

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

None of the company knew or cared to be informed, what the nature was of the conversation which had passed between Miss Chute and her young escort, on the road. They observed, however, when the curriole drew up, that Kyrle looked pale and flurried, and that his manner was absent; while that of his fair companion was marked by an unusual degree of seriousness, not unmingled with confusion.

"What!" exclaimed Cregan, "you look as ruffled as if you had been sparring. Get your huts in order, then, for you must be set again before you come to the grounds. You have a quarter of a mile through the fields to travel yet."

"Why, uncle, does not the road sweep by it?"

"No nearer than I tell you, and the curriole can go no further. Come Cragh, give my niece her little hunter and walk with me across the fields. Mr. Daly, I resign your seat to you once more. A pretty stepping thing this is of yours. I'd like to see her tried with ten or twelve stone weight at a steeple chase."

"Do not," said Kyrle, in a low and earnest tone, addressing Anne Chute, "do not, I entreat you, deprive me of this last opportunity. I would give the whole world for a minute's conversation."

"I believe I shall walk," uncle, said the young lady, with some hesitation, "and Mr. Daly is kind enough to say he will accompany me on foot."

"With all my heart," cried the cock-fighter. "I remember the time Daly, when I would not have given up a walk through the fields with a fine girl, on a sunny evening, for all the races in Munster. If Hepton Connolly be on the grounds, as his insolent groom tells me he is, I will make him keep the staggeons at the starting-post until you come up."

So saying, he rode on with the cleverest of horses, to overtake the doctor and captain, whom he observed, had grown as thick as two pickpockets since morning.

"I am afraid," said Kyrle, with a mixture of dignity and disappointment in his manner, "I am afraid Miss Chute, that you will think this importunate, after what you have already told me. But that rejection was so sudden—I will not say so unexpected—that I cannot avoid entering more at length into the subject. Besides, it may, it must be a long time before we shall meet again."

"I am sorry you should think that necessary, Mr. Daly," said Anne; "I always liked you as a friend, and there is not a person I know, whose society, in that light, I could prize more highly; but if you think it necessary to your own peace of mind to remain away from me, it would be very unreasonable in me to murmur. Yet, I think and hope," she added, affecting a smiling air as she looked round upon him, "that it will not be long before we shall see you again with altered sentiments, and a mind at ease as ever."

"You do me wrong, Anne!" said Kyrle, with sudden passion. "I am not so ignorant of my own character as to suppose that possible. No, Miss Chute. This is not with me a boyish fancy, a predilection suddenly formed, and capable of being just as suddenly laid aside. If you had said this last summer, a few weeks after I first saw you, the remark perhaps might have been made with justice. I knew little of you then besides your beauty, your talents, and your accomplishments; and I will say, in justice to myself, that those qualities in any woman never could so deeply fix or interest me as to produce any lasting disquiet in my mind. But our acquaintance has been too much prolonged; I have seen you too often; I have known you too well; I have loved you too deeply and too sincerely, to feel this disappointment as anything less than a dreadful stroke. Let me entreat you," he continued, with increasing warmth and disregarding the efforts which Miss Chute made to interrupt him, "let me implore you to recall that hasty negative. You said you were unprepared—that you did not expect such a proposal from me. I do not press you to answer at this moment; the torture of suspense itself is preferable to absolute despair. Say you will think of it; say anything rather than at once decide on my destruction. I cannot but call it."

"I must not, I will not act with so much injustice," said Anne who was considerably distressed by the depth of feeling that was evident in her lover's voice and manner. "I should be treating you most unfairly, Mr. Daly, if I did so. It is true that I did not expect such a declaration as you have made—not in the least; but my decision is taken notwithstanding. It is impossible I can ever give you any other answer than you have already received. Do not, I will entreat of you in my turn, give way to any groundless expectations—any idea of a change in my sentiments on this subject. It is as impossible we should ever be united as if we lived in two separate planets."

