

THE VICTORIA WEEKLY TIMES. FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1893.

THE EMIGRANTS' FAREWELL Pen Pictures of Pathetic Scenes in the

Land of the Shamrock.

PLANS FOR "RISING THE HEART"

Conveying Travellers to the Place of Embarkation - Humorous, Pathetic and Romantic Stories of an Irish Character.

(Correspondence of the Times.) (Correspondence of the Times.) London, May S, 1893.—It may well be imagined that when from 100 to 200 souls leave Ireland for foreign shores every work-day in the year, there are heart and hand wringings innumerable, and dolorous mists from the region of tenough to get away all together. If help has come from America or the col-onies; if the pasage money has been sav-ed in secret through years of deprivation by a single person; if an Irish family has after every manner of sacrifice pro-rided for one who is to go to blessed for-eign lands that the remainder may, one by one, eventually follow; however the going of all these people may have come about; in every instance there is a strug-gle in tearing away from the things to which the heart is rooted which we of better fortune. instances they are so straight that fine arcs sweep from their heels to the backs of their necks, often giving them the on their necks, often giving them the appearance of carrying, and with some disdain, invisible but mighty commis-sions on the tops of their heads. It is a weird sight to see scores of such as these appearing around the curve of some mighty mountain road, accompany-ing the emigrant to Stranglar mailing ing the emigrant to Stranorlar, wailing ing the emigrant to Stranorar, wanning and almost keening as for the dead; halting and embracing, often struggling for priority in walking beside the hero of the hour; and often so overcome with of the hour; and often so overcome with the violence of their grief as to make despairing rushes with the loved one back towards the old mountain home. I have many times fallen in with these better fortunes and conditions literally

better fortunes and conditions interally know nothing. So many of these scenes have I wit-nessed that I have perhaps some little conception of the real bravery of this act of illiterate, untrained men and women pushing bokly across oceans to untried, unknown walks and ways, with a love, hope and determination for one's own at the bottom of it all that have more real heroism in them than the av-erage American is ever called upon to cavalcades winding down from the Der-ryveagh and Glendowan mountains, or

erage American is ever called upon to exercise throughout his entire life.

exercise throughout his entire hie. However lowly, poor and desperately good-for-naught the prospective emigrant may have all his life been regarded among his fellows, the great and gen-erous heart in those around him melts into surpassing interest and tenderness when he comes to leave his neighbor when he comes to leave his neighbor-hood and those whom he has been could send for her. hood and those whom he has been never so little a part of through the bitter days that have encompassed all. For every departure reawakes the heart-aching memories of other departures; and in every Irish home I ever shared there is an ampty chain whose former company it was the event of their lives. this few miles' mountain journey; and the care for the brave young emigrants, the consideration for the wailing mother, and the latter's grief were touching to behold. Half the time the lad's com-panions had their arms about his neck. The girls would carry the sisters on their shoulders, and in seats made by interlacing their fingers; while there is an empty chair whose former occupant is somewhere beyond the sea. If it be a family which is to go, or

some elderly man or woman, for days previous to the departure the whole countryside swarms to the cabin; and every man, woman or child of the townthe mother and the children's luggag-has been piled in an old squeaking land at some time or other has come to mountain-but, or cart, which was tend-erly drawn by hand. The women crowdand at some time or other has come to mourn at the leaving and bid God-speed at the going. If it be a youth or lass, or young man or woman, as is oftener the case, for few but the very old or the very young are left, then on the evening previous to the departure every companion, friend or acquaintance is cer-tain to appear; and the whole night is passed in what is called "rising the heart" of the departing one. her white lips the endless moan, "Crosh orrin!—crosh orrin! My past-

