

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Saying this, and often turning his head as some new commission arose to his memory, the Munster "Middleman" sallied out of his house, and walked along the gravelled avenue, humming, as he went, a verse of the popular old song—

"And when I at last must throw off this bad covering, Which I have worn for three score years and ten, On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again, My face in the glass I'll serenely survey, And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow, For this old worn-out stuff that is threadbare to-day, May become everlasting to-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow! May become everlasting to-morrow!"

Such, in happier days than ours, was the life of a Munster farmer. Indeed, the word is ill adapted to convey to an English reader an idea of the class of persons whom it is intended to designate, for they were, and are, in mind and education, far superior to the persons who occupy that rank in most other countries. Opprobrious as the term "middleman" has been rendered in our own time, it is certain that the original formation of the sept was both natural and beneficial. When the country was deserted by its gentry, a general promotion of one grade took place among those who remained at home. The farmers became gentlemen, and the laborers became farmers, the former assuming, together with the station and influence, the quick and honorable spirit, the love of pleasure, and the feudal authority, which distinguished their aristocratic archetypes, while the humbler classes looked up to them for advice and assistance, with the same feeling of respect and of dependence which they had once entertained for the actual proprietors of the soil. The covetousness of landlords themselves, in selling leases to the highest bidder, without any inquiry into his character or fortune, first tended to throw imputations on this respectable and useful body of men, which, in progress of time, swelled into a popular outcry, and ended in an act of the legislature for their gradual extirpation. There are few now in that class a prosperous, many as intelligent and high-principled, as Mr. Daly.

CHAPTER V.

HOW KYRLE DALY RODE OUT TO WOO, AND HOW LOWRY LOOBY TOLD HIM SOME STORIES ON THE WAY.

Kyrle Daly had even better grounds than he was willing to insist upon for doubting his success with Anne Chute. He had been introduced to her for the first time, in the course of the preceding spring, at an assize ball, and thought her, with justice, the finest girl in the room, he danced two sets of country dances (ah! ces beaux jours!) with her, and was ravished with her manners; he saw her home at night, and left his heart behind him when he bade her farewell.

acquaintance with the young lady produced a confirmation of his first impressions, from which he neither sought nor hoped to be delivered. The approbation of his parents fixed the closing rivet in the chain which bound him. Mrs. Daly loved Anne Chute for her filial tenderness and devotion, and Mr. Daly, with whom portionless virtue would have met but a tardy and calm acceptance, was struck motionless when he heard that she was to have the mansion and demesne of Castle Chute, which he knew had been held by her father's family at a pepper-corn rent, inasmuch that Kyrle might have said with Lubin in the French comedy, "Il ne tiendra qu'a elle que nous ne soyons maries ensemble."

Nothing, however, in the demeanor of the young lady led him to believe that their acquaintance would be likely to terminate in such a catastrophe. It was true she liked him, for Kyrle was a popular character amongst all his fair acquaintances. He had, in addition to his handsome appearance, that frank and cheerful manner, not unmingled with a certain degree of tenderness and delicacy, which is said to be most successful in opening the female heart. Good nature spoke in his eyes, in his voice, and in "the laughter of his teeth," and he carried around him a certain air of ease and freedom, governed by that happy and instinctive discretion which those who affect the quality in vain attempt to exercise, and always overstep. But he could not avoid seeing that it was as a mere acquaintance he was esteemed by Miss Chute—an intimate, familiar, and, he sometimes flattered himself, a valued one, but still a mere acquaintance. She had even received some of his attentions with a coldness intentionally marked; but as an elegant coldness formed a part of her general manner, the lover, with a lover's-willing blindness, would not receive those intimations as he at first thought they were intended.

When the affections are once deeply impressed with the image of beauty, everything in nature that is beautiful to the eyes, musical to the ears, or pleasing to any of the senses, awakens a sympathetic interest within the heart, and strengthens the impression under which it languishes. The loveliness of the day, and of the scenes through which he passed, occasioned a deep access of passion in the breast of our fearful wooer. The sky was mottled over with those small bright clouds which sailors, who look on them as ominous of bad weather, term mackerel; large masses of vapor lay piled above the horizon, and the deep blue openings overhead, which were visible at intervals, appeared streaked with a thin and drifted mist which remained motionless, while the clouds underneath were driven fast across by a wind that was yet unfelt on earth.

