

WAVERLAND.

A TALE OF OUR COMING LANDLORDS.

By SARAH MAIE BRIGHAM.

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"I HAVE been thinking of you a good deal lately, and how I should like to see you again. I have been thinking of you and the improvements on the country and the improvements," said Colonel Haynes. "It is arranged that you should be our guest at the establishment of a new school for the education of our children in America, except as actual settlers. One is needed to find that there are no more tenant farmers in America than at the time of the Irish and the Irish we regard to think and act."

From the discussion of important national affairs we changed to the arrangements for the evening. It was arranged that we were to meet at Blue Ridge in the evening for the wedding, and from there to see our friends on their way to Liverpool.

CHAPTER XXIX.—FAREWELL.

The beautiful dream of life! How few realize their ideal! The evening of that had been the theme of conversation by a large circle of friends, and the one event of life to the immediate actors, had arrived. The immense hall at Blue Ridge was filled with friends, eager to witness the marriage of Colonel Fred Haynes, of the United States, to the beautiful Annie Wren. What a fascination a wedding has for young and old!

The bridal party were to occupy a broad stage or dais that had been beautifully decorated for the occasion with more taste and skill than usual by the artistic hand of Lady Hortense. There were flowers everywhere. The room seemed a bower of bloom. Annie was to be led to the altar by her aged father. She wore, over a dress of white satin, a lacy robe of lace, a veil of English point, a necklace of fine pearls and a wreath of orange flowers, all white; and in this snowy cloud Annie looked more lovely than ever. Sir Wren, with his long white beard, reminded me of my childish pictures of the patriarch Moses. The Colonel was in a full evening dress suit. His eyes bespoke a happy future for my little friend. As they took their places before the altar I thought that they might challenge the finest Greek or Parian taste for perfection of form, feature and costume.

How short the ceremony! How much it means as it runs out in the years to come! To some it brings a train of uninterrupted joy and confidence; to others pain and disappointment.

Congratulations were offered, mingled with feelings of sadness; for on the morning our party were to separate. "It may be for years and it may be for ever," was the refrain. Yet there was no murmuring with sighing. We grieved to be separated from the friends we had loved so long; but this was a happy closing scene for our holiday period. Now we must buckle on the armor of life and take an active part. A happy, joyous time of rest and recreation it had been!

A banquet had been prepared for the closing. The great dining-room was brilliantly lighted. Illumination is a necessary accompaniment to joy; and shadows are not welcome to the happy. The hall was gay with birds and flowers. The table flashed and sparkled with glass, china, gold and silver. From an ante room came soft strains of music as from some Eolian harp.

Annie, the beautiful bride, was seated between her father and her noble young husband, while Mrs. Haynes sat by Sir Wren. My sweet wife was by my side, as bright a beam of sunshine as of old. The merry guests were all seated, and quiet conversation was the rule. The Duke of Melborne sat beside his noble Duchess, still as charming as when we first met her in the mountains of the far away land of blue skies and broad prairies. Mr. and Mrs. Lillard were as jovial as ever, and many were the jokes we passed on our time honored guide. Lord Sanders, with his tall, angular, over-dressed wife and showy daughters were all conspicuous for the amount of diamonds they wore and for their reserved and haughty demeanor.

At dessert Sir Wren was called on to toast the newly married couple.

"You will not escape two sermons—one from the bishop, which you have heard," he said, "boying across the table to Bishop Bede, and now one from me. Listen, my children. Adore each other. Be happy. Now is the budding time of hope and trust; let not the chilling blight of discordant elements blast the tender flower. The world lacks perfume; it lacks the charm of love. We cannot love too well. We cannot please too much. To love and be loved—what a miracle is wrought! Love, woman and a kiss are a circle; they form our universe from the cradle to the grave. Exist bravely for each other. Hide your anger; wounds may heal but the scars remain. Life is too short in its arrowy flight for even an angry word. Love was a child six thousand years ago, and has a right to a long white beard though as youthful as ever," concluded Sir Wren, stroking his long white beard as he resumed his seat.

