

# THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

## CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

In a few minutes she was seated on a small keg near the fire, while Hardress hurried the men who were preparing dinner. Larry Kett was not so proficient in the science of gastronomy as the celebrated Louis Crockford's, and yet it is to be questioned whether the culinary preparations of the latter were ever departed with more eagerness and satisfaction. Eily, indeed, only eat a heroine's proportion; but she wondered at the voracity of the boatmen, one of whom placing a raw onion on an unpeeled potato, swallowed both at a mouthful, almost without employing a single masticatory action.

Danny Mann, in the meantime, was occupied in procuring a more eligible lodging for the night. He returned when they had concluded their unceremonious meal, to say that he had been successful in procuring two rooms, in the house of a "little woman" who kept a private bottle between that an' Beale."

"A private bottle!" exclaimed Hardress, "what do mean by a private bottle?"

"I mean," replied the little lord, "dat she sell as good a drop as if she paid license for it; a ting she never was fool enough to do."

"Where does she live?"

"Close to de road above. She told me—" (here he drew Hardress aside) "when I axed her, dat Myles of de Ponies, an' de master, an' a deal of gentlemen, went de road westwards yesterday, an' dat Phil Naughten (Poll's Phil) was in Beale wainten' for you dese two days with the horse an' jauntnin' car."

"I am glad to hear it. Steep over there to-night, and tell him to be at the door before day-break to-morrow morning. Tell him I will double his fare if he uses diligence."

"Why, din, indeed," said Danny. "I'll tell him nothing o' de sort. 'Twould be de same case wid him still, for he's a boy dat if you gave him England, Ireland an' Scotland for an estate, he'd ax de Iele o' Man for a kitchen garden."

"Well, well, do as you please about it, Danny, but have him on the spot. That fellow," he continued, speaking to Eily as he conducted her out of the cavern, "that fellow is so impudent sometimes, that nothing but the recollection of his fidelity and the honesty of his motive, keeps my hand at rest. He is my foster-brother, and you may perceive with the exception of one deformity, a well-looking man."

"I never observed anything but the hunch," said Eily.

"For which," added Hardress, with a slight change in his countenance, "he has to thank his master."

"You, Mr. Hardress!"

"Even so, Eily. When we were both children, that young fellow was my constant companion. Familiarity produced a feeling of equality on which he presumed so far as to offer a rudeness to a little relative of mine, a Miss Chute, who was on a visit at my mother's. She complained to me, and my vengeance was summary. I met him at the head of the kitchen stairs, and without even the ceremony of a single question or preparatory speech, I seized him by one collar, and hurled him with desperate force to the bottom of the flight. He was unable to rise as soon as I expected, and, on examination, it was discovered that an injury had been done to the spine, which, notwithstanding all the exertions that were employed to repair it, had its result in his present deformity."

"It was shocking," said Eily, with much simplicity of feeling. "No wonder you should be kind to him."

"If I were a mere block," said Hardress, "I could not but be affected by the good nature and kindly feeling which the poor fellow showed on the occasion, and, indeed, down to the present moment. It seemed to be the sole aim and study of his life to satisfy me that he entertained not even a sentiment of regret for what had happened, and his attachment ever since has been the attachment of a zealot. I know he cannot but feel that his prospects in life have been made dark and lonely by that accident; and yet he is congratulating himself, whenever an opportunity occurs, on his good fortune in being provided with a constant service, as if (poor fel-

low) that were any compensation to him. I have been alarmed to observe that he sometimes attaches even a profane importance to his master's wishes, and seems to care but little what laws he may transgress when his object is the gratification of my inclinations. I say, I am alarmed on this subject, because I have taken frequent occasion to remark that this injury to his spine has in some degree affected his head, and left him less able to discern the impropriety of such a line of conduct than people of sounder minds."

## CHAPTER XVII.

HOW HARDRESS LEARNED A LITTLE SECRET FROM A DYING HUNTSMAN.

