

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.
BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Continued.

"There, before your eyes, sir," said Falvey. "There's what we'll all have to go through one time or another, the Christian as well as the baste! 'Twould be well for some of us if we had as little to answer for as that poor pointer, after our doin's in this world."

The other gentleman had now collected around, with many expressions of condolence on the fate of the poor servant of the chase. Hardress appeared to be affected in a peculiar manner by the transaction which he had witnessed. His glances were vague and unsettled, his cheek was deadly pale, and his limbs trembled exceedingly. This was the first shot he had fired in the course of the day; and the nature of the sport in which he was engaged had not once occurred to him until he saw the blood flowing at his feet. To a mind like his, always sensitive and reflective, and rendered doubly so by the terrible associations of the last few months, the picture of death in this poor quadruped was scarcely less appalling than it might have been in the person of a fellow-mortal.

He felt his head grow dizzy as he turned away from the spot; and, after a feeble paces, he fell senseless among the rushes. The gentlemen hastened to his relief, with looks of astonishment rather than pity. Some there were imperfectly acquainted with his character, or perplexed by the extraordinary change which it had lately undergone, who winked and sneered apart when he was lifted from the earth; and though no one ventured openly to impute any effeminacy of character to the young gentleman, yet, whenever they spoke of the occurrence in the course of the day, it was not without exchanging a conscious smile. On another occasion a boating party was formed when Hardress, as usual, took the rudder in hand. His father, on entering the little vessel, was somewhat surprised at seeing a new boatman on the fore-castle.

"Hello!" he said, "what's your name, my honest fellow?"

"Larry Kett, sir, please your honor," returned the man, a sturdy old person, with a face as black as a storm.

"Why, Hardress! had you a quarrel with your little hunchback?"

Hardress stooped suddenly down, as if for the purpose of arranging a block, and after a little silence replied:

"No quarrel, sir, but he chose to seek another service, and I do not think I have made a bad exchange."

The conversation changed, and the party (among whom was Anne Chute) proceeded on their excursion.

The wind freshened considerably in the course of the forenoon, and before they had reached the part of the river which flowed by the dairy-cottage of Mr. Daly, it blew a desperate gale. The boatman, more anxious for the comfort of the ladies than really apprehensive for the boat, suggested the expediency of putting about on the homeward course before the tide should turn.

"If you hold on," said the man, with a significant look, "until the wind and tide come contrary, there'll be a swell in the channel, that it is as much as you can do to come through it with the two reefs."

Hardress assented, but it was already too late. They were now a considerable distance below the cottage, with a strong westerly wind, and a tide within twenty minutes of the flood.

"What are you doing, Master Hardress?" said the boatman.

"Won't you haul home the main-sheet and jib?"

Hardress, whose eyes had been fixed on the rocky point before the cottage, started suddenly, and proceeded to execute the nautical manoeuvre in question. The little vessel, as docile to her helm as a well-mounted hunter to his rider, threw her bow away from the wind, and rushed roaring through the surge with a fuller and a fiercer energy. After suffering her to run for a few minutes before the wind, Hardress commenced with due caution, the dangerous process of jibing or shifting the mainsail from one side of the vessel to the other.

"Down with yer heads, ladies, if ye please: take care of the boom."

All the heads were lowered, and the boom swung rapidly across, and the vessel heeled with the sudden im-

pulse, until her leeward gunwale dipped the brine.

"Give her a free sheet now, Master Hardress," said Kett, "and we'll be up in two hours."

