

FRANCE

The elections in France for the new Legislative Chamber have been the most important event of the week. The empire, under universal suffrage, and vote by ballot have respectively been put to the test, and have come out of the trial with flying colors. The city of Paris returns ten members from ten districts, of which the first, second, and tenth, and tenth, have returned Government candidates. In the fifth and sixth, the opposition has succeeded. In the fourth and seventh the majority was with the Government, and in the third with the opposition; but these three elections will have to be repeated, as no absolute majority was obtained. On the whole, the majority of votes given to Government candidates was some 14,000, which shows that in Paris, at least, the empire has received less support than in 1852. But over the rest of France the Government candidates have been almost universally returned; and if the scenes of their failures have been some of the largest and most important towns of France, it was only what was expected, and will serve the Emperor rather than injure him. The number of those who have abstained from voting altogether is extremely large, but we feel little doubt that among the abstentions a vast majority would, if it were necessary to vote, support the empire rather than the republic. In a few days we shall be in a position to estimate more accurately the real results of this appeal to the French people; but that perfect freedom of election, vote by ballot, and universal suffrage, have not resulted in tumult or disorder, or in the overthrow, or the endangering of the institutions of the country, that the Republic and the Democratic principle have once more been repudiated in favor of the absolute rule of the Emperor, are facts which cannot be denied. We cannot but regret that the district of the Doubs has rejected M. de Montalembert in favor of the Duc de Cornegiano. No lover of Catholic France will rejoice to see M. de Montalembert excluded from the council of the nation.—Tables.

Certainly the Imperial Government is conspicuous for the success of its policy and the splendor of its fortune. It has since the last election humbled Russia, attached to itself Austria, Prussia, and Sardinia, and established no small influence in Spain. France has been intersected by railways, which are worked with profit to the shareholders and comfort to the public, trade has increased enormously, private life has become luxurious, and private ambition turned into a channel which saves the State from all the dangers which spring from unruly energies. In fact, the Emperor is powerful and fairly popular, his friends are able to boast his intellect and courage, and his worst enemies confess that his good fortune has been greater than that of any living man.—London Times.

The Nord of Brussels says that there is seriously question of a new visit to be paid by the Emperor and Empress of the French to the Queen of England, and that one of the objects of the recent visit of the Minister of State to England was to settle the details. The same journal says that an interview between the Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of the French is considered probable in official circles.

The Advertiser's Paris Correspondent writes the Minister of Marine telegraphed to Brest and Toulon for 15 transports to be prepared with all speed for the conveyance of men and material to China. It is said that the French Government have contracted with a Marseilles house for the supply of 10,000 Africans to Guadaloupe and Martinique. Three Italians arrested in Paris are to be tried for conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor.

There is not, perhaps, one fact emerging at this moment so important to the world as that in France there is an abundant harvest of all kinds; that the reaping of barley and rye is general; that the vines are in exuberant bearing; and that all roots are far beyond an average. France, therefore, is at rest; has breathing time for one year. Should there be a continuance of propitious seasons for a few years, as is often the case, Napoleon will firmly fix himself on a very prosperous nation. England affords every promise of equal abundance, and as France will spare us a surplus, instead of draining us, we almost trust we also are in for a run of prosperity. Mark! Barley and rye ripe in France on the 1st of June. In time to admit of a second crop of potatoes or turnips on the same land this year. What might not the French do with such a climate if their husbandmen knew how to farm.—Despatch.

The Univers of Tuesday gives a curious extract from the Univers Israélite, the organ of the orthodox Jews of Paris, on the question of the admission of the Jews into the English Parliament. It boasts of the liberalism of some Jews towards Christians, and pleads that they are at least better Christians than many who are admitted; for, as the Univers says, "a sincere Jew does believe, at least, a Messiah to come, and Moses and the prophets who declared Him; while they do not believe at all either Prophets, or Moses, or Messiah, the Mediator between God and man." The Jewish organ, however, goes on to complain of the injustice of the French prison administration, which compels the Jewish prisoners to labor on Saturdays under the plea that the labor of the prisoners is all farmed out, and that those who have taken it require the performance of their bargain. The Univers admits the injustice. The Jewish paper says that "the Central Consistory of the Jews is loud in complaint whenever there is a festival, a banquet, a presentation of any kind at the Tuileries or the Hotel de Ville to which it is not invited. Then it loudly invokes our Rights, the Equality of all Religions before the Nation, the great Principles of 1789, &c., &c. But against the violence done to the unhappy Jews in the prisons of the State, it has nothing to say."

