

A COUNTRY THAT WANTS MORE MEN AND WOMEN.

(Correspondence of the *Pilot*.)

DENVER, June 6, 1881.

COLORADO, to use the local phrase, is "booming right along." She has had a Spartan youth, and now, in the year of her majority, Fortune seems to hail gifts upon the rising State. Some Denver magnates, discussing the question of taking up the world's fair project, abandoned by New York, a Senator seconded the motion with the truly Coloradan remark that "failure belongs east of the Mississippi, not west." All men, and a few women, partake of the divine afflatus in this latitude, talking poetry, prophecy, or nonsense, according to circumstances. It is difficult to speak the exact truth concerning this country; it changes so quickly, its developments are so surprising, that the "Arabian Nights" seems a sober book of reference beside its history.

One thing is certainly true, that all men wanting work can find it at present; but have you no women "back East"? Ever since those stormy days when one of the first Governors wrote home in trepidation, that he had to preserve order among a population of "thirty thousand, all males!" excess of men has been the social problem of Colorado. Laws are at present contemplated in some districts to prohibit the importation of any more bachelors; a better plan might be to encourage the emigration of families, which may yet be decided on.

Denver has plenty of human sharks, "confidence men," gamblers etc., all lying in wait for fools with more money than they can take care of, but people without bad habits are not in much danger here.

Judge Lynch attended to the case of "Billy Le Roy," the stage robber, last week, and the example promises to be salutary.

The victory of Miss Pinneo, of Colorado, over Miss Curtis of Kansas, in a twenty-mile race, was the latest vindication of the boast that Colorado can do anything." More than twelve thousand persons witnessed the race, and every animal in Denver was pressed into service to carry sight-seers to the fair ground where it took place.

It is worth while to walk down Fifteenth street, and compare it with the past, which is yet so short a time ago. Bishop Machebeuf's little garden, with its wild roses, is there as it was in '64, when it formed the outpost of civilization in that quarter. All else is changed. I have seen Fifteenth street when its corner groups talked of the bodies of men, women, and children, brought in gashed by Arapahoe knives, when school children whispered of Morgan, the horse-thief, and his confederates, swinging on the Cherry Creek Bridge; when the Utes rode along it, yelling their scalp-song over a solitary Sioux scalp, and when long trains of Mexican ox-teams, bringing lumber from the Divide, blocked the streets, and made Spanish the temporary language of the town. There where the high brick wall hides the convent grounds, we children, unconscious of their significance watched the sacred dance of the Aztecs and the pantomime of Montezuma's flight. Even now on certain Sundays, you can see it crossed by serge-clad nuns and a long file of white veiled communicants. For the rest, it has become ordinary enough, and yet, if you do not object to a little gossip, we may find objects of interest in our walk.

Near the church a well-preserved old lady alights from her carriage. She is the daughter of an old French family, and her coming to Denver has the charm of romance. In the French-American city of her birth, a gentleman whose name is a title of honour on the frontier sought her hand, but she married another. After nearly twenty years of wandering her first lover returned to find her widowed, and at once renewed his offer, which was accepted. You see that intrusive old Eros makes an appearance everywhere. There walks, careless of style, a genuine old settler, an Irishman who crossed the plains on foot, as captain of an ox-team, and is now the owner of many town houses, blocks, and valuable property throughout the State, of all kinds, saving mines. Besides him is another, a "bonanza king," whose mighty and muscular form shows to little advantage in city costume. Bare-armed in the mines, he would be a Hercules. There are two men discussing sheep raising; one's ancestors came in the Mayflower, the other's with Cortez. A man passes them whom old settlers greet with curt avoidance; new ones hasten to take the hand stained with a murder which only escaped punishment through the workings of a secret society. Many go by of whom we need say nothing, for various reasons. But here comes a charming lady, daughter of an Australian city, but adopted in America. If you speak with her, she will make you laugh in ten minutes; if you visit her she will show you jewels bought in Ceylon, South Sea curiosities, and her own paintings. There walks a dark-eyed young Virginian beauty, proudly indifferent to admiration, in company with an elegant New York lady, of whom Colorado girls say she is a fortune angler.

That gentleman who rides by, sitting his horse so straight and well is an old soldier, who can show you, if he will, his sketch book full of war pictures taken on the spot. Those two we have just passed are apostles of the gospel of culture, friends to-day, bitter enemies to-morrow, men with neither honour, conscience, nor common honesty, but gifted with more or less talent. Are such as these to be our representatives? Spirit of the West forbid it!

It is pleasanter to rest one's eyes on this priest, with his face worn, like that of a monk in an old picture, and his dark Italian eyes,—eyes *sobre tierra* (above the earth), as a Mexican described them.

If one took the trouble to note them, the street expressions heard would be equally varied and original, but they would not all do for print. On a corner a knot of men are taking "mine" with much excitement.

"I don't want to shoot the wrong man, but"—the rest of the young man's sentence is lost. It is not likely any one will be killed, however; so we may pass on. Bloodthirsty talk betrays the "tenderfoot," who does not yet know that common sense and a civil tongue are the best weapons in a strange country.

