

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

The Times Paris correspondent speaking of the little interest that the people, generally, take in politics, says:—"But the most unfortunate symptom is the absence of all interest on the part of the people in the elections. The people seem utterly careless about the exercise of their rights, and if the Legislative Corps was named in toto by the Emperor I doubt whether it would make any difference. That such is the feeling—or rather, the absence of all feeling—on the subject is shown by the reports of the Prefects of departments; and it explains why hardly any exertion is necessary on the part of the Government to secure a triumph. The difficulty now is to make the electors come forward in something like respectable numbers. The system has certainly succeeded in rendering torpid all political life in France. How long such a state of things will last it is difficult to say. It will require some extraordinary event to rouse the public mind from its lethargy, but when roused the awakening will indeed be felt. For the present every attempt to awaken the people to anything like political activity is at once encountered by the high hand of authority. The Siecle published, a day or two ago, an article exhorting the voters to exercise their rights, and to reject the counsels of those who would have them abstain from the ballot. It showed that, considered as a political demonstration, such conduct was as insignificant as it was unpatriotic; that it was but the admission of defeat, and that it furnished the most powerful arguments to the opponents of a liberal suffrage. It advocated the nomination of men representing moderate views from the greater probability of success, and it warmly recommended its own political friends to show that they are not deficient in civil courage, the want of which would prove the political infirmity of France. There was nothing very subversive in this language—nothing in it dangerous to a system which, we are told, is based upon such solid foundations. Nevertheless, the Siecle has received an admonition, not officially, but in a private way, to refrain from such exhortations. I believe, however, that this excessive sensitiveness is found more in those who surround the Emperor than in himself. The men who were not long ago, the clamorous advocates of liberty bordering on lawlessness, are now startled at the shadow of anything that bears a remote resemblance to it. They have helped to stamp out the last spark of its existence, and are now afraid of the ghost of their victim. The Emperor is mortified at this general apathy—he would prefer a little animation, not much certainly, but at all events, sufficient to show that his system has not utterly annihilated political life in France. They who are under him think differently.

The Courier de la Drome announces the death of His Lordship the Bishop of Valence, on the 16th of last month.

At a fancy fair in Paris, the Princess P— kept a stall. A gentleman approached, then turned away again, as if hesitating to purchase, but returned to the Princess's invitation. "You will not," he said, "sell what I want." "We'll see—what is it?" "The lock of hair falling on your shoulder." The Princess took up a pair of scissors, cut off the hair, and demanded 500fr. The gentleman paid the money, and, hastening away with the treasure, showed it in triumph to an intimate friend. "Ah," said the confidant, "you have been robbed, my friend; the Princess carries a wig!"

SPAIN

The Spanish squadron which has been fitting out for the last three months at Cadix, preparatory for an expedition against Mexico, has set sail for the West Indies. It is composed of six ships. They carry 2,450 troops, thoroughly equipped. This force is commanded by Generals Mendimata, Santiago, and Parrido.

ITALY

ROME, May 14.—The Pope's progress through his States naturally forms the principal topic just now in Rome. Oration and acclamations are now greeting the Pope on every side. At Spoleto the officious zeal of the Archbishop, Monsignor Arnaudi, was near proving extremely inconvenient to the Pope. The prelate had prepared his own equipage for His Holiness's use in the town, but the carriage was so antiquated that the Pope had no sooner set his foot upon the step than that necessary appendage gave way, and His Holiness would have fallen with his face on the floor of the vehicle had he not saved himself with his hands. As it was, he displayed his amiable disposition by good-humouredly going round to the other side of the carriage, where he found the steps in rather better condition. The Pope's liberality was abundantly experienced by the poor of his quondam diocese, and amusing anecdotes are related of his friendly recognition of former acquaintances.

TORIN, May 16.—It has been positively decided by the Sardinian Government to send a representative to Bologna to compliment His Holiness the Pope on his arrival there, which is expected to take place about the 21st of this month. The person selected for this duty is the Cavaliere Boncompagni, the Sardinian Minister at the Court of Florence, Modena, and Parma.

NAPLES.—The following is an extract from a letter of the Times correspondent:—"I have already mentioned that the King of Bavaria was said to have undertaken, either at the instance of his Royal brother of Naples or spontaneously, to intervene as a friend between the latter and the Western Powers, I hear again from various sources that not only is such the case, but that the chances of an arrangement are fair. The King denies that the King of Bavaria has been 'authorized' to take any such step. It is very probable that there is no official intervention, but it appears certain that he has had several confidential communications with King Ferdinand, and that he has broached the subject since his arrival. I cannot say what concessions the King of Naples is disposed to grant, or whether the friendly offices of King Maximilian will bring about a reconciliation.

