

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW KYRLE DALY HEARS OF THE HANDSOME CONDUCT OF HIS FRIEND HARDRESS.

Previous to Anne Chute's departure from the cottage of her aunt, all the arrangements for her marriage with Hardress had been verbally agreed upon.

He had gone down to the dairy-farm, for the purpose of shore-shooting, and was returning in order to spend the Little Christmas at home.

In order to be assured of the reality of this belief, young Daly spurred on his horse as far as the caravansary of Mr. Normile, already celebrated in an early part of our history.

"I'll tell you how it was," said Connolly. "I believe 'tis no secret to you, Daly, or any other acquaintances of mine, that I owe more money to different friends than I am always willing to pay—"

so, if I should come to borrow money of you, you had better keep it in your pocket, I advise you. But so happened, that we spent the other evening at a friend's in the neighborhood, who could not afford me a bed, so I went to hammock to Normile's inn.

"Pat," says I, "tell your mistress not to mention it; and Pat," says I, dropping to a whisper, "I am a prisoner."

Opportunity, therefore, was only needed to rouse it up once more in all its former strength. That opportunity had now arrived, and Kyrle Daly found that the trial was a more searching one than he had been led to think.

He had not ridden far when he heard loud bursts of laughter, and the tramp of many horses on the road behind him.

"Connolly, how are you? How are you, Doctor? Mr. Creagh-Captain," touching his hat slightly to the latter, "what's all the fun about?"

"I'll tell Daly," said Connolly; "he's a lawyer."

"Pish!" replied Doctor Leake, "'tis too foolish a thing; you will make him laugh at you."

"Foolish! It is the best story I ever heard in my life. Eh, Captain?" Captain Gibson replied by an excessive roar of laughter, and Hyland Creagh protested it was worthy of the days of the Hell-fire Club.

"Owen Moore ran away, owing more than he could pay,"

"I think," said Kyrle with a smile, "that you ought to come and take my opinion on it some day or other."

"Ah, ha!" replied Connolly, shaking his head. "I understand you, young lawyer! Well, when I have a fee to spare, you shall have it. But here is the turn up to my house. Est ubi locus—how I forget my Latin! Daly, will you come up and dine with me?"

"I cannot, thank you."

"Well, I'm sorry for it, Creagh, you're not going?"

"I must."

"Stop and dine."

"No. I'll see you to-morrow. I have business in town."

The party separated, Kyrle Daly and Creagh continuing to ride in the same direction, while the rest wheeled off by a narrow road.

the hair, and another by the throat; and such a show as they made of him before five minutes I never contemplated. But here was the beauty of it. I knew the law, so I opposed the whole proceeding. "No rescue," says I; "I am his prisoner, gentlemen, and I will not be rescued; so don't beat the man!—don't toss him in a blanket!—don't drag him in the puddle!—don't plunge him in the horse-pond I entreat you!"

"I think," said Kyrle with a smile, "that you ought to come and take my opinion on it some day or other."

"Ah, ha!" replied Connolly, shaking his head. "I understand you, young lawyer! Well, when I have a fee to spare, you shall have it. But here is the turn up to my house. Est ubi locus—how I forget my Latin! Daly, will you come up and dine with me?"

"I cannot, thank you."

"Well, I'm sorry for it, Creagh, you're not going?"

"I must."

"Stop and dine."

"No. I'll see you to-morrow. I have business in town."

The party separated, Kyrle Daly and Creagh continuing to ride in the same direction, while the rest wheeled off by a narrow road.

"You will be at the wedding, I suppose, Mr. Daly?" said the latter gentleman, after a silence of some minutes.

"What wedding?" asked Kyrle, in some surprise.

"Why, have you not heard of it? Miss Chute's wedding."

"Miss Chute?" Kyrle repeated faintly.

"Yes. Everything I understand has been arranged for the ceremony, and Creagh tells me it is to take place next month. She would be a magnificent wife for any man!"