The wooded point of land which formed the site of Castle Chute, projected considerably into the broad river, at a distance of many miles from the road on which he now travelled, and formed a point of view, on which the eye, after traversing the extent of water which lay between, reposed with much delight. Several small green islands, and rocks, black with sea-weed, and noisy with the unceasing cry of sea-fowl, diversified the surface of the stream, while the shores were clothed in that graceful variety of shade, and light, and hue, which is peculiar to the season. As Kyrle, with the fidelity of a lover's eye, fixed his gaze on the point of land above mentioned, and on the tall castle which over-topped the elms, and was reflected in the smooth and shining waters underneath, he saw a white sailed pleasure-boat glide under its walls, and stand out again into the bed of the river. A sudden flash shot from her bow, and after the lapse of a few seconds, the report of a gun struck upon his ear. At the same moment, the green flag which hung at the peak of the boat, was lowered in token of courtesy, and soon after hoisted again to its former position. Kyrle, who recognized the Nora Creina, felt a sudden hurry in his spirits at the sight of this telegraphic communication with the family of his beloved. The picture instantly rushed into his mind of the effects produced by this incident in the interior of Castle Chute;—Anne Chute looking up, and starting from her work-table; her mother leaning on her gold-headed cane, and rising

with difficulty from her easy chair, to move towards the window; the cross old steward, Dan Dawley, casting a grim side glance from his desk, through the hall window; the housemaid, Syl Carney, pausing brush in hand, and standing like an evoked spirit, in a cloud of dust, to gaze the admiration of the little pageant; the lifting of the sash, and the waving of a white handkerchief, in answer to the greeting from the water. But could it be visible at that distance? He put spurs to his horse, and rode forward at a brisker rate.

The figure of Lowry Looby, moving forward at a sling trot on the road before him, was the first object that directed his attention from the last-mentioned incident, and turned his thoughts into a merrier channel. The Mercury of the cabins, with a hazel stick for his herpe, and a pair of well-paved brogues for his talaria, jogged forward at a rate which obliged his master to trot at the summit of his speed in order to overtake him. He carried the skirts of his great frieze "riding-coat" under his arm, and moved—or, more properly, sprang—forward, throwing out his loose-jointed legs forcibly, and with such a careless freedom, that it seemed, as if when once he lifted his foot from the ground, he could not tell where it would descend again. His hat hung so far back on his head that the disk of the crown was fully visible to his followers, while his head was so much in the rear of his shoulders, and moved from side to side with such a jaunty air, that it seemed at times as if the owner had a mind to leave it behind him altogether. In his right hand, fairly balanced in the centre, he held the hazel stick before alluded to, while he half hummed, half sung aloud, a verse of a popular ballad:—

Bryan O'Lynn had no small-clothes to wear, He cut up a sheep-skin to make him a pair, With the skinny side out and the woolly side in— "Tis pleasant and cool," says Bryan O'Lynn.

"Lowry!" shouted Kyrle Daly. "Going, sir?" "Going? I think you are going, and at a pretty brisk rate, too. You travel merrily, Lowry." "Middlen, sir, middlen— as the world goes. I sing for company, ever and always, when I go a long road by myself; an' I find it a dale pleasanter and lighter on me. Equal to the lark, that the louder he sings the higher he mounts, it's the way with me, an' I travellin'—the lighter my heart, the faster the road slips from under me.

I am a bold bachelor, airy and free, Both cities and counties are equal to me; Among the fair females of every degree, I care not how long I do tarry."

"Lowry, what do you think of the day?" "What do I think of it, sir? I'm thinkin' 'twill rain, an' I'm sorry for it, an' the master's hay out yet. There's signs o' wind an' rain. The forty days ar'n't out yet, and there was a sight o' rain the last Saint Sweeten." And he again resumed his melody, suffering it to sink and swell in a manner alternately distinct and inarticulate, with a slight mixture of that species of enunciation, which Italians term the voice of the head.

"I never will marry while youth's at my side, For my heart it is light and the world is wide; I'll ne'er be a slave to a haughty old bride, To curb me and keep me uneasy."

"And why should last St. Swithin have anything to do with this day?" "Oyeh, then, sure enough, sir. But they tell an old fable about Saint Sweeten when he was first buried—" "Why, was he buried more than once, Lowry?" "Oyeh, hear to this! Well, well— 'tis makin' a hand o' me your honor is, fairly, kind father for you! He was, then, buried more than once, if you go to that of it. He was a great Saint living, an' had a long berrin when he died, an' when they

had the grave dug, and were for puttin' him into it, the sky opened, an' it kep powerin', powerin' rain for the bare life, an' stopt so for forty days at nights."