All boatmen know that it requires a much steadier hand and more watchful eye to govern a vessel when the wind is fair than when it is adverse. A still greater nicety of attention was requisite in the present instance, as the wind was high, and the now returning tide occasioned, as the boatman predicted, a heavy sea in the channel. It was, therefore, with considerable chagrin that Larry Kett perceived his master's mind wandering, and his attention frequently altogether withdrawn from the occupation which he had in hand. That nervous disease to which he had become a slave for many weeks, approached a species of prostrum when Hardress found himself once more upon the very scene where he had first encountered danger with the unfortunate Eily, and before that dwelling, beneath whose roof he had plighted, to his forgotten friend, the faith which he had since betrayed. It was impossible his reason could preserve its calmness amid those terrible remembrances. As the shades of evening fell, assisted by the gloomy clouds that scowled upon the brow of Heaven, he became subject to the imaginative weakness of a child. The faces of his companions darkened and grew strange in his eye. The roar of the waters was redoubled, and the howling of the wind, along the barren shores brought to his mind the horrid cry of the hounds, by which his guilt and his misery had been so fearfully revealed. The shapes of those whom he had wronged seemed to menace him from the gloomy chasms that gaped around between the enormous billows, and the blast came after with a voice of reproach, as if to hurry him onward to a place of dreadful retribution. Sometimes the corpse of Eily, wrapped in the blue mantle which she generally wore, seemed to be rolled downward from the ridge of a foaming breaker; sometimes the arms seemed to be stretched to him for aid; and sometimes the pale and shrouded figure of Mrs. Daly seemed, from the gloom, to bend a look on him of quiet sadness and upbraiding. While wholly absorbed in the contemplation of these phantoms, a rough grasp was suddenly laid upon his arm, and a rough voice shouted in his ear:

"Are you deaf or dreaming? Mind your hand, or you'll put us down!"

Hardress looked around like one who suddenly awakes from slumber, and saw his father looking on him with an inflamed and angry countenance. In his reverie a change had taken place of which he was totally unconscious. A heavy shower drove full upon the party, the sky had grown still darker, and the wind had risen still higher. The time had gone by when the spirits of Hardress caught fire from the sight of danger, and when his energies were concentrated by difficulty as the firmness of an arch is augmented by the weight which it is made to sustain. The suddenness of his father's action startled him to the very heart; the strange, and as it appeared to him, sudden change in the weather, confirmed the disorder of his senses, and springing forward, as a culprit might do from the sudden arrest of an officer of justice, he abandoned the rudder, and fled with murmurs of affright into the centre of the boat, where he sank exhausted upon the ballast.

The scene of confusion which ensued it is not needful that we should describe. Larry Kett, utterly unable to comprehend what he beheld, took charge of the helm, while the remainder of the party busied themselves in restoring Hardress to some degree of composure. There was no remark made at the time, but, when the party were separating, some touched their foreheads and compressed their lips in a serious manner; while others, in secret whispers, ventured for the first time, to couple the name of Hardress Cregan with that epithet which is so deeply dreaded by young men, that they will burst the ties of moral justice, religion, of humanity, and even incur the guilt of murder, to avoid its imputation—the epithet of coward.

Never was there a being more constitutionally formed for deeds of courage and enterprise than Hardress, and yet (such is the power of conscience) never was a stigmatized

fixed with greater justice. He hurried early to his room where he passed a night or feverish restlessness, secured, indeed, from the observations of others, but still subjected to the unwinking gaze of memory, whose glance, like the diamond eyes of the famous idol, seemed to follow him wither soever he turned with the same deadly and avenging expression.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW THE SITUATION OF HARDRESS BECAME MORE CRITICAL.

Another occurrence, mingled with somewhat more of the ridiculous, but not less powerful in its effect upon the mind of Hardress, took place in a few days afterwards.

In the lack of some equally exciting exercise, and in order to form a pretext for his frequent absence from the Castle, Hardress was once more tempted to take up his gun, and look for shore-fowl in the neighborhood. One morning, when he was occupied in drawing a charge in the hall, Falvey came running into let him know that a flock of May-birds had pitched in one of the gullies in the creek, which was now almost deserted by the fallen tide.

"Are there many?" said Hardress, a little interested.

"Oceans, oceans of 'em, sir," was the reply of the figurative valet.

"Very well; do you take this bag, and follow me to the shore. I think we shall get at them conveniently from behind the lime-kiln."

This was a commission which Falvey executed with the worst grace in the world. This talkative person was, in fact, a perfect, and even absurd coward, nor did he consider the absence of any hostile intention as security, when the power of injury was in his neighborhood. His dread of fire-arms, like that of Griddy, approached to a degree of superstition, and it would appear from his conduct that he had anything but a steady faith in the common opinion that a gun must throw its contents in the direction of the bore. Accordingly, it was always with considerable reluctance and apprehension that he accompanied his young master on his shooting excursions. He followed him, now with a dejected face, and a sharp and prudent eye, directed ever and anon at the loaded weapon which Hardress balanced in his hand.

