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"Sit down and hear me, Hard-ress, for one moment."

"Oh, Eily!" the wretched youth continued, stretching out his arms to their full extent, and seeming to apostrophize some listening spirit; "Oh, Eily! my lost, deceived, and

A TALE OF

GARRYOWEN.

Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXXVI.-Continued.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1903.

"If these things are not dreams," Cregan again said, in that calm, restrained tone which she always used when her mind was undergoing the severest struggles; "if you have not been feeling a delirious fancy, and can restrain yourself to plain terms for one quarter of hour, let me hear you repeat this unhappy accident. Nay, come not forward, stay where you are, and say your story there. Unfortu-hov! We are a miserable pair!" Unfortunate

She again leaned forward with her face buried in her expanded hands, while Hardress, with a low, chidden, and timid voice, and attitude, gave her in a few words the mournful history which she desired. So utterly doned was he by that hectoring energy which he displayed during his former conversations with his par-ent, that more than half the tale was drawn from him by question, as from a culprit fearful of adding to the measure of his punishment.

When he had concluded, Mrs. Cregan raised her head with a look of great and evident relief.

have been misled in this. I over- own, and remained for some leaned the mark in my surmise. You ments buried in deep silence. horrid work!'

"I was not the executioner," said Hardress. "I had a deputy he added, with a ghastly smile.

'Nor did you, by word, or act, give warrant for the atrocity of which you speak!"

"Oh! mother, if you esteem worth your while to waste and kindness on me, forbear to torture my conscience with that wretched subterfuge. I am the murderer of Eily! It matters not that my finger has not gripped her throat, nor my hand been reddened with her blood. My heart, my will, has murdered her. My soul was even beforehand the butcher who has sealed our common ruin by his bloody disobedience I am the murderer of Eily! No, not in act, as you have said, nor even in word! I breathed my bloody thoughts into no living ear. The dark and Hell-born flame was smouldered where it rose, within my own lonely breast. Not through a single nor cleft in all my conduct could that unnatural rage be evi-When he tempted me aloud, aloud I answered, scorned, and de fled him; and, when at our last fatal interview, I gave him that charge which he has stretched to bloodshed, my speech was urgent for her safe-

"Av. mother, it is truth! I answer you as I shall answer at that dreadful bar, before that Throne the old man told me of, when he and she shall stand to blast me there!"

He stood erect, and held up his hand, as if already pleading to the charge. Mrs. Cregan at the same moment rose, and was about to address him with equal energy and decision of manner.

still," he added, preventing her, "still I am Eily's murderer. If I had a enemy who wished to find tain than that of starting a doubt upon that subtle and worthless distinction. I am Eily's murderer ! That thought will ring upon my brain, awake or asleep, for evermore. Are these things dreams? Oh, I would give all the world of realities to find that I had dreamed a horrid dream, and awake, and die!"

"You overrate the measure of your guilt," said Mrs. Cregan, and was about to proceed when Hardress in terrupted her.

"Fool that I was!" he exclaimed, with a burst of grief and self-reoach. "Fool, mad fool, and idiot that I was! How blind to my own happiness! For ever longing for that which was beyond my reach, and dever able to appreciate that which I possessed. In years gone by, the present seemed always stale, and flat, and dreary; the future and the past alone seemed beautiful. Now I must see them all with altered eyes.

The present is my refuge, for the past is red with blood, and the future burning hot with shame and

murdered love! Oh, let it not be thus without recall! Tell me not that the things done in those hideous months are wholly without remedy Come back! Come back! my own abused and gentle love! If and groans, and years of self-in-flicted penitence can wash away that one accursed thought, you shall be satisfied. Look there!" he suddenly exclaimed, grasping his mother's arm with one hand, and pointing the other to a distant corner of the room. "That vision comes to anwer me!" He followed a certain line with his finger through the air, as if tracing the course of some hallucin ation. "As vivid, and as ghastly real, as when I saw it lying an hour since, on the wet, cold bank;)he yellow hair uncurled; the feet exposedthe feet that I first taught to stray from duty! the dark, blue mantle, covering and clinging round the hor rid form of death that lay beneath. Four times I have seen it since left the spot, and every time it grows more changed; for gloomy visions, gloomier realities; for ghastly

COLLEGIANS.

fears, a ghastlier certainty.' Here he sank down into the chair why, Hardress," she said, "I which his mother has drawn near her Mrs. are not than the actual actor of this Cregan took this opportunity of gently bringing him into a more temperate vein of feeling; feelings carried her beyond the limit which she contemplated.