A private letter from Naples, of the 10th ult., mentions that for some days hopes were entertained in that city of the resumption of diplomatic relations with England; that Lord Clarendon appeared to have manifested a desire to that effect, but that "the exigencies" he put forth have prevented the realization of these hopes. "The King of Naples," the letter says, "caused it to be made known in London that, in his eyes, they implied an idea of intervention, which was inconsistent with the dignity and the interests of an independent State—an inter-

vention opposed to the principles professed by the English nation itself, and contrary to the preceding declarations of the Western Powers."

GERMANY

A letter from Vienna states that the Emperor will not confine his measures of clemency in favor of the Hungarians to the amnesty granted, to political prisoners and refugees, but will also restore them their landed property, confiscated after the revolution and administered since that period by a special commission. It is believed that the value of the landed property sequestered in Hungary amounted in 1850 to nearly 40,000,000fr.

RUSSIA AND PERSIA

In the treaty concluded between Russia and Persia, the former renounces all claims to the money which Persia owes, and, in return, obtains two pieces of land, one on the Caspian, and the other in the eastern part of Persia. Both of them for strategic reasons, are of the highest importance to Russia.

The Emperor was highly satisfied with the general who made the treaty. This cession of land and other intrigues connected with it, may account for the proceedings against Persia.

It is said that a conference will be held in Paris, composed of representatives of the various powers who have signed treaties of commerce, with Persia, in order to agree to an arrangement which will apply to all the consular agents in Persia. The conference will take place during the stay of the Persian ambassador in Paris.

CHINA

The news from China by the Overland Mail is not important. The dates are to March 30th. The steamer Zenobia had arrived from Madras with troops, and the steam-sloop Inflexible and gun-boat Starling had also arrived from England. The Raleigh had likewise arrived from Singapore, and was looked for hourly. No active operations had been undertaken by Admiral Seymour, nor, beyond the occasional discharge of a rocket or two at the ships of war, had anything occurred to break the monotony. A most daring and successful attack had been made upon 17 armed junks, by two boats manned by only 22 officers and men of her Majesty's steamer Hornet. The boats were in charge of Lieutenant Brock and Mr. Brown (mate). After a sharp fire of about 20 minutes, the pirates began to jump overboard, and run for the hills, when the boats dashed in and boarded them. Two of the enemy were found dead, and from the appearance of the blood on their decks, many must have been wounded. Their being nothing of value on board, the junks were burnt and the guns destroyed. The successful boats had only one man seriously burnt by a stink-pot. Disturbances had broken out in Ho-How and Kaisow—the tea districts.

The 'Iorcina' affair is extending into a grand crusade of Christendom against the Celestial empire. Various reports on the subject have intimated that other powers would intervene besides France and England. Although the United States do not join in an entangling alliance; they send a commissary and a squadron. Sardinia is reported to be paying suit and service for her tenure in the councils of Europe by sending a naval contingent to the joint fleet. It must be on purely disinterested or political grounds, since Sardinia has no interest in the tea trade. Perhaps because Sardinia is expected in the waters of China, Austria also is to appear there; and Spain, it is said, will again send an armada round the Cape of Storms, to assist in this grand crusade.—Nation.

THE HALF SIR

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER III.

Clermont—Boy, marshal him.  
Boy—With a truncheon, sir?

Clermont—Away, I beseech you. I'll make him tell us his pedigree, now.—Ben Johnson.  
What Irish fashionable life was at the period when Hamond first found himself in possession of his uncle's property (soon after the Union), is no longer a question to be solved by the Irish novelist. Few persons, we apprehend, will open these volumes who have not already been made aware of all its varieties, by a writer who was the first to put the sickle into the burthened field of Irish manners; in whose footsteps we follow, like Chaucer's gleaner, at a long interval, with fearful and hesitating pace, casting our eyes around to gather in the scattered ears which remain after the richness of her harvest.

