Romance and Luck Rivals in Australia's Golconda

Writing from Ballarat, Australia, a correspondent of the Indianapolis News says: As we sat looking down over the marvellously beautiful parked streets of this famous city of gold boulders, listening to the story of the days when men strained their backs here lifting masses of pure gold out of the earth, the old Arabian traditionary history of the discovery of the great Golconda kept running through my mind.

Listen, beloved—(it goes something like that in its Oriental meter)—way back in distant time there was a great sheik, owner of large caravans of camels and flocks that scattered over the valleys and the mountain sides; master over many servants. He was filled with contentment, for his herds grazed on fertile fields through which threaded a beautiful stream. But one night as he sat before his tent a stranger appeared in front of him, weary of travel and asking for a place to rest.

That night as they talked the stranger pulled from his leather bag a strange, beautiful stone. It flashed the colors of the rainbow in the moonlight. It was a crystallized dewdrop. The sheik of contentment marvelled at its great value, and learned much of where it was found, far beyond the ranges of mountains. Next morning the stranger proceeded, but he left behind him the demon of discontent. . . .

. . . So the great sheik sold off his herds and loaded his earthly possessions on his camels and went in search of the fountain of great wealth where the radiant, crystallized dewdrops were scattered in great profusion.

No Need to Wander for Wealth

Ah, beloved, it is a sad tale; with money gone, many years dissipated and with disappointment and poverty crushing him, many years afterward a gray-haired man reached the great western ocean and, broken hearted in his vain search, cast himself into its waves. Now, the next morning after he had forsaken the green pastures and the beautiful stream, the man who came in on it, drove his flocks down to the river to water them. And, as they drank, he noticed glistening in the water some beautiful stones. . . . And thus, beloved, was discovered the great Golconda. He who went afar in search of chrystallized dewdrops had been feeding his flocks for years in fields of diamonds.

Some sixty years ago all of these hills and valleys now covered with the buildings and broad tree-lined streets of this little Paris of Australasia were included in the grazing grounds of a sheep rancher named Anderson. One day, as he was showing some friends over the sheep run the glitter of some yellow in a piece of quartz on the ground caught his eye. "Here's gold," he cried, as he leaped for it. He showed it to his freinds. They looked at it, and laughed at him. "Gold, your grandmother," declared one, and the others laughed. Like many other men Anderson found ridicule too much, and, taking the rock again, he heaved it at his tormentors.

Went On Herding Sheep

He continued in his slow, discouraging process of trying to accumulate a competency by raising sheep, herding them over one of the greatest gold fields that the world has ever seen, over pastures whose surface was strewn with millions of dollars' worth of gold in boulders. If the record is not incorrect, Anderson picked up his quartz and threw it at his ridiculers on the very hill in which, fifteen years later, was found the second most valuable lump of metal ever happened on by man—a great boulder of solid pure gold, weighing 185 pounds, and that brought the twenty-two poor co-operative workers that heaved it to the surface from its 180 foot burial in alluvial deposit $39,707.46—more money than Anderson could ever make out of sheep in those days.

Over these hills Anderson's old sheep grazing grounds, and from their bowels have been gathered in a half billion dollars' worth of gold, and much of it came in great boulders. In the five years between 1853 and 1858, 597 pounds of gold was found in five nuggets — the 185-pound "Welcome" nuggets, and four others weighing 135 pounds, 99 pounds, 92 pounds, and 84 pounds, respectively. It got so that unless a man had an 80-pound nugget of pure gold it was hardly worth passing notice in the recorded finds. Most other parts of the earth, rich though they may be, or have been, in gold have generally measured nuggets by ounces.

Every foot that is now covered by this beautiful city with its marvellous gardens has been washed, and has produced its wealth, and as we sat on the balcony overlooking the city and its surrounding hills and valleys, there came from every direction the rumble of the stamp mills. All under the city and these hills, men are working at depths from a quarter to more than a half mile, robbing the living rock gold treasury of nature. Ballarat's gold boulder days may be over, but Ballarat is still the golden. And up there over those hills to the northeast, lies Bendigo.