"Mistgke me not," she said, "un happy boy! I would not have you slight your guilt. It is black deadly, and such as Heaven will certainly avenge. But neither must you fly to the other and worse extreme, where you can only cure presumption by despair. You are not so guilty as you deem. That you willed her death was a dark and deadly sin; but nothing so hideous as the atrocious act itself. One thing, leed, is certain, that, however this affair may terminate, we are an accursed and miserable pair for this world. In you, and you in me! Most weak and wicked boy! It was the study of my life to win your love and confidence, and my reward has been distrust, concealment, and-'

"Do you reproach me, then?" cried Hardress, springing madly to his feet, clenching his hand, and darting an audacious scowl upon his parent. "Beware, I warn you! I am a fiend, I grant you; but it was by your temptation that I changed my nature. You, my mother! you hav been my fellest foe! I drunk in pride with your milk, and passion under your indulgence. You sport with one possessed and desperate. This whole love-scheme, that has begun in trick and ended in blood, was all your work!...And do you now-"

"Hold!" cried his mother, observing the fury of his eye, and his hand raised and trembling, though not with the impious purpose she affect ed to think. "Monster! would you dare to strike your parent?"

As if he had received a sudder blow, Hardress sunk down at he feet, which he pressed between his hands, while he lowered his forehead to the very dust. "Mother!" he forbearing friend, you are right. I am not quite a demon yet. My brain may fashion wild and impious words, but it is your son's heart that still beats within my bosom. I did not

dream of such a horrid purpose.' After a silence of some minutes, the wretched young man arose, with tears in his eyes, and took his seat in the chair. Here he remained fixed in the same absent posture, and listening, but with a barren attention, to the many sobbing speeches which were addressed to him by his ther. At length, rising hastily from his seat, with a look of greater

calmness that he had hitherto shown he said: "Mother, there is one way for re-

paration. I will give myself up."
"Hold, madman!" "Nay, hold, mother. I will do it. I will not bear this fire upon my orain. I will not still add crime to pustice, it is enough. I will not cheat her. Why do you hang upon me? I am weak and exhausted; a hild could stay me now! a flaxen thread could fetter me. Release me,

close an eye in sleep again until I lie on a dungeon floor. I never more shall smile until (I stand upon the scaffold. Well, well you will prevailyou will prevail," he added, as his mother forced him back into the chair which he had left; "but I may find a time. My life, I know, is forfeited.'

"It is not forfeited."

"Not forfeited! Hear you, just Heaven, and judge! The ragged wretch, that pilfers for his food, must die-the starving father, who counterfeits a wealthy name to save his children from a horrid death, must die-the goaded slave, who, driven from a holding of his fathers, avenges his wrongs upon the usurper's property, must die-and I, wh have pilfered for my passion-I, the hypocrite, the false friend, the fickle husband, the coward, traitor and murderer (I am disgusted while I speak)-my life has not been forfeited! I alone stand harmless neath these bloody laws! I said I should not smile again, but this will force a laugh in spite of me."

Mrs. Cregan prudently refrained from urging the subject farther for the present, and contented herselt with appealing to his affectionate consideration of her own feelings, rather than reminding him of his interest in the transaction. This seem terest in the transaction. This seemed more effectually to work upon his mind. He listened calmly, and with less reluctance and was about to express his acquiescence, when a loud and sudden knocking at the outer door of the chamber made him start from his chair, turn pale, and shake in every limb, like one convulsed. Cregan, who had herself been startled, was advancing towards the door, when the knocking was heard again, though not so loud, against that which led to the drawing-room Imagining that her ear, in the first instance, had deceived her, she turn ed on her steps, and was proceeding towards the latter entrance, the sound was heard at both doors together, and with increased loudness. Slight as this accident appeared, it produced so violent an effect upon the nerves of Hardress. that it was with difficulty he was able to reach the chair which he had left, without falling to the ground. The doors were opened-to one Anne Chute, and the other to Mr.

