

THE COLLEGIANS.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The feelings which accompanied a growing intimacy with this lovely girl resembled those of one who endeavors by a feeble light, to discover the graces of a landscape which he knows to be beautiful, but which he is unable to appreciate until the morning light streams in upon the picture, and brings it forth in all its exquisite reality before his eyes.

The remainder of the company are not so interesting as to claim an equal portion of the reader's notice. Mr. Barnaby Cregagh, a stout top-booted old gentleman, with a nose that told tales of many a rousing night, was seated close to Mrs. Chute, and deeply engaged in a discussion upon cocks and cockrels, sparring, setting, impounding, the long law, the short law, and every other law that had any connexion with his reigning passion. The rosy and red-coated Captain Gibson who was a person of talent and industry in his profession, was listening with much interest to Doctor Lucas Leake, who possessed some little antiquarian skill in Irish remains, and who was at this moment unfolding the difference which existed between the tactics of King Lugh-Lamb-Fada and those issued from his late most gracious Majesty's war office; between one of King Malachy's hobblers and a life-guardian; between an English halberd and a stone-headed gal-bulg; and between his own commission of lieutenant and the Fear Comhlan Caoguid of the Fear Erin.

Mr. Hyland Cregagh, was, as before mentioned, notwithstanding the perfect maturity of his years, still continued to affect the man of gallantry, was standing near Miss Chute, and looking with a half-puzzled half-smiling over a drawing which she had placed in his hands. Now and then, as he held the picture to light, he looked askance, and with a forbidding expression, at Kyrle, who was carelessly sauntering towards the fair object of his attentions, and yet endeavoring to give his approximation rather the appearance of accident than of design. Mr. Cregagh's experience in society had long since made him aware that youth was a quality which contributed materially to success with the ladies, and the consequence of this discovery was a hearty detestation—a term more qualified would not express the feeling—of every gentleman who was younger than himself. "Puppies!" he would exclaim, "they assume the air and port of men they should be confined to bibs and frills, and bestride a blood-horse, when their highest corvet should be made in the hall on their grandfather's walking-cane." But he had the mortification to find that his sentiments on this head were adopted by no unmarried ladies except those whose wisdom and experience were equal to his own; and about their opinions, unhappily Mr. Cregagh was as indifferent as the young coxcombs whom he censured.

"I profess my ignorance," he said, after contemplating the picture for several minutes. "The drawing is admirable; the coloring has a depth and softness of tone that I have seen rarely produced by water-colors; and the whole design bears the stamp of reality upon it; but I profess my ignorance of the place which you say it is intended to represent."

"Indeed!" said Anne, affecting a disappointed tone, and pleased to put the old gentleman's gallantry to the torture; "then I must have made a sad failure, for the scene ought to be quite familiar to you."

"I am the worst person in the world at tracing a resemblance," said Mr. Cregagh, looking puzzled. "Perhaps it is meant for Ballylin Point?"

"Oh, Mr. Cregagh, can you find any resemblance? What a wretched bungler you must think me! You did well to say meant for that expression indicates so exactly the degree of relation between my sketches and the originals."

"For my honor, Miss Chute! For my honor, as a gentleman."

"Mr. Daly!" Kyrle flew to her side. "Perhaps you could restore me to my self-esteem. Do you know that Mr. Cregagh has mistaken this for a sketch of Ballylin Point? Try if you can restore my credit, for it is sinking very fast, even in my own estimation."

"Ballylin Point!" exclaimed Kyrle, taking the drawing into his hands—I do not see the least resemblance." Mr. Cregagh's eyes flashed fire at this unceremonious declaration; but he checked his resentment and congratulated Miss Chute on this proof that the fault lay in his want of observation, not in her want of skill.

"And do you recognize the scene?" continued Miss Chute, who was well aware of the old servant's foible, and loved to toy with it for her amusement. "Let me hear if I have been indeed, so very unsuccessful."

Her lover delayed answering, not because he shared the difficulty of Mr. Cregagh, but that he was wrapt in admiration of the drawing. It was an interesting landscape, and finished with more taste and firmness of touch than are usually traced in the efforts of accomplished young ladies. The foreground of the picture exhibited a grassy slope, which formed a kind of peninsula in a magnificent sheet of water, running a little to the left, and terminating at what artists term the middle distance in a gracefully-wooded point. The remains of an old castle appeared among the trees, the gloom and majesty of which were exhibited in a striking degree, by a brilliant effect of sunshine on the water, and on the green slope above mentioned. Two small islands, affording an anchorage to some open boats, broke the expanse of water on the right; while the small bay, formed by the point before described on the left, was graced by the figures of fishermen in the act of casting their nets. The waters were bounded in the distance by a range of blue hills, some of which projected into rocky or wooded headlands; while the whole was softened by that deep and rich blue tint which is peculiar to the moist atmosphere of the climate; and by imparting at once distinctness and softness to the landscape, is far better adapted to the scenes of rural solitude, than even the lonely splendor of a Tuscan sun.