Notwithstanding the message which Hardress Cregan sent by Lowry Looby, it was more than a week before he visited his parents at their Killarney residence. Several days were occupied in seeing Eily pleasantly situated in her wild cottage in the Gap, and a still greater number in enjoying with her the pleasures of an autumnal sojourn amid these scenes of mystery, enchantment and romance. To a mind of Elysian raptures, Killarney forms in itself a congeries of Elysian raptures; but to a fond bride and bridegroom!—the Heaven, to which its mountains rear their naked heads in awful reverence, alone can furnish a superior happiness.

After taking an affectionate leave of his beautiful wife and assuring her that his absence should not be extended beyond the following day, Hardress Cregan mounted on one of Phil Naughten's rough-coated ponies, set off for Dinis Cottage. It is not situated (as its name might seem to import) on the sweet little island which is so called, but far apart, near the ruined Church of Aghaode, commanding a distant view of the lower lake and the lofty wooded Toomies.

The sun had gone down before he left the wild and rocky glen in which was situated the cottage of his bride. It was, as we have already apprised the reader, the first time Hardress had visited the lake since his return from college, and the scenery now, to his matured and well-regulated taste, had not only the effect of novelty, but it was likewise invested with the hallowing and romantic charm of youthful association. The stillness so characteristic of majesty, which reigned throughout the gigantic labyrinth of mountain, cliff and valley, through which he rode; the parting gleam of sunshine that brightened the ever-moving mists of the summit of the lofty peaks by which he was surrounded; the solitary appearance of the many nameless lakes that slept in black repose in the centre of the mighty chasm; the echo of his horse's hoofs against the stony road; the voice of a goatherd's boy as he drove homeward, from the summit of a heath-clad mountain, his troublesome and adventurous charge; the lonely twitter of the kirkeem dhra, or little water hen, as it flew from rock to rock on the margin of the broken stream—these—and other long forgotten sights and sounds, awakened at the same instant the consciousness of present and the memory of past enjoyments, and gradually lifted his thoughts to that condition of calm enthusiasm and fulness of soul which constitutes one of the highest pleasures of a meditative mind. He did not fail to recall at this moment the memory of his childish attachment, and could not avoid a feeling of regret at the unpleasant change that education had produced in the character of his first, though not his dearest love.

This feeling became still more deep and oppressive as he approached the cottage of his father. Every object that he beheld, the lawn, the grove,

the stream, the hedge, the stile—all brought to mind some sweet remembrance of his boyhood. The childish form of Anne Chute still seemed to meet him with her bright and careless smile at every turn in the path, or to fly before him over the shorn meadow, as of old; while the wild and merry peal of infant laughter seemed still to ring upon his hearing. "Dear little being!" he exclaimed, as he rode into the cottage avenue, "the burning springs of Glaver, I thought, might sooner have been frozen than the current of that once warm and kindly heart; but like those burning springs, it is only in the season of coldness and neglect that fountain can resume its native warmth. It is the fervor of universal homage and adulation that strikes it cold and pulseless in its channels."

The window of the dining parlor alone was lighted up, and Hardress was informed, in answer to his inquiries, that the ladies, Mrs. Cregan and Miss Chute, were gone to a grand ball in the neighborhood. Mr. Cregan, with two other gentlemen, were drinking in the dining room, and, as he might gather from the tumultuous nature of their conversation, and the occasional shouts of ecstatic enjoyment, and bursts of laughter which rang through the house, already pretty far advanced in the bacchanalian ceremonies of the night. The voices he recognized besides his father's were those of Hep-ton Connelly and Mr. Creagh, the duellist.

Feeling no inclination to join the revellers, Hardress ordered candles in the drawing-room, and prepared to spend a quiet evening by himself. He had scarcely, however, taken his seat on the straight-backed sofa, when his retirement was invaded by old Nancy, the kitchen-maid, who came to tell him that poor Dalton, the huntsman, was "a'most off," in the little green room, and that when he heard Mr. Hardress had arrived, he begged of all things to see him before he'd go. "He never was himself rightly, a'ra gal," said old Nancy, wiping a tear from the corner of her eye, "since the master sold the hounds and took to the cock-fighting."

