

prettiest girl I ever saw—except, perhaps, her sister Gretchen. "You are enthusiastic," says Sir John. "What a pity it is they cannot hear you! They would never forget it to you. Yes, Gretchen is very pretty—a sort of being one would compare to a flower, or a dove, or an angel, or some such poetic simile. Why don't you go in for her, Arthur? She would just suit you."

CHAPTER II.

"But all descriptions, like comparisons, are odious. The true effect, and so we had better not do too minute an outline to the best—An lively reader's fancy does the rest." —Don Juan.

Descartions, like comparisons, are odious. The "mind's eye," though following with willing haste the tongue that speaks, never quite grasps the truth. It sees either too much or too little. You may have the portrait of a genius, and may paint your Paul or your Virginia in glowing colors, yet you will never get the uninitiated to understand in the very least what he or she may be like. Nevertheless a slight sketch of the Tremaines must be given.

They are, to begin with, that most interesting of all things, a handsome family. They are all handsome; the Tremaines would have scorned to acknowledge an "ugly duckling." For generations such a thing had not been so much as hinted at among them.

Mrs. Tremaine though arrived at that age when the question of birthdays is viewed with distaste, is still very good to look at, and eminently aristocratic. She rejoices in the thin transparent nostrils, the fine lips, the pale blue eyes, and high white brow that are generally supposed to belong by right to blue blood. She rarely laughs, but she has the most charming smile in the world—a lingering perfect smile, with something in it unwilling that adds to it but another charm, compelling as it does the companion of the moment to accept as an irrefragable tribute to his own peculiar powers of pleasing. She also possesses to perfection the calm indifference of manner that goes so far to hide the craving for settlements so undying in the breast of the British matron.

Mr. Tremaine is handsome also, but of a daintier type, and is one of those men who are indebted to their wives for their individuality. He is Mrs. Tremaine's husband, and many people like him the better for that. He is a most estimable man, warm-hearted and affectionate, but I don't think even his best friend could call him brilliant. And when, twenty-five years before this story opens, he offered his hand which was large—and his fortune, which was larger,—to Miss Lascelles, the spoiled beauty of the year, all the world—that is, the male portion of it—expressed astonishment at his presumption. None, however, was expressed by Miss Lascelles herself, who accepted both the hand and fortune without hesitation.

The marriage proved a very happy one,—which disgusted the world—that is, the female portion of it—extremely. Mrs. Tremaine was fond of life and its good things, and very fond of her own way. Mr. Tremaine (wise man) never thwarted her in anything. The result of their union, therefore, was a most unusual amount of real contentment, and four pretty children.

Brandm, the eldest—commonly called "Brandy"—is a cheerful, perhaps rather too cheerful, young gentleman of twenty-three. He calls himself a hussar; but as he is generally on leave all the year round, his friends say it doesn't matter much what he calls himself; any other regiment (for all it is likely to see of him) will do just as well. He has curly hair and blue eyes, like all the Tremaines, and a smile like a cherub; and women as a rule pet him more than is good for him.

IN DARK DONEGAL.

LANDLORD AGRARIAN OUTRAGES AT ST. COLOMBA'S NATIVE PARISH.

LETTER FROM JAMES REDPATH.

To the Editor of THE POST.

GLENA, near Beldiam, Co. Donegal, August 26, 1881.

I explained, if I remember rightly, in a recent letter, why, as a rule, the landlords of Donegal had never evicted their tenants, by townlands and almost by parishes, as the landlords of Mayo and other western counties evicted their tenants during the famine or 1847. The chief exceptions to the Donegal landlord policy were the late Lord Leitrim, who was shot, and Mr. John George Adair, who is still unshot.

I write in a parish adjoining the scene of the most famous evictions—or "clearances"—in the history of Irish landlordism, and the house of a Catholic priest who personally knew the victims of this agrarian outrage by John George Adair.

It was in the parish of Garth, in the townland of Derryveagh, the birth-place of the early Irish Saint, Colom-bille, the successor of St. Patrick.

The property had been purchased a short time before by Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Queen's County. It contained about 50 families.

"I had known the district," said Father James McFadden, "since my childhood, and its people were peaceable, happy and comparatively comfortable."

