

to buy more and more as time went on was assuredly inconsistent with the idea subsequently put forward by Mr. Adair, that it was an affliction to him to be the landlord of such a people.

Just about the time this gentleman appeared in those parts, Western Donegal was going through hard times and bitter conflict over « Scotch sheep. » Some two or three of the proprietors had conceived the idea—or, more probably, had been weakly persuaded by Scotch farm stewards—that fortunes might be made out of those wild mountains, now used solely by the cottiers for grazing a few goats, heifers, and sheep. By taking up the mountains wholly or in part from the people, and extensively stocking them with imported black-faced sheep, these landlords were led to believe that thousands a year might be cleared in profit. The attempt to deprive the people of the mountains led to deplorable conflict, suffering, and loss. The benevolent pretext of « squaring the farms »—sometimes, no doubt, genuine and well-meant motive, but occasionally an excuse for dexterously cheating the people—did not avail. While the cottiers and the landlords were fighting over the question, lo ! the Scotch shepherds announced that the black-faced sheep were disappearing from the hills,—stolen by the hostile inhabitants, it was of course assumed. Search of the tenants' houses failed to verify this conclusion. Some few traces of such thefts were found here and there, but not in any extent to account for the disappearance of so many hundred sheep. Soon what had happened became more clear. The dead bodies of the sheep were found in scores all over the hills,—killed by the lawless natives, it was now concluded. Presentments for the value of the sheep thus assumed to have been « maliciously destroyed » were levied on