Hardress started up and followed her. "Poor fellow!" he exclaimed as he went along. "Poor Dalton! And is that breath, that would so many merry blasts upon the mountain, soon to be extinguished? I remember the time when I thought a monarch on his throne a less enviable being than our stout huntsman, seated on his keen-eyed steed, in his scarlet frock and cap, with his hounds, like painted courtiers, thronging and baying round his horse's hoofs, and his horn hanging silent at his waist. Poor fellow! Every beagle in the pack was as his familiar acquaintance, and was as jealous of his chirp or his whistle as my cousin Anne's admirers might be of a smile or secret whisper. How often has he carried me before him on his saddle-bow, and taught me the true fox-hunting cry! How often at evening has he held me between his knees, and excited my young ambition with the tales of hunts hard run, and neck-or-nothing leaps; of double ditches, cleared by an almost miraculous dexterity; of drawing, yearning, challenging, hunting mute, hunting change, and hunting counter! And now the poor fellow must wind his last recheat, and carry his own old bones to earth at length! Never again to awaken the echoes of the mountain lakes—never again beneath the shadow of those immemorial woods that clothe their lofty shores—

"Aere ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu!"

The fox may come from the kennel, and the red-deer slumber on his lazer, for their mighty enemy is now himself at bay."

While these reflections passed through the mind of Hardress, old Nancy conducted him as far as the door of the huntsman's room, where he paused for a moment on hearing the voice of one singing inside. It was that of the worn-out huntsman himself, who was humming over a few verses of a favorite ballad. The lines which caught the ear of Hardress were the following:—

"Ah, huntsman dear, I'll be your friend,  
If you let me go till morning;

Don't call your hounds for one half hour,  
Nor neither sound your horn;  
For indeed I'm tired from yesterday's hunt  
I can neither run nor walk well,  
Till I go to Rock-hill amongst my friends,

Where I was bred and born,  
Tally ho the fox!  
Tally ho the fox!  
Tally ho the fox, a collauncen  
Tally ho the fox!  
Over hills and rocks,  
And chase him on till morning."

"He cannot be so very ill," said Hardress, looking at the old woman, "when his sprits will permit him to sing so merrily."

"Oyeh, Heaven help you, agra!" replied Nancy. "I believe if he was at death's doore this moment, he'd have that song on his tongue still."

"Hush! hush!" said Hardress, raising his hand, "he is beginning again."

The ballad was taken up, after a heavy fit of coughing, in the same strain:

"I lock'd him up an' I fed him well,  
An' I gave him victuals of all kinds;  
But I declare to you, sir, when he got loose,  
He ate a fat goose in the morning,  
So now kneel down an' say your prayers,  
For you'll surely die this morning."

"Ah, sir," says the fox, "I never pray,  
For my father he bred me a quaker."

Tally ho the fox!  
Tally ho the —"

Hardress here opened the door and cut short the refrain.

The huntsman turned his face to the door as he heard the handle turn. It was that of a middle-aged man in the very last stage of pulmonary consumption. A red night-cap was pushed back from his wasted and sunken temples, and a flush like the bloom of a withered pippin played in the hollow of his fleshless cheek.

"Cead Millia fealtha! My heart warms to see you, my own Master Hardress," exclaimed the huntsman, reaching him a skelton hand, from beneath the brown quilt. "I can die in peace now, at I see you again in telling me you're coming an' comin', until I began to think at last that you wouldn't come until I was gone."

"I am sorry to see you in this condition, Dalton. How did you get the attack?"

"Out of a could I think I got it first, sir. When the master sold the hounds—(Ah, Master Hardress! to think of his parting them dogs, an' giving up that fine manly exercise, for a paltry parcel o' cocks an' hens!) but when he sold them and took to the cock-fighting my heart felt as low and as lonesome as if I lost all belonging to me! To please the master, I turned my hands to the cocks, an' used to go every mornin' to the hounds' kennel, where the birds were kept, to give 'em food and water; but I could never warm to the birds. Ah, what is a cock-fight, Master Hardress, in comparison of a well-roded hunt among the mountains, with your horse flying like an organ out before you, an' the ground fleetin' like a dream on all sides o' you, an' ah, what's the use of talking!" Here he lay back his pillow with a look of sudden pain and sorrow that cut Hardress to the heart.

