

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.—The Moniteur of Wednesday publishes the following:—The Plenipotentiaries of France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, and Switzerland, assembled together, to-day, at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and signed a treaty, which settles, in definitive manner, the question of Neuchâtel, by the renunciation of his Majesty the King of Prussia of the sovereign rights which treaties attributed to him over that Principality, and by means of engagements contracted by the Swiss Confederation, which are of a nature to satisfy the high solicitude of the King Frederick William for the Neuchâtelois.—The text of the treaty will be published after the exchange of ratifications, which will take place in one-and-twenty days.

In the course of the generally uninteresting debate on the budget, in the Corps Legislatif, M. Andre, speaking of the patriotism with which the aristocracy of England saddled themselves with an income tax whenever the necessities of the country required it, expressed the following opinion:—In England, with aristocratic forms, the sentiment of democracy is powerful, whereas in France, with democratic forms, it is perhaps to be regretted that the true spirit of democracy is wanting. The Orleansais states that at a late meeting of the Municipal Council of Orleans, the Mayor informed the members that among the many remarkable curiosities contained in the Museum of that city was one which had been particularly noticed by the Right Rev. Dr. Gillis, Vicar Apostolic and Bishop of Edinburgh; whose panegyric of the heroic Joan of Arc had been, a short time previously, listened to by the citizens of Orleans with such great pleasure and admiration. He alluded to the leaden urn containing the heart of Henry II., King of England, who died at Chinon in 1186, and was buried at Fontevrault. During the troubles of the Revolution it had passed into the hands of a collector of antiquities, and had since become the property of the city. It was thought that the Right Rev. Dr. Gillis would be glad of the opportunity of making a present to England of the heart of one of its earliest Kings. His Worship therefore proposed the following resolution:—"That the Council authorise the Mayor to hand over to the Right Rev. Dr. Gillis, Bishop of Edinburgh, to be by him offered to the English Government, in the name of the City of Orleans, the heart of Henry II., King of England"—which resolution was carried unanimously.

PRUSSIA.—POSEN, MAY 14th.—It is scarcely credible what activity the Jesuits are developing in the Grand Duchy of Posen, and what brilliant results they have attained. Their present endeavors regard the almost entirely German and Protestant district of Bromberg, of which it was hitherto believed that Jesuitism could find no footing there at all; and yet they have a greater following there than in Catholic Posen. Last Sunday a mission was held in a village near Bromberg, at which, as the local newspaper admits, 12,000 persons from near and far attended. Father Count Klinkowstrom delivered once more of his deep-cutting discourses on the incredulity of the age, and vehemently attacked the capital, Berlin, which, "in its pride, and even in its superstition, calls itself the seat of intelligence." His sermon, which was delivered in the open air, was so efficacious that he was able to venture to administer public punishment to some base young gentlemen, who, in their self-conceited superiority, conceived themselves entitled to jeer at his delivery, and to whisper their comments on it. He informed them that if they did not conduct themselves with decency, and be silent, he would have them removed by the gendarmes. In the afternoon a great procession was attended by many Clergymen and a countless multitude. Count Klinkowstrom is about to repair to Vienna, whither he has received a call; the other Jesuits are about to establish themselves in the town of Wongrowitz.—Alg. Zeit.

VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO PRUSSIA.—A letter from Berlin in the Debats says:—"It is expected that Queen Victoria will come to this capital towards the end of summer. It is said that her Majesty has promised the Prince of Prussia to visit him at Coblenz, and it is thought that on that occasion she will continue her journey to Berlin.

BADEN.—Our readers, who remember the conflict between Church and State in the Grand Duchy of Baden, in which the heroic Confessor, the Archbishop of Freiburg, gained immortal honor, will read with pleasure the text of the congratulatory note addressed to the Archbishop by the Grand Duke on the occasion of the venerable Prelate's celebration of the 25th anniversary of his Episcopal consecration:—"My Dear Lord Archbishop—I consider it a particular duty of my position not to suffer the rare holiday which you celebrate to-morrow to pass in silence, and I offer you my sincere sympathy in the favor which is shown you by Providence in this, that you are celebrating in vigorous health the jubilee of the 25th year of your Episcopacy. May it be granted to you for a long time yet to see the care of religion in your archdiocese grow and increase, that you may be able to give yourself up with even greater devotion to the duties of your high spiritual calling, which certainly at times are difficult. But no wish offered to you on your jubilee will so much accord with your own as that which I ever more cherish, viz., that a conclusion (probably not far distant) of the negotiations betwixt His Holiness and myself will give both you and me the most joyful confidence respecting the future, as this desired settlement will certainly count among the most joyful events of your long-enduring activity. I conclude with the wish that Heaven's blessing may attend your feast."

