

FOR FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE. The French law an election is void unless an actual majority of the votes is recorded for the successful candidate. General Cavaignac, though ahead of his competitor, must go to a second vote. The prolongation of the election and the attention which it excites, are in all probability more annoying to the Government than his actual return to an assembly in which he would form one of a minority of four members. The papers announce that the French Government have entered into a contract with a Marseilles house for the supply of Africans to Guadeloupe and Martinique. The contract was signed by the French Ministers of Foreign Affairs. The Messrs. Regis & Co. agreed, within three months, to transport 5,000 to Guadeloupe and as many to Martinique, there to work under engagements for ten years at wages of 10s. a month, out of which he is to pay the cost of his transport after Messrs. Regis & Co. undertake to employ in their service steam vessels capable of containing 800 passengers, and for each adult male or female received £20. It is impossible to regard such a move without apprehension. The increase of free African laborers in the West Indies would be on every account desirable. But there is real danger of the revival of a practical slave trade under a new name. This would indeed be a retrograde course, as we believe that that horrible traffic is now practically confined to the Island of Cuba; within which narrow limit it is difficult to believe that it might not soon be abolished. Slavery and the slave trade obviously stand upon quite different grounds. Slavery is a local institution, had indeed, but which it is difficult, and in some cases impossible, to abolish when once in possession. The great thing is, to prevent its extension to new territories. The slave trade is a world-wide evil, affecting whole continents, and touching all nations, as well as that which carries it on.—Weekly Register.

ITALY. ROME, JUNE 25TH.—The Pope has granted numerous pardons. The political prisoners in Fort Palliata are to be set at liberty. It will be thus seen that the Holy Father prefers individual liberations to a general amnesty. A letter from Rome, of the 25th June, in the Constitutionnel, says:—“There appears to be no doubt that the excursion of the Pope will extend beyond the limit of his own states. I have it from the best authority that His Holiness will certainly visit Florence, where the Pitti Palace will be placed at his disposal by the Grand Duke. I can also mention as an almost certain fact that the Pope will go to Modena and to Parma, and, if certain rumors may be credited, he may even extend his journey to Milan and to Venice, but this last-named intelligence I regard as less positive. The harvest has commenced pretty generally in this neighborhood, and never was there a more abundant crop. The prospect of cheap food already begins to gladden the hearts of the people, who have of late suffered so severely from the dearthness of bread, which forms the principal part of their food. The works of the railway between Rome and Civita Vecchia are being carried on with great activity; even the extreme heat of the weather has not in any way impeded their progress.”

The telegraph brings a report of revolutionary movements in Italy; at Leghorn, where they first appeared, they were at once suppressed, but it is added—“The insurgents seized the Genoese steamer, the Gagliari, which was on its way to Turin from Genoa, and in this steamer they attacked the Neapolitan island of Pousa, with success.”

INDIA. To give any opinion about this miserable Indian mutiny involves all the responsibility of a prediction, the truth or falsehood of which a few weeks at the utmost must fully test. The facts, as far as they are yet known, are, that there is disaffection, not transient and passionate, but deep-seated, through the whole of our Bengal army; that more than six regiments have broken into actual revolt, murdered their officers where they could, have seized Delhi, the ancient capital of the Mogul Empire, and massacred every European, of whatever condition, age, or sex, who was unable to escape; have proclaimed the restoration of the Mahomedan dynasty in the phantom of Imperial greatness the nominal Mogul, who now dwells there as the Company's pensioner. Even this is not all; for disaffection among the native troops has shown itself distinctly in the extreme West of India—at Ferropoor, in the Punjab, at Barrackpore, at the capital of the deposed Kings of Oude, at Moorsbadah, and Allahabad. On the other side, as Lord Granville notices in the House of Lords, while the news from India has affected the London money market, Indian securities of all kinds have fully maintained their price at Calcutta and Bombay; the rebel troops have nowhere stood their ground for a moment against the European soldiers; however inferior in numbers; Delhi itself was seized, not by triumphant rebels, but by fugitives running for their lives before the European regiments, and that because it happened to be without any European force; and at the departure of the last accounts, several days after that catastrophe, the native armies of the other presidencies were not only in subjection to command, but as it seems, were fully trusted by the authorities. If any one is disposed to make light of this state of things, his own lack of wisdom is much more evident than the trifling amount of the danger he despises. Mr. Disraeli hardly exaggerated when he spoke of “the most important event which has occurred during his life.” At the same time, our expectation is that the next mail will bring tidings of the suppression of the revolt. The crimes of those who seized Delhi, combining wholesale murder with mutiny and rebellion, place them beyond the reach of mercy; but, there is so little danger of any excess in that direction, that we rather desire than hope that the Indian authorities will be careful to discriminate between the guilty and the innocent, between voluntary rebels and men carried away against their will by a stream of mutiny, and to remember that fear and pride and wrath are evil counsellors.

