

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

The unfortunate Hardress in the meantime strayed onward through the hall of the cottage, with the feeling of a man who has just escaped from the hands of justice. He entered another room appropriated to the female guests, where Mrs. O'Connell presided at the tea-table. The gradation of ranks in this apartment was similar to that in the other, but the company was not quite so scrupulous in the maintenance of silence. A general and very audible whispering conversation was carried on, in which a few young gentlemen who were sprinkled among the ladies, took no inactive part. A hush, of some moments' duration, took place on the entrance of Hardress, and a hundred curious eyes were turned on his figure. His extreme paleness, the wildness of his eyes, and the ghastly attempt at courtesy which he made as he entered, occasioned a degree of general surprise. He passed on, and took his seat by the side of Mrs. O'Connell, who, like Mihil, placed his agitation to the account of sympathy, and entered him at once upon her list of favorites.

A number of young ladies were seated on the right of this good lady, and at a distance from the long table, round which were placed a number of females of an humbler rank dressed out in all their finery, and doing honor to Mrs. O'Connell's tea and coffee. One or two young gentlemen were waiting on the small circle of ladies, who set apart near the fire, with tea, cake, toast, etc. The younger of the two, a handsome lad, of a cultivated figure, seemed wholly occupied in showing off his grace and gallantry. The other, a grave wag, strove to amuse the ladies by paying a mock ceremonious attention to the tradesmen's wives and daughters at the other side of the fire, and to amuse himself by provoking the ladies to laugh.

Revolutions in private, as in public life, are occasions which call into action the noblest and meanest principles of our nature—the extremes of generosity and of selfishness. As Lowry Looby took away the tea-service, he encountered in the hall and kitchen, a few sullen and discontented faces. Some complained that they had not experienced the slightest attention since their arrival and others declared, they had not got "as much as one cup o' tay."

"Why, then, mend ye!" said Lowry, "why didn't you call for it?" Do you think people that's in trouble that way, has nothing else to do but to be thinkin' o' ye an' o' yer aitin' an' drinkin'! What talk it is! There's people in this world, I b'lieve, that thinks more o' their own little finger than o' the lives an' fortunes o' all the rest."

So saying, he took a chair before the large kitchen fire which, like those in the other two apartments, was surrounded by a class of watchers. On a wooden form at one side, were seated the female servants of the house, opposite to them the hearse-driver, the mutes, the drivers of two or three hack-carriages, and one or two of the gentlemen's servants. The table was covered with bread, jugs of punch, and cork porter. A few, exhausted by the proceeding night's watching and overpowered by the heat of the fire, were lying asleep in various postures, on the settle-bed at the farther end.

"'Twill be a good funeral," said the hearse-driver, laying aside the mug of porter, from which he had just taken a refreshing draught.

"If it isn't, it ought," said Lowry; "they're people, sir, that are well known in the country."

"Surely, surely," said one of the hack-coachmen, taking a pipe from the corner of his mouth, "an' well lived, too, by all accounts."

"Ah, she was a queen of a little woman," said Lowry. "She was too good for this world. Oh, vo' where's the use o' talking at all! Sure 'twas only a few days since I was salting the bacon at the table over, an' she standin' a near me, knitting. 'I'm afraid, Lowry,' says she, 'we won't find that bacon enough; I'm sorry I didn't get another o' them pigs killed.' Little she thought that time that they'd outlast herself. She never lived to see 'em in pickle!"

A pause of deep affliction followed this speech, which was once more broken by the hearse-driver.

"The grandest funeral," said he,

"that ever I see in my life, was that of the Marquis of Watherford, father to the present man. It was a sight for a king. There was six men marching out before the hearse, with gold sticks in their hands, and as much black silk about 'em as a lady. The coffin was covered all over with black velvet an' goold, an' there was his name above upon the top of it, on a great gold plate intirely, that was shining like the sun. I never seen such a sight before nor since. There was forty-six carriages after the hearse, an' every one of 'em belonging to a lord, or an estates man at the laste. It flogged all the shows I ever see since I was able to walk the ground."