FREDERICK.—"Karlruhe, April 14th, 1857."

AUSTRIA.—The Times Vienna correspondent says:—"That as many false reports are in circulation in respect to the relations between Austria and Sardinia, it may be as well to observe that things are in very nearly the same state as they were

when Grant Parr quitted Turin. The relations between Naples and England are no better now than they were three or four months ago.—The exact state of the Holstein question is, that on the 15th or 16th, a messenger arrived from Copenhagen with a despatch, in which it was stated that the newly-formed Government would convoke the Holstein estates in the month of August, and settle the questions relative to the provincial constitution, domains, &c., in a way that would satisfy the two great German powers. The contents of the despatch induced Austria and Prussia to relinquish their intention of bringing the matter before the German Confederation, and of proposing to send troops into Holstein.

ITALY.—ROME.—The Electric Telegraph puts us in possession of all the particulars of the progress of the Holy Father through his States; everything seems to have passed off hitherto in the most satisfactory way possible; and as it is an unusual thing for the provinces to be gladdened by a personal visit of their Sovereign, the different towns through which he has passed seem to have vied with one another in giving expression to those feelings of joy which such an event would naturally call forth on every occasion, but more especially so when, as now, they have the privilege of welcoming so loving a Father as Pius IX.—From the Cor. of the Weekly Register.

A private letter from Turin states that M. Cavour had sent a note to Vienna, which, in the opinion of the Austrian Minister in Paris, was found satisfactory by the Austrian government. It is therefore thought probable that the diplomatic relations between the two governments will be re-established before long.—Cor. of the Times.

SPAIN.—A letter from Madrid announces that orders had been transmitted to the Governor-General of the Philippines, in anticipation of the events to take place in China. According to those orders a ship-of-war attached to that Spanish colony is to be placed at the orders of the Spanish Consul at Macao. The colony will, moreover, place stores of all kinds at the disposal of the British and French ships-of-war. The measures adopted by the Spanish Government on this occasion are the more useful as Manila affords many resources, and is at a reasonable distance from the coast of the Celestial Empire, which is to be the theatre of the approaching operations. I am informed that the arrangement of the differences between the Spanish and Mexican Governments, which had been in a fair way to a conclusion, have encountered fresh difficulties. The negotiations are continued, but Signor Lafragua has not yet been received by the Queen.—Times Correspondent.

RUSSIA.—The official Gazette of Warsaw publishes an Imperial ukase, signed by the Emperor Alexander, and dated St. Petersburg 17th (29) April, 1857. After referring to the Imperial ukase of the 27th May, 1856, which granted an amnesty to those Polish emigrants who had acknowledged their errors and applied for leave to return to Poland, the present ukase restores to all political emigrants the rights of their class, of which they had been deprived, provided they had taken advantage of the ukase of 1856, and had returned to Poland before the present Emperor's coronation.

CHINA.—The Moniteur de la Flotte publishes accounts from China of April 2nd. Yeh is at present at a large village about fifteen miles from Canton. He has fortified himself in a good position, which allows him to maintain his communications with Peking and with the other three provinces which form his viceroyalty. He is at present at the head of an army of 30,000 men, which he is increasing every day by means of forced levies and extraordinary taxes.

At Foo, a port on the river, and principal market for black tea, the Viceroy having heard that, contrary to his command, a considerable amount of business was transacted, he sent a company of guards there on a market day, arrested several Chinese merchants, and burnt a considerable quantity of merchandise belonging to the English at Shanghai.

AUSTRALIA.—A novel scheme has been propounded for exploring the vast unknown interior of Australia. Mr. Charles Green, son of the veteran aeronaut proposes, in conjunction with J. J. O. Taylor, who has invented a screw-propeller, to explore the interior of Australia by means of the famous Nassau balloon.

