

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.—The final result of the polling at the second elections, which took place on Sunday and Monday in the 3rd, 4th, and 7th circumscriptions of Paris. Third circumscription.—General Cavaignac, 10,950; Thibaut, 9,925; majority for the Republican candidate, 995. Fourth circumscription.—Emile Olivier, 11,005; Varin, 10,006; majority for the Republican candidate, 999. Seventh circumscription.—Darimon, (editor of La Presse) 12,078; Banquetin, 11,038; majority for the Republican candidate, 1,040.

The *Moniteur* contains the following announcement:—The Emperor and Empress propose shortly to pay a visit to Her Majesty the Queen of England at her residence at Osborne. Their Imperial Majesties do not contemplate making any other journey in England, and will, during this excursion, maintain the strictest incognito. In another part of the *Moniteur* we find:—His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon embarked to-day at Havre on board the Imperial yacht La Reine Hortense, to take a pleasure trip in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The Prince travels under the name of the Count de Meudon, and will constantly maintain the strictest incognito.

Four Italians, three men and one woman, will be tried in Paris, early in August, for conspiring against the life of the Emperor Napoleon. The *Assemblée Nationale* is suspended for two months, in consequence of the article on the elections.

The *Estafette* has received a warning. The new French Legislative Body contains three members of the Jewish persuasion—MM. Koenigswarter, Goudchaux, and Leopold Javal. The *Univers Israélite* expresses its satisfaction at this success.

News from Tunis to the 1st has arrived. A Jew at Tunis having been insulted by the Moors, and having replied with blasphemies against the religion of Mahomed, was thrown into prison, and was afterwards beheaded, and his corpse abandoned to the insults of the mob. The consuls unanimously protested against these outrages, and Mr. Crowe, the English vice-consul, has arrived at Marseilles, the bearer of a protest against the conduct of the Bey.

SPAIN.

The Madrid journals of the 5th contain further details of the disturbed state of the south of Spain, and especially of the movement directed against the town of Utrera, which is five leagues from Seville, and contains a population of upwards of 12,000. The place had been invaded by a band of from 100 to 150 armed men, with carbines, and muskets, and mounted on horses. They were under the orders of a chief whom they called colonel, and their cry was, "Long live the Republic!"

The gendarmes were overpowered, and the insurgents burned down their barracks, at the same time shooting one of them. They then burnt the Town Hall, and with it all the archives. Afterwards they notified that the population must pay a sum of 8,000 piastres in three hours. The sum was paid and they left.

When the news of these exploits reached Seville, detachments of cavalry were sent in pursuit of them; but shortly after symptoms of insurrection manifested themselves in the town. An outbreak was imminent. Accordingly, the captain-general hastened to publish a bando, declaring the province of Seville in a state of siege.

The journals state that movements have taken place at Malaga and Cadiz, but they give no details. They also state that disturbances were expected at Badajoz.

ITALY.

The Pope arrived at Modena on the 2nd July. A telegraphic despatch, received at Rome, states that the same day the Holy Father, after celebrating mass in the cathedral, and admitting the clergy and the religious corporations to pay their respects to him, gave his benediction to the Modenese troops from the balcony of the palace.—The population are described as filled with enthusiasm for His Holiness. All the bishops of the duchy are assembled at Modena, as well as many from other states. The health of the Pope continues excellent. A letter from Rome in the *Cologne Gazette* states that the endeavors of Count de Rayneval, as of several French prelates, to reconcile the Courts of Rome and Turin have proved unsuccessful. The great impediment is the exiled Archbishop Franzoni, who represents, as it were, the principle of the Church of Rome; but it is said that he is willing to resign his see in the event of the Sardinian Government consenting to modify its interpretation of the treaties concluded with the Holy See.—*Cor. of the Times.*