The eyes of the whole party were fixed in admiration upon the speaker, while he made the above oration with much importance of look and gesture. Lowry, who felt that poor Mrs. Daly's funeral must necessarily shrink into significance in comparison with this magnificent description, endeavored to diminish its effect upon the imaginations of the company by a few philosophical remarks.

"'Twas a great funeral, surely," he began.

"Great!" exclaimed the hearse-driver; "it was worth walking to Watherford to see it."

"Them that has money," added Lowry, "can easily find means to sport it. An' still for all, now sir, if a man was to look into the rights o' the thing, what was the good o' all that? What was the good of it for him that was in the hearse, or for them that wor after it? The Lord save us, it isn't what goold an' silver they had upon their hearses, they'll be axed where they are going; only what use they made of the goold an' silver that was given them in this world. 'Tisn't how many carriages was after 'em, but how many good actions went before 'em; nor how they were buried, they'll be axed, but how they lived. Them are the questions, the Lord save us, that'll be put to us all, one day; an' them are the questions that Mrs. Daly could answer this night as well as the Marquis of Watherford, or any other lord or marquis in the land."

The appeal was perfectly successful; the procession of the marquis, the gold sticks, the velvet, and the forty-six carriages were forgotten; the hearse-driver resumed his mug of porter, and the remainder of the company returned to their attitudes of silence and dejection.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW THE WAKE CONCLUDED.

It was intended that the funeral should proceed at daybreak. Towards the close of a hurried breakfast, which the guests took by candle-light, the tinkling of a small silver bell summoned them to an early Mass, which was being celebrated in the room of the dead. As Hardress obeyed its call, he found the apartment already crowded, and a number of the domestics and other dependents of the family kneeling at the door and in the hall. The low murmur of the clergyman's voice was only interrupted occasionally by a faint moan, or a short, thick sob, heard amid the crowd. The density of the press around the door prevented Hardress from ascertaining the individuals from whom those sounds of affliction proceeded.

When the ceremony had concluded, and when the room became less thronged, he entered and took his place near the window. There was some whispering between Mrs. O'Connell, his father, Hepton Connolly, and one or two other friends of the family. They were endeavoring to contrive some means for withdrawing Kyrle and his father from the apartment, while the most mournful crisis of this domestic calamity was carried on—the removal of the coffin from the dwelling of its perished in-

mate. Mr. Daly seemed to have some suspicion of an attempt of this kind, for he had taken his seat close by the bed's head, and sat erect in his chair, with a look of fixed and even gloomy resolution. Kyrle was standing at the head of the coffin, his arms crossed upon the bed, his face buried between them, and his whole frame as motionless as that of one in deep slumber. The priest was unvesting himself at the table near the window, which had been elevated a little, so as to serve for an altar. The clerk was at his side, placing the chalice, altar-table near the window, which had thickened according as they were folded. A few old women still remained at the foot of the bed, rocking their persons from side to side, and often striking their bosoms with the cross of the long rosary. The candles were now almost burnt down and smouldering in their sockets, and the winter dawn, which broke through the open window was gradually overmastering their yellow and imperfect light.

"Kyrle," said Hepton Connolly, in a whisper, touching the arm of the afflicted son, "come with me into the parlor for an instant; I want to speak to you."

Kyrle raised his head, and started on the speaker, like one who suddenly wakes from a long sleep. Connolly took him by the sleeve, with an urgent look, and led him passively out of the apartment.

Mr. Daly saw the manoeuvre, but he did not appear to notice it. He kept the same rigid, set position, and looked straight forward with the same determined and unflinching glance as if he feared the slightest movement might unhinge his resolution.

"Daly," said Mr. Cregan, advancing to his side, "Mr. Neville, the clergyman, wishes to speak to you in the middle room."

"I will not leave this!" said the widower in a low, short, and muttering voice, while his eyes filled up with a gloomy fire, and his manner resembled that of a tigress who suspects some invasion of her young, but endeavors to conceal that suspicion until the first stroke is made—"I will not stir from this, sir, if you please."

Mr. Cregan turned away at once, and cast a desponding look at Mrs. O'Connell. That lady lowered her eyelids significantly, and glanced at the door. Mr. Cregan at once retired, beckoning to his son that he might follow him.