It was some moments before Kyrle could recover breath to ask another question.

"And—a—of course you heard who it is to be the bridegroom?" he said with much hesitation.

"Oh! yes. I thought he was a friend of yours. Mr. Hardress Creagh."

"Creagh!" exclaimed Kyrle aloud and starting as if he had received a galvanic shock; "it is impossible!"

"Sir!" said Creagh sternly.

"I think," said Kyrle, governing himself by a violent exertion, "you must have been misinformed. Hardress Creagh, is, as you say, my friend, and he cannot be the man."

"I seldom, sir," said Creagh, with a haughty curl on his lip, "converse with any person who is capable of making false assertions; and, in the present instance, I should think the gentleman's father no indifferent authority."

Again Kyrle Daly paused for some minutes in an emotion of deep apprehension. "Has Mr. Creagh, then, told you," he said, "that his son was to be the bridegroom?"

pediments to such a marriage. He is her cousin." "Pooh, pooh, that's a name of courtesy. It is only a connexion by affinity. Cousin! Hang them all, cousins on a string, say I—They are the most dangerous rivals a man can have. Any other man you can call out and shoot through the head. If he attempts to interfere with your prospects, but cousins must have a privilege. The lady may walk with a cousin (hang him) and she may dance with her cousin, and write to her cousin, and it is only when she has run away with her cousin, that you find that you have been cozened with a vengeance."

While Creagh made this speech, Kyrle Daly was running over in his mind, the entire circumstances of young Creagh's conduct, and the conclusion to which his reflection brought him was, that a more black and shameful treason had never been practised between man and man. For the first time in his life, Kyrle Daly wholly lost his self-government. Principle, religion, duty, justice all vanished for the instant from his mind, and nothing but the deadly injury remained to stare him in the face.

"I will horsewhip him!" he said within his mind; "I will horsewhip him at the wedding feast. The cool, dark, hypocrite! I suppose, sir," he said aloud turning to Creagh, with a smile of calm and dignified courtesy, "I suppose I may name you as an authority for this?"

"Certainly, certainly," returned the old duellist with a short bow, while his eyes lit up with pleasure at the idea of an affair of honor. "Stay a moment, Mr. Daly," he added, as the young gentleman was about to quicken his pace. "I perceive, sir, that you are going to adopt, in this business, the course that is unusual among men of honor. Now, I have had a little experience in these affairs, and I am willing to be your friend—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Creagh, I—"

"Nay, pardon me, Mr. Daly, if you please. I do not mean your friend in the usual acceptance of the term; I do not mean your second; you may have a desire to choose for yourself in that respect; I merely wished to say, that I could afford you some useful hints as to your conduct on the ground. In the first instance, look to your powder. Dry it yourself, over night, on a plate, which you may keep hot over a vessel of warm water. Insert your charge at the breach of the pistol, and let your ball be covered with kid leather, softened with the finest salad oil. See that your barrel is polished and free from dust. I have known many a fine fellow lose his life by purchasing his ammunition at a grocer's on the morning of the duel. They bring it out of some cask in a damp cellar, and, of course, it hangs fire. Do you avoid that fault. Then, when you come to the ground—level ground of course—fix your eye on some object beyond your foe, and bring him in a line with that; then let your pistol hang by your side, and draw an imaginary line from the mouth of your barrel to the third button of your opponent's coat. When the word is given, rise your weapon rapidly along the line, and fire at the button. He will never hear the shot."

"Tell me, Mr. Creagh," said Kyrle, in a grave tone, after he heard these murderous directions to the end, "are not you a friend of Mr. Creagh's?"

"Yes. Very old friends."

"Do you not dine at his table, and sleep under his roof from day to day?"

"Pray, what is the object of these curious questions?"

"It is this," said Kyrle, fixing his eyes upon the man; "I find it impossible to express the disgust I feel at hearing you, the professed and bountiful friend of that family, thus practise upon the life one of its chief members—the son of your benefactor. Away, sir, with your bloody science to those who will become your pupils! I hope the time will come in Ireland when you and your mean, and murderous class shall be despised and trampled on as you deserve."