One observation, however, we understand, may be added to what Maria Edgeworth has already recorded of the circle of Irish fashion—that, although it is necessarily composed of far inferior materials to that of the exclusives in the sister kingdom, it is a matter of lesser difficulty for wealth to pay its way into the region in the latter than the former, pride—mere family pride, is one of the grand national foibles which yet remain unshaken by the inroads of modern intelligence; and no internal or external wealth will compensate for the mental or corporeal poverty of his ancestors. This feeling (which is not without its uses when confined within rational limits) is frequently carried beyond the bounds of absurdity, and exercises an influence among all classes, from the gaudy mob stagers in a castle drawing-room, to the group of frieze-coated "follers," or clansmen, who talk over the deeds of their ancestry by a cabin fire-side. Dazzled and delighted as he was on his first introduction to a rank in which he found those refined feelings and delicate miseries of common occurrence, which in that which he had left were not understood, or laughed at as affectation, or (worse than all) pitied, and stigmatized by the odious title of nervous irritability—delighted, we repeat, as he was at first sight of a mode of life so congenial to his heart, he soon found in the original sin of his low birth, an occasion of deeper and more real suffering than any which he had yet endured. In order to illustrate some of the observations which we have made, perhaps the reader will allow us to shift the scene for a few moments, and omitting a detail of the minor occurrences which filled up the time of Eugene for some months after his benefactor's death, introduce ourselves at once into the drawing-room of a family from whom we may learn something of his fortunes.

It was an extensive, elegantly furnished apartment, indicating rank as well as fashion and wealth. A work-table, tastefully littered with scraps of picnic needle-work, not substantial enough to incur the suspicion of utility—just sufficed by contrast to temper and modify the general air of leisure and luxury which pervaded the room, and to redeem from the imputation of absolute idleness, two very young ladies, whose soft white fingers escaping from the confinement of a half-handed jean glove, were wandering in busy idleness among sections of frills, laces, &c., while the fair companions, relieved from the observation of other eyes and ears, were coming over the secrets of their girlish hearts in amiable confidence. One of them was a blonde of a quite sedate carriage, almost treading on the skirts of lethargy. The other, a finely formed girl, with full black eyes, hair cut short and clustering all round the head (a fashion not yet gone out of use), a forehead on which the seal of a noble house was as distinctly set, as if the arms had been emblazoned upon it; and features which even in silence seemed to move in restless sympathy with the animation of a restless spirit. On the cover of her ivory work-box the name "Emily Bury," was prettily inscribed, and a morocco-bound prayer-book, near her companion, showed the words—"Martha O'Brien," impressed in gold letters upon the cover.

"Well, Martha, are you a better archer than I, after all," said the dark-eyed girl; "here, while I have been toying about the target with a hundred strings looped upon my bow, you with your single

one have shot the shaft and hit the very centre of the mark. So I must be your bridemaid!"

"You must not envy me, Emily."  
"Envy you, you silly girl! Hand me those scissors, please. I pity you. You have just done like a child that swallows its sugar-plum at a mouthful, and then cries to find it gone. The women ought to send you to Coventry, for giving up the sex's privilege. Do you think we were made only to drop like ripe peaches into a man's mouth, as he lies lazily in our shade, gazing his admiration?—to be crunched into a sober wife at the very first word! Don't stare so, child—there's nobody listening to us."

"That's well at any rate. I must tell you a secret, Emily. Your beaux all find your pride intolerable. You are getting the name of a coquette."  
"Am I?—I'm glad of it. The wretches! They would deny us even that brief day of sovereignty—that little holiday between the drudgery of obedience to parents and obedience to husbands. Ah, Martha, you will say that I am a wise girl before you have worn caps with ears for many months."

"I wish Mr. O'Neil heard you."  
"O! he'd be delighted. He's a true Irishman. He likes a proud woman, even though her contempt should fall heaviest upon himself. There never was a man who lived so entirely upon the possession of his friends as Mr. O'Neil. He is a poor man himself, he admits, but then he is the poorest of his own family—he is an uninformed blockhead, he will allow you, but then he has such 'bright' people, relations of his—he does not deny that he is a worthless, dissipated wretch, but all the rest of his family are so respectable and so big-minded. In fact, you would think, to hear him speak, that he was proud of being the scrape-grace of his own house—the only black sheep in the fair flock of the white-sheeced O'Neils."

"Well, there is another young gentleman, Eugene Hamond—"  
"Quite, gentleman—"  
"There again, Emily! You wonder that I should charge you with injustice—A blush?—Fie! you malicious creature! to hit me on the top of the finger with that heavy scissor! But seriously, Emily, you use poor Hamond very cruelly. If he heard you say such a cutting thing as that last, I know but little of the gentleman, or you would see but little of him afterward."