Mrs. O'Connell now took upon herself the task which had proved so complete a failure in the hands of Mr. Cregan. She leaned over her brother's chair laid her hand on his, and said in an earnest voice:—

"Charles, will you come with me to the parlor for one moment?"

"I will not," replied Mr. Daly, in the same hoarse tone—"I will not go, ma'am, if you please?"

Mrs. O'Connell pressed his hand, and stooped over his shoulder. "Charles," she continued, with increasing earnestness, "will you refuse me this request?"

"If you please," said the bearded husband, "I will not go, indeed, ma'am, I won't stir!"

"Now is the time, Charles, to show that you can be resigned. I feel for you—indeed I do—but you must deny yourself. Remember your duty to Heaven, and to your children, and to yourself. Come with me, my dear Charles."

The old man trembled violently, turned round on his chair, and fixed his eyes upon his sister.

"Mary," said he, with a broken voice, "this is the last half hour that I shall ever spend with Sally in this world, and do not take me from her."

"I would not," said the good lady, unable to restrain her tears. "I would not, my dear Charles. But you know her well. You know how she would act if she were in your place. Act that way, Charles, and that is the greatest kindness you can show to Sally now."

"Take me where you please," cried the old man, stretching out his arms, and bursting into a fit of convulsive weeping. "Oh, Sally," he exclaimed, turning round and stretching his arms towards the coffin, as he reached the door—"Oh, Sally—is this the way that we are parted after all? This day, I thought your friends would have been visiting you and you babe in health, and happiness. They are come to visit

you, my darling, but it is in your coffin, not in your bed, they find you! They are come, not to your babe's christening, but to your own funeral. For the last time, now, good-bye, my darling Sally. It is not now to say good-bye for an hour, or good-bye for a day, or for a week—but for ever and for ever. God be with you Sally! For ever and ever! They are little words, Mary!" he added, turning to his weeping sister, "but there's a deal of grief in them. Well, now, Sally, my days are done for in this world. It is time for me now to think of a better life. I am satisfied. Far be it from me to murmur. My life was too happy, Mary, and I was becoming too fond of it. This will teach me to despise a great many things that I valued highly until yesterday, and to warn my children to despise them likewise. I believe, Mary, of everything in this world went on as we could wish, it might tempt us to forget that there was another before us. This is my comfort, and it must be my comfort now for evermore. Take me where you please now, Mary, and let them take her too, wherever they desire. Oh, Sally, my poor love, it is not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor the day after, that I shall feel your loss;—but when weeks and months are gone by, and when I am sitting all alone by the fire-side, or when I am talking of you to my orphan children. It is then, Sally, that I shall feel what happened yesterday! That is the time when I shall think of you, and of all our happy days, until my heart is breaking in my bosom!" These last sentences the old man spoke standing erect, with his hands clenched and trembling above his head, his eyes filled up and fixed on the coffin, and every feature swollen and quivering with strong emotion. As he concluded, he sank, exhausted by the passionate lament, upon the shoulder of his sister.

Almost at the same instant, little Sally came peeping in at the door, with a face of innocent wonder and timidity. Mrs. O'Connell, with the quick feeling of a woman, took advantage of the incident to create a diversion in the mind of her brother.

"My dear Charles," she said, "do try and conquer this dejection. You will not be so lonely as you think. Look there, Charles; you have got a Sally still to care for you."

The aged father glanced a quick eye around him, and met the sweet and simple gaze of this little innocent, upturned to seek his own. He shook his sister's hand forcibly, and said with vehemence:—

"Mary, Mary! I thank you! From my heart I am obliged to you for this!"

He caught the little child to his breast, devoured it with kisses and murmurs of passionate fondness, and hurried with it, as with a treasure, to a distant part of the dwelling.

Mr. Cregan, in the meanwhile, had been engaged, at the request of Mrs. O'Connell, in giving out the gloves, scarfs, and cypresses in the room which, on the preceding night had been allotted to the female guests. In this matter, too, the selfishness of unworthy individuals was made to appear, in their struggles for precedence, and in their dissatisfaction at being neglected in the allotment of the funeral favors. In justice, however, it should be stated, that the number of those unfeeling individuals was inconsiderable.