For these suggestions, however, at this distance, time is gone by. What is to be done in future is a really practical question. Our implicit and tranquil confidence in a native army is gone for many a year at least, if not for ever. It is impossible to think of Hindostan held in subjection as well as defended by 30,000 European and more than 200,000 native soldiers, without thinking of Van Amburg in the den of a tiger. Such confidences have often lasted long and become habitual, but they have never had a very encouraging termination; and when once broken they can hardly be restored. For many a year our main confidence must now be in our European force, not of course to the exclusion of the Sepoys. 14,000 are already on their way. Others, it is said, will be stopped on the voyage to China.—Weekly Register.

It appears from the vague accounts from Delhi, that the insurgents have sacked the Delhi Bank, and obtained £150,000 in specie. The Delhi Bank is a respectable joint-stock establishment, which was founded about fourteen years ago with a paid-up ca-

pital of £180,000. It has agencies in London, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, and Cawnpore. Its manager was Mr. George Bessford, and the deputy manager and accountant were also Europeans. It is assumed that, whatever specie loss the bank may have sustained will be regarded as a claim upon the government.

THE HALF-SIR. BY GERALD GRIFFIN. (Continued from our last.) CHAPTER IX. I that loved her all my youth, Grow older now as you see; Love liketh not the falling fruit, Nor yet the withered tree. For love is like a careless child, Forgetting promise past: He's blind, or deaf, whenever he list, His faith is never fast.

Tied down as he now was to the mournful solitude of a sick bed, Hamond was no longer able to amuse the enemies of his peace (his own memory and imagination), by fixing his attention on other subjects. His brain was enfeebled by the influence of the disease, and less calculated to resist the illusions which, independently of any pre-existing cause in Hamond's own mind, the alteration of the system alone would have occasioned. The hallucinations to which he soon became subject, invariably connected themselves with the reigning melancholy of his mind, and became more striking and vivid according as his disease proceeded. The manner, too, in which real and imaginary events and objects were blended in his mind afforded matter for curious speculation, which the growing infirmity of his head did not hinder him from indulging. A few instances may enable the reader to comprehend our meaning, if (fortunately) his experience may not have made him already acquainted with it.

He had, on one occasion, fallen into a broken and heated slumber, in which he remained for some hours, dreaming of Emily, of her husband, and of her friends; placing the head of one upon the shoulders of another, and imagining all the fantastical changes which the despotism of a fevered fancy could suggest. He beheld his successful rival (for his success had reached his ears) lying dead, as he had been taken from the field to which some political quarrel had called him, (for this, too, Hamond had heard, though as yet the reader remains unacquainted with the circumstance), while Emily bent over him in all the agony of real sorrow. Hamond contemplated the scene in silence for a few minutes, until it faded gently from before him, and he awoke with a burning thirst. It was nearly dark, and Minny O'Loone, who was his nurse, had left a floating light upon a small table near the bed-side, dropping the curtain so as to shade his eyes. He could perceive that some person was seated at the table.

“Minny” he said, faintly. The person moved, and presently he heard a bell ring. A few moments elapsed while his thirst became almost torturing. “Minny, is this the way you treat me? Have you left me like all the world? I am dying of thirst,” he murmured in a feeble voice, while his heart was filled with anger.