"Dinner is on the table, aunt," said the former.

"And I am come on the very point of time, to claim a neighbor's share of it," said Mr. Cregan.

"We are more fortunate than we expected," said Anne. "We thought you would have dined with Mr. Con-

"Thank you for that hint, my

good niece. "Oh! sir, don't be alarmed; you will not find us unprovided, notwithstanding. Mr. Hardress Cregan,' she continued, moving towards his chair with a lofty and yet playful carriage. "Will you allow me to

lead you to the dining room)" "He is ill, Anne-a little ill," said Mrs. Cregan, in a low voice.

"Dear Hardress! you have been me a theme for lasting misery, he said, in a thanging and humble thrown!" exclaimed Anne, suddenly arm. "Some young husband, percould not choose a way more cervoice, "my first, my constant, and stooping over him with a look of haps, who found he had made a bad tender interest and alarm.
"No. Anne," said Hardress, shak-

her hand in grateful kindness; "I am not so indifferent a horseman I shall be better presently."

"Go in—go in, ladies," said Mr. Cregan. "I have a word on business to say to Hardress. We will follow you in three minutes."

The ladies left the room, and Mr. Cregan drawing his son into the light, looked on his face for some moments with silent scrutiny.

"I don't know what to make of it," he said at length, tossing his head. "You're not flagging, Hardress—are you?"

'Flagging, sir?' You do not feel a little queer about the heart now in conse quence of this affair?'

Hardress started and shrunk back 'Whew!'' the old sportsman gave utterance to a prolonged sound tha hore some resemblance to a whistle.
"'Tis all up! That story spoke volumes. You've dished yourself for ever. Let nobody see you. Go—go along into some corner, and hide yourself; go to the ladies; that's the place for you. What a fool I was mother! There is peace, and hope, and comfort in the thought. Elsewhere I can find nought but fire and scourges. Oh! let me make this oftening of a wretched life to buy some chance of quiet. I never shall

trod upon; and you were primed with strong drink, moreover. But how dared you-this is my chief point this-how dared you stand up, and give any gentleman the iie, wyou have not the heart to hold when your words? What do you stare at?

"Give any gentlemen the lie!" choed Hardress. "Yes, to be sure. Didn't you give

Warner the lie a while ago upon the corcass?" 'Not I, I am sure."

What was your quarrel, "No! then? "We had no quarrel. You are un-

der some mistake." "That's very strange. That's another affair. It passes all that I have ever heard. The report all over the ground was that you have exchanged the lie, and some even went

whipped him. It leaves me at my At this moment Falvey put in his head at the door, and said: "Dinner, if ye plase, gentlemen,

so far as to say that you had horse-

the ladies is waitin' for ye.' This summons ended the conversation for the present, and Hardress followed his father into the diningroom.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HARDRESS THAT CONSCIENCE IS THE SWORN

FOE OF VALOR.

He who, when smitten by a heavy fever, endeavors with bursting head aching bones, to maintain a cheerful seeming among a circle of friends, may imagine something of Hardress Cregan's situation on this evening. His mother contrived to sit near him during the whole time, influencing his conduct by word and gesture, as one would regulate the

movements of an automaton. The company consisted, only of that lady, her son, her husband, and the two ladies of the mansion. The fire burned cheerfully in the grate, the candles were lighted, Anne's harpsichord was thrown open, and, had the apartment at that moment been unroofed by Le Diable Boiteux in the sight of his companions, Don Cleofas would have pronounced it a scene of domestic happiness and comfort.