After a few moments, he again turned a ghastly eye on Hardress, and said in a faint voice: "I used to go down by the lake in the evening to hear the stags belling in the woods; an' in the morning I'd be up with the first light to blow a call on the top o' the hill, as I used to do to comfort the dogs; an' then I'd miss their cry, an' I'd stop listenin' to the aychoes o' the horn among the mountains, till my heart would sink as low as my old boots. An' bad boots they wor, too; signs on, I got wet in 'em; an' themselves an' the cold morning air, an' the want o' the horse exercise, I believe, an' everything, brought on this fit. Is the mistress at home, sir?" he added after struggling through a severe fit of oppression.

"No, she is at a ball, with Miss Chute."

"Good luck to them both, wherever they are. That's the way o' the world. Some in health, an' some in sickness; some dancing, and more dying."

Here he raised himself on his elbow, and after casting a haggard glance around, as if to be assured that what he had to say could not be overheard, he leaned forward towards Hardress, and whispered: "I know one in this house, Master Hardress, that loves you well."

The young gentleman looked a little surprised.

"Indeed I do," continued the dying huntsman, "one, too, that deserves a better fortune than to love any one without a return. One that was kind to me in my sickness, and that I'd like to see happy before I'd leave the world, if it was Heaven's will."

During this conversation, both speakers had been frequently rendered inaudible by occasional bursts of laughter and shouts of bacchanalian mirth from the dining-room. At this moment, and before the young gentleman could select any mode of enquiry into the particulars of the singular communication above mentioned, the door was opened and the face of old Nancy appeared, bearing on its smoke-dried features a mingled expression of perplexity and sorrow.

"Dalton, a'ra gal!" she exclaimed, "don't blame me for what I'm going to say to you, for it is my tongue, an' not my wish nor my heart that speaks it. The master and the gentleman sent me into you, an' bid me tell you for the sake of old times, to give them one fox-huntin' screech before you go."

"The old huntsman fixed his brilliant but sickly eyes on the messenger, while a flush that might have been the indication of anger or of grief, flickered like a decaying light upon his brow. At length he said: "An' did the master send that message by you, Nancy?"

"He did, Dalton, indeed, Ayeh, the gentleman must be excused."

"True for you, Nancy," said the huntsman after a long pause, then, raising his head, with a smile of seeming pleasure, he continued: "Why, then, I'm glad to see the master hasn't forgot the dogs entirely. Go to him, Nancy, an' tell him that I'm glad to hear that he has so much o' the sport left in him still. And that it is kind father for him to have a feeling for his huntsman, an' I thank him. Tell him, Nancy, to send me in one good glass o' parliament punch, an' I'll give him such a cry as he never heard in a cock-pit any way."

The punch was brought, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Hardress, drained to the bottom. The old huntsman then sat erect, in the bed, and letting his head back, indulged in one prolonged "hoicks!" that made the phials jingle on the table, and frightened the sparrows from their roosts beneath the thatch. It was echoed by the jolly company in the dining-parlor, chorused by a howling from all the dogs in the yard, and answered by a general clamour from the fowl-house.

"Another! Another! Hoicks!" resounded through the house. But the poor consumptive was not in a condition to gratify the revellers. When Hardress looked down upon him next, the pillow appeared dark with blood and the cheek of the sufferer had lost even the unhealthy bloom, that had so long masked the miner's death in his work of snug destruction. A singular brilliancy fixed itself upon his eye-balls, his lips were dragged backward, blue and cold, and with an expression of dull and general pain—his teeth—but wherefore linger on such a picture?—it is better let the curtain fall.

Hardress Cregan felt less indignation at this circumstance that he might have done if it had occurred at the present day; but yet he was indignant. He entered the dining-parlor to remonstrate with a frame that trembled with passion.

"And pray, Hardress," said Hep-ton Connelly, as he emptied the ladle into his glass, and turned on him an eye whose steadiness to say the least, was equivocal; "pray now, Hardress, is poor Dalton really dead?"