"Oh, indeed, he's perfectly welcome to do what he pleases. I don't think him so vulnerable, however. I will try him a good deal further yet. You would not suppose that underneath all that amiable timidity and embarrassment which makes him stammer in his speech—look! pale and vexed—answer with a quivering lip to my common-place questions—start at my least motion—seem absent—and forget to turn my music-leaves and praise my singing (for true love is scrupulous)—beneath all this, I say, you wouldn't think that I have discovered one of the proudest and most violent natures that ever made a bad husband. At the last Tabinet ball, he had got, and grew all on a sudden so pathetically eloquent that I was about to give some queer answer, when young Lord E— passed us, and bowed to me. I smiled of course, and turning again to Hamond, got such a look! "O my honor, I'm sure I heard his teeth chattering! O ho! my gentleman, thought I, your humble servant. You will wait for my answer until I have taught you something first, or learned more of you myself."

"But how long do you intend to make this game last, Emily?"  
"Till I find myself a lover, Martha; when the pastime tires me, I may perhaps run to a corner, and be checkmated quietly. But I never will, like you, let my opponent get a scholar's mate before I make three moves."

"Well, there may be danger still in all this cleverness. What if your adversary should give up the contest in despair? There are no forfeited stakes to comfort you."  
"Pshaw! the worst he can do would be to make it a drawn game. Besides, are there not plenty of people who would be happy to take up the conqueror?"  
"But would the conqueror be happy to take up them?"  
"No insinuations, pray. I may punish you as I have done before. But really, Martha, I have no pride, upon my honor; and the little secret I told you about Eugene the other day, might show you I have not."

"You needn't blush so, Emily. Do you suppose I actually suspect you of such folly? I merely wished to warn you of the consequences of seeming to be influenced by it. And, once again, mark my words for it, Eugene Hamond will not bear any goading on the conscious side."  
"We'll try him a little, however; you don't know him so well as you think. Was he not greatly improved by his trip to the country?"  
"He does look very well. He's one of the handsomest young men I know, really. His hair is beautiful!"

"And his eyes—"  
"And such white regular teeth!—What he'd give to be listening to us now!"  
"Here, Martha, you must finish your lace yourself. I'll work no more—I must practise. Did I show you the last song Hamond gave me?" And removing the green covering from a magnificent harp which stood near the window, she suffered it to rest against her shoulder, while she ran over the prelude of a simple Irish air, previous to accompanying herself in the melody of which she had spoken. Its subject was the imaginary lament of a young Canadian emigrant over the grave of his young wife.—

The tie is broke, my Irish girl,  
That bound thee to me,  
My heart has lost its single pearl—  
And thine at last is free—  
Dead as the earth that wraps thy clay,  
Dead as the stone above thee—  
Cold as this heart that breaks to say  
It never more can love thee.

I press thee to my aching breast—  
No blush comes o'er thy brow—  
Those gentle arms that once caress'd,  
Fall round me deadly now.  
The smiles of love no longer part  
Those dead blue lips of thine;  
I lay my hand upon thine heart—  
'Tis cold, at last, to mine.

Were we beneath our native heaven  
Within our native land,  
A fairer grave to thee were given,  
Than this wild bed of sand,  
But thou wert single in thy faith  
And single in thy worth,  
And thou should'st die a lonely death,  
And lie in lonely earth.

Then lay thee down and take thy rest,  
My last—last look is given—  
The earth is smooth above thy breast,  
And mine is yet untriven!  
No mass—no parting rosary—  
My perished love can have—  
But a husband's sighs embalm her cors,  
A husband's tears her grave.

A soft hesitating knock at the hall-door startled the fair minstrel, who blushed, and fetched her breath while she half rose from the silk-cushioned stool.

"'Tis his knock, indeed," said the firmer of the ladies. "His knock always says, 'Let me in, if you please,' as plainly as O'Neil's says, 'Let me in.'" "Tis the most modest sound that was ever extracted from mere brass, decidedly."  
"The vain fellow musn't hear me singing his song," said Emily, hastily turning over the leaves of her music—"What's this? Oh, a little piece of O'Neil's nonsense; that will just do—'I'll vex him a little.' And running a lively prelude over the strings of the instrument, she commenced an air of a very different character—in a tone of merriment not unmingled, however, with a certain degree of palpitation and embarrassment.