chee boght!--my pastchee boght!" the cross encompass me! My poor The custom springs from the same kindly quality of extending cheer to those children!) Once when wandering in county Galwho mourn, that originally established the custom of the Irish "wake," which way, down by old Cloghmore I saw a stranger "convoying" party than could be found in any other portion of Ire-land. I had been sauntering among the Connamara "knitters," "fullers," pomany good people choose to persistently misunderstand and condemn. At this insunderstand and condemn. At this gathering for "rising the heart" of the emigrant the Irish peasant's character is in a most tenderly interesting state for study. Every one arrive teen-makers and antiquities of the ancient Celts with which this region hushed, embarrassed mood; and every one brings some little token of affection abounds, and my mind was full of the pagan and early barbaric life whose one brings some ittle token of anection and regard. The poverty of these folk alone prevents outlandish generosity. One stealthily appears with yards of seed cake; many with thimblesful of tea; some with gew-gaws and trifles of jew-

rude stone monuments were on every hand. Suddenly looking down upon the sea, I beheld a scene in keeping with the times of which I dreamed. A fleet ragged smacks and

drous power as when it was new, these hours of parting are seasons of storms and tears. I have frequently been at cabins where neighbors, in scores and hundreds have kept up the parting dole-hundreds have kept up the parting doleand teams. I have notice the second s partisan, and one might say commisser-atingly-blended followers, I speedily learned the cause of the otherwise in-explicable spectacle. Nora, the daugh-ter of a Kilreekill peasant, had been wooed by and betrothed, to Dennis son of a peasant of Ballynoe. The Kil-reekill father disliked the match, and, bent on irrevocably breaking it off, had got Nora started thus far towards America.

America. Dennis, wild with grief, had scoured Longford barony for friends, for a rescue; and all the way from Kilreekill the factions had attacked each other, retreated, parleyed, blarneyed, scorned, truced; and so it went on again to Gar-bally halmet, when a cheer of hope arose in the ranks of Dennis' followers; for down the hill from behind, a sight to do Cupid's sorry eyes good, came a host of "the byes" from about Oghill and Keltomer. These rushing down and reinforcing our side—and I say "our side," for in some way I found in both respects. While the Irish peas-antry, particularly of the South, are frequently diminutive in form and some-times ferrety in character, these folk seem to possess an inner consciousness of self-importance cut in glowing char-acters and large lines; while in no few instances they are so straight that fine "our side," for in some way I found myself giving an elbow to the cause of Dennis—we made as fine a rally and sally as any one would joy to see; cap-tured the blushing and willing Nora, bore her triumphantly into Ballinasioe; and had her safely and securely marwithin a glorious half hour thereafeer. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

SEVERAL INDUSTRIES.

Factories That Have Been Established by One Enterprising Citizen.

from the Boultypatrick, Gatigan or Agh-la hills, and have walked and halted, and parleyed and soothed in common with the honest souls for miles on their There are numerous factories in this there are numerous factories in this city of which very little has been heard. Among these are those that Mr. Fred Norris was instrumental in es-tablishing, and of which he is now sole proprietor. They are the tannery at Rock Bay, the trunk factory at the same place and the Covrement street way towards the railway, at Stranorlar. On one occasion the "convoying" party was from the far west, from away over by the howling cliffs of Maghery Bay, where life is very dull and drear, at best. It was a crowd whose faces and strange same place, and the Government street harness factory. In the tannery, of which Mr. P. A. McLean is foreman, every kind of leather is manufactured. The harness leather is used by Mr. It was a crowd whose faces and strange attire bespoke great poverty. Two children, a lad of 17 and a girl of per-haps 14 were going away. The moth was to remain behind until these wai.s The harness leather is used by Mr. Norris at his harness factory, the splits For the are used for covering trunks, and the

elry; the coat-tail pockets of another will bulge out with heartsome potatoes; others with schowders, or oaten-cakes, crisp and toothsome, still others with schrahags of shilk, a hearty mixture of potatoes, beans and butter, and some with apronsful of peat; for the slender resources of the family must never under these circumstances be drained. And the lads and lasses who come with pressed Irish flowers and ferns, and sprigs of hawthorn and bunches of the dear shamrock; with gifts of ribbon and bits of ths or that prized possessions; are not to be counted at all. So, too, come those with looks of

triumph and secreted bottles of poteen, that "never got a touch," that is, are guiltless of the exciseman's desecrating seal; for "grief is ever droothy," surely. Then the night is passed in eating, feasting and drinking. Loads of humeating, ble fare are there; oceans of tea; and timely drops of the "rale mountain dew." Tales are told; songs are sung; sometimes they dance to the music of an old tramp fiddler who has been pressed into service. But the chords of mirth are minor enough the night long; and smiles, laughter and brave prophe-cies are all touched and chastened by honest Irish tears.