Just a little before Anderson made his mistake, a convict in Great Britain's New South Wales penal camp came in one night bringing a small lump of gold. He could not tell exactly where he had picked it up, and all the reward he received for his discovery was the confiscation of the find and a commitment to hard labor with 150 lashes, "for melting down the gold case of a stolen watch." Since then, the Australian gold fields, which this poor convict must be credited with having discovered, have produced over $2,500,000 of that metal in which all the world now calculates, trades, and thinks, and the names of Ballarat, Bendigo, Bathurst and—since 1892—Coolgardie, have become world famous.

America's Influence on Australia

Americans and Australians, as a rule, have little idea of the extent to which some American history making events have influenced Australia's destiny. It was the success of the American revolutionists that caused England to turn to Australia. She had been deporting her convicted men and women to the southern American colonies, and when this land of exile was deprived her, she shifted her deporting to Australia, and later to Van Dieman's Land, now Tasmania. It was the California gold rush that led directly to the opening of Australia's greatest source of natural wealth. Not only were the prairie schooners filled with forty-niners and drawn by bullock teams creeping across the great plans and deserts in the early 50's, but with even less difficulty and with greater speed were whaling boats and other craft carrying across the 7,000 miles of water from Australia to the California gold diggings a large part of the island continent's space free population. New South Wales became alarmed as she saw her population heading for California. The poor convict's story, and the theories of several others that gold could be found in Australia were seized on and in order to stem the tide the colony posted a reward for any one who would find gold in New South Wales. The Bathurst field was thus discovered.

The gold fever that broke out even rivalled that of California. Whole streets in Sydney were deserted by people, who sold out for a song in order to get to the gold diggings, and it was only when the army that always comes home disappointed from a gold rush returned to become renters at high rates of the property that they had almost given away that it was realized here that the most successful "gold" miner is not always the one that goes to the gold diggings. But the gold discovery not only depopulated Sydney—it drew the life out of Melbourne and its colony of Victoria.

Rush to the Melbourne Fields

To stop this Melbourne adopted the same policy that Sydney, in behalf of New South Wales, had adopted to stop the wild flow of people out of its borders. Melbourne offered a big reward to any one who would find gold near Melbourne. And it was found, and with it came Ballarat and Bendigo, and a wilder excitement than Sydney had ever known. People deserted Melbourne, and in the harbor of the deserted city rocked great fleets of deserted ships—forty, fifty, sixty, a hundred traders from all parts of the world, that put in at Melbourne in the trade, had been swept by the fever, and their crews, from cabin boy to captain, had deserted and joined in the pell-mell rush.

The world tide was then even turned and the gold hunters came from California to Ballarat and Bendigo. The world had never seen such gold. Here fortunes were lying around in boulders. In five years there were found around Bendigo and Ballarat eleven gold boulders, ranging in value from $20,000 up to the $40000 Welcome nugget. The record of the next decade was topped by the discovery of the "Welcome Stranger," at Dunolly, in the Bendigo district. It tipped the beam at 210 pounds troy, and brought the two men who found it $46,835.

The "Welcome Stranger," though discovered in 1869, still holds the record as the most valuable single lump of metal found by any man in all recorded history. The "Welcome" nugget found here nine years before, still being the second most valuable. The "Welcome Stranger" was indeed a welcome stranger to two half starved men, to whom the week before further grant of food credit had been refused. John Deeson and Richard Oates had been "fossicking" back in the hills from Bendigo for some weeks, and had found a few fair nuggets, but their finds had not kept pace with the decline of their "swag" and tucker, and their money not only was gone, but they had exhausted their credit, and a week previous to the find they had been turned away from their source of food supply empty handed. They were still hanging on with empty stomachs when Friday, February 6, rolled around.