"And they couldn't bury him?" "An' they couldn't bury him till the forty days were over—" "He had a long wake, Lowry." "Believe it, sir. But ever since that, they remark, whatever way Saint Sweeten's day is, it is the same for forty days after. You don't believe that, sir, now?" "Indeed, I am rather doubtful!" "See that, why! Why, then, I seen a schoolmaster westwards, that had as much Latin an' English as if he swallowed a dictionary an' he'd out-face the world, that it was as true as you're going the road this minute. But the quality doesn't give into them things at all. Heaven be with our times! There is nothin' at all there as it used to be, Master Kyrle. There isn't the same weather there, nor the same peace, nor comfort, nor as much money, nor as strong whisky, nor as good platees, nor the gentlemen isn't so pleasant in themselves, nor the poor people so quiet, nor the boys so divarin', nor the girls so coazin', nor nothin' at all is there as it used to be formerly. Hardly I think, the sun shines as bright in the day; and nothin' shows itself now by night nether spirits nor good people. In them days, a man couldn't go a lonesome road at night without meetin' things that would make the hair of his head stiffen equal to bristles. NoR you might ride from this to Now you might ride from this to than yourself on the way. But what help for it?"

"Once in fair England my Blackbird did flourish, He was the chief flower that in it did spring; Prime ladies of honor his person did nourish, Because that he was the true son of a king. But this false fortune, Which still is uncertain, Has caused this long parting between him and me, His name I'll advance, In Spain an' in France, An' seek out my Blackbird, wherever he be."

An' you wouldn't believe, now, Master Kyrle, that anything does be showin' itself at night at all? Or used to be of old."

"It must be a very long while since, Lowry." "Why, then, see this, sir. The whole county will tell you that after Mr. Chute died, the old man of all, Mr. Tom's father—you heard of him?" "I recollect to have heard of a fat man, that—" "Fat!" exclaimed Lowry, in voice of surprise—"you may say fat. There isn't that door on hinges that he'd pass in, walkin' with a fair front, without he turned sideways, or skammed in one way or other. You an' I, an' another along wid us, might be made out of the one half of him aisy. His body-coat, when he did, made a whole shoot for Dan Dawley, the steward, besides a jacket for his little boy; an' Dan was no fishin'-rod that time, I tell you. But any way, fat or laln, he was buried, an' all the world will tell you that he was seen risin' a fortnight after by Dan Dawley, in the shape of a drove o' young pigs."

"A whole drove?" "A whole drove. An' 'tisn't laln, lanky cracashes o' store pigs either, only fat, fit for bacon. He was passin' the forge, near the old gate, an' the moon shinin' as bright as silver, when he seen him comin' again; him on the road. Sure he isn't the same man ever since."

"Dan Dawley is not easily caught by appearances. What a sharp eye he must have had, Lowry, to recognise his master under such a disguise!" "Oyeh, he knew well what was there. 'Tisn't the first time with Dan Dawley seein' things of the kind. Didn't you ever hear what happened Dan in regard of his first wife, sir?" "No."

"Well, aisy, an' I'll tell you. Dan was married to a girl o' the Hayesses, a very intricate little creature, that led him a mighty uneasy life from the day they married out. Well, it was Dan's luck, she got a stitch, an' died on mornin', an' if he lost all belongin' to him. They buried her, for all, an' Dan was sittin' in his own doore, an' he twistin' a gad, to hang a little taste o' bacon he had, an' he singin' the Rovin' Journeyman for himself, when, tunder a-livell, who should walk in the doore to him only his dead wife, an' she livin' as well as ever! Take it from me, he didn't stay long where he was. 'Eh, is that you, Cauth?' says he. 'The very one,' says she, 'how does the world use you, Dan?' 'Wishes middlin', says Dan again. 'I didn't think we'd see you any more, Cauth,' says he. 'Nor you wouldn't

either,' says she, 'only for yourself.' 'Do you tell me so,' says Dan Dawley; 'how was that?' 'There are two dogs,' says she, 'that are sleeping on the road I was goin' in the other world, an' the noise you made cryin' over me wakened 'em, an' they riz again me, and wouldn't let me pass.' 'See that, why!' says Dan, grinnin'; 'warn't they the conthrairy pair?' Well, after another twelve month Cauth died the second time; but, I'll be your bail, it was long from Dan Dawley to cry over her this turn as he did at first. 'Twas all his trouble to see would he keep the women at the wake from keening over the dead corpse, or doin' anything in life that would waken the dogs. Signs on, she passed 'em, for he got neither tale nor tidin's of her from that day to this. 'Poor Cauth,' says Dan, 'why should I cry, to have them dogs tearin' her maybe?'"