The last and keenest trial was now to begin. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of men to the hearse, which was drawn up at the hall-door. The hearse-driver had taken his seat, the mourners were already in the carriages, and a great crowd of horsemen and people on foot, were assembled around the front of the house, along the avenue, and on the road. The female servants of the family were dressed in scarfs and huge-head-dresses of white linen. The household and Winny sat on the coffin, and three or four followed on an outside jaunting-car. In this order the procession began to move, and the remains of this kind mistress and affectionate wife and parent, were borne away for ever from the mansion which she had blessed so many years by her gentle government.

The scene of desolation which prevailed from the time at which the coffin was first taken from the room, until the whole procession had passed out of sight, it would be a vain effort to describe. The shrieks of the women and children pierced the ears and the hearts of the multitude. Every room presented a picture of affliction. Female figures flying to and fro, with expanded arms, and cries of heart-broken sorrow; children weeping and sobbing aloud in each other's arms; men clenching their hands close, and stifling the strong sympathy that was making battle for loud utterance in their breasts; and the low moans of exhausted agony which proceeded from the mourning coaches that held the father, Kyrle Daly, and the two

nearest sons. In the midst of these affecting sounds, the hearse began to move, and was followed to a long distance on its way by the wild lament that broke from the open doors and windows of the now forsaken dwelling.

"Oh, mistress!" exclaimed Lowry Looby, as he stood at the avenue gate, clapping his hands and weeping, while he gazed not without a sentiment of melancholy pride, on the long array which lined the uneven road, and saw the black hearse-plumes becoming indistinct in the distance, while the rear of the funeral train was yet passing him by—"Oh, mistress! mistress! 'tis now I see that you are gone in earnest. I never would believe that you wor lost, until I saw your coffin goin' out o' the doores!"

From the date of this calamity a change was observed to have taken place in the characters and manners of this amiable family, the war of instant affliction passed away, but it left deep and perceptible traces in the household. The Dalys became more grave and more religious; their tone of conversation of a deeper turn, and the manner, even of the younger children, more staid and thoughtful. Their natural mirth (the child of good nature and conscious innocence of heart) was not extinguished; the flame lit up again as time rolled on, but it burned with a calmer, fainter, and perhaps a purer radiance. Their merriment was frequent and cordial, but it never again was boisterous. With the unhappy father, however, the case was different. He never rallied; the harmony of his existence was destroyed, and he seemed to have lost all interest in those occupations of rural industry which had filled up a great proportion of his time from boyhood. Still, from a feeling of duty, he was exact and diligent in the performance of those obligations, but he executed them as a task, not as a pleasure. He might still be found at morning superintending his workmen at their agricultural employments, but he did not join so heartily as of old in the merry jests and tales which made their labor light. It seemed as if he had, on that morning, touched the perihelium of his existence, and from that hour the warmth and sunshine of his course was destined to decline from day to day.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW HARDRESS AT LENGTH RECEIVED SOME NEWS OF ELLY.

The marriage of Hardress Cregan and Anne Chute was postponed for some time in consequence of the affliction of their old friends. Nothing, in the meantime, was heard of Elly or her escort; and the remorse and suspense endured by Hardress began to affect his mind and health in a degree that excited great alarm in both families. His manner to Anne, still continued the same as before they were contracted; now tender, passionate, and full of an intense affection, and now sullen, short, intemperate, and gloomy. Her feelings, too, towards him, continued still unchanged. His frequent unkindness pained her to the soul, but she attributed all to a natural or acquired weakness of temper, and trusted to time and to her own assiduous gentleness to cure him. He had yet done nothing to show himself unworthy of her esteem, and while this continued to be the case, her love could not be shaken by mere infirmities of manner, the result, probably, of his uncertain health, for which he had her pity, rather than resentment.