PETTY-GOVERNMENT.—The Estafette informs us that the Prefect of the Seine has appointed female searchers at all the barriers of Paris to examine all females wearing Crinolines, as these voluminous petticoats are extensively employed for smuggling. This might

BELGIUM

The Weekly Register thus contrasts the laws regulating the right of testament in England, with those of Belgium upon the same subject:—"In England (with scarcely an exception) any man may do whatever he will with his life or at his death. If he has a wife, and children, he may leave his whole property away from them to entire strangers, to charitable or religious objects, or to any conceivable caprice, to 'endow a college or a cat.' Nay, more, he may give a life interest in it to whom he will, and to any number of people in succession, his choice being entirely free among all people now living and one generation unborn—farther than that he cannot tie it up. The only restriction on this liberty is that land cannot be left to any charity, unless, like the 'London University' and some other institutions, it has been authorized to receive and hold it by a Charter from the Sovereign. It is not as a restriction upon the power of leaving property by will; but as a penal law against the Catholic religion; that money or lands given for Masses are confiscated to the Crown. No conceivable state of law could contrast more strongly with this than that existing in Belgium. In addition to all the stringent restrictions introduced by the legislators of the French Republic and Empire, which leave at each man's disposal only a very small part of his property, giving to his heirs-at-law the absolute and inalienable right to the great bulk of it in equal partition; new and most important restrictions have lately been imposed, not by law (if we may believe the Univers), but by the arbitrary act of a 'liberal' Administration. Certain it is, that no ecclesiastical body is allowed to receive any gifts either for charitable or religious purposes. That money for the benefit of the poor can be administered only by certain Government officials to whom the law transfers, against the will of the donor, all that any person may have left for that purpose. What increases the hardship is, that these Government officials are stated and believed to have misapplied the funds thus committed to them; and it is even stated that they have used to defray fines imposed upon atheistical journals money left by Catholics to their own Clergy for the relief of the poor. Whether this charge is true, we do not know. It is believed, and the belief, even if unfounded, must make the existing regulation a grievous practical hardship both to the poor and the charitable. The late Government measure proposed to give the King the power possessed and exercised by our own Sovereign, of authorising corporations to receive donations, and allowed those who leave money in charity to select, under considerable restrictions, the persons by whom it shall be administered. It left the restrictions upon the power of leaving property as they are, and was therefore a very slight and moderate assimilation of the law of Belgium, to that under which we live. Such was the proposal against which the 'liberals' of Belgium having in vain raised the cry of Priestcraft in the Chambers and the journals, ultimately appealed to the streets; and which they have defeated by actual violence. The lesson for us is, that in all this they have had the entire and cordial sympathy of the whole Protestant Press of London, and indeed of the British Isles.

ITALY

We have an indirect and rather unreliable rumor that a soldier had fired on the King of Naples at Gaeta; that the King was slightly wounded; and the soldier destroyed himself immediately afterward. The Naples correspondent of the Manchester Guardian says that the report is doubtless founded on the fact that the soldiers stationed at Gaeta surrounded the King on one of his visits to complain of grievances in regard to the withholding of their pay; that they retired on a promise that their complaint should be considered; and that immediate orders were given for their arrest, which could not be carried out without the interposition of a strong military force.

Government suspicion against the Neapolitan troops was daily getting stronger, and sweeping changes were being made.

The Criminal Court of Parma had acquitted the political prisoners handed over to it for trial by the mixed military tribunal on the raising of the state of siege.