It appeared, from the conversation which took place in the course of the evening, that the corner had not even found any one to recognize the body, and the jury, after giving the case a long consideration, had come to the only conclusion for which there appeared to be satisfactory evidence. They had returned a verdict of

'found drowned.'' "He would be a sharp lawyer," continued Mr. Cregan, "that could take them up on that verdict. I thought there were some symptoms of murder in the case, and wished them to adjourn the inquest, but I was overruled. After all, I'll venture to say it was some love business. She had a wedding ring on."
"Be calm," whispered Mrs. Cre-

gan, laying her hand on her son's bargain. Take care of yourself, Anne; Hardress may learn the knack of

Hardress acknowledged the goodness of this jest by a hideous laugh. "It was a shocking business!" said Mrs. Chute. "I wonder, Hardress, how you can laugh at it. Depend upon it, it will not terminate in that way. Murder is like fire—it will out at some cleft or another.

"That is most likely to be case in the present instance," said Mr. Cregan, "for the clothes, in all likelihood, will be identified, and Warner has sent an advertisement to all the newspapers and to the parish chapels, giving an account of the whole transaction. It is, indeed quite certain, that the case will be cleared up, and the foul play, if there be any, discovered. Whether the perpetrators will be detected or not, is a different question."

...rs. Cregan, who was in agony during this conversation, felt a sudden relief when it was ended by Anne Chute's calling on her uncle for a

treated the company to the follows ing effusion, humoring the tune with his head, by slightly jerking it from side to side:

Gilli ma chree, Sit down by me; We now are joined, and ne'er shall

This hearth's our own, Our hearts are one And peace is ours for ever! When I was poor, Your Father's door Was closed against your constan

With care and pain I tried in vain. My fortunes to recover.

I said, "To other lands I'll roam, Where fate may smile on me, love!" I said, "Farewell, my own old

And I said, "Farewell to thee, love!' Sing Gilli ma chree, etc.

I might have said. "My mountain maid. Come live with me, your own true lover:

I know a spot. A silent cot. Your friends can ne'er discover. Where gently flows the waveless tide, By one small garden only; Where the heron waves his wings so

And the linnet sings so lonely," Sing Gilli ma chree, etc

I might have said. 'My mountain maid, A father's right was never given, True hearts to curse With tyrant force, That have been blessed in Heaven. But, then, I said, "In after years,

My love may mourn, with secret tears Her friends thus left behind her." Sing Gilli ma chree, etc.

When thoughts of home shall find

"Oh, no," I said, "My own dear maid, For me, though all forlorn, for ever, That heart of thine, Shall ne'er repine, O'er slighted duty-never From home and thee though wander

ing far, A dreary fate be mine, love: I'd rather live in endless war, Than buy my peace with thine,

Sing Gilli ma chree, etc.

Far, far away, By night and day, I toiled to win a golden treasure; And golden gains,

Repaid my pains, In fair and shining measure. sought again my native land; Thy father welcome me. love: poured my gold into his hand, And my guerdon found, in thee,

Sing Gilli ma chree, Sit down by me; We are now joined, and ne'er shall sever;

This hearth's our own, Our hearts are one. And peace is ours for ever.

It was not until he courted rest and forgetfulness in the solitude his chamber, that the Hell of guilt and memory began to burn within the breast of Hardress. Fears which until this moment he had despised as weak and childish, now oppressed his weak and childish, how oppresses its sacre at Ardmore, wateriord, and imagination with all the force of a the marriage of Eva and Strongbow, real and imminent danger. The darkness of his chamber was crossed by horrid shapes, and the pillow seemed to burn beneath his cheek, as if he sarry of the first using of cannon, by to be rocked on his bed, as if borne upward on the back of a flying steed, anh the cry of hounds came yelling on his ear with a discord even more terrible than that which rung upon the ear of the hunted Acteon, in the exquisite fiction of the ancients. That power of imagination, in which he had often been accustomed to take pride, as in a high intellectual enful curse: and, as it had been a chief instrument in his seduction, was also made a principal engine of retribu-