They approached the game under cover of a low, ruined building which had once been used as a limekiln, and now served as a blind to those who made it an amusement to scatter destruction among the feathered visitants of the little creek. Arrived at this spot, Hardress perceived that he could take the quarry at a better advantage from a sand-bank at some distance on the right. He moved, accordingly, in that direction, and Falvey, after conjecturing how he might best get out of harm's way, crept into the ruined kiln, and took his seat on the loose stones at the bottom. The walls, though broken down on every side, were yet sufficient height to conceal his person when in a sitting posture, from all observation of man or fowl. Rubbing his hands in glee, and smiling, to find himself thus snugly ensconced from danger, he awaited with an anxiety not quelled, indeed, but yet somewhat diminished, the explosion of the distant engine of death.

But his evil genius, envious of his satisfaction, found means of putting his tranquillity to naught. Hardress altered his judgment of the two stations, and accordingly crept back to the lime-kiln with as little noise as he had used, in leaving it. He marvelled what had become of Falvey; but, reserving the search for him until he had done his part upon the curlews, he went on his knee, and rested the barrel of his piece on the grass covered wall of the ruin, in such a manner that the muzzle was two inches above the head of

the unseen, and smiling, and unconscious Falvey. Having levelled on the centre of the flock, he fired, and an uproar ensued which it is almost hopeless to describe. Half a dozen of the birds fell without hearing the shot; several fluttered a few paces, and then sunk gasping on the slob. The great mass of the flock rose screaming into the calm air, and were chorused by the whistling of myriads of sea-larks, red-shanks, and other diminutive waterfowl. But the most alarming strain in the concert was played by poor Falvey, who gave himself up for dead on hearing the shot fired close to his ear in so unexpected a manner. He sprang at one bound clear out of the lime-kiln, and fell flat on his face and hands upon the short grass, roaring and kicking his heels in the air like one in the agonies of the colica pictorum. Terrified to the soul by this startling incident, Hardress threw down his gun, and fled as from the face of a fiend.

In the meantime the cries of the prostrate Falvey attracted to his relief a stranger, who had hitherto lain concealed under a projection of the bank. He jumped upon the wall of the kiln, and remained gazing for some moments on the fallen man, with an expression which partook more of curiosity than of compassion. Seeing the gun, he imagined that Falvey had fired the shot himself, and experienced some injury from the recoil. It was with a kind of sneer, therefore, that he took up the weapon, and proceeded to question the sufferer.

"What's de matter wid you, man alive? What makes you be roarin' dat way?"

"I'm hot!" returned Falvey, with a groan. "I'm hot. The masher holed me with the shot. Will I get the priest? Will I get the priest it-self?"

"Where did he hole you?"

"There, in the lime-kiln, this minute. Will I get the priest?"

"I mane, where are you hot? In what part o' your body?"

"Oyeh, it is all one," said Falvey, a little perplexed by the question. "I felt it in the very middle o' my heart. Sure I know I'm a gone man!"

"How do you know, aye? Straighten yourself, an' sit up a bit. I don't see any signs of a hole."

Falvey sat up, and began to feel his person in various places moaning the while time in the most piteous tone, and looking occasionally on his hands, as if expecting to find them covered with blood. After a minute examination, however, no such symptom could be discovered.

"Ah, dere's nottin' de matter wid you, man," said the stranger.

"Stand up, man; you're as well as ever you wor."

"Faiks, may be so," returned Falvey, rising and looking about him with some briskeness of eye. "But sure I know," he added, suddenly drooping, "tis the way always with people when they are holed by a gun; they never feel it until the moment they drop."

"Well, an' isn't it time for you to tink of it when you begin to feel it?" returned the stranger.

"Faiks, may be so," returned Falvey, with increasing confidence.

"That I may be blest," he added, swinging his arms, and moving a few paces with greater freedom.

"That I may be blest if I feel any pain! Faiks, I thought I was hot. But there's one thing, anyway; as long as ever I live, I never again will go shooting with any man, gentle or simple, during duration."

"Stay a minute," said the stranger; "won't you go out for the curlews?"

"Go out for 'em yourself, an' have 'em if you like," returned Falvey, "it's bother enough I got with them for birds."