THE HALF SIR. BY GERALD GRIFFIN. (Continued from our last.) CHAPTER IV. He was a wight of high renowne, And thou art but of low degree— 'Tis pride that puts this country downe— Man, take thine old cloake about thee. Percy's Relics.

"That," said Hamond, leaning over the back of his chair, and seeming to speak half in soliloquy, as he remained with his eyes fixed on the door—"that is one of the peculiarities—the invulnerable privileges of this polished world, which make it so miserable to me—that a very insult which makes resentment appear ridiculous, and yet does not leave the insulted free from the responsibility of meanness, if he should remain quiescent. You look fretted, Miss Bury," he added gently, but firmly, "at my humiliation, but I shall not need your commiseration long. I am about to leave Dublin."

"Leave us, Mr. Hamond!" said Emily, taken by surprise.

"Leave Dublin, I said," resumed Hamond. "For any considerable time?"

"Yes."

There was an embarrassed pause of a few moments, during which Hamond seemed to experience a relapse into his natural timidity. At length, mastering himself by a moment's reflection on the urgency of the occasion, he said:—

"If you think, Miss Bury, that I am not likely to be interrupted, I have something very particular to say to you." Emily was, as we have before said, very young, and though she frequently listened without much emotion to the fashionable rhapsodies of those who thought it fashionable to be admirers, yet this was the first time that she had been menaced with a methodical declaration; and from one, too, so tender, so delicate, and so sincere. She felt all the awfulness of the occasion. Her colour changed rapidly, and there was a troubled consciousness in her laugh, as she said, in assumed levity:—

"No tragedy now, Mr. Hamond; let me entreat.—I declare, I—"

"O Miss Bury," said Eugene, smiling, but with much seriousness of tone and look, "let me meet anything that trifles with you. Hear me attentively, I beseech, I implore you. When we first met, I was on the point of flying for ever from a world where I had experienced little comfort, where I found nothing but taunting looks, cold and repulsive words, and haughty indifference, even from those who, like that man who just now left the room, had nothing more to allege in justification of their unkindness than—no matter. I had satisfied myself that I was wrong in ever supposing that any circumstances could entitle a man to elevate himself above the rank in which Heaven had placed him."

"Oh, surely you were not wrong, Mr. Hamond," said Emily, in a tone of bashful remonstrance—your talents—your education, I should say."

"Yes," said Hamond, "this, Miss Bury, it was which detained me. I should have been long since in the retirement of my native village, but for the sweet words of encouragement with which you honoured me. Your kindness, your condescension, and—you need not blush, Miss Bury, for it is true, or I would not say it—your beauty, too, held me back awhile, and enabled me to endure a little longer the inconveniences I have mentioned to you. I may have been mistaken, nevertheless, in the motive of that kindness," he added more slowly, and with great anxiety of manner.—"Do not mistake me, Miss Bury. Dearly as I prize and treasure every word and look of kindness with which my heart was soothed, I am ready to take all the responsibility of my own inference upon my own hands. If I must do so, let me beg of you to speak freely. I love you far too well to wish that you should make the least sacrifice for my happiness."

"I am sure, Mr. Hamond, I—"

"Let me entreat you to be convinced of this, Miss Bury, before you speak. Pray be confident with me. You may find that I am not selfish nor unworthy, although"—Hamond added, after a pause, "although you may think I stooped too low to win what you withhold from me."

The sincerity of the young gentleman's declaration had its effect on the mind of the lady. We have not learned what were the precise terms of her reply, but its meaning was evident from the conduct of Hamond. He flung himself at her feet, and suffered his ecstasies to expend themselves in certain antics and grimaces, which the respect due to the character and gravity of a hero forbids us, as his friend and historian, to expose to the public eye.

When Martha O'Brien returned, alone, to the room where she had left her friend, she found the latter pale, trembling, and thoughtful (in quite a different mood from that in which we have left her now accepted lover), her arm and forehead resting against the harp, in the manner of a weeping muse.

"Bless me! where's Eugene Hamond gone?" said Martha, casting a sharp glance at Emily.

"Home, I believe," said the latter, seriously.

"Checked-mad, I'll lay my life!"