An attempt at insurrection fostered by the fanatic Mazzini, and paid for with English money, has been made in different parts of Italy.—The affair was commenced at Genoa, on the 29th June. The Sardinian Government were apprised of the intending rising, and were on the watch for it. On the first manifestations of disorder, the military filled the streets, and made prisoners of the unfortunate dupes of Mazzini ere they could effect much mischief. A number of the revolutionists took possession of a postal steamer plying between Genoa and Tunis, and compelled the captain to steer for the coast of Naples. The vessel was captured by Neapolitan frigates. At Leghorn serious collisions took place between the soldiers and insurgents. A band of one hundred and seventy armed men attacked the principal guard-house of the town, but were repulsed by the soldiers. A second guard-house was attacked with a like result. The insurgents then ran right through the town murdering every soldier they met. Twenty-six soldiers are said to have fallen, and upwards of sixty of the Mazzinians. Miss White, an English lady, who, wishing to play the heroine, had acted as an agent for Mazzini at Genoa, was ordered by the police to quit the place. The attempted revolution was everywhere suppressed, and large stores of arms and money were captured from the insurgents. Mazzini did not endanger his

skin, but hid during the riots, and fled afterwards, leaving the poor people whom he inveigled into an attempt without a definite aim, or the least probability of success, to suffer the consequences of his criminality and their own folly.

The *Monitore Toscano*, of the 4th July, states that since the proclamation of the state of siege at Leghorn, public tranquillity has not been again disturbed in that city.

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, whereby the Prussian Protestant clergy are just relieved from the necessity of bestowing the nuptial blessing on the union of adulterers, while the Protestant Clergy of England are being subjected to that necessity.

SWEDEN.

A letter from Stockholm, which we translate from the *Univers*, says:—"One may very correctly call the laws now in force in religious matters, barbarous, as they have been since the fifteenth century, when the Lutheran confession was adopted as the State religion. According to the law perpetual banishment is pronounced against whosoever should change from the Lutheran confession to become a member of the Church of Rome. This excessive intolerance is no longer held by the Swedish people themselves; and were it not for the resistance and opposition which the government meet with from the ranks of the upper clergy, this shameful enactment would long ago have disappeared from our criminal laws. The King, last February, in opening the present Parliament, announced his wish that a bill should be prepared to permit the freedom of religious worship, as in other parts of Europe, reserving at the same time the maintenance of the Lutheran religion as the State religion of Sweden and Norway. Accordingly, Count Wallenstein brought forward a bill conformably to the King's intention and wishes. No difficulty is expected to arise in the Chambers of the burghesses and the peasantry, but it is feared that opposition will be offered in the Chambers of the nobles, and more particularly in that of the clergy. Later letters mention that the Bill proposes, in addition to granting freedom of religious worship, to fix the minority of unmarried females, who at the present time are held by the Swedish law to be always minors. It is thought to fix the majority of a woman (unmarried) at the age of twenty-five years, and further to permit ministers of religious denominations other than Lutheran to preside over their congregations without being liable, as they and their congregations now are, to perpetual banishment, which penalty has of late years fallen upon many individuals who have had the grace to embrace the One true and only faith of the Catholic Church. As was to be expected, great opposition is made in the Chamber of the clergy.

RUSSIA.

THE PRESS IN RUSSIA.—Whatever the inclinations of the government may be, it is evident that the people at large are unwilling to have their local affairs brought to the knowledge of the press. The editors of the different papers loudly complain of the impossibility of their getting any information of home events, and an embryo correspondent in one of the distant governments narrates the results of his first communication. He had written some details about a storm, or an inundation, or a meteor to a St. Petersburg paper, from a town that had hitherto never seen its name in the columns of a journal; the number containing the communication arrives in the town from the capital; each inhabitant looks aghast at the other, and only after summoning much resolution, do the bolder spirits venture on asking their acquaintance if they have read the so-and-so—which question is invariably answered in the negative. The Natschalik, or highest official of the place, takes the earliest opportunity of informing the inhabitants officially that there is a man among them who writes to the papers, and the most rigid inquisition is set on foot, through the whole fabric of society, to ascertain who this sacrilegious violator of their privacy is. The slightest punishment that awaits him on detection is his being sent to a Russian Coventry.—*Cor. Times.*

CHINA.

CHINESE INFERNAL MACHINES.—On Sunday, the 3rd of May, at 4 a.m., it being a dark rainy morning, a tremendous explosion took place exactly ahead of the Acorn, and so close as to shake the ship all over, immediately afterwards fragments of a very large infernal machine floated past, and many pieces were caught by the spars that are rigged out all round the ship as a protection against fire rafts. The pinnace and cutter were sent afloat, and discovered at the distance of half-a-mile a strong bamboo rope, attached to a pile driven into the bed of the river. This rope was found to lead from the pile under water to the Acorn's cable, to which it was attached some feet under water. This must have been done by a diver during the night, as the anchor had been weighed the day before. The machine which had contained the powder was attached to rings, by which means it would slide easily along the rope fastened to the cable; from each bank was a line, also fastened to the machine to guide it. The banks of the river being high would entirely conceal the men employed in guiding it. Part of a fine trigger line was also found leading to the nearest bank of the river. The machine had evidently been floated down along the bamboo rope, and guided by the lines directly ahead of the Acorn, and had the firing been delayed one minute it must have exploded immediately under the bows and destroyed the vessel. Most fortunately, however, the guard boat, which had returned to the ship for a fresh crew, had just shoved off and was pulling in the direction of the exact point of the bank behind which was the man guiding the machine. He must have thought himself discovered, and pulled the trigger an instant too soon. From two pieces of the fragments of the whole length and breadth it was found that the machine had been a strong wooden tank, rendered waterproof, and capable of containing more than 2000 lbs. of powder.

