to see their effects safely stowed before they took their own places in the vessel, with clamorous jinglemen and ragged half-starved porters; members of the exiled parliament made up for the winter campaign; and adventurers of every description, who devoutly believed that gold and fame grew like blackberries upon hedges everywhere but in poor Ireland, and who, if they did not actually suppose that the houses in London were tiled with pan-cakes, have staked their existence on wedges of gold—yet would have had there, or so many people would not be constantly going and returning; and lulled their hearts with the delicious promise of a detour quite as vain, if not so palpably absurd as that above alluded to of poor Whittington. They saw not—and Hamond saw not them, though his after experience brought the picture in all its reality before his eyes—they saw not the thousand causes of that never—that eternal absence of those who trod before them the path which they were then treading, and had never retraced their steps. They heard only of the fortunes of those who lived and prospered—they knew not—they asked not of the fate of the many who failed and perished, and whose tale remained untold. They beheld not, in the blindness of their sanguine hearts, the host of evils which counterbalance the lonely and fortuitous good fortune of the single adventurer. They saw not the poor but contented cottager of the Irish hills estranged from the careless simplicity of his tawdry hearth, and driving a miserable trade amid the vile and stifling recesses of St. Giles's and Saffron-hill; with some bits of old cord, a knife-brick, a few heads of greens, a trace of onions, a bushel of coals, a mangling machine, and a few pounds of potatoes for his whole stock; or hurrying to its close the wasting flame of a miserable life amid the abominations of a London night-house. They saw not the wretched basket-woman of Covent-garden market, whom the demon of discontent had found living in the happy ignorance of her own wants, the grace and blooming ornament of some mountain hamlet in her native land. They saw not the buffed politician burying himself in the gloom of his lonely apartment, after having squandered a life in earning for himself the curses of his own people and the contempt of those among whom he sojourned—they saw him not as he drew the last, long sigh, and looked the long, last look towards the window that opened on the west, ere he put to its fatal use the weapon that was for

ever to shut out the sight and sound of the ruin he had made from the organs of his mortal sense. They saw not the young, wretched, sensitive, and unprincipled scoundrel, who, in the folly of friends or the consciousness of merit, found abroad upon the world, which displaced the fiery pleasures of his own fond imagination, the sobering, high spirit down to the sea and drawing, use of a herring, and a time-server—battering his youthful principle for bread or, perhaps, sterner preserving it, and turning aside from the world, the scorn, and indifference of the world, to die in want and solitude, and hide his brilliant qualities of heart and mind in the gloom of a pauper's grave, unthought of and unpitied. While Hamond sat, indulging the barren and listless humor which the utter ruin of his own hopes had cast upon him, his eye was attracted by the sight of a small vessel, which was rapidly gliding by them in the direction of the hill of Howth. The distance was not so great as to prevent his fully distinguishing the persons and features of its crew; and when he had done so, his heart bounded within his bosom, as if it would have deserted its mansion. Miss O'Brien, and Emily Bury, were seated near the stern, and an elegant-looking young man, whom he had no difficulty in recognising as the obnoxious F—, was seated near the latter. He was apparently dejected by the effect of some particular scenery in the country, for his hand was frequently pointed towards the Wicklow hills, and Emily often smiled and bowed her head, in assent. Hamond felt his frame tremble, and his heart sink and sicken, as he leaped against the mast of the vessel.

The dreariness which his own want of object or interest occasioned with his soul, was tenfold increased by the apparent anxiety and bustle of those around him. He felt, as he turned aside from the painful testimony, which his own eyes afforded him of his mistress's falsehood—and as he gazed upon the crowd of busy faces that were flitting about his own, as if he were among beings of another world, in whose proceedings he could take no possible interest—or as if he had returned from the grave, to look, with the full knowledge of the utter vanity of all earthly pursuits, upon the dry and common toil of his unseeing species. Presently a fellow struck upon some popular air, on a clarinet, upon the deck of the packet that lay near. The well-known sounds produced an instant bustle among the passengers. They threw by their cloaks, and the country fellows occasionally keeping their bundles in their hands, and cautiously wheeling their sticks in an impetus of ecstatic delight, with a "hoop whisk!" above their heads, kept up a pattering heel-and-toe measure, upon the boards. Many of those on board were about to revisit the scenes of their early youth—some few, perhaps, returning crowned with wealth and success after a long life of toil and trial, were enjoying, in anticipation, the delight of pouring into the lap of an impoverished parent, and bringing peace and joy into the bosom of a sorrowing household. Another, perhaps, was about to feel once more upon his cheek the tears of a devoted wife, and the innocent kisses of the children from whom he had been torn by the tyranny of circumstances—another might be returning to the house and the affections of a forsaken and forgiving father. Another, yet, had a first love to meet, and even he, the most desolate among them, who had no such immediate friends to welcome him to the home he had left—felt his spirit mount, and his heart make healthful music within him, while he thought of laying him down