THE PROGRESS OF HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.—We translate from the Univers of Thursday, 18th June, the following communication from Bologna of the 11th inst.:—"The Revolutionary party has always claimed Bologna as its accomplice, and as entertaining feelings of disrespect and disaffection towards the person of the Holy Pontiff—the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Bologna and the surrounding country have now given a solemn denial of the foul aspersion: the entire population have welcomed the Holy Father in the most affectionate and enthusiastic manner. The Holy Father arrived at Bologna on Tuesday evening; having left Imola on the same day, amidst the lively and ardent acclamations of the people. His reception along the road, at Castel San Pietro and at San Lazzaro, was one continuous ovation—the Clergy and the municipal authorities, together with the people, everywhere hastened to testify their delight at the visit of the Sovereign Pontiff. The Univers quotes from the Cattolico of Genoa. "When the Sardinian envoy, the Chevalier Buoncompagni, was shown in to the Holy Father, a Cardinal Archbishop and two other Prelates were present; they wished to retire, but his Holiness invited them to remain. M. Buoncompagni began by saying that he was sent by his King and his Government, to present their homage to his Holiness. The Pope listened with that air of angelic mildness which distinguishes him; but M. Buoncompagni went on to say:—'Most Holy Father, my Government makes it its duty, its glory, to defend religion

and the Church; and he was about to continue in this strain, when the Pope interrupted him, and, in a gentle but severe tone which belongs to Pontifical authority, said:—'Cease, I pray you, and do not speak of those things, for I should be obliged, with regret, to contradict you.' M. Buoncompagni all disconcerted, turned pale and remained in confusion. The Holy Father, to give him time to recover himself, addressed himself to the Cardinal Archbishop, and then turning towards the Sardinian envoy, graciously gave him his congé.

GERMANY.—The Evangelical Alliance (says the Dispatch) is to meet at Berlin, and sing the Old Hundredth Psalm; we are gravely informed; simultaneously, in French, German, and English! We are also assured that "with regard to the subject of religious liberty the general feeling was that the principle should be discussed; but that any practical application of it should be reserved" with all deference to the King of Prussia and his Government!! The "Deputation" sent to Prussia report that in Germany the Lutherans utterly detest the "Evangelical Alliance" Low Church Methodism. It is also lamented that infidelity prevails so widely in Germany, and the Rev. Mr. Steane grieved that Wurtemberg is the only State where "rationalism and common sense are at a discount, and the sad stuff of the Alliance at a premium. We would advise these gentry to conduct their proceedings with closed doors, that "they may play the fool nowhere but in their own house." To continue the phraseology suited for the occurrence, the proceedings appear to us to be so entirely cloudy and absurd as to be totally unfit for publication.

SWITZERLAND.—The Rivue de Geneve, a semi-official organ, states that an amicable arrangement has taken place between Mgr. Marilley, Bishop of Geneva, and the Swiss Government, whereby his Lordship is fully reinstated in his former relations with the Council of State.

CHINA.—The New York Journal of Commerce, on Tuesday, publishes a telegraphic despatch from Washington, to the effect that Russia consents to co-operate with Great Britain in all the objects of Lord Elgin's embassy to China, employing, however, only peaceful means. The despatch adds:—"Lord Elgin will open negotiations, and if refused will take possession of Canton, and offer again to negotiate. Russia has special objects in her embassy to Peking, connected with frontier matters. Her ambassador, Admiral Poutiatine, will endeavor to obtain for all Christian nations free commerce on the coast, and diplomatic residence at Peking."

THE HALF SIR

BY GEORGE GRIFFIN. (Continued from our last.) CHAPTER VIII.