"Ballylin!" echoed Mr. Cregagh, who had walked over to look at the drawing. "This is like Ballylin as Roaring Hall is to Dublin Castle. This Castle Chute, and right well touched off, by jingo." To this observation he added, in a language which the altered customs of society prevent our copying verbatim, that he wished the spiritual foe of the human race might lay hold of him if it were not an admirable resemblance.

Mr. Cregagh had his own reasons for not taking offence at any opinion that was urged by his good friend and frequent host, Mr. Cregagh; but he did not forget the difference of opinion that was hazarded by his young acquaintance. To the fair artist's raillery he replied with a bow and an air of old-fashioned politeness "frequently as he had the honor of visiting Castle Chute, he was yet unfamiliar with the scenery, for his thoughts on approaching it were exclusively occupied by one object."

"And even though they were at liberty," added Kyrle, "it is more than probable Mr. Cregagh has never seen Castle Chute at this point of view, so that it could hardly be expected to remain on his recollection." Then moving closer to Anne, and speaking in a lower tone of voice, he said: "This is the very scene of which I told you Hardress Cregagh was so enthusiastic an admirer. You have drawn it since?"

Miss Chute answered in the affirmative, and, turning quickly away, replaced the sketch in her portfolio. Then, turning to Cregagh, she told him that he would be very shortly qualified to give an opinion as to the fidelity of her design, for they would pass the spot in question on their way to the race-course. There was some further conversation, not worth detailing on the subject of Hardress Cregagh's salute, and some conjectures were hazarded concerning the female in the light cloak, none of which, however, threw any certain light upon that mystery.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW MYLES MURPHY IS HEARD ON BEHALF OF HIS PONIES.

Pat Falvey, supposing that he had remained a sufficient time without to prevent the suspicion of any private understanding between him and Mr. Daly, now made his appearance with luncheon. A collared head, cream-cheese, honey, a decanter of gooseberry wine, and some garden fruit, were speedily arranged on the table, and the visitors no way loth were pressed to make a liberal use of the little banquet; for the time had not yet gone by when people imagined that they could not display their regard for a friend more effectually than by cramming him up to the throat with food and strong drink. Kyrle Daly was in the act of taking wine with Mrs. Chute, when he observed Falvey stoop to his young mistress's ear, and whisper something with a face of much seriousness.

"A boy wanting to speak to me?" said Miss Chute. "Has he got letters? Let him send up his message."

"He says he must see yourself, Miss." "In regard of some ponies of his that were impounded by Mr. Dawley for trespassing above here, last night. He hasn't the mains of releasing 'em, poor craythun, an' he's far from home. I'm sure he's an honest boy. He says he'd have a good friend in Mr. Cregagh. If he knew he was below."

"Me?" said Mr. Cregagh. "why, what's the fellow's name?"

"Myles Murphy, sir, from Killarney, westwards."

"O Myles-na-Coppaleen?" "Poor fellow, is he in trouble? We must have his ponies out by all means."

"It requires more courage than I can always command," said Miss Chute, "to revoke any command of Dawley's. He is an old man, and, whether he was crossed in love, or from a natural peevishness of disposition, he is such a morose creature, that I am quite afraid of him. But I will hear this Myles at all events."

She was moving to the door when her uncle's voice made her turn.

"Stay, Anne," said Mr. Cregagh, "let him come up. 'Twill be as good as a play to hear him and the steward pro and con. Kyrle Daly, here, who is intended for the bar, will be our assessor, to decide on the points of law. I can tell you, Kyrle, that Myles will give you a lesson in the art of pleading, that may be of use to you on circuit at one time or another."

Anno laughed, and looked to Mrs. Chute, who, with a smile of tolerating condescension, said, while she cleared with a silken kerchief the glasses of her spectacles: "If your uncle desires it, my love, I can see no objection. These mountaineers are amusing creatures."

Anne returned to her seat and the conversation proceeded, while Falvey, with an air of great and perplexed importance, went to summon Myles up stairs.

"Mountaineers!" exclaimed Captain Gibson. "You call every upland a mountain here in Ireland, and every one that lives out of sight of the sea, a mountaineer."

"But this fellow is a genuine mountaineer," cried Mr. Cregagh, with a cabin two thousand feet above the level of the sea. If you are in the country next week, and will come down and see us at the Lakes, along with our friends here, I promise to show you as sturdy a face of mountaineers as any in Europe. Doctor Leake can give you a history of 'em up to Noah's flood, some time when you're alone together—when the country was first peopled by one Parable, or Sparable."