"Nonsense, Martha, don't be foolish now."

"Scholar's mate, after all!"

"Pish! pish!" Emily said, pettishly.

"Well, how was it, Emily? What did he say to you?—do, do tell me, and I won't say a word about the 'ripe peach,' nor the 'little holiday,' nor the 'three moos,' nor the 'drawn game,' nor—"

"Poo! poo! I really believe your little portion of common sense is going."

"Well, there! I won't laugh again—there, now is a sober face for you. Now, tell me how it was."

"Pon my word, Martha, I hardly know myself. I scarcely knew where I was when—I don't know—but I believe the fellow asked me to marry him—and—"

"And you—"

"—but you look paler, Emily!—you are trembling—lean on me—there—I'm sure I would not have said a word if I thought—"

The strangeness of the scene which she had gone through, the hurried manner and intense passion with which she had been addressed, the importance and seriousness of the consequences which she had drawn upon herself, only now rushed upon Emily's mind, and filled her with agitation. She drew a long, deep sigh, and, flinging her arms around the neck of her young friend, wept aloud upon her bosom, many of our sensible readers may wonder at all this, but every girl as young as Emily will feel that we are telling the truth.

There is a pleasure to those who are possessed of faculties microscopic enough for the investigation, in tracing up to their first cause the thousand impulses which govern the actions of that sex who are most the creatures of impulse—in winding through the secret recesses of the female heart, and detecting in the very centre of the "soft labyrinth" the hidden feeling, whatever it is, which dictates the (to us) unaccountable caprices we are so frequently made to suffer under, and which does its work so privately that even they, the victims of its influence and the slaves of its will, seem almost unconscious of its existence. Few, however, are gifted with the fineness of penetration requisite for such delicate scrutiny, and we are too honest and charitable to wish to be among the number. Neither, perhaps, is precision requisite for our purpose, whose business is rather to submit a certain train of results which are to be accounted for, and acknowledged or rejected, by the philosophy, the feeling, and the imagination of the reader. We shall not, therefore, attempt any labored analysis of the new causes of disagreement which speedily sprung up between the lovers, after every thing appeared to have been so smoothly arranged between them, after the consent of Emily's guardian had been obtained, and even Mr. O'Neil had begun to reason himself into a toleration of the young nabob. Hamond's ready talking had taken Emily quite by surprise; and it is pretty certain that if she had been left a longer time to deliberate, Hamond would have been put to a longer term of probation. She felt vexed with her own easiness, and a little alarmed at the inference her lover might draw from it. She had not done justice to her own value. Besides, Hamond's way of love-making was anything, she persuaded herself, but flattering to her desire of influence. He had not sufficiently kept her superiority in mind—he had been so impudently collected and sensible, so presumptuously self-possessed. The more she thought on the subject the more convinced she was of the necessity of impressing him with a proper sense of the honor he had obtained.

The means which she adopted to accomplish this, however, were not the happiest in the world. Hamond was rather much struck by the pettish and sometimes to receive him, as there was nobody more disposed to make allowances for the influence of a peculiar education, but when he observed indications of a marked haughtiness in her demeanor, when she began to speak fluently of genealogies in his presence, to quote Marmontel, and DeLolme on the advantage of titles, to talk pathetically of ill-sorted matches, of poor Addison and his high-born dowager—he felt as if a new light, or rather a new darkness, were rushing into his soul. He hushed up his feelings, however, with the utmost caution, resolving to creep unawares and with a velvet footstep into the very centre of her character, and shape his conduct according to the conformations which would be there revealed to him.

"I begin to believe," said he, "that I was mistaken in supposing that there could even be an ex-

ception to the general position, that it is as easy to brush the shades of her phases from the moon's disk as to sift out the draft of pride and coldness from high-birth. My single lonely instance begins to fall me.—I will try it, farther, however."

Hamond thus proceeded, hiding his apprehension of her meaning from her, and consequently drawing her out every day into more decided slights and sneers. He had almost made up his mind on the subject, when, one evening, as he was sitting by her side at a small party of friends, some of whom had come to town for the purpose of assisting at the nuptial ceremony, the conversation happened to turn on the comic peculiarities of our friend Remmy O'Loone.

"O, he's the drollest creature in the world," said Emily.

