

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW HARDRESS GOT HIS HAIR DRESSED IN LISTOWEL AND HEARD A LITTLE NEWS.

He rose and found that his mother was already equipped for the journey. They took a hurried breakfast by candlelight, while Mike was employed in putting the horse to the curdle. The lakes were covered by a low mist, that concealed the islands and the distant shores, and magnified the height of the gigantic mountains by which the waters are walled in.

Hardress had just taken his seat in the vehicle beside his mother, when a servant in livery rode up to the door, and touching his hat, put a letter into his hand. It contained an invitation from Hepton Connolly to a hunting dinner, which he was about to give in the course of the month. Hardress remained for a moment in meditation.

"Well, how long am I to stop here waiting for my answer?" asked the messenger—the insolent groom alluded to in an early portion of the narrative. Hardress stared on him in silence for some moments. "You had better go in and breakfast, I think," he said; "you don't intend to return without alighting?"

sence to the ceremonial of the day. When they had returned to the inn, and taken their places in the little parlor, Mrs. Cregan after fixing her eyes for a moment on her son, exclaimed: "Why, Hardress, you are a perfect fright! Did you dress to-day?" "Not particularly."

Hardress started at the name of Garryowen; but as he did not remember the hair-cutter, and felt an anxiety to hear news from that quarter, he desired the stranger to be shown into another room where he proposed effecting the necessary changes in his attire.

"The piatez were very early this year, sir," he modestly began after he had wrapped a check about the neck of Hardress, and made the other necessary arrangements. "Very early, indeed. You needn't cut so fast."

"With point?" Hardress repeated, a little amused by this fluent discussion of the poor hair-cutter upon the varieties of a dish which, from his childhood, had formed almost his only article of nutriment, and on which he expatiated with as much cognoscence and satisfaction as a fashionable gourmand might do on the culinary productions of Eustache Ude.

"Indeed it is but a slender sort of food. Those scissors you have are dreadful ones."

run so hard at times, that the wind of a bit o' mait is as good to 'em as the mait itself to them that would be used to it. The piatez are everythin'—the kitschen little or nethin'. But there's a sort of piatez (I don't know did your honor ever taste 'em) that's gettin' greatly in vogue now among 'em, an' 'is killin' half the country—the white piatez—a piatez that has great produce, an' requires but little manure, an' will grow in very poor land, but has no more strength or nourishment in it than if you had boiled a handful o' saw-dust and made gruel of it, or put a bit of deal board between your teeth and thought to make a breakfast of it.

"You know as much, I think," said Hardress, "of farming as of hair-cutting."

"'Twas kind father for me to have that same. Did you ever hear tell, sir, of what they call limestone broth?"

"My father went once upon a time about the country in the idle season, seeing would he make a penny at all by cutting hair, or setting razors and penknives, or any other job that would fall in his way."

"'Twas my father first made it. I'll tell you the story, sir, if you'll turn your head this way a minute."

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she did. "O! that's the very thing just," says my father, shaking some of it into the pot. So he stirred it again awhile, looking as sober as a minister. By-an'-bye, he takes the spoon he had stirring it, an' tastes it. "It is very good now," says he, "although it wants something yet."

"Your father, I believe, knew how to amuse his friends after a short journey as well as any other traveller."

"The fellow leered at Hardress, thrust out his lips and winked with both eyes, in a manner which cannot be expressed."

"That's just biddin' me go on with my story, sir; for the more I talk, the faster I work, for ever. Just turn your head this way, sir, if you please."

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blood," says the other, "I'd make my word good." But you never would see the blood, sir," says my father quite easy, "because I'd see it before you, an' I'd cut your throat with the razhur."

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moving towards the door. Nevertheless, he did not leave the room until he had made the young gentleman acquainted with all the circumstances that occasioned his absence from home at this moment.

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Report.

ent Report. I found a list of patents granted by the Canadian Governments, agency of Messrs. Mason, patent attorneys, Can., and Washington, relating to the patent will be supplied by apply- above-named firm.

MISSIONARIES.

g is an extract from by an Agnostic to a last month: "Catholics were the ones (in that) that won everyone's worldly never had a... The writer had performed their devotions; at least, they gave the sanction of their pre-

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Catholics in Russia.

We have had columns of the press filled, for months back, with accounts of the persecution that the Jews are undergoing in Russia, and especially so in the region of the recent massacres. We have also been long aware of the sad fate of the Catholic element, especially in Russian-Poland. But we did not believe that the situation was as bad as it is now represented to be. A Russian writer in the Sunday "Express" makes a reference to the persecution to which Catholics are subjected in Russia. He says:—"Roman Catholics in Russia, too, have felt Pobiedonostzeff's iron hand, for all the numerous measures of severe repression taken against the Poles during the last twenty years have been due directly to his influence. To be a Pole and a Roman Catholic is in the procurator's eyes to be an enemy of God and the Czar and he has done his utmost to crush the 8,000,000 of Polish Catholics under foot. Roman Catholic priests have been arrested and thrown into prison on the slenderest of pretexts, Roman Catholic schools have been broken up and all sorts of obstacles put in the way of Roman Catholic worshippers."