When love in a young heart his dwelling has taken,  
And pines on the white cheek, and burns in the veins,  
Say how can the reign of the tyrant be shaken—  
By absence? by poverty? sickness? or chains?"

No—these have been tried, and the tempted has come,  
Unmoved through the changes of grief and distress,  
But if you would send him at once to the tomb,  
You must poison his hope with a dose of—success.

"Admirable! Excellent!" exclaimed a voice outside the door, which, opening at the same instant, gave to the view of the surprised and (so far as one was concerned) disappointed ladies, the gay and rakish person of the author of the last song. He made a bow to Miss O'Brien, a low bow to Miss Bury, and seemed determined, as it was a rare occurrence in his life to receive a compliment, particularly from a lady, to entertain it with all the solemnity and importance of manner which became the occasion—"Miss Bury's execution is killing, isn't it?" he went on addressing himself with a pick-pocket smile to Miss O'Brien—

"Such as only her musical tongue  
Could give to such numbers as mine."

"Pon my word, Mr. O'Neil, my conscience won't permit me to let you remain in error. I assure you—I mistook your knock—"  
"Now, do you hear this, Miss O'Brien?" said Mr. O'Neil, interrupting her, "here's a poor fellow that hasn't a civil word thrown to him by anybody once in a year—and well!—well!—it reminds me of what an ancestor of mine, Sir Maurice O'Neil, said to Lord—"

"O you told us that before," said Miss Bury.  
"There's more of it! Well, whose knock did you take it for?"

"Mr. Hamond's," said Miss O'Brien.  
"What Hamond? Anything to the Hamonds of Loughmore? They're the only decent Hamonds I know. A grand-uncle of theirs, old David Hamond, was married to one of the O'Learys of Morne—very good family—I recollect my grandmother saying—"

"He is no relative of theirs."  
"Who then?"  
"You might have seen at the Castle."  
"Oh? what?—the yong nabob? Oh, cut him by all means—he's one of the rabble—mechanic. He's only fit company for the lagrag and bobtail of the gentry, fellows like myself, who are the disgrace of their family. I might take up with such a fellow for an evening, because he had money and I had none; but I would not like that any of the wealthy members of my family should tolerate him. Enough for such a vagabond as myself to be seen in such company."

"Oh you speak too hardly of yourself, Mr. O'Neil; we all know that your family is one of the best in Ireland."  
"My dear ma'm, surely I know it is—and that's the reason I speak. Why, bless you, Miss Bury, I have relations that wouldn't know me in the street! Simple as I sit here, there's not one of my family that wouldn't be ashamed to be seen speaking to me in any public place. There are few besides me here that to say. We were eighteen or twenty of us, at my cousin Hurry's in Kerry some months since, and, I protest to you, without any bragging, boasting, or vain-glory, I was the shabbiest and the poorest of the company. Would you believe that now?"

"I could hardly believe that you take occasion for vanity out of such a circumstance."  
"Vanity! my dear!—it's my pride and glory! and why not? Am't my relations my own family? Supposing that I am at all respectable in my own person, which I grieve to say is a very doubtful case, even to those that know little of me, isn't it a great thing for me to say that there is none of my name below me? If a man deserves any additional respect on account of his family, surely the higher they are above himself the greater his accession of honor?—What credit could I receive from a fellow who was below me? Ay, you laugh—as much as to say, that would be a precious lad—but doesn't it make out my point? I felt more proud the other day when my uncle Richard cut me at the Castle than if I had got a dukedom."

"There's the true Sossia, Emily," said Miss O'Brien, as another pattering summons, still more gentle and insinuating than that which was used by Mr. O'Neil, on ruse, was heard to echo through the spacious hall. Presently after, a rich, though rather languid voice, heard in parley with the servant, proved Miss O'Brien's second conjecture right. It was Eugene Hamond. He was shown up.

The ladies received him kindly, but formally. Mr. O'Neil stood as straight as if a poker were substituted for his spine. It was laughable enough to observe the air of cold repression with which this man, who confessed himself worthless in every respect, and was destitute alike of mental as of corporeal advantages, stood up to receive the accomplished, elegant, and unassuming plebeian who now stood before him. Eugene did not heed, nor scarcely observe this—but the deportment of the ladies touched him more nearly. In order to make the reader perfectly enter into his feelings on the occasion, we shall shortly explain the relative position in which both parties were placed.