He never troubles himself to inquire what the object may be of any commission that he receives, but just does whatever you ask him, like a clock, not out of stupidity neither, but merely from a wish to steer clear of any responsibility to himself. It was only a week since, Hamond told him, as he was going to bed at night, that he would want to send him here to Miss Bury in the morning, expecting of course that poor Remmy would ask to know his message in the morning, before he set off. But Remmy would not ask. Not he, indeed. He was here with me at the 'first light,' as he said himself. 'Well, Remmy,' said I, 'what brought you here so early?'

"Whether, I dun know, Miss," says Remmy, 'but the master told me he'd want me to step over to your honor to day mornen, so I thought most likely, Miss, you must know what is it all'ded him.' Hamond was telling me a still more curious anecdote about him. He was sent once to a fair in Munster, the fair of Hanns—Venna—Shana—what was it, Hamond?"

"Shanagolden," said Eugene, bowing and smiling.

"O yes, the fair of Shanagolden. His mistress wanted to purchase half a dozen mug—hog—pig."

"Piggins, they were," said Hamond in reply to her puzzled look, "p-i-g pig, g-i-n-a-gius, piggins," spelling the word, to show how coolly and equably he took it. "A kind of wooden vessel used for drinking the coagulated residuum of milk, called by the peasantry thick, or skimmed milk."

"Yes," added Emily. "Well, his mistress desired Remmy to purchase half a dozen piggins, and provided him with money for those as well as many other articles. She was rather an anxious poor lady, however, and fearing that Remmy might forget his message, charged about a dozen other friends of hers, who were also going to the fair, to repeat it to him if they should come in contact with him. They all did so, as it happened, and Remmy, determined to punish the good lady for her distrust in his talents, took each as a separate message, and came home in the evening as heavily loaded with piggins as Moses Primrose with his green spectacles."

After the merriment which was occasioned by Emily's arch manner and the exquisite imitation, which she contrived to introduce, of Hamond's native dialect, had subsided, some one asked who this Remmy O'Loone was?

"O'pon my honor, that would puzzle the heralds themselves to tell you, I believe," said Emily, rapidly and lively. "Who is he, Hamond? No relation of ours?"

The moment she had uttered the words, she would have given a great deal that it had been in her power to unsay them. Ninety-nine men in a hundred might have passed over the jest, but she ought to have known enough of Hamond to judge that he would be the hundredth man in the case. Even those of the company, who secretly enjoyed her little cuts at Hamond, looked grave and silent at this broad insult. The young man himself grew pale and red, attempted to say something good-humored in reply, but his voice failed him, the mirth stuck in his throat—and fell back upon his heart in a burning flood of gall and bitterness. He did not attempt to speak again—and the general tone of the conversation acquired an air of restraint and awkwardness, which was still more observable in the portion that Emily contributed to it than in any other. Hamond addressed himself, during the remainder of the evening, to Martha O'Brien, while young E— took place by the side of Emily, and succeeded in persuading himself, notwithstanding her occasional fits of absence and indirect answers, that he had made more way in her estimation on this night than on any other since he had achieved the honor of her acquaintance. His assiduity, however, was absolute torture to Emily, who was anxiously looking out for an opportunity of doing away the unkindness she had blundered upon. None occurred. Once only as she glanced towards him she met Martha's eyes, who compressed her lips, raised her hand slightly, and tossed her head, as much as to say, "You have done it!" to which Emily's frightened smile as plainly responded—"Done what?"

The company at length separated. Hamond shook hands with Miss O'Brien, bowed formally to Emily, and hurried out of the house, appearing not to notice the slight action which the latter used to detain him. This indication was too palpable to be misconceived. Emily clasped her hands, pressed one against her brow, shuddered a little, and did not speak during that night.