Further papers, relating to the proceedings of our naval forces at Canton have been laid before Parliament and published. The dates extend from April 14, to 24. The papers include two despatches, from Sir J. Bowring to the Earl of Clarendon, enclosing a number of documents seized on board a Mandarin junk by a party under Commodore Elliot. These are the letters of Chan-tze-tin; the younger brother of Chan-kwei-tsh, President or Chief of the Committee of Hostility in San-on, the district on the coast of which is situate Hongkong. There are two allusions to the great poisoning case, but not an event wherein the San-on people took any direct part. It is clearly made out, however, that incendiary plots and assassinations were devised by the San-on Committee, and attempted and effected by their agents, who, when successful, were rewarded. The English are, as usual, honored by this adept in the art of polite letter-writing with the appellation of "devils."

THE HALF SIR.

BY GERALD GRIFIN.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER X.

If thou be'st dead, why dost thy shadow fright me? Sure 'tis because I live; were I but certain To meet thee in an grave, and that our dust Might have the privilege to mix in silence— How quickly should my soul shake of this burthen? —The Night Walker.

We now find ourselves in the position in which our tale commenced, when, as the reader may remember, we left Mr. Charles Lane seated at Mr. Falaher's fireside, and expecting the entrance of their fair lodger. In a few minutes the lady made her appearance, prepared for the excursion which she meditated, and in a very few more, she and Mr. Lane were on the road leading to the house of Mr. Hunter, where she proposed spending the remainder of the day.

Whether it was that the lady did not feel pleased with her company, or that she had some secret cause for anxiety, her young squire observed that she was more, far more than usually meditative after they left the house—so much so, as on two or three occasions to have paid no attention to observations which caused him no slight degree of labor in concocting. They rode by Knock Patrick (a hill which is said to rise by a gradual ascent from Dublin), and he pointed out to her with his switch the chair of rough stones, near the ruined church, in which the apostolic gent, prepared for the excursion which she meditated, and in a very few more, she and Mr. Lane were on the road leading to the house of Mr. Hunter, where she proposed spending the remainder of the day. Whether it was that the lady did not feel pleased with her company, or that she had some secret cause for anxiety, her young squire observed that she was more, far more than usually meditative after they left the house—so much so, as on two or three occasions to have paid no attention to observations which caused him no slight degree of labor in concocting. They rode by Knock Patrick (a hill which is said to rise by a gradual ascent from Dublin), and he pointed out to her with his switch the chair of rough stones, near the ruined church, in which the apostolic gent, prepared for the excursion which she meditated, and in a very few more, she and Mr. Lane were on the road leading to the house of Mr. Hunter, where she proposed spending the remainder of the day.

That her natural temper was directly opposite to it. They parted, at length, at Mr. Hunter's door (the young gentleman not half satisfied with the impression he had been able to make of his own cleverness on the lady's mind), and Miss O'Brien entered the house of her friend. The lady of the house was alone in her drawing-room.

"Welcome, a thousand, and a hundred thousand Irish welcomes, my own darling friend," she exclaimed affectionately, as Miss O'Brien entered. The latter endeavoring to speak, but could only fling her arms about Martha's neck, and weep loudly and bitterly.

"Is he come?" she at length asked, in deep agitation.

"Not yet—but we expect him every hour. He renewed his promise most earnestly yesterday evening."

"Oh Martha, I fear I have miscalculated my firmness. I could find it in my heart to turn back this moment, and run into some secret place, and die at once, and in silence. My heart shudders when I think of what I have undertaken."

"Ah, now, what weakness this is, my dear friend!—'Tis not an hour's exertion, and consider what peace of mind it will purchase you. For the sake of my poor friend Hamond too, I would advise you to sacrifice your own feelings as much as possible. Do, now, love!"