The unhappy suitor looked the very image of pale and ghastly despair itself. His eye wandered, his cheek grew wan, and every muscle in his face quivered with passion. His words, for several moments, were so broken as to approach a degree of incoherency, and his knees trembled with a sickly faintness. He continued, nevertheless, to urge his addresses. Might he not be favored with Miss Chute's reasons? Was there anything in his own conduct? [Anything that might be altered? The dejection that was in his accents as well as his appearance, touched and almost terrified his obstinate mistress, and she took some pains to alleviate his extreme despondency, without, however, affording the slightest ground for a hope which she felt could never be accomplished. The consolations which she employed, were drawn rather from the probability of a change in his sentiments than her own.

"You are not in a condition," she said, "to judge of the state of your own mind. Believe me, this despondency will not continue as you seem to fear. The Almighty is too just to interweave any passion with our nature which is not in the power of reason to subdue."

"Ay, Anne," said Kyrle; "but there are some persons for whose happiness the struggle is quite sufficient. I am not so ignorant as you suppose of the effect of a disappointment like this. I know that it will not be at all times as violent and oppressive as I feel it at this moment; but I know, too, that it will be as lasting as life itself. I have often experienced a feeling of regret that amounted to actual pain in looking back to years that have been distinguished by little beyond the customary enjoyment of boyhood. Imagine, then, if you can, whether I have reason to apprehend the arrival of those hours when I shall sit alone in the evening and think of the time that was spent in your society!"

Miss Chute heard this speech with a feeling of deep and even sympathetic emotion. As Kyrle ventured to glance at her countenance and observed the peculiar expression of her sorrow, the idea of a rival, which, till that moment, had not once occurred to him, now flashed upon his mind, and changed the current of his feelings to a new direction. The sensation of jealousy was almost a useful stimulant in the excessive dejection under which he labored.

"Will you forgive me," he said, "and take the present state of my feelings as an apology, if there should be anything offensive in the question I am about to ask you? There can be only reason for my rejection which would save my pride the mortification of believing myself altogether unworthy. I should feel some consolation in knowing that my own misery was instrumental to your happiness; indeed, I should not think of breathing another word upon the subject if I thought that your affections had been already engaged."

The agitation seemed now to have passed over to the lady's side. Her brow became dark red, and then returned to more than its accustomed whiteness. "I have no other engagement," she said, after a pause—"if I had, I should think it hardly fair to press such an enquiry; but I assure you, I have none. And since you have spoken of my own views of life, I will be more explicit, and confess to you, that I do not at present think it likely I shall ever contract any. I love my mother; and her society is all that I desire or hope to enjoy at present. Let me now entreat you as a friend for my sake, as well as your own, never a-

gain to renew any conversation on this subject."

This was said in a tone of such decision, that Kyrle saw it would be impossible, without hazarding the loss of the young lady's friendship, to add another word of remonstrance or of argument. Both, therefore, continued their walk in silence, nor did they exchange even an indifferent observation until they reached the summit of the little slope which the course was visible.

Their thoughts, however, were not subjected to the same restriction, and the train of reflection, in either case, was not calculated to awaken envy.

"She received my question with embarrassment," thought Kyrle, "and she evaded a reply. I have a rival, it is evident, and a favored, at least, if not a declared one. Well, if she is to be happy, I am content; but unquestionably, the most miserable contented man upon the earth."

The lady's meditation also turned upon the same crisis in the conversation. "All that I desire!" she mentally repeated, quoting her own words to the rejected suitor. "And have I so far conquered my own feelings as to be capable, with perfect sincerity of making an assertion such as that? or if it be sincere, am I sure that I run no risk of disqualifying myself for retaining the same liberty of mind by accepting my uncle's invitation? But it is not possible, surely, that my peace should be endangered in the society of one who treats me with something more, and colder, than indifference itself; and if it were, my part is already taken, and it is now too late to retreat. Poor Kyrle! he wastes his eloquence in exciting my commiseration for a state of mind with which I have been so long and painfully conversant. If he knew how powerful a sympathy my own experience had awakened for him, he need not use an effort to increase it."

A loud shout of welcome, sent forth in honor of the heiress of Castle Chute, and the lady-patroness of the day's amusements, broke in upon these sombre meditations, and called the attention of that lady and of her downcast escort to a novel scene and new performers.