Following the same policy that the "benevolent" Lord George Hill adopted—to keep people in terror of his power—Mr. Adair served notices of ejectment on every one of his tenants. In November, 1860, his agent, Mr. Murray, a Scotchman, was murdered. There was no evidence to show that this murder was an agrarian crime, and there was, and still is, a belief in the neighborhood, that it was the tragic culmination of a social scandal. On the night of the inquest, the paragon in which Mr. Adair lodged was set on fire. Mr. Adair regarded this crime as an attempt to assassinate him. He vowed vengeance on his Derryveagh tenants. To quote the words of a friendly chronicler at the time, "he resolved to clear the whole district, and thus mark his determination to put an end to the outrages which were taking place."

He obtained writs of habere facias possessionem, and placed them in the hands of the sheriff. A body of 200 constabulary were drafted into the district to protect this officer. This force, commanded by sub-inspectors and a resident magistrate, began operations at the extreme boundary of the Derryveagh estates.

It is a mountain side, about sixteen miles from Letterkenny. The scenery there is picturesque—with its mountain and loughs; and these people had lived in that charming country from time out of mind. Mr. Adair had only seen it for the first time a few years before. Neither he nor his ancestors had ever lived on it. Yet although he had never spent a shilling in improving it, and although the tenants or their forefathers had reclaimed it from absolute sterility, the English law recognized the right of the new lord to wrest their homes and fields from them, and the English Government loaned him the force to enable him to commit this agrarian crime.

Now the world has heard so much of agrarian outrages alleged to have been committed by the Irish peasantry, that I shall describe this typical agrarian outrage by an Irish landlord without abridgement and without pity, from unpublished local documents in my possession, and the testimony of living men with whom I have spoken.

The English force were halted at the cabin of a widow named McAward, in the townland of Loughbarragh. She was sixty years of age. Six daughters and a son lived with her. The sheriff, with a small escort, entered the cabin, and "delivered possession" to the steward of Adair.

"Long before the house was reached," wrote a spectator at the time, "loud cries were heard piercing the air, and soon the figures of the poor widow and her daughters were observed outside the house, where they gave vent to their grief in strains of touching agony."

A DONEGAL ISLAND.

The Legends and Landlords of Tory.

LETTER FROM JAMES REDPATH.

FALCARRAGH, Co. Donegal, August 27.

Look at a map of the County Donegal, and, if it is large enough, you will find Tory Island on its northwestern coast. I am writing within sight of it now. Seen from mainland its eastern side presents the appearance of a grand cathedral of the middle ages. The most stolid traveller could not pass within sight of it without inquiring its name. I have seen no more picturesque scenery in Donegal—a county in which every parish can justly boast of most magnificent views.

I asked the cardriver what was interesting about Tory? His answer caused me to visit it; "It's a regular Land Layne Island," he said "they haven't paid a penny of rent there for ten years."

Tory Island is twelve English miles from the mainland. You reach it in boats rowed by four stalwart fishermen. There are two smaller islands near it. But Tory, by its legends and traditions and historical associations, as well as by its greater size, has thrown its little island neighbours into more than their natural obscurity.

When I landed I called on Father Blake, the curate, and found with him Father James McFadden of Falcarragh, or Tullaghobeg East, the adjoining parish to Gweedore. Both priests have the same name, although they are not related.

With Father McFadden and Father Blake I visited every part of the island. Tory is a corruption of Thor-Eye, which denotes (according to an Irish antiquarian authority) that "it was consecrated to Thor, the Scandinavian deity, who presided over storm and desolate places." Certainly Old Thor (I speak chronologically, not irreverently) could not have selected a more appropriate headquarters than Tory Island in his character of President of Stormy and Desolate Places. It is a hilly, stony, sterile, bleak and windy island. The storms of ages have bitten into its towering rocks and made its eastern coast a scene of grim and rugged grandeur. These gloomy cliffs are from 100 to 300 feet in height and have forms of the most varied and fantastic beauty.

The western coast is hilly but not mountainous. It slopes down to the sea shore. From the side of the island the traveller has a beautiful view of the mainland with its dark hills and lovely valleys and sandy shores.