As for abstinence or fasting, it is to them a familiar kind of chastisement.—CAMPION'S Ireland. "Was it always the same case with me as it is now? is it, your honour is axen me? Ah, no, sir, that would be too bad; I had my pleasure in me day, as well as others, and indeed, I have no reason to complain, considering, 'thanks be to Heaven' and if I had only prattles enough to keep above ground for a few years more just to make my soul' (a thing I was ever too negligent of), I think a prince couldn't be better off. Do you see that large field over-right us, sir? When I was a slip of a boy, about eighteen or that way, that was a great place for the Robertstown an' Shanagolden girls to come, blachen their course 'thead, an' bekays they should lay it out all night, they used to stay themselves wachen it (in dread it should be stolen off the wattles) in the summer nights tellen stories an' cruseheeningt away till mornen. At the first light then, the boys o' the place would come with fiddles an' flutes, and there they'd be before 'em. Kitty O'Brien with her hundred o' thread, an' Nelly Kilmartin with her hundred o' thread, an' all the rest of 'em with their hundred, blachen, an' then the keeght would begin—dancen, an' joken, an' laughen, an' singen, till it was broad day. Well, of all the girls there, Kitty O'Brien was the favorite; with the boys, she was a sweet smilen cratur! though, indeed, myself didn't think very bad of her, till one mornen axen her to jine me in a slip jig; 'She's gone to dance with a better man,' says Batt Mianhan, that was very sweet upon her the same time, an' I know nother of it. 'She'll go farther than the field, then,' says I, 'for he isn't here any way.' 'He is,' says Batt, 'standen out before you, sir, he is. Is it yourself you sure?' six I, looked down upon him. 'Tis, to be sure, six he. 'Twould take another along wit you to be able to say it, six I. Well, when two foolish boys come together, an' a woman by, 'tis but a short step from words to blows. Batt an' I tackled to (I'm sure small blame to him, an' the sweetheart listenen), an' we cuffed, and we bate, an' we kicked, an' we pulled, an' we dragged one another, till there was hardly a shred o' clothen left upon our backs, an' the boys med a ring for us, and they bulloosen, an' the girls screechen, and the whole place in one pillin! An' then we pult the wattles over o' Kitty's thread, an' we big'n rattlen one another over the head an' shoulders, till the sticks was broke in our hands. Well, it was the will of Heaven I got the upper hand o' Batt that same time, an' bet him, an' punnelled him, till I didn't lave him a leg to stand upon—an' then I dancen the slip jig with Kitty. Well, I never thought much o' Kitty before, but my heart warmed to her after I fighten for her, an' we wor married agen next Advent. Batt (an' sure small blame to him) never could bear the sight o' me after. I lost a little by it, too, for I was thinken o' another girl before that, a girl that had as good as fifteen pounds of her own—but she wasn't a patch upon Kitty for manners an' beauty. Little I thought I'd be one day taken yer honour to see that same Kitty, stretched in a dyke, on the broad of her back, in the sickness—but Heaven is merciful, an' we'll get her out of it again I hope. 'Twould delight your honour to hear Kitty's cry—she had the best cry in the parish."

"The best cry?" "Yes, sir, for an 'ollogone, or 'ullin' after a funeral, or at a wake-house. When Kitty had one glass o' spirits, just to clear her vice, you'd wonder to hear her. Besides, Kitty had a very fine back an' the other girl hadn't air a back at all, nothen to spake of."

Hamond, who was himself a connoisseur in female proportions, entered with a reader sympathy into his companion's admiration of this latter quality than the preceding one, but was again benighted when the other went on with his encomium. "Indeed, I had but a very poor back myself at the same time, an' I could hardly open my mouth or say a word any where in regard of it. So I tuk Kitty's back rather, then the fifteen pound fortien, an' then I had as large an' as fine a back as air a boy in the county—then who daer cough at me, or tread on me

To attend to his religious duties. † Gossiping. ‡ Fun. § Very highly.