When she arose the next morning, the following letter lay among others on her toilet. A fearful misgiving clung about her heart as she recognized the hand. She made the door fast, and prepared herself by summoning all her pride to her assistance, before she ventured to break the seal. The contents were simply these:—

"For the last week I have been led to think, by your demeanor towards me, that the consent with which you honored me was the effect rather of a hurried and momentary kindness than of the free and settled affection which could only make it dear to me. I had, therefore, intended to restore it to you before last night; although, I believe, you will do me the justice to acknowledge that I abstained (in violence to my own heart) from using any of the privileges of passion in seeking it, and appealed rather to your reason than your feeling throughout. But a circumstance which took place last night, and which, I suppose, you remember, has shown me (I say this after much reflection) that ours would not, under any circumstances, be a fortunate union. The woman who can wound the feelings of her lover can hardly be expected to respect those of her husband. I thought too, that I could discern a cause for your demeanor towards me. I wish not that my own selfish affections should interfere with that. Mine must be a bitter fate from henceforth, Emily, but I had rather endure it all than make it light and happy at the expense of your inclinations. I return to my humble station with a wiser head and a heavier heart than when I left it. I go from the scorn of the rich to the pity of the poor, from the busy mirth of this fascinating world to the lowliness of my provincial life, to the solitude of a fireside that I once fondly dreamed would be a happy one, but which must now remain for ever desolate. Farewell, Emily, and may your high-born lover be as truly, as tenderly, and devotedly attached to you as I would have been."

What cause?—That!—What? were the first questions which Emily asked in communion with her own heart after she had perused the letter. The natural quickness of her woman's apprehension, however, enabled her to clear up the mystery, and no sooner was it visible than she hastened to remedy the error which she had committed. A short struggle only took place between her Irish pride and her Irish love, and the latter (as is indeed generally the result of such encounters) bore away the palm. She wrote as follows:—

"The circumstance to which you allude was not so entirely premeditated as you imagine. I acknowledge that I have committed an error, for which I am sincerely sorry. Believe me, I did not mean to do anything so unkind to myself as to make you seriously uneasy for a moment. Pray come to me, Eugene, and I will engage to convince you of this. My heart will not be at peace till I have had your forgiveness. It was a light sin for so heavy a re-

taliation as you threaten me with. Once again, come hither quickly, and—"

"The cause which you speak of is so wholly without foundation, that it was a considerable time before I could even form a wild conjecture at the import of that part of your letter."

"When Emily had this letter folded, she rung for her attendant and sent her for a taper:—

"Who brought this, Nelly?" she asked as the latter (a rather unfashionable soubrette, but retained on the entreaty of her mother, Emily's nurse) re-entered the room with a light.

"Misther O'Loone, Miss," said Nelly.

"Is he gone?"

"O no, Miss,—he's below in the servants' hall, aten a taste."

"I do not like," said her mistress, holding the letter in her hand as if hesitating—"to commit it to his keeping. He's such a stupid fellow, that he may lose it."

"They believ him that tout you so, Miss, saven your presence," said Nelly, with an indignant toss of her head. "May be a little o' Remmy's sense 'ud be wanted to them that wor so free wit their tongue."

"It is well that he has so good a friend to see justice done to his name," said Emily, lowering her eyelids and smiling on her young handmaid, who blushed deeply.

"O fait, Miss, it's no great friends he knaws in me, only the crafter they gives of him that knows him best," said Nelly.

"Well, I will try him on your commendation, Nelly. In the servants' hall, do you say?"

"Iss, Miss, I'll send him out upon the landen-place to you."

When Remmy was summoned from his comfortable seat by the great coal fire, he started up hastily, laid down the cup of tea which he had been drinking, smoothed his hair over his brow, and anxiously clearing all appearances of the amusement in which he had been indulging from his outward man, he hurried towards the door. As he laid his hand on the handle, he suddenly turned round, and in a countenance of much alarm, asked:—

"I wouldn't have the sign o' liquor on me Nelly? would I?"

"Is it after the tay you'd have it, you innocent?" said Nelly smiling in scorn at his simplicity.

Remmy did not stop to dispute the matter with her, but hurried into the hall, where he found Emily standing on the staircase, and expecting him. He turned out his toes, made his best bow, and then fixed himself in an attitude of the deepest attention, his head thrust forward and thrown slightly on one side, so as to bring both eyes into a parallel line with hers, his ears elevated, and his mouth half open, as if he were endeavoring to receive her commands at every possible aperture of his senses.