Eugene Hamond's determination to alter his station in life, and endeavor to naturalise himself in a rank above his own, had not been hastily considered, or resolved upon from no better impulse than that of an idle vanity. Naturally gifted with a quick eye, and ready apprehension of the peculiar tone of any grade of society into which he happened to be thrown, he required but a very brief acquaintance with the world, to enable him to discover all the difficulties and mortifications he would have to encounter in the undertaking, and he weighed those long and seriously against the advantages which he proposed to himself from the change.

"I admit," he said within himself, as he mused by his afternoon fire, over the kindness and the slights which he had met with in the course of the morning—"I admit that for the interests of society in general, and for those of morality, and of religion itself, it would be much better that all men should remain in that rank in which they were born, or at least that nothing less than a development of capabilities, absolutely wonderful, should entitle them to seek a place above their fathers. If distinctions of rank are in any degree useful or commendable; it is necessary they should be maintained even to exclusion, unless in a very few instances, when the applicant for admission brings an ample equivalent in some one great and beneficial quality to the fortuitous superiority of those whose acquaintance he cultivates. I admit all this. But the case is otherwise—that system of absolute and unrelenting exclusion is not maintained, and the question is, whether my case is not peculiar enough to justify me in seeking for an additional infraction. My poor friends must not be my companions—that is clear. The accident of my infancy—my disposition—my education—habits—all have conspired to place a wall between me and the humble life from which I sprung, which I cannot, and would not, if I could, overlook. Circumstances have fitted me for another station, and that station is left open to me. It is true that I shall meet, as I have met, many a cold repulse in the attempt, but there are, likewise, many over-balancing delights.—Those smiles, so ready, so sweet, so winning, so hearty, or seeming hearty (and that for me, whose chief wish is to steer clear of the asperities of life, would answer almost as well as the sincerity itself) so courteous, and so kind—their brilliant trifling and refined pleasantry—are these nothing; to the favored and initiated? I will make the trial at all events; and if I fail—if the cold eyes and staring, unmoved faces that glance like horrid spectres upon the path of the young and unacknowledged fashionist should multiply upon mine, why then, farewell happiness and high life, and welcome once again, my lowly cot and homely Munster village!"

He did make the trial; and he soon found that the difficulties which he had anticipated were not so feeling nor so easily surmounted as he thought they might be. The encouragement which he met with was much more than sufficient to have established a blunter and less vulnerable nature in perfect peace in the new region; but Hamond's was one which would make no exertion for itself, while it took fire at the slightest act of neglect from others. He seemed to expect that all should agree to drag him forward in spite of himself, and consequently made very little account of concessions, which were estimated at a value by those who conferred them. A hankering conscientiousness clung about his manner and his conversation, even in his intercourse with those families who were best disposed to receive him as an equal; and it was scarcely to be expected, that while he seemed bent upon carrying the recollection of his low origin always about him, other people should endeavor to forget it for him. Besides, it was not very agreeable to his new friends to find that they must always speak under a restraint in his presence—that they could hardly venture on a jest, or a sly speech, whatever were the subject of it, without finding Mr. Hamond's spirit up in arms to discover whether there were any offence intended towards him. He began to feel the consequences of his suspicious and sensitive temper—people shunned him—some gently, some promptly and without apology, some in pure pity, some with marked contempt, and some in apprehension. Then the suspicion of the truth broke upon him; he saw others of far inferior pretensions to himself, by a little assurance of manner and an indifference to the fest-wounds of neglect and accidental coldness, succeed in fastening themselves upon the fair eminence, on the crumbling and uncertain brink of which he was yet tottering, in the anxiety of hope and fear; and he made an exertion to imitate their example, and to assume an easy callousness of heart, until, at least, his hold should be made permanent and secure. But he miscalculated his capabilities most egregiously. A more hideous and painful spectacle, perhaps, cannot be met with in the every-day occurrences of society than that of a person of incorrigible timidity and reserve, assuming, or attempting to assume, by absolute violence, the appearance of perfect ease and unconscious openness. If Hamond's gentle embarrassment and absence of manner rendered him a burthen to his companions before—his new demeanor—his strange familiarity—his queer embarrassed laugh—his ill-timed joke that made everybody look serious, and his intrusive dogmatism of remark, absolutely astonished, frightened, and disgusted them. Having once convinced himself of the expediency of doing violence to his own feelings, he knew not where to stop, and on passing the boundary which his own heart prescribed to him, he trampled without discrimination, and, indeed, in absolute ignorance, upon those which custom and decency had marked out for his observance.