contend the middle? None—fore Kitty's back stood by me always, at fair or market. "My good fellow, I can't hardly understand you. It seems you thought the larger Kitty's back was the better." "To be sure, sir—'twas and 'twas and 'twas." "And then you had no back at all yourself?" "Till I married Kitty, sir—" "And then you had as large a back as any body?" "What am I to understand from this, if you are not amusing yourself at my expense? what do you mean by your back?" "Back! Faction, sir—faction for fighten, as it I to be funnen your honour?" "Oh," said Hamond, "I'm not a fighter, but I'm a well-sir, we married, as I told your honour, an' if we did we got a small bit of land, very snug, and had a lase of it, an' got on very well for a few years, an' a couple of crathurs with us, an' I wor finely off with plenty of praties, an' milk new an' agen; but that was too good a story to last, and the big'n of our troubles came on. 'Twas the way of it. The owner of the estate that we rented the cabin from had a fine bog, within about three miles from us, an' he wanted us, and all the tenants, to cut our turf upon it, an' not upon a bog belongen to another man, liven a near us; but then we hadn't the mains o' drawen it such a distins, an' not being in our lase, we didn't do it. He didn't forget this for us (indeed I don't blame him either, considering)—but he couldn't get a vacancy at us for a long time, for we took care always to have the difference o' the rent agen the gale day any way. Well, sir, at last what do you think happened to us?" "The minister that lived in the same parish, was made agent for our landlord, an' so when we went to pay our gale, what does he do but take his own tithen out o' the rent? I brought him, an' hand me back the rest, sayen, 'Here, my good man, six he, you're onder a mistake—the rent is 25 more, six he, (five pounds being his own tithen).' Well, sir, I never seen the peer o' that for—" "For what? six he. 'Nothing, sir, I but I said, 'roguey, within my own mind. Give me the rent, six he, or I'll eject you.' 'Let me go for it, six I. 'How far have you to go?' six he. 'Something farther, six I, 'than I'd trust you.' 'How far is that?' six he. 'Just as far then, six I, as I could throw a bull by the tail.' Indeed, I did, sir, say it to him. Well, he never forgave me that word."

"When I came back with the rent, he wouldn't have it at all, right go wrong. 'Very well, then, six I, if you don't like it I've it—you can't say but I offered it to you.' An' well the rogue knew the same time, that the offer wasn't good in law, inasmuch as there wasn't air a witness to it, an' I knowen nothen of it at all, till Johnny Doe came down upon me, an' let me know it when it was too late. Well I never'll forget the day, when poor Kitty, and the childer, an' myself, wor turned out, with the choice of taken a bag on our back, or listin, whichever I liked. An' that's the way it was with us sense, ramblen over an' hether about the country, on't this summer, when the womanen tuk ill in the sickness, an' the crathurs along with her, an' there was an end of the whole business, when I got it myself—an' the four lynn ill together, without one to mind us, on't the priest was so good as to have the little but made over us, with a few sticks and some scrums, and straw under us, so that we wor quite comfortable, and thanks to the neighbors, wor in no want of potatoes, an' male moreover, (that they say the English sent us over—a thing we didn't taste for many a long year, before—signs an' we've gotten over it finely—an' I think if I had a penorth of tobacco, I wouldn't ax to be better, moreover, when I see so many more worse off than myself in the country. Here's the place, please your honour."

Hamond had heard much, during his residence in England, of the misery which was at this time prevailing in his native country—he had read many of the popular novels of the day, which had made Ireland and Irish suffering their scene and subject; but allowing a latitude for the ancient privilege of story-tellers, he was totally unprepared to find their representations actually surpassed by the reality. He beheld in the ditch before him a shed (if it could be called so) not high enough to admit him without creeping on all fours, and so small, that the person of poor Kitty occupied nearly the entire length. It was formed in the manner described by the wretched owner, in the hollow of a dry ditch, with a few sticks placed by way of roof against the top of the next hedge, and covered with sods of the green turf. One end of this miserable edifice was suffered to remain open, and through this aperture Hamond was enabled to take cognizance of a woman half clad, and two children lying on a heap of straw, moaning heavily, either from pain or debility. The hot splendor of a summer sun crisped and dried the short grass upon the roof about their heads. "Is it possible," said he "that your nights are spent under no better shelter than this?" "Oh, what better would we want, sir, this fine weather, praise be to heaven? Indeed, the first nights we wor worse off, for we slept in the open air, an' the heavy dews at night kilts us entirely, an' we haven't nothen but boiled nettles to eat. So that we ought to be very thankful to heaven, an' after to the neighbours, that wor so good as to make this snug little place for us. Well, me darlen, how is it the pain with you, an' the weakness? See here's a fine gentleman come to see you an' the crathurs, darlen o' me heart."