The curtain was slightly drawn, and a hand was presented to his view, in which was a cup of whey. He drank it, and the hand was withdrawn. In a few moments after, Minny drew back the curtain, and took the vessel from him. “Minny,” said he, as he looked on her withered and bony hand, “it was not you handed me that drink.”

“Not me, darlin child! O, what else sir?” “Why did you not speak or look in upon me?” “Getten it ready, may be I was, sir.” “You rung the bell, Minny. For whom? Or who rung it?”

“For a token to Remmy, sir, to have the seed of the fire ready for him.” Hamond was silent, rather because the weakness of his frame disqualified him for sustaining the inquiry, than because the explanation of Minny perfectly satisfied him.

On the following evening, the window of his chamber being thrown up by the physician's desire, to admit the freest possible circulation of air, Hamond awoke from another fitful slumber, to open his eyes on a red and cloudy sunset. He gazed, as he lay on his back, through the window, and full upon the broad blood-colored disk of the luminary, as it slowly sunk below the horizon, while large masses of thick black clouds were gathered, in rocky fragments, about and above, as if ready to topple, and close, and crush it. All the objects in the chamber were tinged with the disagreeable light, and Hamond's eyes were pained at every attempt to turn away, at the same time that he could not close them altogether—for when he did so, the balls felt as if they were burning beneath the lids. Strange and fearful figures (such as poor Fuseli would have suffered any night-mare to be blessed with the sight of) darted rapidly upon his vision, and vanished as quickly. At one time he fixed his eyes on a wrinkle in the curtain, and felt as if that were the cause of all his suffering. A wind stirred it, and he fancied that an earthquake was shaking the whole world to pieces about him. In the midst of the many spectres that presented themselves with nearly all the vividness of reality before him, one in particular, which stared upon him from a fissure in the hangings, riveted his attention. It was that of a female face, pale and wasted; with dark hair and eyes moist with tears—one hand holding the handkerchief which was tied round her neck, and the other putting back the chintz-hanging from before the face. This appearance did not change so speedily as the others, but vanished altogether when Hamond moaned in the excess of his debility. All the exertions which he afterward made were insufficient to bring it before his eyes.

On another occasion, when his disease approached its crisis, the sound of his own guitar, coming, as it seemed to him, from a remote part of the building (an old pile almost worn out in the service of the family from whom Hamond's uncle had purchased the property) threw him back in imagination upon the days when he had sat by Emily's harp, to hear her sing those lines which he was fond of adapting to the ancient music of his native country. While he continued to indulge these recollections, her voice at length came back upon his memory so clearly and sweetly, though still dreamily distant, that he was enabled to trace one song (a little melody of the sunstrait, or sleepy mode, which we are told was formerly used by the national bards to lull the wearied warriors to rest in their chambers), through all its cadences. The words too sounded in his memory—he could almost fancy upon his ear. They were as follow:—

Sleep, that like the couched dove, Broods o'er the weary eye, Dreams, that with soft heavings move The heart of memory— Labor's guerdon, golden rest, Wrap thee in its downy vest; Fall like comfort on thy brain, And sing the hush-song to thy pain!

Far from thee be startling fears, And dreams the guilty dream; No banishes scare thy drowsy ears With her ill-omened scream; But tones of fairy minstrelsy, Float like the ghosts of sound o'er thee, Soft as the chapel's distant bell, And lull thee to a sweet farewell!

Ye, for whom the ashly hearth The fearful housewife clears—

Yes; whose tiny sounds of mirth did to his ears— The nighted carman hears— Ye, whose pigmy hammers make The wonders of the cot to awake— Noiseless be your airy flight, Silent as the still midnight.

Silent go, and harmless come, Fairies of the stream— Ye, who love the winter gloom, Or the gray moon-beam— Hither bring your drowsy store, Gather'd from the bright lumore, Shake o'er his temples soft and deep, The comfort of the poor man's sleep.

Before the last stanza had faded on his ear, Hamond was falling rapidly into a slumber as profound and salutary as that described by the melodist. The night passed away before he woke, and when he did so, he found that the usual salutary change had taken place in his system.