"Dan Dawley was a lucky man," said Kyrle. "Neither Orpheus nor Theseus had so much to say for themselves as he had." "I never heard of 'em; I partly tjemem, sir; wor they o' these parts?" "Not exactly. One of them was from the county of Africa, and the other from the county of Thrace." "I never hear of 'em; I partly guessed they wor strangers," Lowry continued with much simplicity; "but, any way, Dan Dawley was a match for the best of 'em, an' a luckier man that I told you yet, moreover—that's in the first beginnin' of his days."

At this moment a number of smart young fellows, dressed out in new felt hats, clean shoes and stockings, with ribbons flying at the knees, passed them on the road. They touched their hats respectfully to Mr. Daly, while they recognized his attendant by a nod, a smile, and a familiar "Is that the way, Lowry?" "The very way, then, lads," said Lowry, casting a longing look after them. "Goin' to Garryowen they are now, divarin' for the night," he added in a half envious tone, after which he threw the skirt of his coat from the left to the right arm, looked down at his feet, struck the ground with the end of his stick, and trotted on, singing—

"I'm noted for dancin' a jig in good order, A min'et I'd march, an' I'd foot a good reel, In a country-dance I'd still be the leading partner, I ne'er faltered yet from a crack on the kneel."

My heart is wid ye, boys, this night. But I was telling you, Master Kyrle, about Dan Dawley's luck! Listen hether."

"'Tis not in Castle Chute the family lived always, sir, only in the old Mr. Chute's time; he built it, an' left the Fort above, an' I'll tell you for what reason. The old man of all, that had the Fort before him, used to be showing himself there at night, himself an' his wife, an' his two daughters, an' a son, an' there were the strangest noises ever you heard going on above stairs. The master had six or seven sarvins, one after another, stopping up to watch him, but there isn't one of 'em but was killed by the spirit. Well, he was forced to quit at last on the 'count of it, an' it is then he built Castle Chute—the new part of it, where Miss Anne an' the 'ould lady lives now. Well an' good, if he did, he was standin' one mornin' oppozit his own gate on the road side, out, an' the sun shining, an' the birds singing for themselves in the bushes, when who should he see only Dan Dawley, an' he a little gauffer the same time, serenadin' down the road for the bare life. 'Where to now, lad?' says Mr. Chute (he was a mighty pleasant man). 'Looking for a master, then,' says Dan Dawley. 'Why, then, never go past this gate for him,' says Mr. Chute, 'if you'll do what I bid you,' says he. 'What's that, sir?' says the boy. So he up an' told him the whole story about the Fort, an' how something used to be showin' itself there constant, in the dead hour o' the night; 'an' have you the courage,' says he, 'to sit up a night; an' watch it?' 'What would I get by it?' says Dan, looking him up in the face. 'I'll give you twenty guineas in the mornin', an' a table, an' a chair, an' a pint o' whisky, an' a fire, an' a candle, an' your dinner before you go,' says Mr. Chute. 'Never say it again,' says the 'gorsoon, 'tis high wages for the night's work, an' I never yet done,' says he, 'anything that would make me in dread o' the living or the dead, or afraid to trust myself into the hands o' the Almighty.' 'Very well, away with you,' says the gentleman, 'an' I'll have your life if you tell me a word of lie in the mornin',' says he. 'I will not, sir,' says the boy, 'for what?' Well, he went there, an' he drew the table across the fire for himself, an' got his candle, an' began readin' his book.

'Tis the lonnest place you ever seen. Well, that was well an' good, till he heard the greatest racket that ever was goin' on above stairs, as if all the slates on the roof were fallin' in.' 'I'm in dread,' says Dan, 'that these people will do me some bad hurt,' says he, an' hardly he said the word, when the doore opened, and in they all walked, the 'ould gentleman with a great big wig on him, an' the wife, an' the two daughters, an' the son. Well, they all put elbows upon themselves, an' stood lookin' at him out in the middle o' the floor. He said nothin' and they said nothin', an' at last, when they were tired o' lookin', they went out an' walked the whole house an' went up stairs again. The gentleman came in the mornin' early. 'Good mornin', good boy,' says he. 'Good mornin', sir,' says the boy, 'I had a dale o' fine company here last night,' says he, 'ladies an' gentlemen.' 'It's a lie you're tellin' me,' says Mr. Chute. 'Tis not a word of a lie, sir,' says Dan; 'there was an 'ould gentleman with a big wig, an' an 'ould lady, an' two young ones, an' a young gentleman,' says he. 'True for you,' says Mr. Chute, puttin' a hand in his pocket, and reaching him twenty guineas. 'Will you stay there another night?' says he. 'I will, sir,' says Dan. Well, he went walkin' about the fields for himself, and when night comes—" "You may pass over the adventures of the second night, Lowry," said Kyrle, "for I suspect that nothing was effected until the third."