The sounds of greeting then sank into a babbling murmur, and at last into a hush of expectation, similar to that with which Pasts is welcomed at the Italian Opera, when she comes forward to stop the mouths of the unintelligible chorus, and to thrill the bright assembly with the frantic sorrows of Medea.

The spot selected for the occasion was the shore of a small bay, which was composed of a fine hard sand, that afforded a very fair and level course for the horses. At the farther end was a lofty pole, on the top of which was suspended by the stirrup a new saddle, the destined gear of the conqueror. A red handkerchief, stripped from the neck of Dan Hourigan the house carpenter, was hoisted overhead, and a crowd of country people dressed, notwithstanding the fineness of the day, in their heavy frieze great coats, stood around the winning-post, each faction being resolved to see justice done to its own representatives in the match. A number of tents, composed of old sheets, bags and blankets, with a pole at the entrance, and a sheaf of reed, a broken bottle, or a sod of turf, erected for a sign, were discernible among the multitude that thronged the side of the little rising ground I before mentioned. High above the rest Mick Normal's sign-board waved in the rising wind. Busy was the look of the lean old man, as he hustled to and fro among his pigs, kegs, mugs, pots and porringers. A motley mass of felt hats, white muslin caps, and ribbons, scarlet cloaks and blue, riding-jocks, filled up the spaces between the tents, and moved in a continual series of involutions, whirls, and eddies, like those which are observable on the surface of a fountain newly filled. The horses were to start from the end of the bay, opposite to the winning-post, go round Mick Normal's tent, and the cow on the hill side, and returning to the place from whence they came, run straight along the sand for the saddle. This was to be the victor's prize.

Hic, qui forte rapido contendere cursu.

Invitat pretis animos, et premia point.

That solatia victo were to be had at the rate of four pence a tumbler at Mick Normal's tent.

A rejected lover can hardly be supposed to have any predilection for the grotesque. Kyrle Daly, however, observing that Miss Chute made an effort to appear disengaged, and feeling, in the sincerity of his affection, a sentiment of grief for the uneasiness he had occasioned her, compelled himself to assure the appearance of his usual good humor, and entered with some animation into the spirit of the scene. Captain Gibson, who now approached them on foot, could not, with the recollections of Ascot and Doncaster fresh in his mind, refrain from a roar of laughter at almost every object he beheld; at the condition of the horses; the serious and important look of the riders; the Tenier's appearance of the whole course; the band, consisting of a blind fiddler, with a piece of listing about his waist and another about his old hat; the self-importance of the stewards, Tim Welsh, the baker, and Batt Kennedy, the poet or janus of the village, as they went in a jog trot round the course, collecting shilling subscriptions to the saddle from all who appeared on horseback.

"Well, Anne," said Mr. Cregan, riding up to the group, "we have lost three of our company. Hepton Connolly is gone off to fight a duel with some fellow from the mountains that called him a scoundrel, and taken Cragh with him for a second. That's the lad that'll see them properly set. Doctor Leake has followed for the purposes of stopping up any holes they may happen to make in one another, so we have all the fun to ourselves. If the doctor had stayed, we should have had so many accounts of the sports of Taitlen and all that. He is a very learned little man, the doctor; I don't suppose there's so long a head in the county; but he talks too much. Captain, I see you laugh a great deal, but you mustn't laugh at our girls, though; there are some pretty bits o' muslin here, I can tell you."

"I like them uncommonly," said the Captain; "their dress, in particular, I think very becoming. The muslin cap, with a ribbon tied under the chin and a pretty knot above, is a very simple and rural head-dress; and the scarlet cloak and hood, which seems to be a favorite article of costume, gives a gay and flashy air to their rustic assemblies. Look at that girl now, with the black eyes, on the bank what a pretty modest dress that is! A handkerchief pinned across the bosom, a neat figured gown and check apron; but what demon whispered her to case her little feet in black worsted stockings and brogues?"

"They are better than the clouted shoes of the continent," said Anne, "and durability must sometimes be preferred to appearance."

"Why, that's Syl Carney, Anne," exclaimed Cregan.