"The Lord be good to him for so doen, Dunat; 'tis better with me." "Well, heaven is good, Kitty, an' we'll be soon all well an' sprightly agen, please God." "A low sigh was the only answer to this consoling prediction. Hamond, touched no less by these indications of tenderness and affection in nature so unpolished, than by the misery which made them necessary, placed in the hands of his guide all that was wanted for present purposes, promising at the same time to take care for their future condition as soon as he should arrive at Castle Hamond. The poor people overwhelmed him with thanks and benedictions—and "Dunat" (as the old woman called her husband) insisted on conducting him farther over the hill.

"There's Bat Mianhan's house over, sir," said he, pointing out a neat white-washed cottage. "It was a lucky day for Bat, the mornen he come off second best wit me. He got up 'frighten, and married the girl with the fifteen pounds, an' signs on there's the way he is, an' here's the way I am. An' there's the field I fushet met Kitty. I declare, sir, I never go by that field of an' evenin, but my heart is as heavy as lead, and I feels as lonesome as anythen you ever see, thinken of o'ud times an' things."

They parted—and Hamond, as he passed over the field, heard this strange, though by no means singular specimen of his country's wretched, improvident, and yet light-hearted peasantry; endeavoring, though with a faint and husky voice, to hum over "The Humours of Glin."

As he walked along the more frequented part of the soil, Hamond had opportunities of appreciating the full extent of the misery which the misfortunes of the preceding season had occasioned, and which excited so lively an interest at the same period among the almost proverbially benevolent and generous inhabitants of the sister island—'for even an Irishman cannot withhold this portion of feeling praise, whatever cause he may have for angry feeling on other subjects. Numbers of poor wretches, who seemed to have been worn down by the entrance of disease and famine to the very skeleton, were dispersed through the fields, some of them occupied in gathering nettles, the common food of the people for

long periods, and which were freed from the dregs, for the purpose of boiling in lieu of a more nutritious vegetable. The usual attributes of the Irish, accompanying benediction that "the light o' day was him from the sickness o' the year, wor multiplied upon his path as he proceeded. The red crosses, which were daubed on almost every cabin door as he passed, and the sounds of pain and sorrow which came to his hearing from the interior, afforded him a fearful evidence of the extent to which the ravages of the disease had been carried—a disease attended by a peculiar malignity in its application to Ireland; for it was seldom fatal in itself, but merely disabled the unhappy countryman (whose sole hope of existence depended on his being left the use of his arms) for a few weeks, until the season for exertion had gone by, and then left him, to gasp away his life in the pangs of the famine which was consequent on his involuntary remission. The tillage, except where the indications of unusual wealth and comfort showed that it was the property of a considerable holder, bore marks of haste negligence; and altogether the general appearance of the county was affected in no slight degree by the misery of its inhabitants.

Hamond could not avoid feeling a pang of deep remorse when he compared his own fanciful miseries with the real and substantial wretchedness which stared upon him here at every step he walked. He felt his cheeks burn with shame when he recollected how many of these poor beings might have been made happy for life with the wealth which he had wasted in endeavoring to banish from his memory an adventure of comparatively very trivial importance, and he hurried, to escape from the stings of self-reproach, which the real criminality of his conduct occasioned, by resolving that every moment of his future life would be occupied in retrieving the occasions of duty which he had hitherto omitted. It was decreed, however, that he should before long have deeper cause to regret the time which he had mis-spent.

"We shall leave him, however, for the present, and follow Remy O'Loone, who has ere now arrived at his mother's cottage. Thanks to some remittances made by himself, and to Hamond's patronage, it was a more comfortable establishment than many which he had encountered on his route, and he smiled with the pride of gratified affection, as every indication of rural comfort presented itself successively before his eyes.