"Why, then, you just guessed it, sir. Well, the third night he said to himself, 'Escape how I can,' says he, 'I'll speak to that 'ould man with the wig, that does be puttin' an elbow on himself an' looking at me! Well, the 'ould man an' afl o' them came and stood oppozit him wid elbows on 'em as before. Dan got frightened, seein' 'em stop so long in the one place, and the 'ould man lookin' so wicked (he was after killin' six or seven, in the same Fort) an' he went down on his two knees, an' he put his hands together, an', says he—"

A familiar incident of Irish pastoral life occasioned an interruption in this part of the legend. Two blooming country girls, their hair confined with a simple black ribbon, their cotton gowns pinned up in front, so as to disclose the greater portion of the blue stuff petticoat underneath, and their countenances bright with health and laughter, ran out from a cottage door, and intercepted the progress of the travellers. The prettier of the two skipped across the road, holding between her fingers a worsted thread, while the other retained between her hands the large ball from which it had been unwound. Kyrle paused, too well acquainted with the country customs to break through the slender impediment.

"Pay your footing, now, Master Kyrle Daly, before you go farther," said one.

"Don't overlook the wheel, sir," added the girl who remained next the door.

Kyrle searched his pocket for a shilling, while Lowry with a half smiling, half censuring face, murmured—

"Why, then, Heaven send ye sense, as it is it ye want this mornin'."

"And you manners, Mr. Looby. Single your freedom, and—double your distance, I beg o' you. Sure your purse, if you have one, is safe in your pocket. Long life an' a good wife to you, Master Kyrle, an' I wish I had a better hold than this o' you. I wish you were in looze, an' that I had the findin' o' you this mornin'!"

So saying, while she smiled merrily on Kyrle, and darting a scornful glance at Lowry Looby, she returned to her woollen wheel, singing, as she twirled it round—

"I want no lectures from a learned master; He may bestow 'em on his silly train— I'd sooner walk through my bloomin' garden, An' hear the whistle of my jolly swain."

To which Lowry, who received the lines, as they were probably intended, in a satirical sense, replied, as he trotted forwards, in the same strain:—

"Those dressy an' smooth-faced young maidens, Who now looks at present so gay, Has borrowed some words o' good English, An' knows not one half what they say, No female is fit to be married, Nor fancied by no man at all, But those who can sport a drab mantle, An' likewise a cassimere shawl."

(To be continued.)

For Surgeons

...ing sidelights are practice and the in- est eminent surgeon in h a short statement Dr. Lorenz gave York the other day, correct the erroneous der in the public mind n newspaper reports, at his visit to this n lucrative to him— rd of \$160,000."

of fact," says Dr. one fee of \$30,000, months that I have earned just that \$30, nce at home in four h that. My trip has ethically, but not ma-

en—and the American glad to hear it—that lantropic visit of the United States has any measure of pecuni- , or any sacrifice. It , to have yielded him n \$80,000 in money, left the medical pro- public largely in his

ll naturally provoke rprise here is the e surgeon as to his e. His practice there, rth as much as \$30, nths—the plain infer- h is that it is not e more than \$7,500 a 000 a year. That fig- rly ridiculous small onitioner's wonder- reputation are consi- United States—more aps, right here in e same combination of ation in a surgeon of pleasing personality rth nearer \$500,000 a year; and he would a millionaire inside of would deserve to be

ance presents a good of the large way in bings in the United small way in which in most parts of Eu- operation in Chicago a fee equal to four ce in Austria, involv- e or great skill, much uch time, and not a t. It is extremely tside of royalty and a o could be counted on one hand, a doctor's \$30,000 was ever paid is rare here. But fees to the thousands are gh here, and yet Dr. practice a whole rtria in order to earn

ET ON PATENTS. eived from Messrs. Ma- . Patent Attorneys, of admirable compendium information on the sub- s and everyday statis- his little book, entitled is just the proper size ocket, 2 1/2 x 4 1/2 inches, and some celluloid cov- prepared especially for e technical and indus- Messrs. Marion & Ma- s this enterprising firm e understand that it e from them by the read- per on request, for 10

T'S NIGHT REFUGE. week ending Sunday, 1903.—Males 302, fe- 161, French 134, Scotch and other na- Total 383.