"It is sir. She has seen her beau somewhere on the course, I will venture to say."

A roar of laughter from Captain Gibson here attracted their attention.

"Look at that comical fellow on horseback," he cried; "did you ever see such a pair of long legs with so small a head? A fire-tongs would sit a horse as well. And observe the jaunty way he carried the little head, and his nods and winks at the girls. That's an excruciating fellow! And the arms—the short arms! how the fellow gathers up the bridle, and makes the lean animal hold up his head and jog airily forward. Is that fellow really going to run for the stake?"

Kyrle Daly turned his eyes in the same direction, and suffered them to dilate with an expression of astonishment, when he beheld his own saucy squire seated upon the hair-cutter's mare, and endeavoring to screen himself from his master's observation by keeping close to the side of Batt Kennedy, the janus; while the latter recited aloud a violent satire which he had made upon a rival versifier in the neighborhood. In fact, Lowry Looby, understanding that Syl Carney was to be at the course, and wishing to cut a figure in her eyes, had coaxed Foxy Dunat "out of the loan of his mare for one hour," while that indifferent equestrian refreshed his galled person with a "soft sate," on the green sod in Mick Normal's tent.

Mr. Cregan here left the party with the view of assuming his place as judge of the course at the winning-post; while the staggeons with their riders moved forward, surrounded by a dense and noisy crowd, to the starting post, near the elevation that was occupied by our three friends.

"We are at a loss here," said Miss Chute, "for—List of this day's run-

ning horses, the color of the rider, and the rider's name." (Here she imitated with some liveliness, the accent of the boys who sell those bills at more regular fetes of the kind). But you, Captain Gibson, seem to take an interest in the proceeding; and I am acquainted not only with the character of the heroes who hold the reins, but with all the secret machinery of intrigue which is expected to interfere with the fair dealings of the day; I will, therefore, if you please, let you into the most amusing parts of their history as they pass."

Captain Gibson, with a fresh burst of laughter, protested that "he would give the world for a peep into the social policy of an Irish village."

"Well then," said Anne, assuming a mock Ossianic manner, "the first whom you see advancing on that poor, half-starved black mare, with the great lump on her knee, and the hay-rope for a saddle-girth, is Jerry Cooley, our village nailer, famed alike for his dexterity in shaping the heads of his brads and demolishing those of his acquaintances. Renowned in War is Jerry, I can tell you—Gurtonaspig and Derrygortnacloghy re-echo with his fame. Next to him, on that spavined gray horse, rides John O'Reilly, our blacksmith, not less estimated in arms, or rather in cudgels. Not silent, Captain Gibson are the walks of Garryowen on the deeds of John O'Reilly, and the bogs of Ballinvorick quake when his name is mentioned. A strength of arms, the result of their habitual occupations, has rendered both these heroes formidable among the belligerent factions of the village, but the nailer is allowed a precedence. He is the great Achilles; O'Reilly, the Telemon Ajax of the neighborhood. And, to follow up my Homeric parallels, close behind him, on that long backed, ungroomed creature with the unnameable color, rides the crafty Ulysses of the assemblage, Dan Hogan, the process-server. You may read something of his vocation in the sidelong glance of his eye, and in the paltry, deprecating air of his whole demeanor. He starts, as if afraid of a blow, whenever any one, addresses him. As he is going to be married to Dooley's sister, it is apprehended by the O'Reilly's that he will attempt to cross the blacksmith's mare; but the smoky Achilles, who gets drunk with him every Saturday night, has a full reliance on his friendship. Whether, however, Cupid or Bacchus will have the more powerful influence upon the process-server, is a question that I believe yet remains a mystery even to himself; and I suspect he will adopt the neutral part of doing all he can to win the saddle himself. The two who ride abreast behind Hogan are mountaineers, of whose motives or intentions I am not aware. The sixth and last is Lowry Looby, a retainer of my friend Mr. Daly's, and the man whose appearance made you laugh so heartily a little while since. He is the only romantic individual of the match. He rides for love, and it is to the chatty disposition of the lady of his affections, our own housemaid, that I am indebted for all this information."