"How am I take this, Mr. Daly?"

"As you will!" exclaimed Kyrle, driven wholly beyond the bounds of self-possession, and tossing a desperate hand towards the duellist.

"I have done with you."

"Not yet, please the fates," Creagh said, in his usual restrained tone, while Kyrle Daly galloped away in the direction of his father's house. "To-morrow morning, perhaps you may be enabled to say that with greater certainty. He is a fine young fellow. I didn't think it was in him. Now, whom shall I have? Connolly? Creagh? I owe it to Connolly, as I performed the same office for him a short time since; and yet I'd like to pay old Creagh the compliment. Well, I can think about it as I ride along."

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW KYRLE DALY'S WARLIKE ARDOUR WAS CHECKED BY AN UNEXPECTED INCIDENT.

A joyous piece of news awaited Kyrle Daly at the door of his own home. Lowry Looby met him on the avenue, his little arms outstretched, and his huge mouth expanded with an expression of delighted astonishment.

"Oh, Master Kyrle!" he said, "you're just come in time. I was goin' off for you. Hurry in—hurry in, sir! There's a new little sister within waiting for you this way."

"And you mistress, Lowry?" said Kyrle springing from his horse, and tossing the reins to the servant. "Finely, finely, sir, thank Heaven."

"Thank Heaven, indeed!" echoed Daly, hurrying on, with a flushed and gladdened face, towards the hall-door. Everything of self, his disappointment, the treachery of his friend, the loss of his mistress, and his dilemma with the duellist, were all forgotten in his joy at the safety of his mother.

The door stood open, and the hall was crowded with servants, children, and tenants. In the midst of a hundred exclamations of wonder, delight, and affection, which broke from the lips of the group, the faint cry of a baby was heard, no louder than the wail of a young kitten. He saw his father holding the little stranger in his arms, and looking in its face with a smile, which he was vain endeavoring to suppress. The old kitchen-maid stood on his right, with her apron to her eyes, crying for joy. One or two younger females, the wives of tenants, were on the other side, gazing on the red and peevish little face of the innocent, with a smile of maternal sympathy and compassion. A fair-haired girl clung to her father's skirt, and petitioned loudly to be allowed to nurse it for a moment. Another looked rebukingly upon her, and told her to be silent. North-east and Charles had clambered upon a chair, to overlook the throng which they could not penetrate. Patsy stood near the parlor door, jumping with all his might, and clapping his hands like one possessed. There appeared only one discontented figure on the scene. It was that of little Sally, hitherto the pet and plaything of the family, who stood in a distant corner, with her face turned to the wall, her lips pouting, and her blue eyes filling up with jealous tears.

The moment Kyrle made his appearance at the door, the uproar was redoubled. "Kyrle! Kyrle! Here's Kyrle! Kyrle, look at your sister—look at your sister!" exclaimed a dozen voices, while the group at the same moment opened, and admitted him into the centre.

putting it on the cheek. "Is it not putting it on the cheek. 'Is it not better to take it in out of the cold, sir?"

"I think so Kyrle! Where's the purse?"

The door of Mrs. Daly's sleeping-chamber opened, and a woman appeared on the threshold, looking rather anxious. She ran hastily through the hall, got a bowl of water in the kitchen, and hurried back again to the bed-room.

"Why doesn't she come?" said Mr. Daly. "The little thing cries so, I am afraid it is pinched by the air."

"I suppose she is busy with my aunt O'Connell and her patient yet," said Kyrle.

A hurried tramping of feet was now heard in the bed-room, and the sound of rapid voices in anxiety and confusion. A dead silence sunk upon the hall. Mr. Daly and his son exchanged a glance of thrilling import. A low moan was the next sound that proceeded from the room. The husband placed the child in the arms of the old woman and hurried to the chamber door. He was met at the threshold by his sister, Mrs. O'Connell (a grave-looking lady in black), who placed her hands against his breast, and said, with great agitation of manner:—

"Charles, you must not come in. Why so, Mary? How is she?"