Tory Island is not quite three English miles in length and it does not average more than three-quarters of a mile in width. It contains 769 acres, and is the home of 60 families or over 300 souls. They are all Catholics and of the ancient Celtic race. Irish is the daily language of the people although many of them can talk English. The curate has not yet mastered the old tongue; and therefore Father McFadden, in whose parish Tory Island is included, had come over to hear the confessions of penitents in their native speech.

Tory is a representative Irish island—typical of all these western counties. This implies that its recorded history stretches away back back a thousand years before the Christian era and that its traditions hold, in their impartial embrace, and with an equal and loving fervor, Pagan druids and Catholic saints. It means that fierce invaders have been fiercely resisted on its soil, that the old generations were sometimes slaughtered in the name of religion, and that recent generations have been robbed for a century in the name of property. And it suggests that memorials of all these religions, these races, these wars, these persecutions, and these plunderings, are still to be found on the Island.

And this implied pledge is redeemed. Here is a village that tells the story of the poverty of the people, and of their incessant struggle for the poor privilege of existence here. The houses are one story in height, built of stone, and thatched with straw. Straw ropes are thrown over this roof, and they are fastened to pegs in the wall beneath the eaves. But for these ropes, common along the coast, the houses would be unroofed by the fierce Atlantic winds. These houses have little windows. They are better furnished than at Gweedore. But here as elsewhere the cow and the pig and the chickens share the kitchen with the family. The calf is as tenderly treated as the youngest baby—for it, I noticed, instead of being kept behind the door, was tethered near the fireplace for greater warmth. The cabins, like all the one-room cabins along the coast, are smoky, and necessarily unclean. One great lack of Tory Island is peat. What was once here has been burned years ago, excepting a patch on the southern end of the island that the landlord reserved for his own use. This year the people have cut it—thereby destroying a good pasturage, and spoiling the beauty of the tract, but securing for one winter, a good supply of fuel. The fuel now used is turfs of grass—common grass sods, which are ignited or made inflammable by having the oil arising on the water in which fish is boiled poured over it until the fire is "well burning."

"Why don't you go to the mainland for turf?" I asked a fisherman, for I had heard the people accused of laziness, while on every hand I saw evidences of ceaseless toil. "Because at the time when turf is cut and dried, we need our boats for fishing; and then we must make the kelp. If we went over for turf we might often be kept out two weeks, and that would ruin us at this time of the year."

The bar is a dangerous one; beneficent English Government will not build a harbour; and so the struggle for existence is made harder than even nature has rendered it.

TO MAMIE.

Are you proud of our native land, Mamie? Of our young Canadian Queen, Whose robes in winter is snowy white, And in summer a glorious green? White and green, like lilies they seem, When blended together, I trow, Whether called the "Aris Divine" have their birth, Or plucked from the mountain's brow.

Are you proud of her stately maple That lifts its graceful head, With its pointed leaves in the harvest time Sprinkled with Autumn's red, And her forests of pine and silvery birch, So vast, so deep, so grand, And the broad St. Lawrence, the pride and Of our own Canadian land?

She takes her place when the nations meet With a freeman's grace, her own— A grace not caught from the trappings that wait On royalty's sceptre and throne; They tell us of lands far, and far, Where the "Aris Divine" have their birth, But to us, if born on Canada's soil, She is the fairest land on earth.

But one thing more our Canada lacks—"The flag of the ancient line" The hills of France, fair emblem of power, With the crest of the Bourbon line, For to France of the past she owes whatever Her present worth may be; And the maple should twine on the purple white ground, with the fleur-de-Lys.

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Dogs are beginning to bark at white hats. Water is five cents a quart at Lockport, N. Y.

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They are not all office-seekers who crowd round Sir John Macdonald, but most of them are.

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Vennon says that with a little study and careful observation anybody can be a weather prophet. We always knew that anybody could be a weather prophet, but didn't suppose that either a little study or careful observation was necessary. Vennon predicted a wet July and a cold August, and a wooden Indian couldn't have predicted wider of the mark.—Northtown Herald.

At Weissdorf, in Lower Franconia, a highly interesting find has just been made. On the slope of the Bugher, on which probably a castle formerly stood, some children found a gilded iron casket, which had evidently been laid open by late heavy rains. On being forced open it was found to contain pearls and stones, a number of rings, and different gold and silver coins dated 1516, 1612 and 1624.

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LETTER FROM QUEBEC.

[From our own Correspondent.]