When Pick Struck "The Stranger"

Friday at best was a bad day. Along about noon Deeson started to prospect near the base of a tree. He brought down his pick, and, according to the Bendigo paper of two days later, which got the story first hand, it hit a big boulder. "D—n it, I wish it was a nugget that had broken the d—— pick," swore Deeson to Oates. He put his pick under the boulder, but found that it was too heavy to be turned out of the way. It was then that his eye caught the abrasion made by the pick. There was no doubt about it, gold, a great ledge of gold. Neither of the men could lift it alone, but they managed to worry the mass over into their cabin, where they built a great fire in the open fireplace and rolled their "nugget" into it to melt the mass into better shape. They sat up all night with their prize and early the next morning started for Bendigo. There the boulder was broken up.

"It was so solid," say the then current Bendigo papers, "that it turned the edge of chisels used in breaking it, and five hours had passed before it was reduced to pieces of meltable size." As it did yield to the chisels, say the Bendigo papers, "the gold broke off clean, with the appearance of a well cut Cheshire cheese."

The two lucky miners distributed about a pound of souvenir chips, each one of them a respectable sized nugget for any other field. They received $46,835 for the gold melted down. The great nugget was found only two inches under the soil. The Bendigo paper of the following Saturday says: —"Yesterday we visited the new field, where the 'Welcome Stranger' was found, and we found Deeson and Oates there working with their coats off, as though nothing had happened. Deeson, who found the nugget, died last year in a poorhouse."

Many Have Reason to Remember

Unfortunately no cast was made of this nugget, but later, under the direction of the two men, a model of it was made, and it is now the most interesting feature of the Victorian Museum at Melbourne. By its side is the cast of the other great boulder, the "Welcome" nugget, and around it are the casts of other great finds of these fields, including the Blanche Barkley, which weighed a fraction more than one hundred and forty-five pounds. Many Americans who lost $10 on the "Welcome" nugget remember its history. It was taken to London, and there bought by three men, who valued it at $50,000, and started a world-wide raffle for it, selling tickets at $10 each all over the world. The raffle drawing was about to be made when the British government stepped in and lifted its reverent hand. But the people who had sent in their $10 for tickets never got their money back.

The boulder days here are not entirely over. Within the last year a 600 ounce nugget was found lying on the side of a road in the Posidon field. People had been passing the boulder for years.

This recalls the first big Coolgardie find. A prospector named Bayley had been working in what is now known as the Coolgardie field. He had not met with success and was getting ready to return home. During the night his horse became restless, and he went out to see what was the matter. On the way to the animal he stumbled over what he thought was a stone, but which proved to be a mass of pure gold. He took $50,000 out of a little hole there in four weeks. That location is now in the centre of Coolgardie.

Other Stories of Big Finds

The famous Merton's Reward mine, in West Australia, has a similar history. Fred Merton went out to find his camel, scratched a match on a stone, found it to be heavily gold bearing and took 32,094 ounces of gold, worth $18.78 an ounce—$414,925—out of his "Reward" before he sold it for half a million cash and some stock. The "Reward" ran about $35 a ton.

The great Kalgoorlie field, which has yielded something more than $300,000,000 of gold up to date, was opened with a $50 grub stake. I got the story first hand this week from the man who organized the 'stake."

The fool-for-luck stories are as plentiful here as in every other gold country. There is the story of the miner at Kalgoorlie, who, having nothing to do one Sunday, began to "pan" the earth floor of his own tent and opened up a great gold mine, but who, unluckily, became so excited that he ran forth proclaiming his luck, with the result that before he could get his claim staked out all of the land on every side of his tent had been claimed, and he was restricted to the space covered by his canvas.

Then there is the Coolgardie story of the two greenhorn Irishmen who had just landed. They started to prospect, but were thrown off every place they started to work by the owners of the claims.

"Where shall we go?" they asked. And to get rid of them the old miners said: "Oh, take a chase over there."

They were fools enough to be thus disposed of, and began working in ground that everybody had prospected over and found to be no earthly good. In two weeks they took out $70,000. They had enough and went back to Ireland on the next boat, while the wise miners who had "steered them" were fighting one another staking out claims around their hole.