"Paralon," said Doctor Leake; "Paralon, or Migdonia, as the Psalter sings—"

"On the fourteenth day, being Tuesday, They brought their bold ships to anchor. In the blue fair port with beauteous shore, Of well-defended Inver Seaine."

"Yes—well, you'll see 'em all, as the Doctor says, if you come to Killarney," resumed Mr. Cregagh, interrupting the latter, to whose discourse a country residence, a national turn of character, and a limited course of reading had given a tinge of pedantry; and who was, moreover, a firm believer in all the ancient Shanachus, from the yellow book of Moling to the black book of Málleaga. "And if you like to listen to him, he'll explain to you every action that ever befell, on land or water, from Ross Castle to Carrigaline."

Kyrle, who felt both surprise and concern at learning that Miss Chute was leaving home so soon, and without having thought it worth her while to make him aware of her intention, was about to address her on the subject, when the clatter of a pair of heavy and well-paved brogues on the small flight of stairs in the lobby, produced a sudden hush of expectation amongst the company. They heard Pat Falvey urging some instructions, in a low and smothered tone, to which a strong and not unmusical voice replied, in that complaining accent which distinguishes the dialect of the more western descendants of Heber: "Ah, lay me alone, you foolish boy; do you think I never spoke to quality in my life before?"

The door opened, and the uncommissioned master of horse made his appearance. His appearance was at once strikingly majestic and prepossessing, and the natural ease and dignity with which he entered the room might almost have become a peer of the realm coming to solicit the interest of the family for an electioneering candidate. A broad and sunny forehead, light and wavy hair, a blue cheerful eye, a nose that in Persia might have won him a throne, healthful cheeks, a mouth that was full of character, and a well-knit and almost gigantic person, constituted his external claims to attention, of which his lofty and confident, although most unassuming carriage, showed him to be in some degrees, conscious. He wore a complete suit of brown frieze, with a gray-colored cotton handkerchief around his neck, blue worsted stockings, and brogues carefully greased, while he held in his right hand an immaculate felt hat, the purchase of the preceding day's fair. In the left he held a straight handled whip and a wooden rattle, which he used for the purpose of collecting his ponies when they happened to straggle. An involuntary murmur of admiration ran amongst the guests at his entrance. Doctor Leake was heard to pronounce him a true Gadelian, and Captain Gibson thought he would cut a splendid figure in a helmet and cuirass, under one of the arches in the Horse-Guards.

Before he had spoken, and while the door yet remained open, Hyland Cregagh roused Pincher with a chirping noise, and gave him the well-known countersign of "Baithershin!"

Pincher waddled towards the door, raised himself on his hind legs, closed it fast, and then trotted back to his master's feet followed by the staring and bewildered gaze of the mountaineer.

"Well," he exclaimed, "that flogs cock-fighting! I never thought I'd live to have a dog teach manners, any way. 'Naithershin,' says he, an' he shets the door like a Christian." The mountaineer now commenced a series of most profound obeisances to every individual of the company, beginning with the ladies, and ending with the officer; after which he remained glancing from one to another, with a smile of mingled sadness and courtesy, as if waiting like an evoked spirit, the spell-word of the enchantress who had called him up. "Tisn't manners to speak first before quollify," was the answer he would have been prepared to render, in case any one inquired the motive of his conduct.

"Well, Myles, what wind has brought you to this part of the country?" said Mr. Barney Cregagh. "The old win always than, Mr. Cregagh," said Myles, with another deep obeisance, "seeing would I get a few o' the ponies off. Long life to you, sir; I was proud to hear you wor above stairs, for it isn't the first time you stood my friend in trouble. My father (the heavens be his bed this day) was a fosterer o' your uncle Myles, an' a first an' second cousin, be the mother's side to old Mrs. O'Leary, your honor's aunt westward. So 'tis kind for your honor to have a leanin' towards us."

"A clear case, Myles; but what have you to say to Mrs. Chute about the trespass?"

"What have I to say to her? why then a deal. It's a long while since I see her now, an' she wears finely, the Lord bless her! Ah, Miss Anne!—Oyeh, murther! murther! Sure, I'd know that face all over the world—your own divin' image, ma'am (turning to Mrs. Chute), an' a little dawnsy touch o' the master (heaven rest his soul) about the chin, you'd think. My grandmother an' myself wor third cousins. Oh, vo! vo!"

He has made out three relations in the company already," said Anne to Kyrle; "could any courtier made interest more skillfully?"

"Well, Myles, about the ponies." "Poor cratures, true for you, sir. There's Mr. Cregagh, there, long life to him, knows how well I aim 'em for ponies. You seen what trouble I had with 'em, Mr. Cregagh, the day you fought the jewel with young M'-Farlane from the north. They went skepping like mad over the hills down to Glena when they heard the shot. Ah, indeed, Mr. Cregagh, you cowed the north countryman that morning fairly. 'My honor is satisfied,' says he, 'if Mr. Cregagh will apologize.' I didn't come to the ground to apologize," says Mr. Cregagh; 'it's what I never done to any man,' says he 'and it'll be long from 'em to do it to you.' 'Well, my honor is satisfied any way,' says the other, when he heard the pistols cocking for a second shot. I thought I'd split laughing."