Melborne was called to answer to the toast, "Civilization."

"My friends, long life to woman. She is the central feature of civilization. He who trains a son trains a man. He who educates a daughter educates a nation. Civilization has brought the university to the poor man's door, in the newsboy's satchel. Civilization has turned the lightning and conquered the elements, but woman is conquerable only through her love."

Colonel Haynes was called on for "America."

"A welcome word, my friends," said the Colonel. "I long to tread her fertile soil once more. But I go with a warning. I must proclaim to the men in that free land that they are howling to the yoke of oppression that will soon be too heavy to bear. I have seen the effect of landlordism on a people bound in slavery to rent. Shall the beacon light of hope in our glorious nation be darkened by this dreadful cloud? Shall the land of free schools and free churches be changed to a land of ignorance and degradation. No, a thousand times, no! The blood of our forefathers cries out against it. Let not history repeat itself. We must sound the tocsin and rouse our people from the lethargy of sleep. There are aliens in America, silently stealing our lands, our heritage and our freedom. 'Defeat to alien landlords' is to be my motto evermore."

"Waverland for Ireland!" was called. "My friends, I said, 'I see in the mists of vanished ages a living, moving, throbbing shadow sweep by us in a grand procession of stately kings in golden chariots; of yellow-haired warriors rushing to battle with shout and war song, for whose sake kings are ready to peril their crowns and men to offer up their lives. In Ireland, when England was inhabited by a wild, roving, rapacious people, like the wild in-

well established in all the forms of government. The trial of all disputes was settled by a verdict of twelve men. In music, the harp was used by the Irish people, and developed by them into the modern piano forte. In literature and art they excelled; and from Ireland came the valiant-hearted soldiers that broke the yoke of Roman slavery from the English necks. While England was yet in slavery, the Irish were enjoying free schools, sustained by endowment. They taught religion, music, language and writing. Architecture, known to King Solomon and attributed to Ireland by the old prophets when they fled from Assyrian captivity, was taught to the people.

"The youthful king, Alfred the Great, drank deep from the fountain of knowledge in Ireland. Literature and art became to him a living purpose. He learned to play the harp, and in after years it enabled him to charm the Danish kings while he was seeking points for attacking their armies.

"When Alfred was proclaimed king of England he established a government founded on the principles learned of the Irish Parliament. It consisted of one chamber where nobles, priests, barons and commons all met as equals, and the king sat in the midst of them as president. At Oxford he established a school of learning and sent to Ireland for instructors. He repeated in England the works in marble and stone that he had learned in Ireland, and had his men build the pointed roofs and arches now called Gothic.

"For more than two thousand years Ireland was a free and prosperous nation, as history and her ruins proclaim. First the Danes made their descent upon the island, capturing many places and driving Irish scholars into all parts of Europe. Afterwards England realized that Ireland was a rich and prosperous land, with every advantage of wealth and culture. The Irish were brave and intelligent people, superior to the English in everything but power. Superior numbers have conquered and for seven hundred years Ireland has been made to feel that England is her master and she is a slave.

"Then, amid the thunders of the American revolution, when the British Empire recoiled before the blows of the allied forces of Louis XVI and George Washington; when Paul Jones, the Yankee Privateer, preyed on English commerce and spread terror along the Scottish coast; when Ireland was without English troops and the only military force in all Ireland was the Irish volunteers; Grattan's parliament was called into existence. Then, like a giant released from bondage, the country again advanced, making rapid strides in progress, until Lord Clare proclaimed, 'There is not a civilized nation on the face of the globe which has advanced in cultivation, in agriculture, in manufactures, with the same rapidity as Ireland.'