“If you'd excuse me spoken to you, sir,” said Minny to him a few days after, when Hamond was able to sit up in the bed and converse freely, “I have somethin' to say that I wouldn't without your bidding.” “Say on, Minny,” said Hamond, rather amused by the thoughtful manner in which she prepared herself for the conversation, whatever it might be. “Why then, I will sir, since you desire me,” said Minny, then seating herself by the bed-side, and turning the tail of her cotton gown over her shoulder, she went on—“You're as dear to me, Mr. Hamond, an' I think worse of you than I do of my own's most, for I nursed ye both together, an' if I did, sure I was well rewarded for it. But what's troubles me, sir, over sence you tak ill, is to spake to you about goin' to your duty, if it be long sence you done it. You know, Master Hugh, dear, how religious your family wor ever an' always—an' your poor mother herself, heaven be merciful to her, was pious an' good—so 'tis kind for you to look to yourself that way. Forgive me, Master Hugh, af I make too free, but I declare it's for your good I am, an' I couldn't rest in peace thinken of it, while you wor so ill; but now the Lord has given you a safe deliverance, praise be to His holy name, an' you ought to turn to Him and to thank Him, an' to think of Him, and try and make your peace with Him for all you ever done, for I'm feared entirely, Master Hugh, that you wor't without goen astray an' neglecten Him in foreign parts. Forgive me, Master Hugh, if I'm maken too free.”

Hamond, really affected by the tenderness and earnestness of her manner, as well as by the uncouth way in which she started a subject that had long lain dormant within his own bosom, though the blush of self-accusation which rushed into his cheeks showed that its embers were not extinguished, assured her with much warmth that he felt grateful for the kind interest in his welfare which her discourse manifested.

“I declare it makes my heart glad, sir, to see you so willing, for there's always great hopes that way. Go on, sir, an' with the blessing of heaven your bow will be green, as they say, before long.” “How do you mean, Minny?” “An old fable, sir, that they invented as a good mor'l about a great penitent that was there long ago, but you're too wake now to hear it.”

“Not at all, Minny. I fell quite strong since I took the chicken broth. Say on, whatever it is.” Minny accordingly complied, and as her little tale furnished a good specimen of the naive ignorance and strength of thought, which are frequently combined in those legends, we are tempted to transcribe it for the reader's information.