Broken Hill Fortune

Charles Rasp died in May this year. He was the discoverer of the great Broken Hill fortune, the greatest silver and lead mine in the world. He was a boundary rider in a sheep ranch, working for $20 a month. While going over land that others had been riding over and feeding sheep on for years, he noticed the outcropping of peculiar minerals. The great property that he opened was brought before the public by a company that he organized himself. It had only £450 ($2,250) capital. In twenty years it has produced $225,000,000 of minerals and $65,000,000 of profits.

And there, too, is the story of the discovery of the Pibarra gold field, one of the Australian deposits that has attracted world wide attention. One day a boy picked up a stone to throw at a crow and found that it was gold.

He reported his find to the warden, who became so excited that, in telegraphing the news of his find to the Governor of Perth, only informed him that "a boy had picked up a stone to throw at a crow." The governor was nonplussed, and he telegraphed back: "Yes, but what happened to the crow?" The explanation was quickly followed by the great Pibarra rush.

And all through these and the many other similar romances of the Australian gold fields that might be given runs that interesting series of records of geologists who, having examined sections now made famous as gold producers, reported that there was nothing to be had there.

Peculiar Water Conditions

The Western Australia gold fields are the most remarkable in the world in this respect—they were four hundred miles from water. They are not now, for the Western Australian government has built a great pumping plant that carries the water across that great desert waste and over an elevation of 1,500 feet and supplies it to the miners of the Coolgardie and the Kalgoorlie fields.

It has been one of the Australian state enterprises that has been a financial money loser, because of an interesting and unexpected condition. The state was to sell water to the population of the towns as well as to the mining companies, and taking a census of population as a basis for making estimate for financing the undertaking, it made its calculation on revenue on the basis of the well established figures of water companies over the world, which showed that each person would consume twenty-two gallons of water in a certain period.

The plant was built, but it was discovered that people who long ago had been using water that was so high in cost that it took about $10 to water a team of horses and $20 to take a bath, had become used to getting along with very little of it—they used only six gallons in the normal twenty-two gallon consumption period for the remainder of the earth, and, of course, that meant financial loss for what is, in some respects, the world's most notable water plant.

Used Wind Instead of Water

In the absence of water the gold miners in the great desert used wind for placer mining. They "panned" by letting the stiff desert winds, instead of water, carry away the substances lighter than the gold. It was in that respect the same principle used in sluicing with water, but it was applied in the old grain winnowing plan. The winds are terrific, and the clouds of dust carried off the diggings when the prospectors, and later the wind mining machinery were at work, were frightful. The Western Australian fields have always been dominated by American mining engineers, the same as the South Australian fields have been, and the country is alive with American gold miners.

Western Australia has been the gold mine of the London shark promoter. A man could go out and scratch around in the dirt, and bring in something that looked as if it might produce some gold if the gold were in it, cable the news to London at night, and wake up the next morning to find a cablegram announcing that a company with a million pounds sterling had been organized, and some fifty thousand pounds had already been subscribed, information accompanied with probably ten or fifteen thousand pounds sterling of real gold. When the people began to investigate, after dumping in millions, they found that their "representatives in the great mining fields" had probably never been out to the claim staked off.

On A Humbler Basis

The gold days in New Zealand have dwindled down to dredging the rivers, but that is very successful, and big money is being made by many companies whose dirt is running only five cents a cubic yard. It does not compare in richness with the gold-bearing alluvial deposits of Brown and Morgan counties in Indiana, whole valleys of which, according to the State Geologist, run from thirty-five cents a cubic yard up.

The world production of gold today is running about $400,000,000 a year. The bulk of it is coming from the United States, Australasia and Africa, each producing about one-fourth of the annual output. In 1904 the North American continent led, with $118,000,000, followed by Africa, with $118,000,000, and Australasia with $85,000,000. Of the American States, Colorado with $25,000,000 output, was first; California, with from $19,000,000 to $20,000,000, second. Alaska's output in 1905 was $14,000,000, and he 1906 yield was estimated at $20,000,000. Nevada is next, producing in 1905 a total of $5,000,000 of gold.