"For eighteen years that parliament met in one of the finest buildings in Europe, and made the laws to govern the Irish people. Then, again, the jealousy of England, through treachery and fraud, destroyed the Irish parliament, and Grattan, who had led the Irish people to freedom, lived to see her liberties crushed out by the sword and her parliament destroyed by gold. But though prostrate and bleeding, smarting under the sense of outraged dignity, through years of eviction, famine, imprisonment and death, she has again determined to claim her rights. Another beam of sunlight has touched the living picture, and reveals a mighty man, whose hand is on the key-board of British politics! One who has brought forth a harmony of class and creed that resounds throughout the world, astonishing mankind."

The evening's entertainment was pleasant and gay, with music and conversation. The grand good humor of our host gave a tone of cheerfulness to the whole party. At a late hour the final farewells were said and the bridal party took leave of their friends at Blue Ridge.

In the morning Colonel Haynes, his wife and mother and Sir Wren bade adieu to Blue Ridge Park but Sir Wren and myself formed part of the company as far as Liverpool. There the last farewells were spoken while we stood on the deck of the great steamer that was to be their dwelling place for the next few days.

"Well Waverland," said Colonel Haynes as he took my arm for a short stroll on the deck before parting, "keep me posted as to the condition and progress of the work in the British parliament, and I will send you notes of matters in America. We shall be widely separated, yet I shall feel that we are co-laborers in the same great work. You are engaged in a long death struggle to loosen the fetters of landlordism from the brightest spot of rich green earth on the face of the globe! I go to America to do what I can, by agitation and work, to prevent the same monster from stealing the inheritance of the freest people in the world! Unlike chattel slavery, landlordism is stealthy and deceptive! It charms as the serpent, and is as cruel as the grave. It starves and debauches its victims to helplessness and revels amid the suffering.

"The curse of Ireland is this same condensed villainy! This same cruelty, brutality and terror, conceived in lust and perpetuated by force! I have seen it with my own eyes. Words cannot describe it. It does not recognize manhood, womanhood or childhood. Its hand is upon every cradle in Ireland! Its victims are five millions of people who cannot get away. They are held down by the bayonet, while the landlords rob the helpless in the name of the law!

"I believe Irish landlordism comprises all the villainies the devil ever invented, with chattel slavery thrown in; for who a chattel slave is sick his master cares for him—he is his money! When an Irish tenant is unable to work he is thrown out upon the roadside with his wife and children to perish. In short I have come to feel that this system that confronts us is legalized piracy! The old Saxon was a drunken, sensual brute, but he had his good points; he was not a perfect landlord, but when the Danes, born sea pirates, swooped down on England and mixed with the Saxon stock men as Lord Sanders were created; cold-blooded, cruel and far-reaching; with his \$300,000 per year income from his farms in Illinois. He and his brother landlords have already larger holdings in America than they have in Europe. It makes the blood boil in my veins! Must we sit idle while these men enact the same cruelties in America that I have seen in Ireland. No, we are ready for work. This system we go forth into the two hemispheres to fight! You are led by the greatest men of Europe. Your weapons are truth and justice! Your friends have made a start. This hot furnace of perdition will not yield easily, you will be beaten once, twice, thrice. But remember the story of Bruce and the spider; thirteen times are not too often to try! Follow Gladstone and Parnell. Keep a firm hand on the dyna-

mic orders here, and the monopolies in America, and will ruin the cause of liberty by their impudence if permitted. The rights of person and property should be maintained. It is a lesson for old and young, rich and poor. No man has a right to destroy his neighbor's property, or to infringe on his neighbor's rights, either as landlord, monopolist or as dynamiter! Justice, right and a free ballot are the only weapons that can conquer tyranny in all its forms."

"The signal bell sounded, warning us that the parting time had come. With clasped hands, full hearts and moist eyes, more expressive than words, we pledged eternal friendship.

"Annie," Stella was saying, as we joined them, "write to me often. Tell me of the people and places that you see. We have had such happy times together. I almost dread to go back to Waverland now that you are gone."

"A little friend and playmate," I said, "I had to bid Annie farewell, 'the moors and mountains will miss the pitter of your pony's feet, but you will visit a new country with a message of love and liberty, learned from the old home in Ireland. I wish you God speed and a happy life.'"