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense man," said Cregagh, endeavoring to hide a smile of gratified vanity. "Your unfortunate ponies will starve while you stay inventing wild stories."

"He has gained another friend since," whispered Miss Chute. "Invent!" echoed the mountaineer. "There's Doctor Leake was on the spot, an' he knows if I invent. An' you did a good job too that time, Doctor," he continued, turning to the latter; "Old Keys, the piper gives it up to you, of all the doctors, going, for curing his eyesight. An' he has such a great leaning to you, moreover, you're such a fine Irishman."

"Another," said Miss Chute, a part. "Yourself and old Mr. Daly," he continued. "I hope the master is well in health, sir?" (turning to Kyrle with another profound conge), "may the Lord fasten the life in you an' him. That's a gentleman that wouldn't see a poor boy in want of his supper or a bed to sleep in, an' he far from his own people, nor persecute him in regard of a little trespass that was done unknown."

"This fellow is irresistible," said Kyrle. "A perfect Ulysses." "And have you nothing to say to the Captain, Myles?" is he no relation of yours?"

"The Captain, Mr. Cregagh? Except in so far as we are all servants of the Almighty and children of Adam, I know of none. But I have a feeling for the red coat, for all. I have three brothers in the army, serving in America; one of 'em was made a corporal, or an admiral, or some ral or another, for behavin' well at Quanybec, the time Woulf's death. The English showed themselves a great people that day, surely."

Having thus secured to himself, what lawyers call "the ear of the court," the mountaineer proceeded to plead the cause of his ponies with much force and pathos, dwelling on their distance from home, their wild habits of life, which left them ignorant of the common rules of boundaries, enclosures and field-gates, setting forth with equal emphasis the length of road they had travelled, their hungry condition and the barrenness of the common on which they had been turned out; and finally, urged in mitigation of penalty, the circumstances of this being a first offence, and the improbability of its being ever renewed in future.

The surly old steward, Dan Dawley, was accordingly summoned for the purpose of ordering the discharge of the prisoner, a commission which he received with a face as black as winter. Miss Anne might "folly her liking," he said, "but it was the last time he'd ever trouble himself about damage or trespass any more. What affair was it of his if all the horses in the barony were turned loose into the kitchen-garden itself?"

"Horses, do you call 'em?" exclaimed Myles, bending on the old man a frown of dark remonstrance! "a parcel of little ponies not the height o' that chair."

"What signify is it?" snarled the steward—"they'd eat as much and more than a racer." "Is it they, the cratures? They'd hardly injure a plate of stirabout if it was put before 'em." "Ayeh! hugh!" "An' 'tisn't what I'd expect from you, Mr. Dawley, to be going a relation o' your own in this manner." "A relation o' mine!" growled Dawley, scarcely deigning to cast a

glance over his shoulder as he hobbled about the room. "Yes, then o' yours."

Dawley paused at the door and looked back. "Will you deny it o' me if you can," continued Myles, fixing his eye on him, "that Biddy Nale, your own gossip an' Larry Foley wor second cousins? Deny that O'me, if you can."

"For what would I deny it?" "Well, why? An' Larry Foley was uncle to my father's first wife—(the angels spread her bed this night). An' I tell you another thing, the Dawleys would cut a poor figure in many a fair westwards, if they hadn't the Murphys to back 'em so they would; but what hurt? Sure you can folly your own pleasure."

The old steward muttered something which nobody could hear and left the room. Myles of the Ponies, after many profound bows to all his relations, and a profusion of thanks to the ladies, followed him, and was observed in a few minutes after on the avenue talking with much earnestness and apparent agitation to Lowry Looby. Kyrle Daly, who remembered the story of the mountaineer's misfortune at Owen's garden, concluded that Lowry was making him aware of the abduction of the beautiful Eily, and felt a pang of sympathetic affliction for the poor fellow, in which probably no one else in the room would have participated, at least not altogether so deeply.

CHAPTER X.

HOW KYRLE DALY SPED IN HIS WOOING.

The sun was in the west when the party arrived at the bridge road that turned off to the race-ground. To Kyrle Daly's great delight Mr. Cregagh had taken his horse, resigning to him the agreeable office of driving Anne Chute in the curricule, while he rode forward with the gentleman. Seldom, indeed, I believe, did the wheels of that vehicle enter so many rats, or come in contact with so many obstacles, as in this short drive, a circumstance rather to be attributed to the perplexity of the driver's mind than to any deficiency of skill or practice in his hand.

To be continued.)

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