"Be comforted, I entreat you," Miss O'Brien added, grasping Martha's arm, and putting back the curls from her ear—"I hear him—stop! hush! she listened and bent forward in an agony of attention—"Tis—tis—he—his voice—though more sorrowful in its tone—Oh, Martha, I can never do it! Oh hide me, my dear friend, cover me—let me fly any where rather than meet him!"

"My darling—ah, my own darling, take courage," Martha exclaimed, flinging her arms around the neck of her trembling friend, and mingling her tears and caresses. "Will you give up all now, after whole years wasted in preparation. What will Hunter say to you," she added cheerfully, "after the great fib you made him tell?"

"There again, Martha—what if he should revolt from that cruel deceit! He will do so—I am sure—and the breach will be made wider than ever."

"How can you think so hardly of him? Have you no claims, then? Am I not your confidant, and do I not know your secret services, your kind anxieties, and your long suffering last summer in consequence?"

This last reflection seemed to inspire the trembling lady with a greater portion of confidence than she had hitherto felt, and she followed Martha to her dressing-room in some degree of composure, where her fair friend disencumbered her, with her own hands, of her riding-dress, and the Leghorn hat with silk handkerchief plainly tied over and fastened underneath the chin, which formed the then popular, and, to our taste, graceful substitute for the round hat commonly used.

We will leave the ladies to prepare, as well as they may, for this meeting (which seems to be such a terrible affair, whatever the reason of it is), while we return once more to Castle Hamond, the proprietor of which was preparing with no less anxiety for the promised interview with the last friend of his once loved Emily—his first and last affection. This true lover had led a wretched life from the day of Mr. Hunter's visit; and all the exertions of his religious and philosophical mind were insufficient to suppress the rebellious sorrow that labored at his heart. The change that had taken place in his person, as well as in his mind, many, however, he most easily indicated, by introducing the reader into his apartment, as it appeared when Remy O'Leone entered it, kettle in hand, on the morning of this very day a few hours after the Wren-boys had departed.

Hamond was then seated at his solitary breakfast-table, in the same dress which he had seen him wear on board the hooker—a blue frieze jacket and trousers, with black silk handkerchief tied loosely about his neck—his hand clenched fast, and supporting his forehead, as he leaned upon the table. He suffered Remy to make the tea, lay the toast, and go through all the necessary preparations, without seeming to be once conscious of his presence. When he raised his head, at length, in order to answer a question put by the latter, the appearance of his countenance was such as made Remy start and gape with horror. His eyes had sunk deep in their sockets, while the lids were red, and the balls sullen and bloodshot—his lean and rather furrowed cheeks had assumed the pallid yellowness of death—his forehead and temples were shrivelled, dry, and bony, his hair saps and staring, like that of a man wasted by disease—his lips chipped and dragged—and altogether an air of desolation and anxiety about him, which nothing less than a luxurious indulgence of long sorrow could have produced. His voice, as he spoke to Remy, was rough, harsh, and husky, and the sharpness and suddenness of his manner showed as if his mind were in some degree shaken by the continuance of painful and laborious reflection.

"I will walk there," he said in reply to Remy's question. "Leave me now, and do not come until I send for you."

Remy left the room. "Yes!" said Hamond, starting up from the table and making the door fast. "I will meet this envoy. A dying message—or dying gift, perhaps. No matter! Inhuman as she was, I can't forget that I have loved her—and her last thought and her last present will be dear to me, for they can never change. Oh, Emily, why did you wrong yourself and me so foully? When all the world left you—when you were lying on your death-bed in a foreign land, did you remember old times? did you think of Hamond and his injuries with regret? and if so, why was I not apprised of your repentance? why was I not kneeling at your bed-side, to comfort the spirit that I loved with the words of forgiveness and affection? But no!" he added, stamping his foot against the floor, and setting his teeth hard in a sterner mood—"Let me not fool my nature. She died the death she earned for herself—the death of the proud and the high-hearted. Let me rather rejoice that it is so—for in her grave alone could she become again the object of Hamond's love. I could not tell her, living, as I now tell her dead, that her image is still treasured among the dearest memories of my heart—that Emily Bury, the young, the gay the tender and the gentle, is still the queen of that blank and desolate region. "My heart is worn, Emily," he went on, raising his outstretched arms as if in invocation of some listening spirit—"its affections are grown cold—its passions, all but this undying one, are blasted and numbed within their dens, its earthly hopes are withered, and all its sources of enjoyment broken up—yet even there you have not ceased to govern. The interval of many years of gloom has not yet banished from its deserted chambers the influence of your sunny smiles—the echo of that voice that poured comfort on it when it was wounded and torn by the haughty insolence of the worthless world around you, still lingers on its fibres, and tempers the dreary voice of memory with a tone of sweetness that time and sorrow can never utterly destroy."