Has the Recent Success In War Spoiled the Japanese

Toronto Globe: The first letter of Rev. Jonothan Goforth on Japanese oppression in Corea dealt largely with outrages upon native Coreans. In this it is shown that the missionaries secure exemption from assault only by the exercise of muscular Christianity.

At Wansan, says Mr. Goforth, continuing his story, a Jap struck a Corean. The Corean turned on him and thrashed him. The Jap ran off, and, arming himself with a knife, returned to the attack. The first slash he made almost severed one of the Corean's fingers. Other Coreans seized the Jap, and took him and the wounded man off to the chief of police. That official drove them away, saying "You lying Coreans! One cannot believe a word you say." The injured man's finger dangling by the skin was no proof. The chief of police in all Corean towns is a Japanese.

At Hamheung, farther up the east coast, there is another station of the Canadian Presbyterian mission. Mr. McRae is the senior missionary in charge. He is a splendid specimen of physical manhood. There are several thousand Japanese troops there. Once Mr. McRae saw Japanese staking off a piece of land he had bought to build a mission house upon. He drove them off and pulled up the stakes. Thereupon six Japanese soldiers attacked him, one with a musket. Mr. McRae stood with his back to a wall. The soldier with a musket swung as if to strike with the butt end. Mr. McRae supposed it to be only a feint and did not guard himself, and consequently got a severe blow on the hip, which lamed him for days. As soon as Mr. McRae saw they were in earnest in the attack he determined only to stand on guard, and not attempt to wrest the musket from the one who handled it, lest they might report him as attempting to seize the musket. He parried every blow, and flung back every assailant until the Japs got tired and went away.

No Redress Offered

This case was reported to the British Consul-General at Seoul. The Japanese authorities replied: "Yes, your missionary at Hamheung tried to seize a musket belonging to one of our soldiers and probably in the struggle he got hurt." Nothing more was done. On another occasion a Japanese soldier attacked Mr. McRae at the mission book-room. Mr. McRae put out his hand to push the fellow back. The Jap, like a dog, snapped at one of Mr. McRae's fingers, and commenced chewing it. Mr. McRae, with the other hand, promptly choked the brute off, then flung him to the ground knocking most of the breath out of him. The Jap then got up and flung his accoutrements and coat on the ground and ran to his superior officer, and said that the missionary had tried to strip him and kill him.

Seized Mission Building

On another occasion Mr. McRae got word that some Japanese were taking possession of the mission school downtown. True enough, on reaching there, he found the school about emptied of furniture, etc., by the Japanese. Mr. McRae emptied them out. In a short time an officer came along, leading a squad of soldiers, saying that he had orders to seize the building.

"Seize away," said Mr. McRae. "This school belongs to the Canadian mission, and you don't get it without seizing me."

The soldiers went away, but they seized the poor old widow who had rented the room to the mission and flung her into prison, and kept her there until the missionary, out of pity for her, gave up the building.

The Cowardly English

Mr. McRae once heard the Japanese adviser to the Corean governor harranguing a crowd of Coreans about as follows:—"Beware of the English and Americans. They are too cowardly to fight your battles. They come to you with fair promises, that they may get possession of your prperty and turn you out of everything. They did not drive Russia out of your country, but we did," etc., etc.

The land for the railway from the port of Hamheung, as well as the land for stations, freight sheds, etc., etc., has been taken from the owners without any compensation. During the war when these troops arrived they quartered themselves on the people. As a matter of "military necessity," that might pass, but since the war has been ended for more than two years "military necessity" cannot be advanced as plea for the continuation of that imposition upon the people. We were taken to one Christian home to see what a great hardship it is for the Coreans to have the soldiers quartered upon them. This family seemed fairly well-to-do. There were seven members in the family. They all had to live in the kitchen, while Japanese soldiers occupied the rest. The mother had to be confined in that kitchen. The child had died. The mother looked as if she would soon follow. I heard of another case even worse. Two families were forced to live in one kitchen, while soldiers occupied the rest.