He was once more compelled to retire in disgrace into his natural self; and almost began to entertain thoughts of quitting the field in despair for ever, when a new and strange accident—strange to him, though of very usual occurrence in the history of the human heart—prevented or delayed his retreat. A titled beauty had proudly declined the honor of dancing with him at a fashionable party, and he was silently stealing through the company, with the intention of getting everything ready for his departure for home on the next morning—when, happening to cast a hurried glance aside, he perceived, in the aperture between the concoid of a gentleman's nose and the rosy rotundity of a marchioness's cheek—a soft black eye, in the distance, directed full upon him, with an expression of the tenderest interest; his poor forlorn heart had ever experienced since it had been cast upon the busy wilderness of fashion—There never was an eye—not in Ireland; no, not even in Munster, nor in bright-eyed Limerick itself—that did its owner yooman's service like that one. It made as swift work of Eugene's heart as (the reader will pardon our sacrificing elegance to strength)—as a pavier's rammer might have done. It was an eye that had been following Hamond in silence throughout the evening with a kinder closeness of observation than mere commiseration might suggest; and was now, at the particular moment when it came in direct contact of intelligence with his own, filled up with the gentlest concern. On inquiry, Hamond discovered that it was the property of a lady of high birth, and (of course) fine accomplishments; her name that of the fair songstress to whom we have lately introduced our readers.

From this moment the whole object of Hamond's life was changed. He no longer courted the patronage nor heeded the neglect of fashion—and only stole quietly through its bye ways to secure himself a place at the side of her who now appeared to him to constitute its sole attraction and adornment.

"I was mistaken in it," he said, in his distant and impatient; "this proud world is not made for me, nor I for it. I will return to the condition from which I was taken, and divest myself as speedily as possible of those unhealthy luxuries of feeling, which my poor uncle, in endeavoring to make a forced plant of me, little calculated on producing. But before I return to the ways of plain and honest nature, I will endeavor to pluck out of this rank and unweeded garden, that single rose for the decoration of my humble heart."

That little rose, however, happened to be a great deal more than that he apprehended. Although he was not long in ascertaining that he had made progress in the good opinion of Miss Bury, which might have satisfied even the voracious craving of a sensitive love like his, yet there were many annoyances equally disagreeable to both parties, which mingled in the delicacies of their intimacy, and retarded that perfect union of spirit which is ever necessary to the gratification of a heart that is at all dainty in its affections. Emily had betrayed some lack of self-knowledge, when she declared to her friend Martha, that she had no pride. She had not enough to enable her to master her passion for her plebeian lover—but she had quite enough to feel annoyed and humiliated by the slights which were continually thrown on him and in her presence. On these occasions, when Eugene attempted to resume the conversation which had been so disagreeably interrupted, he would find Miss Bury a little reserved and lukewarm, and could sometimes trace the shadow of an inward frowning upon her brow. His own pride took fire at this, and frequent and mutual embarrassment was the result. At length, grown absolutely weary of their flickering acquaintance and difficulties of their flickering acquaintance, Hamond manfully made up his spirit to the resolution of disavowing or untying their fortunes for ever.

It was with this intention he now sought an interview with her at the house of her guardian—Martha O'Brien's father. The settled determination of his purpose had suddenly quelled all the protracted balulence of the many impulses on which his peace had been tempest tossed for the last year, and he entered the room with a composure of eye, a steadiness of frame, and a natural elegance of address, which surprised his quick-eyed friends, and puzzled himself not a little. He thought it strange that he should be thus, without an effort acquire in a moment what he had been many months toiling to accomplish in vain; and at the moment, too, when he had resigned himself to the belief that he never should attain it.

After a few unmeaning observations on the popular topics of the day—the general mourning for Lord Nelson—the last Castle drawing-room—and other matter, Miss O'Brien, acting from the impulse of a strong feeling, proposed a turn in the garden to Mr. O'Neil, who had done nothing but sit upright and stare at Hamond's Hessian boots (Wellingtons were yet stumbling in the womb of time) and utter a cold "Ha!" whenever the latter directed himself particularly towards his side of the room. The generalist obeyed the lady's summons, and bowing to Miss Bury, brushed unceremoniously by the plebeian, and left the apartment.

(To be continued.)