After pacing his chamber in silence for a few minutes, he would again stop suddenly, and with a look of absence and wonder, ask himself, whether the events, that had lately chequered the solemn monotony of his lonely life with a shade of still darker feeling, were indeed all real. Dend! Emily Bury dead! Was there actually an end of all hope? Had the world lost her for ever? Should he never indeed see her on earth again? She was cold—dead—coffined—the earth was over her—the heavy grave stone was pressing on her light and fragile form. She was gone from him for ever and ever!

"It is past and done," said he, "and all that remains to me is to master as I may the disquietude of my own heart. This high-born friend of hers would probe and humble me—she would try me with a tale of deep interest. She shall fail. I will hear her message, and take her death-gift with a stony eye and an unmoved demeanor. I will show her, that it is not in the power of the proud to subdue the will of all whom they hold within their influence. My heart may burst within me while she speaks, but my eye and tongue shall tell no tales. I will be cold as marble—cold as Emily was—is—cold as my own heavy heart—as the grave-stone that divides us."

Having fortified his spirits in this resolution, he rose from his untasted breakfast, and with few preparations of the toilet, took his way over the fields to Mr. Hunter's residence. It was nearly dusk when he arrived there. Mr. Hunter was not yet returned from a neighboring court of petty sessions, where he had spent the day; and a peeler, in address, who opened the door to Mr. Hamond, went to inform the lady of the house of his arrival, while he entered a neat parlor on the ground floor, which was made "a double debt to pay,"—a kind of study and sitting-room. Here he sat, endeavoring to put on a hardness, and even roughness of demeanor, than which nothing could be more foreign to his character. His agitation, however, returned upon him with a sudden force when he heard the rustling of female

dresses in the hall outside. There was a pause of several seconds when they approached the door, and Hamond could hear some whispered words of encouragement answered by a short sigh. The door was length opened and two ladies entered. The light was not strong, enough to enable Hamond to distinguish the countenance of both as perfectly as he might have wished; but he had not much difficulty in recognizing the sweet-tempered companion of Emily Bury. Prepared, as he was to act the stoic, he could not resist the winning kindness of her manner, when she walked towards him; and held out her hand with a smile of real gladness. There are some people in the world whose whole existence appears to be composed of acts, thoughts, and wishes of benevolence, and whose happiness is made up of the joys which they are able to confer on others reflected back upon their own hearts. Their very manner informs you that your presence gives them pleasure—that your happiness is sincerely desired by them—their smiles are too sweet and kind for as if it were turned to please your ear. In no country in the world do warm and generous natures of this kind abound more than in Ireland, and in no part of Ireland could one individual be found more highly gifted with it than Martha Hunter. Hamond felt his heart softened within him when she gave him her hand and inquired with an interest, which he saw was not assumed, for his health and the circumstances of his present life.

"But I must not be so selfish, Mr. Hamond," said she, turning towards the other lady, "as to gratify my own anxiety while yours remains yet unsatisfied. Another time you shall tell your old friend Martha, all that has happened to you since our last meeting. Here is my friend, Miss O'Brien, who has news for you that you are more eager to hear. You have seen the lady before now at a distance, she tells me. Then in a low voice to her fair friend, as she felt her hand grow cold and tremble within her grasp—"For shame, darling, will you not be firm yet? Consider all that depends upon it!"

Hamond bowed to Miss O'Brien. "I have had the pleasure of hearing Miss O'Brien's name frequently mentioned in a way that was most honorable to herself—and believe I can guess at the occasion to which Mrs. Hunter alludes. My servant was enthusiastic in his description of Miss O'Brien's heroism on that occasion."

"Oh, she is quite a little warrior, sir," said Mrs. Hunter, "but apropos of warriors, I think I hear one of my young rogues beating his drum a note too loud in the meadow. My absence too may relieve me from some degree of unwelcome feeling. Make acquaintance then as soon as you can, for I can tell you, Mr. Hamond, this lady is worth your knowing. Courage," she again added, sotto voce, to Miss O'Brien, as she passed her, "Was not that well thrown out? I will take care that nobody shall disturb you, or remain within hearing."