"Why then, I declare, the old 'oman isn't gotten on badly for all!—The bonnens, and the little gossens! an' the ducks, I declare I an' the no 'tisn't!—Yes, it is—'tis a cow, I declare! Well, see that, why! Fie, for shame the old 'oman, why does she lave the door open? I'll putend it isn't meself that's there at all, till I have one little rise out of her." With this design he adjusted his hat to an imposing cock, buttoned his brown coat up to his chin, thrust both hands under the skirts behind, and so strutted forward into the open door with what he intended for a royal swagger. On the floor of the kitchen sat a child about three years of age, playing with a pair of jack-stones, who did not appear at all pleased by the intrusion. Perceiving that no one else was in sight, Remy judged that the speediest means of procuring attention was by awakening some alarm for the infant. He therefore squatted himself on the floor and made a hideous grin, as if he were about to swallow the little fellow up at one bite. The roar which the latter set up at this strange menace quickly brought two women from an interior room; but Remy was on his legs again, and as demure as (to use a popular similitude) a dog at a funeral before them! The elder of the females dropped a low woman-of-the-house courtesy to Remy, who acknowledged it by a condescending nod and smile of patronage.

"Your little lad, here, thought I was gone to ait him, I believe, my good 'oman." "Strange, he is, sir—O fe, Jemmy, darlen, to screech at the gentleman! Will your honor be seated?" "Thank you, thank you, honest 'oman!" said Remy, with an affable wave of the hand, and then laughing to himself as he passed to the chair (the hay bottom of which the good woman swept down for him with her check apron)—"My honor! Well, that's droll from the old mother!"

"I'll be wiser you a good evenin', Mrs. O'Loone," said the young woman who was with her. "Come along, Jemmy." "Good mornen to you then, an' tell Miss O'Brien I'll be over with her to-morrow surely. I expect 'em both now every other day, tell her. The woman and child departed. "I ask your honor's pardon," the old lady continued, turning to Remy, who was endeavoring to keep his risible muscles in some order,—"may be you'd take somethen, sir, after the road?"

"No may be at all about it. Try me a little—it's a maxum o' mine never to refuse." "From foreign parts, I suppose, sir, you are?" said Mrs. O'Loone, after she had enabled Remy to amuse himself in the manner indicated. "Yes—I'm an Englishman born and bred," said Remy, with admirable effrontery, trusting that his mother's ignorance of dialects would not enable her to detect the very lame assumption of the British accent which he used.

"If it wasn't malken to free wit your honor," said Mrs. O'Loone, after hesitating for a considerable time, while Remy busied himself with a dish of crabs, "since 'tis from foreign parts you are, sir, may be you'd meet a boy o' the O'Loone's there?" "There? Where, my good woman?" "Abroad, please your honor." "Many's the place that's abroad, honest woman. If you hadn't a better direction than that goen looken for a man, ye might be both abroad together for a century and never come within a hundred miles o' one another—ay, two hundred, may be."

"Shastone! wish! It's a large place, sir." "But talken of the O'Loone's, I remember meeten one o' them in me travels—Jeremiah O'Loone, I think—" "Iss, sir—or Remy, as we used to call him, short—" "Short or long, I met such a fellow—and being countrymen—" "Countrymen, sir! I thought your honor said you wor an Englishman." "Eh, what? an' so I am, honest 'oman, what of that? It's true I was born in Ireland, but what hurt? No reason if a man is born in a stable that he should be a horse."

"Sure enough, sir. But about Remy, sir, you wor sayen that you knew him." "I did, an' I'll tell you a secret. If I did, I knew as big a vagabone as there is from this to himself." "O dear gentleman, sir, you don't say so?" "What should hinder me? 'm sure 'tis I that ought to know him well. He was the worst innemy I ever had." "May be he had reason?" said Mrs. O'Loone, her tone of respect gradually subsiding into one of greater familiarity, as her choleric rose and her fingers wandered in search of the tongue. "The bla'gard, what reason would he have to me? An' idle, thieven; saemen rogue, that'll come to the gallows one time or other." "Your honor is malken fun o' me, bekays you know that 'tis his mother that's there." "Are you his mother, poor 'oman? I'm sorry for you." "May be if I wanted your pity, you wouldn't be so ready wit it?" "Well," said Remy, "I heard a dale of Irish manners, but if I'm to take that for a specimen—'You'll get the worth o' what you bring. I see what you are now, you unnaif'ral cratur!"—said his mother, rising from her seat—"I asked you to a state by the widow's fire, an' a share o' the widow's male, an' there's my thanks, an' usen and poll-talken of the poor lad that's far away, and that if he were here, would punnet you while ever he was able to stand over you, you contrary cratur!"