"Remmy," said the young lady, "I wish you to take this letter to your master—"

"Iss, Miss—"

"O why shouldn't I, Miss. I'd do anything in the—"

"I'm convinced of that, Remmy, but I only wish you to attend to me—"

"O then I'll engage I will, Miss. Well, sure I'm houlden me tongue now any way," he added, as another impatient gesture from Emily solicited his attention.

"Give that letter safe, Remmy; and here, I have given you a great deal of trouble lately, you will buy something with these," putting into his hand a number of the small notes which were current at the time. "Take care of the letter," she added, as she tripped up stairs, leaving Remmy fixed in a position of comic wonder and gratitude.

"One, two, three, four—no! a pound—five, six! Six three-and-penny notes, and a pound!" he exclaimed, as he stood on the brick floor of the servants' hall, counting the papers as he folded them, and buried them in the bottomless and sunless cavern of his livery pocket. "Now, Nelly, we'll be sayen somethen, yourself and myself. Would you have a pound of a needle and thread you'd give me."

"For what Remmy, honey?" said the young soubrette, with the utmost graciousness of tone and manner.

"To put a stitch in the pocket o' my coat then," said Remmy, "in dread I'd lose the little writing she gaw me out of it, ashora-machree, you wor! An' indeed, it isn't the only stitch I'll have about me, Nelly," he added with a tender smile, as he laid his hand on his heart.

"There's no standen you at all, Remmy, you're such a lad! Well, aisy, aisy, while an I'll get it for you." And favoring him with one of her richest smiles, she left the hall.

"No, then, but there's no standen you for a cute lady," her swain said in soliloquy, with a hard smile. A knowing wink, and a shake of the head that had almost as much meaning in it as his Lord Burleigh's: "Isn't it sweet she is grown upon me all in a hurry, now the moment she sees I have the money. Ah, these women! There's no end to 'em at all, that's what there isn't. A while ago when I hadn't as much as 'ud pay turprike for a walken stick—when my pockets were so low that if you danced a hornpipe in one of 'em, you wouldn't break your shins against a hairpin—then 'twas all on the high horse with her' elevating his head and waving his hand in imitative disdain. 'Nolly me Dan Jerry! Who daer say black is the white o' my eye?' and now, the minute the money comes, I'll be bail she turns over a new leaf. They may get the bottom of the Devil's Punch Bowl in Killarney, or the Poul Dhub of Knockferna, or the Bay o' Biscay, that they says hasn't e'er a bottom at all to it, only all water intricely; but the man that 'll get to the rights of a woman will go a start deeper than any of 'em, I'm thinken. The boys arn't equal at all for 'em that way in taken your measure as it were wit' a look, while you'd be thinken o' nothen, and thinken they wor thinken o' nothen, but 'tis they that would all the while; but it's only fair, poor creaturs," he added with a compassionate and tolerating tone—"as they're wake one way, they ought to be strong another, or else sure they'd be murdered intirely. They couldn't stand the place at all for the boys, if they hadn't a vacancy at 'em that way in 'cuteness, inwardly; Murder! murder! but it's they that does come round uz in one way or another—Ah! the girl in the gap, an' duck o' diamonds you wor,' he added, rapidly changing his manner, as Nelly re-entered with the needle and thread—"Talken of you to meself I was, while you wor away, I'm so fond o' you. Imagin your pecktur to myself, as it were, in my own mind." And laying the letter on the window, while he took off his coat, for the more convenience, he proceeded with Nelly's assistance to incarcerate the precious epistle.

In a few minutes a line of circumvallation was drawn around the fortified receptacle, and Remmy having satisfied himself that no possible point of egress or ingress was left undefended, took a moving farewell of Nelly, and hastened to acquit himself of the responsibility which he had taken upon his shoulders. We shall see how he acquitted himself in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

* Would I have? or would you have? among the lower Irish means, have I? or have you?

INCONSISTENCIES OF ANGLICANISM.—"We can understand," says the Weekly Register, "the Schism of the ordinary High-Churchmen who rail against the Sacraments of the Catholic Church, and hold up the via media as perfection; but we cannot comprehend the schism of a party of men who profess to reverence the Vicar of Christ and to hold substantially all our doctrines, and who seem to have divested themselves of all the ordinary prejudices against the Church. This would be strange enough if it were all—if they were free from other engagements. But that which really must divest their position in the eyes of Catholics is, that with all this profession of