A pause of some embarrassment to the lady and gentleman took place when Martha left the room. The former, however, feeling the necessity for exertion, stimulated by the pressing nature of the occasion into something like self-command, and at once throwing off all mere weakness, assumed, in a few moments, an easy and natural carriage, while Hamond, remembering his own resolution, returned once more to his cold and darkly morose demeanor.

"My friend, Mr. Hunter, has made you aware, I believe, of the occasion which induced me to request the favor of this interview," said Miss O'Brien, at length.

"He has," said Hamond, calmly, "and has relieved you in some degree from what must have been a painful undertaking to one of so benevolent a disposition as I know Miss O'Brien to possess. You were the friend of Lady E—— on the Continent?"

"Pray do not call her by that name," said Miss O'Brien. "She had reason to be weary of it herself—and in my ears I am sure it is an ungrateful sound. Let us speak of her as Emily Bury, for it was only while she bore that name that I could ever esteem or love her."

"Yet you were her friend long afterward, I understand."

"Friendship is but lightly grounded that will grow cold at sight of a friend's error, particularly if that error should be followed by a punishment so severe as hers. You thought her beautiful once, Mr. Hamond, but you would have been shocked to see the startling havoc that nine years of sorrow and of sickness had made with her loveliness, before I left France. This trinket was hers," Miss O'Brien continued, handing him a small miniature set in gold. "It is the same which you returned her on the morning of your departure from Dublin, though some circumstance prevented its reaching her hands for a long time after. She wished that you would take it once more, as a token that you forgot and forgave. Look—that discoloring on the gold was made by her own tears. Does not that touch him?" she added to herself, as he took the miniature coldly, and without looking on it placed it in his bosom.

"I have long since taught myself to consider the one as my duty," said Hamond. "For the other—but, pray, let us pass to another subject. Emily and I have had but a hard life here. Her sufferings, I hope, are ended—and mine shall not be tamely fostered. I have long since discovered the secret of my own mistaken hope—and found the cure too. I have entrenched myself in this hill solitude, where I once more breathe the air of content and freedom. I hang my peace upon the humor of no high-born coquette. (You will forgive me for having learned to speak coarsely.) I watch no beck. I court no smile. My heart does not, as it once did, start, like a coward's, at every sudden footfall. I walk, or write, or read the whole day long, or else sit at ease by my turf fire, and think what a happy man Adam might have been, if it were not for the rib he lost in paradise."

"Yet," said Miss O'Brien, entering freely into the spirit of Hamond's thoughts, though she could have dispensed with the politeness of the last sneer, "if it be fear that induces you to turn anchorite, there is but little merit in this Parthian warfare. The world—the busy world has joys for the deserving as well as for the ingrate and the proud one. Why should we leave them the undivided enjoyment of those pleasures, when we might meet and share them in calm and steady defiance?"

"You should be wiser," replied Hamond, shaking his head. "You will forgive my saying that you are an enemy who must be fled—not fought with. In our strife with you we must keep our hearts out of eye-sight. You make our ears the traitors to our peace—for there is a seductive and overwhelming grace in the very music of your accents. What? Dely you? Ah, no—I thought that once, and my heart bled for it—and all that remains to me, as you perceive, is to use the privilege of a beaten gamester—to revile and tax you with false play."

"I do not know, Mr. Hamond, whether I am to take what you said as flattery or the contrary, but it has a strange mixture of both," said Miss O'Brien, who felt really a little piqued by the bitter violence of his manner. "You say, you were once mistaken? Would you think," she continued more playfully, "that a general did his duty who would change his whole plan of warfare after one defeat? That is a brief experience. Besides, is it not possible that the hermit in his silent solitude, might sustain as painful a contest with the memory of the world as those who live in the midst of allurement with its real dangers? Does he not buy his safety with an enduring sameness of regret that makes those dangers look almost amiable in the comparison? Are there not moments of intolerable reflection, when contemplation puts on even a stormier hue than action itself, when the brain is almost torn asunder by the violence of its own thoughts, and the heart is oppressed almost to breaking with the memory of past social happiness, and the use of present loneliness. Must you not sometimes sit down and think on the hopes you once cherished—the vain and faded visions that made you so sweet—the stirring ambition,