“A couple, Master Hugh, that had a son that used to get his living soft enough by stolen an' doen everything that was enderfent—an' his father an' mother could get no good of him, for he bet'em reglar when they talked to him about his doens. Well, he went to the priest of his parish coming on Aister, an' says he, among other things, ‘I bet my father an' mother,’ says he, ‘as often as I have fingers and toes,’ says he. The priest looked at him, ‘Have mercy on you, you unfortunate man,’ says the priest, ‘how come you to do that? Go now—for I can't take you,’ says he, ‘an' I you get the Pope's aninion, an' according to the aninion he'll give of you, I'll take you or not,’ says the priest. Well an' good, if he did, the boy went an' told his father an' mother, an' to be sure they made a great laugh about his goen to the Pope. Well, he got up airly next mornen before his breakfast, an' he set off to the Pope, an' a long road he had to travel before he got there. When he did, an' when he set foot upon the Pope's ground, every bit of it beg'n shaken under him. The Pope was siten in his parlor the same time, an' he knew be the ground shaken that it was some bad member was comen to him. ‘Run out,’ says he to his servant, ‘an' see what poor cratur is it that's comen to me,’ says he. So the servant done his bidden, an' see the boy comen along the ground on his bare knees, an' he brought him before the Pope. ‘Erra, you poor cratur,’ says the Pope, ‘what's the reason o' your comen that way to me?’ says he. ‘The priest that sent me, please your reverence,’ says the boy, ‘to have your opinion o' me for batin' my father and mother as often as I have fingers an' toes.’ ‘If you done so,’ says the Pope to him again, ‘you're in a bad way,’ says he, ‘an' I can't give any aninion of you,’ says he. ‘O'n't you go to the wood an' get a withered tree an' go an' stand with it in the middle of such a river,’ says he, ‘an' stay there on't you bough is green again,’ says he. ‘O murther,’ says the boy, ‘an' sur I'll be dead before half that time,’ says he. ‘I can't help you,’ says the Pope, ‘I can't give any aninion of you till you bring me the withered tree again.’ Well an' good, the boy went to the wood, an' if he did he got a withered tree, an' went an' staid wit it in the middle of the river, waiten till it would get green with him. Well, one night in the dead hour o' the night, when he was standen there, two highwaymen passed by, an' they driven a couple o' heifers before 'em. So one of 'em sez this boy a one side in the dark under the withered tree. ‘Who's there?’ says he? ‘There was no answer.’ ‘Well, ‘Who's there?’ says he again, ‘or I'll put the contents of this through you,’ says he, ‘if you don't answer.’ ‘O, do my says the boy, ‘an' I am alone,’ says he, ‘to do my penance.’ ‘What harm is it you done?’ says the highwayman. ‘I bet my father an' mother as often as I have fingers and toes,’ says he, an' so he up and he told him over then; ‘an' I'm waiten here now,’ says he, ‘o'n't you bough'll be green again,’ says he. ‘Murther alive!’ says the highwayman, ‘sure many's the time I hate my father,’ says he; ‘an' worse than that,’ says he, ‘an' here,’ turnen to the other highwayman, ‘take the cows and the gun,’ says he, ‘for my heart is changed, an' I'll have nothen to do wit you, or your doens any more,’ says he. Well an' good, he went to the wood, an' if he did, he got a withered tree, an' he came an' staid by the boy. Well, Master Hugh, in less than twenty-four hours after, the highwayman's bough was green, bekays he repented of his own accord, when the grace of heaven came on him, an' the other boy was there a twelvemonth before his tree was green, when his penance was accepted an' he was free again.”

Although Hamond was not one of those estimable characters who can find sermons in stones, and good in everything, (we request that this overworked apophthegm may never be quoted again,) he found matter for deep reflection in the quaint legend which Minny furnished him with, and which evinced a deep-seated and delicate sense of religious worth, a quality of which the poor

Wicked. Receive you into the Church.—The reader will find an explanation of the practice alluded to, by Minny in the Evidence on the State of Ireland before the late Parliamentary Committee. † Lamentation.

peasantry are, but little suspected. Happily, for Hamond, his conscience had not as much to reproach him with in act as in omission; and he found the less difficulty in following up Minny's suggestion in the course of his convalescence. He found the immediate benefit of the exertion in a return of an almost insupportable quietude and serenity of soul, which if it did not wholly and instantly avert the poisonous herbage which had overgrown, and overshadowed his spirit for many years, at least cut off the evil humors which fostered, and encouraged it, and relieved him from the responsibility of wilful spleen against his fellows.

For several months after, Hamond continued, but in a calmer manner than before his illness, to administer in every way that his fortune (unaccounted though moderate) enabled him to use, to the comfort of his unhappy neighbours, and had the satisfaction of seeing the condition of all around him daily assuming the appearance of contentment, and that competence which constitutes the natural and legitimate expectation of every member of the humbler classes, and the strength of the entire country. He was not a little grieved nevertheless, to find that the common prejudices of the people, on the subject of high birth and family, ran in direct opposition to his own feelings, and that his services, generous and open-hearted as they were, lost something of their influence on the minds of those on whom they were conferred, by their collection of his own humble origin which made him appear almost as one of themselves—a feeling which on occasion they did not hesitate to express. This, however, was among the least of the many mortifications which poor Hamond had experienced in the course of his life, and he made up his mind to endure it without much difficulty. Neither was his affliction extreme at finding the usual ceremonial which a stranger or absentee looks for on his return from a long absence, or his occupation of a new residence, neglected by the gentry; in his neighborhood. Nobody visited him, but that was not the cause for which his heart was pining.

He might, nevertheless, have worn out in peace the remainder of his life (now falling a little into the “yellow leaf,” if it were not for an unexpected incident which intruded fiercely upon his solitude, and brought back all his miseries upon his heart in greater force than ever.