He took up the gun and pouch, and walked slowly away, while the stranger, after slipping off his shoes and stockings, and turning up the knees of his under-garments, walked out for the game. He had picked up one or two of the birds, and was proceeding further along the brink of the gully, when a sudden shout was heard upon the rocky shore on the other side of the creek. The stranger started and looked, like a frightened deer in that direction, where Falvey beheld a party of soldiers running down the rocks, as if with the purpose of intercepting his passage round a distant point by which the high road turned. The stranger, possibly aware of their intention, left his shoes, the game, and all, behind him, and fled rapidly across the slob, in the direction of the point. It was clear the soldiers could not overtake him. They halted, therefore, on the shore, and levelling their pieces with deliberation, fired several shots at the fugitive, as after a run-away prisoner. With lips agape with horror, Falvey beheld the shining face of the mud torn up by the bullets within a few feet of the latter. He still, however, continued his course unhurt, and was not many yards distant from the op-

posite shore, when (either caught by a trip, or brought down by some bullet better aimed) he staggered and fell in the mark. He rose again, and again sank down upon his elbow, panting for breath and overpowered by fatigue and fear. Falvey delayed to see no more, being uncertain at whom their muskets would be next directed. Lowering his person as far as might be consistent with a suitable speed, he ran along the hedge-ways in the direction of the Castle.

In the meantime, Hardress, full of horror at the supposed catastrophe, had hurried to his sleeping room, where he flung himself upon the bed, and sought, but found not, relief in exclamations of terror and of agony. "What!" he muttered through his clenched teeth, "shall my hands be always bloody? Can I not move but death must dog my steps? Must I only breathe to suffer and destroy?"

A low and broken moan, uttered near his bed-side, made him start with a superstitious apprehension. He looked around, and beheld his mother kneeling at a chair, her face pale, excepting the eyes, which were inflamed with tears. Her hands were wreathed together as if with a straining exertion, and sobs came thick and fast upon her breath, in spite of all her efforts to restrain them. In a few minutes, while he remained gazing on her in some perplexity, she arose, and, standing by his bed-side, laid her hand quietly upon his head.

"I have been trying to pray," she said, "but I fear in vain. It was a selfish prayer—if it was offered up for you. If you fear death and shame, you will soon have cause to tremble. For a mother who loves her son guilty as he is, and for a son who would not see his parents to infamy, there have been fearful things here since morning."

Hardress could only look the intense anxiety which he felt, to learn what those tidings were.

"In a few words," said Mrs. Cregan, "the dress of that unhappy girl has been recognized, and by a train of circumstances (command yourself awhile)—circumstances which this sick head of mine will hardly allow me to detail, suspicion has fallen upon your former boatman and his family. Do you know where he is?"

"I have not seen him since the—I know now. My orders were that he should leave the country, and I gave him money for the purpose."

"Thank Heaven for that!" Mrs. Cregan, exclaimed, with her usual steady energy, while she clasped her hands together, and looked upward with a wrapt fervor of expression.

The action, however, was quickly altered to a chilly shudder. She looked suddenly to the earth, veiling her eyes with her hand, as if a rapid light had dazzled her. "Thank Heaven!" she repeated, in a tone of terrified surprise. "Oh! mighty Being, Origin of justice, and Judge of the guilty, forgive me for that impious gratitude! Oh, Dora Cregan, if any one had told you in your youth that you should one day thank Heaven to find a murderer safe from justice! I do not mean you, my child," she said, turning to Hardress; "you are no murderer."

Hardress made no reply, and Mrs. Cregan remained silent for a few minutes, as if deliberating on the course which it would be necessary for her to adopt. The deception practised on Anne Chute was not among the least circumstances which made her situation one of agonizing perplexity. But her fate had been already decided, and it would be only to make the ruin of her son assured if she attempted now to separate the destiny of Anne from theirs.

"We must hasten this marriage," Mrs. Cregan continued, after a silence of some minutes, "and, in the meantime, endeavor to get those people, the Naughtens, out of the way. They will be sought for without delay. Mr. Warner has been inquiring for you; that he might obtain information of your boatman. I told him that you had parted with the man long since, and you did not know whether he had gone. Do you think you could sustain an interview with him?"

Hardress, who was not sitting upon the bed-side, pale, and with features distorted by terror, replied to this question by a chilly shudder and a vacant stare.