One would have thought the English officer was about to die with laughter several times during the course of the speech. He leaned in the excess of his mirth, upon the shoulder of Kyrle Daly, who, in spite of his depression, was compelled to join him, and placing his hand against the forehead—

—laughed, sans intermission, An hour by the dial.

The mere force of sympathy compelled the lady and gentleman to lay aside for the moment their more serious reflections, and adapt their spirits to the scene before them. It seemed curious, to Kyrle Daly, that, slightly as he esteemed this new military acquaintance, he felt jealous for the moment of the influence thus exercised by the latter on the temper of Anne Chute, and wished at the time that it were in his power to laugh as heartily as Captain Gibson. But a huge diaphragm, though a useful possession in general society, is not one that is most likely to win the affections of a fine girl. In affairs of the heart your merrier laughter is a fool to your thinker and sentimentalist.

Before the Captain could sufficiently recover himself to make acknowledgment for the entertainment which Miss Chute had afforded him, a cry of "Clear the course! clear the course!" resounded along the sand and the two stewards, the baker and the poet, came galloping round at furious rate, laying about them stoutly with their cowwhips while the horses scattered the sand and pebbles in all directions with their hoofs, and the stragglers were seen running off to the main body of the spectators, to avoid a fate similar to that sustained by the victims rioting.

of Juggernaut, in that pious procession to which His Majesty's non-emanicipating government so largely and so liberally contribute. "Clear the course!" shouted the baker, with as authoritative an accent as if he were King Pharaoh's own royal dough-kneader. "Clear the course!" sang the melodious Batt Kennedy, the favorite of the muses, as he spurred his broken-winged Pegasus after the man of loaves; and, of course, the course was cleared and kept clear, less perhaps by the violence of Tim Welsh, than the amenity of Batt Kennedy, who, though not a baker, was the more pithy and flowery orator of the two.

Laws Against Intemperance.

Drunkards have been regularly blacklisted in Persia for at least twelve hundred years past. It is no joke, either, for the individual thus held up to opprobrium. He is not permitted to enter any place of public amusement. When at prayers he must hold himself aloof from the other members of the congregation.

Nor may he even frequent the bazaar in order to purchase provisions and other necessities, except at certain stated hours and under police surveillance.

Moreover, if after having been "listed" he again offends, he is punished with eighty lashes. There is no escape, no "law's delay." Provided only that the offender is seized while in a state of intoxication, or while his breath smells of drink, the punishment is inflicted forthwith.

Even more harsh is the system in vogue among the wild clansmen of Albania and Montenegro.

Drunkennes is here regarded as a political rather than as a moral offence. It unfits a man for fighting; and this, in a region where fighting, or at all events the cultivation of the ability to fight if required, is the prime duty of all good citizens, is unpardonable.

Consequently the habitual toper is looked upon with loathing and contempt. It is recognized that he is alike a danger and a disgrace to his country and his clan.

In South Carolina the state does not take the trouble to blacklist its toppers. Instead it blacklists all its citizens impartially, irrespective of age, sex, or social standing.

Or, at all events, that is what the "Dispensary Law," as it is called, amounts to in practice.

To begin with, all alcoholic liquor is deemed to be the property of the state. It is "dispensed" (not sold), by state officials. And the profits go to swell the state treasury.

Any thirsty South Carolinian desiring a glass of beer or a dram of spirits, must first fill up and sign an elaborate certificate stating his place of residence, age and occupation, together with the quantity of liquor required.

And, having done this, he must, if personally unknown to the "dispenser," produce some citizen of standing and repute to certify that he is neither a drunkard nor a minor. Then, after complying with all these formalities, he may drink his dram. But not in the "dispensary." No liquor is sold for consumption "on the premises." So he must carry it home in its sealed bottle, and consume it in silence and alone. No wonder that, under this regime, the number of public houses—we beg pardon, "dispensaries"—has been reduced by more than seventy-five per cent. in a few years.

The State of Georgia gets over the difficulty by asking £2,000 per annum for a license. There are, as a consequence, very few licenses, and not many drunkards.