But on Mrs. Cregan it produced a more serious impression. In her frequent conversations with her son, he had, in the agony of his heart betrayed the workings of a deeper passion and a darker recollection than she had ever imagined possible. It became evident to her, from many hints let fall in his paroxysms of anxiety, that Hardress had done something to put himself within the power of outraged justice, as well as that of an avenging conscience. From the moment on which she arrived at this discovery, she avoided as much as possible all further conversation on those topics with her son, and it was observed that she, too, had become subject to fits of abstraction and of seriousness in her general manner.

While the fortunes of the family remained thus stationary, the day arrived on which Hepton Connolly was to give his hunting-dinner. Hardress looked forward to this occasion with some satisfaction, in the hope that it would afford a certain degree of relief to his mind, under its present state of depression; and when the morning came he was one of the earliest men upon the ground.

The fox was said to have kennelled in the side of a hill near the river-side, which on one side was gray with limestone crag, and on the other covered with a quantity of close furze. Towards the water, a miry and winding path among the underwood led downward to an extensive marsh or corcess, which lay close to the shore. It was overgrown with a dwarfish rush and intersected with numberless little creeks and channels, which were never filled, except when the spring-tide was at the full. On a green and undulating campaign above the hill, were a considerable number of gentlemen mounted, conversing in groups, or cantering their horses around the pain, while the huntsman, whippers-in, and dogs, were busy among the furze, endeavoring to make the fox break cover. A crowd of peasants, boys and other idlers, were scattered over the green, awaiting the commencement of the sport, and amusing themselves by criticising with much sharpness of sarcasm the appearance of the horses, and the actions and manners of their riders.

The search after the fox continued for a long time without avail. The gentlemen began impatient, began to look at their watches, and to cast from time to time an apprehensive glance at the heavens. This last movement was not without a cause; the morning, which had promised fairly, began to change and darken. It was one of those sluggish days, which frequently usher in the spring season in Ireland. On the water, on land, in air, on earth, everything was motionless and calm. The boats slept on the bosom of the river. A low and dingy mist concealed the distant shores and hills of Clare. Above, the eye could discern neither cloud nor sky. A heavy haze covered the face of the heavens, from one horizon to the other. The sun was wholly veiled in mist, his place in the heavens being indicated only by the radiance of the misty shroud in that direction. A thin, drizzling shower, no heavier than a summer dew, descended on the party, and left a hoary and glistening moisture on their dresses, on the manes and forelocks of the horses, and on the face of the surrounding landscape.

"No fox today, I fear," said Mr. Cregan, riding up to one of the groups before mentioned, which comprised his son Hardress and Mr. Connolly. "At what time," he added, addressing the latter, "did you order dinner? I think there is little fear of our being late for it."

"You all deserve this," said a healthy-looking old gentleman, who was one of the group; "feather-bed sportsmen every one of you. I rode out to-day from Limerick myself, was at home before seven, went out to see the wheat shaken in, and on arriving on the ground at ten, found no one there but this young gentleman, whose thoughts seem to be hunting on other ground at this moment. When I was a young man daybreak never found me napping that way."

"Good people are scarce," said Connolly; "it is right we should take care of ourselves. Hardress, will you canter this way?"

"He is cantering elsewhere," said the same old gentleman, looking on the absent boy. "Mind that sigh. Ah! she had the heart of a stone."

"I suspect he is thinking of his dinner, rather," said his father.

"If Miss Chute had asked to make a circuit with her," said Connolly, "she would not have found it so hard to get an answer."

"Courage, sir," exclaimed the old gentleman, "she is neither wed nor dead."

"Dead, did you say?" cried Hardress, starting from his reverie. "Who says it? Ah! I see."

A burst of laughter from the gentlemen brought the young man to his recollection, and his head sunk in silence and confusion.

(To be continued.)

ROBERT EMMETT'S GRAVE.

The grave of Robert Emmett, at Dublin, was opened last Tuesday morning and the remains of a man six feet tall were found in the tomb. Emmett, however, was only five feet seven when he lived. The skull, however, was in an upright position instead of being attached to the body. There is much doubt as to the identity of the skeleton with that of the patriot.—The New World.

Report.

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Boulanger, Lac Megantic, Que. Pipe

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Boisvert, Providence, Que. electric semaphores.

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D STATES.

Moreau, St. Ger- Grantham, Que. moving machine.