Several circumstances, trifling in themselves, but powerful in their operation upon the mind of the guilty youth, occurred in the course of the ensuing week, to give new fuel to the passion which preyed upon his nerves. A few of these we will relate, if only for the purpose of showing how slight a breath may shake the peace of him who has suffered it to, be sapped in the foundation.
When the first agony of his re-

morse went by, the love of life, triumphant even over that appalling passion—made him join his mother mrs. Cregan, who was in agony funny among young people, replied that he would with all his heart. And accordingly with a prefatory hem, he threw back his head, raised his eyes to the cornice, dropt his right leg over the left knee, and assumed during the period of his uncertainty respecting Eily's fate.

A small party had been formed one morning for the purpose of snipe-shooting, and Hardress was one of the number. In a rushy swamp (adjoining the little bay which had been selected as the scene of the saddlerace so many months before), the game was said to exist in great quantities, and thither, accordingly, the sportsmen first repaired. A beautiful, but only half-educated pointer, which Hardress procured in Kerry, in his eagerness for sport, had repeatedly broken out of bound, in disregard of all the menaces and entreaties of his owner and by these means, on many occasions narrowly escaped destruction. At length, while he dulging in one of those wild gambols, a bird rose, with a sudden shriek, from the very feet of Hardress, and flew forward, darting, and wheeling in a thousand eccentric circles. Hardress levelled and fired. The snipe escaped; but a mournful howl of pain from the animal before alluded to, seemed to announce that the missile had not sped upon a fruitless errand. In a few the poor pointer was seen crawling out of the rushes, and turning at every step to whine and lick its side. which was covered with blood. The slayer ran, with an aching heart, towards the unfortunate creature, and stooped to assist it, and to caress it. But the wound was past all remedy. The poor quadruped whimpered and fawned upon his feet as if to disarm the suspicion of resentment, and died in the action.

"Oh, murther, murther!" said Pat' Faivey, who accompanied the party, "the poor thing was all holed with the shot! Oh, look at the limbs, stiffening, and the light that's gatherin' in the eyes! There's death, now, Masther Hardress, the Lord save us!-there's death!"

"Where?" said Hardress, looking round with some wildness of eye, and a voice which was indicative at the same time of anger and of bodily weakness.

(To be continued.!

Anniversaries in August

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

So frequently have we been asked to continue these ramdom gleanings in the domain of the past, that we again come with statement of a few of the anniversaries of the week just ending. We will not comment upon them, but simply give a hurried list. The 23rd August, Sunday last, re-

presented four special anniversaries: The landing of French at Killala, in 1798, to aid the Irish in their insurrection; the death of the famous Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferna, in 1678; the execution of William Wallace, in 1305; and the martyrdom of Father Rale, in the State of Maine, in 1724.

The 24th August was the anniversary of the entry of Alaric, the Goth, into Rome, in 410; of the death of Napper Tandy, in 1803; of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum in the year 78: of the death of the great Roman Agricola, in the year 93; of the mas sacre at Ardmore, Waterford, and in 1170; and of the burning of the city of Washington, in 1814.

The 25th August was the anniverthe Spaniards at Gibraltar, in 1309: the taking of Ballina, by the French in 1798; of the death of Louis XI. of France, (St. Louis), in 1270; the death of Hume, the historian 1776; the death of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine,

The 26th August was the anniversary of the Stamp Riot Act, in 1768: of the Battle of Cressy, in 1346; and of the birth ol the Rev. Francis Mahony, the famous Father Prout, in 1805.

The 27th August was the anniversary of the death of Pope Sixtus in 1590; the driving of the English from Limerick, in 1690; the Battle of Long Island, in 1776; the death of Foley, the Irish sculptor, in 1874 and the Battle of Dresden, in 1813.

The 28th August was the anniver-sary of the birth of Hugo Gratius, in 1645; of Lefaun, the Irish poet, in 1814; and of Goethe, the great German poet, in 1749.

These are anniversaries sufficient to furnish the reader with considerable historical and biographical study fo

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