Oppression Everywhere

All over the city it is the same way. A Jap stole a Corean's cow. The owner traced the cow to the Jap's home. The Jap took a club and beat the Corean almost to death. No redress. A Japanese bought 600 yen worth of lumber from a Corean dealer for cash. The Corean delivered the lumber and asked for his pay. He was told to return next day and get it. When he came for it next day the Jap refused to pay. The Corean merchant went and laid his case before the Japanese authorities. They said: "Yes, he must pay you." A month passed and he went again. They said: "If he don't pay take your lumber away from him." Dare he? He would leave his lifeless body there, too. The Japanese told the governor that they had need of lumber and were going to cut down the pine in the graveyard of one of the emperors. The governor dare not allow that, so he let the Japanese cut down all the pine trees they needed out of the city park and spoilt it. A Christian owned a grove of pine trees. Pine is becoming increasingly valuable, so the man was holding on to his. One day a squad of Japanese soldiers came with a gang of coolies and quartered themselves in the home of this Christian. They cut down and carried off fifteen hundred of his pine trees and never paid him a cent.

False Deeds and Records

Near Hamheung there is a large district lying along the sea shore, where people have made salt for centuries. Some Japanese got their eyes on this district. They armed themselves with a false deed, stamped at the Japanese office, and proceeded to evict the Corean owners. The Coreans came to Mr. McRae, who told them to write their case out clearly and send a man with it to Seoul. Mr. McRae, at the same time having business at Seoul, took the Corean along and directed him how to go to Marquis Ito's office and present his case. Mr. McRae took the precaution to have in his possession a copy of the case. The Corean was seized as soon as he entered Marquis Ito's office by the underling Japanese there. When four days passed and the Corean did not reappear Mr. McRae himself got the case before the Marquis. It was too glaring an injustice for Ito not to notice. Therefore he ordered the Japanese official on the east coast to restore the salt lands to their original owners. Some months passed; then the tax for making salt on those flats went up from eight cents a bag to sixty cents a bag. Perhaps the Japanese are innocent, but this sudden increase of the salt tax looks suspicious. The saltmakers said they could not afford to make salt with such an increase, and refused to pay more than the ordinary tax.

Active Hostilities

The Japanese chief of police led out a band of police to enforce the increased tax. The police with their swords cut off an ear from this man, a hand from that man, and slashed around generally. Thereupon the salt men seized the police and beat them, but did not kill any of them. Next day the Japanese cavalry and artillery went out and bombarded the salt villages. This outrage happened toward the end of June—the day before we left Hamheung—so that we had no opportunity to verify anything, but we were told that between twenty and forty prisoners were brought in, and that many others in the villages had been killed and wounded. We heard that everywhere among the Coreans there is a deep undercurrent of unrest under present conditions, and a deep hatred of the Japanese. Many said, "What is the use of life under such conditions? Our property is wrested from us. Even our wives and mothers, sisters and daughters are not exempt from outrage. Better," say they, "rise up and hurl ourselves upon our Japanese oppressors and perish."

The Bogus Abdication

How well Japan succeeds in throwing dust in the eyes of the nations! How lamb-like she makes herself appear in this recent crisis! The Emperor was such an intriguer that he had to be suppressed; and yet, as pointed out above, the poor man has all along been so much suppressed that he is not free to get a tooth attended to. He is asked to abdicate by his ministers! The tools of Japan—political nobodies. Prince Pak told me that not one of them had ever held rank even as high as governor. The emperor saw that Japan was surely goading his subjects to inevitable rebellion; hence in despair he sends the delegates to The Hague. Japan tries to besmirch the character of these delegates, but one at least shall be heard from—Mr. Hulbert. He saw a noble race fearfully wronged even in this twentieth century, and was brave enough to risk all and espouse their cause. All honor to such a man! Japan pretends to be shocked at the unreasonable and ungrateful attitude of the Coreans; therefore she must reluctantly take over even the conduct of Corea's internal affairs, and will appoint Japanese subjects to act as lower officials everywhere. The Japanese themselves admit that they are poor linguists. How are they to examine into law and other cases? From what has been written about Japanese injustice above it is clear that this new extension of power will make the future condition of the poor Corean unbearable.