He was sitting in his apartment in the afternoon of a cool November day, musing over the turf fire, which the already sharp frosts rendered agreeable, when Remmy entered the room, with a face of unusual mystery and importance, to say that a strange gentleman was below, who wished to see Mr. Hamond. “Mr. Hunter he says his name is, sir,” Remmy added, and then speaking in a whisper, and with a face of deep wisdom—“Tis the very Scotchman, sir, that I caught his horse when he tuk head at the Rock of Foynes.”

Hamond remembered the name, as that of the gentleman to whom Emily's friend Martha O'Brien was betrothed when he was in Dublin, although that gentleman being then in his native country, Hamond had no opportunity of knowing him personally. The sudden appearance of a person, even thus distantly connected with the history of that unhappy period of his life, agitated him in no inconsiderable degree. It was some time before he could command himself sufficiently to bid Remmy show him up stairs.

Mr. Hunter introduced himself in a gentlemanly modest way; referred with a delicacy, at which even Hamond's critically sensitive heart could not take exception, to the circumstances which seemed to warrant him in seeking Hamond's acquaintance; and apologised for having so long deferred his visit, the interval having been wholly occupied by the efforts which he had made to discover the fellow who had fired on him from the rock.

“I have caught the ruffian at last,” said he, “though that very circumstance only renders my own chance of safety from similar attempts the more questionable. This, however, is but a very insignificant episode, in the dark and bloody history of the fearful and silent system of rebellion which is fast spreading through the country. I am looked to with a peculiar dislike, as I happen to be one of those who exclaimed against the immortal pusillanimity of the Round Robin, which was signed by the magistrates of this county, at the beginning of the disturbances.”

“Indeed, I heard of that abroad,” said Hamond, “and blushed for my native Limerick.” “Twill never be done again,” replied Mr. Hunter—“and it was then rather the result of indolence than actual fear. However, peace be with politics! let us talk of something else. You have some fine paintings there.”

“A few,” said Hamond. “That is a good copy of Poussin; only (if my memory serve me right,) a little more papyry than the original.” “I have heard it said (for I am no critic myself,) that that was a general fault of poor Barry's coloring. You see I am a patriot in my pictures.” “All fair, sir, all fair. I like Barry myself. But if you're fond of historical paintings, I should recommend you to look at some of Allen's. Ah, sir, that will be a brilliant fellow—you'll see.”

Hamond, while he could not avoid smiling at this piece of nationality in his northern friend, promised to avail himself of his suggestion, on the first opportunity.

“That is a bonnet cover over which you have the green curtain drawn,” said Hunter. “Only a portrait,” said Hamond, in a careless tone, blushing deep crimson at the same time. “Now that you talk of portraits, sir,” said Hunter, suddenly recollecting himself—“you remind me of a commission which my wife gave me, when she knew I was coming to see you. There is a cousin of hers lodging in your neighborhood, at Mr. Falabee's, a Miss O'Brien—”

“I have heard of her,” said Hamond, “but I had no suspicion that she was a relative of Mrs. Hunter's. Even the identity of the names had escaped my recollection. She had a fever lately, I believe?” “She had—almost immediately after your convalescence. It was a most extraordinary circumstance how she could have taken the contagion, for though she was attentive to the people about her, she never went in danger of the disease. However, she has, it seems got some message for you, which she longs to deliver in person.”

“From—from whom?” Hamond asked, hesitatingly. “From a friend of ours, with whom she spent a considerable time on the continent. Excuse me, my dear sir,” he added, laying his hand on Hamond's arm, as he observed his head drop suddenly, and his cheek whiten—“I am intruding strangely on matters of so deep an interest to you, but I am a mere agent—yet no cold one either.”

“Pray do not use ceremony with me,” said Hamond, still trembling with an agitation which he could not command. “Talk of Lady Emily and her friend, as you would of indifferent persons. My heart is interested in what you said, rather from a long and bad habit in which I indulged it, than from the positive existence of any strong feeling one way or another.”