The final signal sounded; we were lowered from the great steamer, but watched our friends until they vanished from view.

We crossed the channel and visited Waverland for a few days. In some parts of Ireland there had been terrible need, almost amounting to starvation. In Connaught there had been less suffering. The tenants were hopeful. The new ministry was agreeable to their wishes. Mr. Parnell was their chosen leader, hero and friend. Though quiet was maintained in Ireland, there was an undertone of earnestness that told of settled determination. The only safe plan for England is to listen to reason.

According to an agreement with Sir Wren, many things not valuable enough to take with him yet through association too dear to be parted with, I had taken to Waverland. Annie's pet pony was one of the things committed to my care. The farmers on Sir Wren's estate were contented and happy. A way had been provided by which they were to buy the land they tilled.

Lady Waverland visited all her old friends. They were as warm as ever in their embraces of the "swate lady!" The little school had been moved from the tenant cottage to a fine, large building, erected for the purpose according to the direction of Lady Waverland. She also had endowed it with sufficient funds to procure the best instructors. Thus all our tenants' children have the privilege of a free education.

No wonder that to the poor oppressed tenants, such a benefactor is an object of special love and affection. Her quiet, helpful influence also had a good effect on the home life of the people. Now, instead of dirt and filth about the cabins, all was neat and tidy. The pigs and cows were in the rear of the building, in some kind of shelter, and flowers were seen in the door yards.

Our stay in Waverland was short. It was early in the year 1888. Parliament was in session, and each Irish member felt it his duty to fill his place at all times during the sittings. If Gladstone is beaten in his plans, there will be an appeal to the people. In that appeal, one party or the other will be beaten; but, in any event, the cause of British liberty will gain by the agitation. Ireland's cause is becoming national, and very soon every part of the British Empire must clasp hands in one universal struggle for British Liberty! With the example of America in view, I enter the struggle with cheerful faith in the future!

THE END.

Shooting an Alligator.

The oars were stopped, resting in the water; the skiff had turned, drifting in the sluggish tide; the long beam of the lantern, with its oval disk of dim light resting far out on the surface, swept slowly around over the waters looking for the two lost lights. Ten minutes or more thus passed, and suddenly the two lost sparks gleamed back in a new direction. A gentle, noiseless push on the port oar heaved the skiff toward them again. "Douce-ment!" whispered Paul. His associate, still more gently, guided the boat to the left, till only one light shone from the obscure object in the water. This showed that he had got on his side, as was desired, because a forward shot always glances. Cautiously the silent oarsman again turned his craft to the right. Paul raised his long rifle ready to fire. The disk of the lantern on the water, contracting gradually, grew proportionately more brilliant. As it contracted the solitary light shining back on the water from its center became larger and brighter, till at last the eye of the great saurian glittered as if he had the "Koh-i-noor" itself in his head. Slowly, silently, nearer the boat moved, till within ten yards of the reptile. The glow of the lantern flashed along the barrel of the rifle for a few seconds; then came the ringing report. The light on the water instantly went out, and the glow of the lantern, now shining in a circle only a few feet in diameter over the place where it disappeared, showed only a few foamy bubbles and little pools. Thirty seconds passed in silence; then an immense dark form bounded from the depths below above the surface of the water, and, rolling over on its back, showed the broad, yellow-white belly of an enormous alligator. The shuddering reptile remained otherwise motionless for a few minutes; then, spasmodically stretching and stiffening its ugly legs and feet, and leaping half its length in the air, fell back again, beating the water with its tail in blows sounding as loud as the report of the weapon which had slain him. "Moi tue li," muttered Paul in an accent of quiet triumph. His associate, after a few exclamations of more visible admiration, rolled another cigarette, and quietly turned his boat off in search of other game. In a few hours of this hunting five alligators were shot.—Andrew Wilkinson, in the Century.

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