Conditions in Manchuria

In conclusion let me add a few words about the Japanese in Manchuria. The Japanese behaved so well in their war with China that when they came over to drive out the Russians the Chinese hailed them with delight as their deliverers. They have made themselves feared and detested since the war. In company with Dr. MacKay I was journeying across Manchuria from the Malu to Mukden. It is a light railway, with very small railway carriages. During the first day we got well acquainted with several Chinese gentlemen, who were also going to Mukden. Next morning we were all on the same carriage about an hour before starting time. An old gentleman was sitting just inside the door. There was an empty place under his seat, and I had placed Dr. MacKay's trunk there. Presently a Japanese came. Judging from his dress, I would say he was an inn waiter. He roughly said to the old gentleman sitting near the door: "Get out of here." The old man, without a word, took his things off to another part of the car. Pointing to Dr. MacKay's trunk, he said: "Get it out of here." The old man said: "It isn't mine." So the fellow hauled it out and flung it down at our feet, blocking the passage way.

I then spoke out. "Do you know whose trunk that is?" "No," he said. "Well, I want to tell you it belongs to us." He insolently replied: "Get it out of the way then." I said: "It was out of the way while under the seat there and you had no right to touch it; neither had you any right to drive that old gentleman from his seat." He squared up with clenched fist and spoke in Japanese, but we didn't understand. His look, however, was: "I would delight to smash you."

With some warmth I said: "Why, what is getting into you Japanese that you must even insult your friends? If it hadn't been for our country you Japanese would not have dared to cross the Straits of Tushiema. Now, since with our fleet we protected your rear to allow you to come over and beat a disorganized enemy, you must get filled with pride and abuse everybody. If you people don't change your manners a combination shall rise up against you and and drive you back to your islands and keep you there."

With this the Chinese picked up courage and heaped ridicule upon him. They said to us: "If you two Britishers had not been here probably we all would have been driven out of this carriage. It has happened that we Chinese have been all seated in a carriage on a wet morning waiting for the train to start. Then Japanese passengers have come from the inn to board the train. They have driven us all out to the open trucks in the rain, while they helped themselves to our seats. We paid the fare, and it is our country, and yet we are treated so."

The Japanese have brought their vile women and gambling to the Manchurian cities. As I passed down the public street in Liaoyang I saw Japanese men and women sitting together with most of their bodies exposed. How this must shock every idea of Chinese propriety! The foregoing is sufficient reason for me to turn anti-Japanese, and to be ashamed that my country is allied with such a nation.

J. GOFORTH.

Changtefu, Honan, China, Aug. 9.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., Speaks on Home Rule

London Times.—A Home Rule demonstration was held in the Mansion-house, Dublin, the lord Mayor presiding. There was a crowded attendance, including several members of parliament and clergymen. Mr. John Redmond, M.P., was the principal speaker. While the lord mayor was speaking in opening the meeting he was interrupted with cries of "This is not a public meeting." The lord mayor said he had made every preparation and he would stand no nonsense that night. (Cheers.) He asked those who were not in sympathy with the meeting to clear out. (Cheers.) When Mr. Redmond rose to speak to a resolution in favour of Home Rule, a disturbance took place at the back of the hall, and the disturbers had to be ejected before order could be restored.