Denver is only seen to perfection from a carriage. The love of

horses is inborn in the Coloradan, and the roads are fine, smooth, hard, and level as a floor. Late in May or early in June the trees are leafy, the gardens, watered by spouting hose, seem Oriental in their freshness and shade, and the air is delightful. You catch glimpses of blue mountains through long avenues of green, or from the heights, see the grand semi-circle outlined against the brilliant sky, its sharp peaks, snow-crested, and crossed occasionally by pale volumes of smoke rolling upward from the great smelters of Argo.

M. A.

THE SIEGE OF QUINLAN'S CASTLE.

(Dublin *Freeman*, June 11.)

A BRITISH army was engaged near Doon last week in the most glorious exploit that ever stained its banners. The Guards have had active service just three times in this century. They have been at Waterloo, in the Crimea, and at Tim Quinlan's Castle; and Tim Quinlan—what neither Napoleon nor Menchikoff did—has sent the Guards home baffled and ridiculous. They came to carry out evictions, and the only peasant they succeeded in evicting quietly went back when they were gone, and is sleeping snugly to-night under his own roof. They came to claim Tim Quinlan's Castle, and they were ashamed to enter it when they saw it. The whole scare about Quinlan's castle is an unadulterated figment. There is no place of the name at all. There are three naked walls of a ruined castle upon the farm not of Tim Quinlan, but of Thomas Anderson. No shot was ever fired out of it by anybody. No firearm was displayed in or near it. Nobody ever garrisoned it. It was seized upon by some youngsters as a coign of vantage for stoue-throwing one day that a distress for rent was being levied in the farm-yard immediately underneath it. That is upon the faith of every soul in the neighbourhood the whole and only ground for the wicked stories that have hoaxed the Government into sending an army to besiege it. So gross was the imposition that when the troops arrived in front of the ruin they had not the courage to make themselves ridiculous by taking possession of it. Unhappily if the affair was in one aspect a gigantic hoax upon the Government, it might very easily have been a slaughter of a desperate and heartbroken tenantry. A few words, first, about their quarrel, for it is in every respect typical of this miserable land war. The landlord, Colonel Hare, is an English absentee, whose face most of the fifty-two tenants have never seen. His rents are upon an average once and half Griffith's valuation. Tim Quinlan, himself is no myth, though his castle is. He is a man of middle age, magnificent frame, and of unblemished character—the very type of a man that would do honour to any yeomanry in the world. His case will exemplify that of all his unhappy comrades. His rent was raised from £1 an acre in 1852 to 37s an acre in 1857, and in 1873 he was compelled to accept a lease for thirty-one years at the still further increased rent of two pounds an acre. By light like this it is easy to understand the evil memories that darken the estate. Ninety-five families flung out in the times of the famine fever, the priests forced to anoint the wretched people under the open sky, the roofs dragged off their houses by horse power, a violent wife roped to a cart's tail till she was driven mad, and in after days (in 1862) the agent of the property, Mr. Braddel, shot dead in a hotel in Tipperary, and a bailiff sent to the same miserable doom. Last year a man named Hammersley was evicted. His farm has ever since lain a wilderness, and the handsome slated farmhouse he had built for himself is falling silently to ruin. He was the only tenant who, twelve months ago, was in arrears; but they had made their last struggle to pay their rack-rents in February. They petitioned the agent, a young gentleman named Thomas G. Hare, of the Marino, Queenstown, for a reduction of rents to the valuation. He informed them bluntly that though he would forward their petition it would be with a distinct intimation to the landlord that if their request was granted he would resign the agency. No response ever came to the petition until the process-server brought writs for rent and subsequently for possession. The four men who were to have been evicted to-day, James Kennedy, John Ryan (Frank) John Anderson and Christopher Anderson, owe only one year's arrears of the rack-rents they have paid patiently so long. These facts may indicate what it is that has roused the unhappy people to the pitch of desperation, that brought Her Majesty's troops to-day into their peaceful plains to slay them. That such was at least the intention of the Orange Emergency Association, who appear to have taken over the whole care of arrangements from the Government, that they came to strike terror and to make an example, is abundantly clear. Three hundred men of the Coldstream Guards, one hundred men of the Scots Fusilier Guards, with all the appurtenances of a campaign, were transported secretly from Dublin during Thursday night—not even the subordinate officers were told whither they were going. Nobody was entrusted with the secret except Mr. Goddard and the Tory newspapers. The men had absolutely to scramble over the walls near the station at Inchicore in order that they might not be perceived even at the ordinary platform there. Not content with this stealthy strategy, a telegram was despatched in cypher to Kildare, ordering that a pilot engine should precede the military special trains southward. Even at Inchicore Mr. Goddard quarrelled with the Deputy Assistant Quartermaster General (Colonel Smith) and, of course, succeeded in upsetting Colonel Smith's arrangements. Colonel Smith naturally objected to a person acting as a landlord's bailiff travelling in a military train, and Mr. Goddard, being the virtual governor of Ireland, travelled in spite of him. Daylight revealed to the people of the New Pallas district the extent of the invasion. Fires were immediately lit, flags were displayed from hill to hill according to a code of signals pretty well understood in the neighbourhood, the bells were sounded, and horsemen were despatched at full speed through the country with the tidings. "The sheriff" was all they shouted as they galloped along. In an incredibly short time for many a mile the people hurried to the evictions. They came from Doon, Cappawhite, Oola, New Pallas, Dono-