"We must keep him out, then," said his mother; "or, if he must see you, it shall be in your chamber. There is still one way by which you might be saved—the way which you proposed yourself, though I was not then sufficiently at ease to perceive its advantages. Go boldly forward and denounce this wretch; lay all the information in your power before the magistrates, and aid the officers of justice in bringing him to punishment."

Hardress turned his dull and blood-shot eyes upon his mother, as if to examine whether she was serious in this proposition. If a corpse, rigid in death, could be stimulated to a galvanic laugh, one might expect to

find it such a hideous convulsion as Hardress used on discovering that she did not mock.

"No, mother," he said, curbing the Sardonian impulse, "I am not innocent enough for that."

"Why will you perversely wrong yourself?" said Mrs. Cregan. "Neither in your innocence, nor in your culpability, do you seem to form a true estimate of your conduct. You are not so guilty as—"

"Very true, mother," said Hardress, impatient of the subject, and cutting it short with a burst of fierceness, scarcely less shocking than his laughter. "If the plea of conscious guilt will not suffice, you may take my refusal upon your own ground. I am too innocent for that. I am not fiend enough for such treachery. Pray let me hear no more of it, or I shall sicken. There's some one has knocked three times at the room door. I am quite weary of playing the traitor, and if I had nothing but pure heart-sickness to restrain me, I should yet long for a reform. My brain will bear no more; a single crime would crush me now. Again! There's some one at the door."

"Well, Hardress, I will speak with you of this at night."

"With all my heart. You say things sometimes that go near to drive me mad, but yet you always talk to me as a friend, for my own sake, and kindly. Mother!" he added, suddenly laying his hand on her arm, as she passed him and as the light fell brighter on her thin and gloomy features: "Mother, how changed you are since this unhappy act! You are worn out with fear and sorrows. It has been my fate, or fault (I will not contend for the distinction! to scatter poison in the way of all who knew me. A lost love for one; for another, falsehood, desertion, death; for a third, duplicity and ingratitude; and even for you, my mother, ill health, a sinking heart, and a pining frame. I can promise nothing now. My mind is so distracted with a thousand images and recollections (each one of which, a year since, I would have thought, sufficient to unsettle my reason), that I know not how to offer you a word of comfort. But if these gloomy days should be destined to pass away, and (whether by penitence or some sudden mercy) my heart should once again be visited with a quieter grief, I will then remember your affection."

There was a time, when this speech would have been moonlight music to the ear of Mrs. Cregan. Now, her esteem for Hardress being fled, and a good deal of self-reproach brought in to sour the feeling with which she regarded his conduct, it was only in his moments of danger, of anger, or distress that her natural affections were forcibly aroused in his behalf. Still, however, it did not fail to strike upon his heart. She sunk weeping upon his neck, and loaded him with blessings and carresses.

"I do not look for thanks, Hardress," she said, at length, disengaging herself, as if in reproof of her weakness, "because I do the part of a mother. All that you have said, my child, in my regard, is very vain and idle. A quiet, at least, a happy, fire-side is a blessing that I never more can enjoy, nor do I even hope for it. It is not because I think your guilt not worthy of the extreme punishment of the laws, that therefore I should deem it possible we can either of us forget our share in the horrid deed that has been done. We are a wretched and a guilty pair, with enough sin upon our hands to make our future life a load of fear and penitence."

"I did but speak it," said the son, with some peevishness of tone, "in consideration of your suffering."

"I wish, Hardress, that you had considered me a little more early."

"You did not encourage me to a confidence," said Hardress. "You repressed it."

"You should not," retorted the mother, "have needed encouragement under circumstances so decisive. Married! if you had breathed a word of it to me, I would have sooner died than urge you as I did."

"I told you I was pledged."

(To be continued.)

MEDICINE OF THE FUTURE.

Electricity will be the sole medicine of the future. As the action of the mysterious fluid upon the human body comes to be more clearly understood, it will bring changes in the treatment of disease, which will be well high revolutionary in its effect. Drugs, against the administration of which there is even to-day a growing prejudice, and justly so, because of the uncertainty of their action, and the additions to which so often lead, will be wholly discarded in place left vacant, with quick and certain results.—M. D'Arsonval, Paris.