Mr. Redmond said that there men at present for whose convictions he had the greatest respect who thought that the method Ireland should adopt was force of arms. Such resistance would be absolutely justifiable if it were possible. It was not possible, and he thanked God there were other means. A demand for self-government was therefore founded first of all upon right, and he declared that no ameliorative reforms, no number of Land Acts or Laborers Acts, or Education Acts, no redress of financial grievances, no material improvement or industrial development could ever satisfy Ireland until Irish laws were made, and Irish laws administered upon Irish soil by Irishmen. Judged by any test that the wit of man could devise, the government of Ireland in existing circumstances was condemned. The population of Ireland during the past 60 years had been diminished by one-half. (A voice—so much for Parliamentarianism.) At the present day the greater proportion of the Irish people were thoroughly disaffected, disloyal to British rule. In this country the Irish Nationalist party stood today in exactly the same position that Parnell stood in 1886. He utterly disagreed with those who took a gloomy view of Ireland's prospects. There was no doubt that the bitter hostility to Home Rule which swayed so many people in England was absolutely dead. The great masses of the working classes in England and Great Britain were not hostile to Ireland or her demands. They were struggling for their lives themselves and were apathetic about Ireland. Many of the old inveterate enemies of Irish freedom amongst the leading statesmen of England were disappearing. The overwhelming majority of the present Liberal party were all in favor of Home Rule. The party of the future in England, the Labour party (loud cheers.), was united as one man in favour of Home Rule. Sitting every day in the House of Commons was an argument in favor of Home Rule. The work there was so congested that the English people realized that if they did not lighten the load representative institutions in England would sink into contempt. Every day that fact was being pressed upon the minds of Englishmen. More than that, Ireland had the support of every self-governing colony. They were all openly declared in favor of Home Rule. They could be absolutely certain that in the ordinary course of events Home Rule would come but it depended upon the action of Irishmen at home whether it would come at an early date or not. About the government as a body he might say that about three-fourths of it or more were men who were in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, and yet they had not introduced a measure of Home Rule for Ireland; on the contrary, they introduced a Bill which was not a substitute for Home Rule, or even an instalment of Home Rule. What was the secret of that? The government was formed before the general election took place, and Liberals little dreamed at the time the government was formed how great and sweeping were to be their victories at the polls. Accordingly, for their own selfish motives, they sought to bring every influence that they could on their side, and they consequently included in the government certain Roseberyite gentlemen, who publicly avowed that they would not be in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. Accordingly they introduced the Irish Council Bill. (A voice, "Supported by yourself.")

The Irish party did its utmost to extend that bill and thus make it worth acceptance as an instalment; but, when they found they could get them to go no further in the direction that they wanted, they found it to be their duty to allow the bill to be introduced and to let the Irish people see exactly where they stood in connection with this government. Its production and its fate would prove a blessing in disguise. Certainly the fate of that measure had shown the government the impossibility of satisfying Ireland with anything short of Home Rule. It had also made it a certainty that Home Rule and not devolution would be the Irish policy put before the electors at the next general election. They were nearing a general election: in 1909 there would be a general election. The Irish people had therefore three things to do—they had to work in Ireland, work in Parliament, and work in Great Britain. What did he mean by work in Ireland? (a voice, "On the White Star Line.") What he meant by that was unity in the national ranks and a vigorous agitation and organization. What did he mean by work in the House of Commons? ("Drinking champagne in the bars.") He meant vigorous and active work there. It was their duty in the next session to place the Irish demand plainly before the English people. (The disturbances at the back of the hall were at this stage renewed; some free fights took place and a number of the disturbers were ejected.)

The third way in which they could force the Irish question into the very forefront before and at the next election was to establish a propaganda in Great Britain, and he believed in doing that, not only by speeches, but by literature. They would have to drive the facts of the situation home to the minds and hearts of English workmen, who, he believed, were not in any way hostile to Ireland. To those of his fellow-countrymen who thought that the views of the Irish party were not extreme enough, he desired to say that, by following their own methods they could do a great work for Irish self-government if they directed their energies towards attacking the common enemy—attacking English ascendency in Ireland, and not seeking to interfere with or thwart other Irishmen, who, just as honestly, were seeking the same end by other methods.

Numerous other speakers, including Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., addressed the meeting. Their remarks were mostly directed against the Sinn Fein policy. Outside the Mansion-house a numerous crowd of Sinn Feiners collected and demonstrated in force. Admission to the meeting was by ticket, and every precaution seems to have been taken to prevent their entering the hall.

Mistress—Bridget, have you cemented the handle on the water-jug which you dropped yesterday? Bridget—I started to, Mum, but most unfortunately I dropped the cement bottle.—Punch.