"Windy," said Mrs. O'Connell, addressing the old woman who held the infant, "take the child to the kitchen until the nurse can come to you."

"How is Sally?" repeated the anxious husband.

"You had better go into the par-

lor, Charles. Recollect yourself now, my dear Charles, remember your children—"

The old man began to tremble. "Mary," he said, "why will you not answer me? How is she?"

"She is not better, Charles."

"Not better!"

"No, far otherwise."

"Far otherwise! Come—woman, let me pass into the room."

"You must not, indeed, you must not, Charles!" exclaimed his sister, fingering her arms round his neck, and bursting into tears. "Kyrle, Kyrle—speak to him!"

Young Daly caught his father's arm. "Well, well," said the latter, looking round him with a calm, ghastly smile, "if you are all against me, I must of course submit."

"Come with me to the parlor," said Mrs. O'Connell, "and I will explain to you."

She took him by the arm, and led him, with a vacant countenance and passive demeanor, through the silent and astonished group. They entered the parlor, and the door was closed by Mrs. O'Connell. Kyrle Daly remained fixed like a statue, in the same attitude in which his aunt had left him, and a moment of intense and deep anxiety ensued. The rare and horrid sound, the scream of an old man in suffering, was the first that broke on that portentous stillness. It acted like a spell upon the group in the hall. They were dispersed in an instant. The women ran shrieking in various directions. The men looked dismayed, and uttered hurried sentences of wonder and affright. The children terrified by the confusion, added their shrill and helpless wailings to the rest. The death cry re-echoed in the bed-room, in the parlor, and in the kitchen. From every portion of the dwelling, the funeral shriek ascended to the Heavens; and Death and sorrow, like armed conquerors, seemed to have possessed themselves by sudden storm of this little hold, where peace and happiness had reigned so long and calmly.

Kyrle's first impulse on hearing his father's voice, made him rush to the bed-room of his mother. There was no longer any opposition at the door, and he entered with a throbbing heart. The nurse was crying aloud, and wringing her hands at the fire-place. Mrs. Leahy, the midwife, was standing near the bed-side, with a troubled and uneasy countenance, evidently as much concerned for the probably injury to her own reputation as for the affliction of the family. Kyrle passed them both, and drew back the curtain of the bed. His mother was lying back quite dead, and with an expression of languid pain upon her features.

"I never saw a case o' the kind in my life," muttered Mrs. Leahy. "I have attended hundreds in my time, an' I never saw the like. She was sitting up in her bed, sir, as well as I'd wish to see her, an' I just stepped to the fire to warm a little gruel, when I heard Mrs. O'Connell calling me; I ran to the bed, an' sure there I found her dying! She just gave one moan, 'twas all over. I never heard of such a case. All the skill in the world wouldn't be any good in such a business."

Kyrle Daly felt no inclination to dispute the point with her. A heavy, dizzy sensation was in his brain, which made his actions and his manners resemble those of a person who walks in his sleep. He knelt down to pray, but a feeling like lethargy disqualified him for any exercise of devotion. He rose again, and walked listlessly into the hall.

Almost at the same moment, Mr. Daly appeared at the parlor door, followed by his aged sister, who was still in tears. The old man glanced at his children, and waved his hands before him. "Take them from my sight," he said, in a low voice; "let the orphans be removed; go now, my children, we never shall be happy here again."

(To be continued.)

OF WARNING.

OF CRITICS.

OF CRITICS.

OF CRITICS.

OF CRITICS.

OF CRITICS.

OF CRITICS.

OF CRITICS.

OF CRITICS.

OF CRITICS.

OF CRITICS.

OF CRITICS.

OF CRITICS.

Premium TO Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 5 new Subscribers to the True Witness

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholic Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past fifty years.