QUEBEC, Sept. 21, 1881.

In keeping with her sister cities Quebec has put on the emblems of mourning for the murdered President of the United States. Without endorsing the sickly sentimentalism of the Chronicle, few will deny to the late James A. Garfield a character worthy of our admiration. From the top-notch to the Professor's chair, from the scholar's retreat to the theatre of war, from the fierce shock of battle to the sedateness of the Council Chamber, and thence to the highest temporal dignity on earth, James A. Garfield as son, husband, father and citizen had proved himself in every respect a brave and good man.

Truly it has been a fatal year for potentates. But yesterday the czar of all the Russias, despite every conceivable precaution, was hurled into eternity; to-day the chosen ruler of a free people lies a victim to an assassin's bullet. But what a difference! The one was in private an immoral rascal, in public a cruel tyrant, blasphemously claiming to rule not alone the bodies, but the souls of men. The other was a good citizen, singled out by his fellows as worthy of the highest position to which they could elect him. And yet both were murdered, the one by the exasperated victims of his tyranny, the other by the morally depraved political fanatic, Guiteau.

There are some people in this world who are nothing if not offensive, to whom truth telling would be a moral impossibility. In its obituary notice of the late President the Quebec Mercury says it is an additional source of sorrow to us that to our disgrace it is reported that the murderer Guiteau was a native of this Province, if not from the vicinity of our city. Now, the malignant blockhead who makes this assertion knows, or at least, ought to know, that such is not the case. A thousand journals have given biographical notices of Guiteau, showing him to have come from a respectable family of French Huguenots settled for generations (I believe since the Revolution) in the United States, and intermarried with other American families, therefore entirely alien both in religion and nationality to the French-Canadians. But truth is of little consequence to the reptilian portion of the British press, when, by the reproduction of a dead calumny, they can fling insult upon those who may differ from them in religion or politics. Our French-Canadian friends can form an idea from this exhibition of the Mercury's venom how bitterly and persistently Ireland and the Irish have been belittled and belied by moral thugs and political hirelings, despite our indignant denials of the foul accusations poured in ceaseless torrent on our heads.

Just now a raid is being made on all non-taxpaying canines. If you are sitting in the window and want to enjoy a farce, just wait till a policeman passes, and bark like a dog. Immediately Bobby will cock up his ear and sniff his eyes round four corners at once, and roll the air like a terrier. A burglar, a murderer, no, not even an earthquake, would draw him from the vicinity while he has a reasonable hope of arresting the owner of an unlicensed pup.

An appeal will be made next Sunday in behalf of St. Bridget's Asylum, the bazaar in aid of which will open shortly. The response will no doubt be as prompt and generous as it has always been, and if it will be a fitting assistance to a most deserving institution.

The position of Deputy Shipping Master is now vacant, and the applicants are legion; the position is tacitly handed over to the English-speaking race, and will doubtless be filled by some one who has not the misfortune (politically speaking) of being an Irish Catholic.

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RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

Whereas,—The Almighty, in His all-wise designs, has deeply afflicted the American people by calling to Himself their dearly beloved President; and

Whereas,—The hearts of all true Americans are filled with sorrow for the loss of one, who, though but a few months their Chief Magistrate, had endeared himself to the nation by his many noble qualities; be it

Resolved,—That we, the American students of St. Laurent College, Montreal, Canada, cordially sympathizing with the afflicted family in their sad bereavement, extend to them our heartfelt condolence; and be it

Resolved,—That we express to our fellow-countrymen our deep sorrow for the misfortune which has fallen upon the people and plunged them into grief and mourning; and be it

Resolved,—That we ever bear in mind the untiring perseverance, heroic self-sacrifice, and noble sense of honor portrayed in the illustrious character of the deceased; and furthermore be it

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. James A. Garfield and also to the Secretary of State.

DAVID E. MURPHY, JOHN J. LENZMAN, GEORGE W. BROWN, EDGEMUND J. MURPHY.

Committee: St. Laurent College, Sept. 21, 1881.

A MATCHLESS MEDICINE.

The cooling, cleansing, soothing and healing properties of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry render it the best remedy in the world for all forms of bowel complaints, sickness of the stomach, cramps, cholera morbus and dysentery. Purely vegetable, and always reliable.