"To husband out life's taper at the close," among the wild hills and "pleasant places," where he had spent the happiest years (it is an old thing to say, but its stateliness may be pardoned for its truth), that heaven accords to man, in a world where no positive happiness can exist; but where life runs on between regret for the past—want for the present—and hope for the future. Hamond, on the contrary, was leaving a land, which was and was not, his home; and where he had filled a useless place in society, without stamp or station, possessing claims to various conditions, and properly belonging to none.

A light wind shortly sprung up, and the vessel left the land. Hamond again caught a distant glimpse of Emily's little pleasure boat, as it glided swiftly on its course. The morning sun, falling on the slate roofs along the shore, and on the tarred and patched mainsails of the smacks which were used for the destruction of the famous Dublin-bay-herrings (a staple article of fast-fare, as popular in their Irish metropolis as the renowned John Dory at Billingsgate,) gave an appearance of gaudy animation to the scene. Onward still the vessel went, and the receding music came over the waters like a farewell. The pleasure-boat became invisible in the haze of the morning sunshine, and Hamond plunged into the gloom of his cabin an estranged and altered man.

(To be continued.)

ARROTT'S OF HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX.—Before Pius Ninth applied the axe to the many abuses which he found spreading even to the very steps of his throne, he commenced with that which was nearest to him—his own household. He found that sixty horses were fattening in the royal stables. "These are too many by half," said the Pope, and thirty of them were immediately sold for the benefit of the poor of the city. His establishment he also reduced to the number absolutely necessary.

"I am a priest of Jesus," he said to his clerk of the kitchen, "and not a Lucullus. Serve me in future as a poor priest." From that day his table has been furnished with only three plain dishes, and very ordinary wine.

After a long conversation with Cardinal Gizzi on evening, upon the subject of the reform he contemplated, he asked for some lemonade. His valet retired to give the necessary orders, and in the course of a few minutes the servants entered, bearing two splendid gilt trays, laden with refreshments of every description, and prepared as if by enchantment.

"I only asked for some lemonade," said the Sovereign Pontiff.

"It is true, most Holy Father," they replied, "but we have only conform to the prescribed ceremonial and according to custom, have to offer your Highness these various refreshments."

"Very well," replied the Pope. "No good enough to bring me a lemon."

It was brought immediately.

"Now give me the sugar, and a glass of the water." Then having made the lemonade, he added, "Take away these dishes; distribute the refreshments they contain to the first poor persons you find upon the place of the Monte Cavallo; give each of them the batocci, and for the future never offer me anything beyond that for which I ask. Go!"

Pius the Ninth practises the most rigid economy in all personal matters; when it relates to others he is liberal to excess.

One day a Jewish deputation presented itself at the Quirinal, and begged his acceptance of an antique chalice, a splendid specimen of art, which had been preserved for two centuries in the Ghetto.

"It is kind, my sons," said the Pope, with benignity; "I accept your present with pleasure, and thank you for it. How much might it be worth in money? I do not speak of its value as a work of art—in that respect it is beyond price."

"It weighs five hundred Roman crowns," answered the chief of the deputation. Pius Ninth then wrote rapidly upon the first piece of paper on which he could lay his hands, "Good for one thousand crowns," signed it and presenting it to the Jewish delegates, said—

"Accept in your turn this small sum and divide it in the name of Pius the Ninth, among the unfortunate families of the Ghetto."

Of the most truly charitable and humane disposition, Pius Ninth asks not the creed of the recipient