"He is, sir. I have already said it."

"No offence, my boy. I only asked, because if he be, it is a sure sign (here he sipped his punch, and winked at Cregan with the confident air of one who is about to say a right good thing), it is a sign that he never will die again."

There was a loud laugh at Hardress, which confused him as much as if he had been discomfited by a far superior wit. So true it is, that the influence, and not the capacity, of an opponent, renders him chiefly formidable and that, at least, a fair half of the sum of human motive may be placed to the account of vanity.

Hardress could think of nothing that was very witty to say in reply, and as the occasion hardly warranted a slap on the face, his proud spirit was compelled to remain passive. Unwilling, however, to leave the company while the laugh continued against him, he called for a glass and sat down amongst them.

(To be continued.)

All that is done by one who is attached to the things of this earth is imperfect, for he who does a thing so ruinous is ruined himself. — St. Teresa.

## Catholic Federation In United States.

A dispatch from Washington was printed in some newspapers last week, says the New York "Freeman's Journal," stating that at a meeting of the Archbishops, held in that city, the American Federation of Catholic Societies was considered and that the wording of the pronouncement which "will be forwarded to the Archbishops for their personal guidance is conservative and diplomatic, but nevertheless strongly suggests the undesirability of such an organization."

"The phraseology of the dispatch," said Bishop McPaul of Trenton, when shown the dispatch, "casts suspicion upon it. It was evidently composed by some one who was ignorant of the facts and anxious to send out a sensational news item."

"It is probable that the Archbishops, at the suggestion of some member of the meeting, may have discussed Federation. Indeed, as I had been informed that such action might be taken, I corresponded with some of the most eminent members of the hierarchy who are friendly to the organization and have encouraged its formation in their archdioceses."

"In reply, I received this assurance from a venerable, conservative, and learned Archbishop: 'I will most earnestly advocate Federation. If it is not commended, it should, at least, be left alone.'"

"This is the policy which I have advised from the beginning," continued Bishop McPaul, "as Federation is a laymen's movement, seeking to advance the religious, social, and civil interests of Catholics. It must, of course, be organized in an archdiocese and a diocese only with the consent and approval of the Archbishop or Bishop; but it is hardly desirable for the hierarchy, as a body, or the Archbishops in their annual meeting at Washington, to give it, at this period of its development, public approval. This would lend color to the old accusation that it is solely a church movement, instead of an organization of American citizens."

"Notwithstanding the amount of literature printed for and against Federation, it is strange to find that very many, otherwise well informed persons, are ignorant of its real objects. It will take time to overcome this condition. However, since so many members of the hierarchy have declared in favor of the organization, I anticipate a campaign of education, as the outcome of the next national convention to be held at Atlantic City, Aug 1 to 5. The result will no doubt be beneficial to federation."

"One great object of the Federation is the formation of Catholic public opinion on the important topics of the day; such as Socialism, Christian Education, Marriage and Divorce. Experience teaches that our fellow-citizens are inclined sometimes to look upon us with suspicion because they do not understand our position on many questions. This misunderstanding is generally due to the fact that we have either not intelligently explained it, or not sent the information through such channels as reach the non-Catholic."

"It is easy to perceive the great influence for good that might be exerted, if the several Catholic nationalities in this country were united. For example, if Catholics thus united, joined with their fellow-citizens in a crusade against intemperance and divorce, such strength of public opinion would be concentrated in towns, cities, States and nation, that these evils must gradually disappear before it."

## Lake St. John District

We are in receipt of the annual report sent to us by the Lake St. John Colonization Society, which is exceedingly well gotten up. The cover is in five different colors, and is most artistic, representing a girl at the spinning wheel. The interior is profusely illustrated with agricultural scenes of that great fertile region of Lake St. John, which render this report one of the most interesting of its kind. The text is full of valuable information particularly interesting those who keep in track with the movement which is making our country greater and more prosperous every day.

Altogether this report is a credit to that Society, which works so energetically for the prosperity of our country.