When morning comes, and those whose imperative duties call them to their homes have said good-bye with almost the same dread, reverence and pathetic forlorness as when lowering the dead into the grave, the rustic ceremony of "convoying" is begun. The subject of all this attention becomes for the once, if for only this once in a life time, the hero or heroine of the hour. The chests, or plethoric bags, or whatever consti-tutes the luggage of the emigrant, is seat on ahead in some neighbor's proffered cart, friendly riots for the honor of the mournful privilege often occurring, or are slung over the backs of shaggy donkeys, a score more than necessary always being in readiness for this friendly

If a whole family are to go, the fare-wells to the wretched old hut which has housed them is something pitiable be-yond description. If it be but a single member of the household, the good-byes to the old, old folk too feeble for the journey of "convoy" are more pitiable still. These separations are often too great a load for such, and many a withered branch of the impoverished family tree breaks and falls into the earth from the keen, sharp sorrow. But if girsha or bouchal, the pride of the loved home, are departing, the maelstrom of emotion as the "convoy accompanying procession, sets forth, is beyond the power of man to reveal.

On many occasions during my wander-ings afoot in Ireland, I have come upon these excited crowds, as they were start-ing from the home; as they straggled down mountain' boreen; as they lagged and wailed along the great stone way: or as they neared some railway station whence the emigrant must depart to the seaport city; and making myself one of the motley "convoyers." "convoyers," have thus tramped with them miles upon their sorrowful way.

Sometimes these grewsome processions will come from a point a score of miles away in the mountains, or remote valley districts: and though no one has ever seemed to think these touching and characteristic scenes worth a place in characteristic scenes worth a place in Irish literature, they are common enough from all points and on all ways from which either Moville, on Lough Foyle, in the north of Ireland, or 'Jork and Queenstown may be reached, and, heaven knows, pathetic enough to appeal to the whole world through artist's pencil, or the most talented word painter's pen.

Away up in the Donegal Highlands, Away up in the Donegal Highlands, in the country of "Colleen Bawn," where that pathetic and true tale threads and thrills through Irish heads and hearts to-day with the same won-

curraghs, or skin-keeled craft precisely the same as used in these islands 2000 years ago, was approaching the shore. The occupants were skinny and white They were dressed in rags and with lit-tle of these. The men wore skin shoes from which the hair had not been removed, which the natives call pootas.". The women were had The women were barefooted and barelegged to their knees, and their bonnetless heads were covered with great shocks of coarse black hair. It was a Dantean picture of hunger and want, framed in a setting of ancient, barbaric times. They were a party of nearly 100 God-forsaken Arran Islanders, accompanying a family of emi-grants to Clogmore, whence the latter would walk to the train at Galway. They nearly all stood upright as they neared the mainland and were chant-

ed about the cart with all manner of

endearing and reassuring words of comfort; but the poor woman could not

be comforted. As she lay prostrate up-on the bundles, there only came from

May

ing the wildest, most dolorous Celtic strain human ears ever heard. What a host of shuddering reflection this sea-pageant of poverty-stricken peasantry crowds upon you! Your eye follows the dark shore-line. Behind are the mountains. These are the peasan-try and the ruins. Two thousand years ago, there stood the watch-towers, the raths, the places for Pagan pyrolatry In the valleys were the herds and the helots. The signals flashed from crag to crag. Some savage chief with his thousands of serfs has come to battle perhaps to old Beola himself The bellowing herds are huddling in th The shrieking women are herding with the raths. On come the fierce invaders by land. Here, skulking along the bays and bights, come the invaders by sea. Their shields are of rawhide by sea. Their sine as are of rawnice. Their war raiment is of rawhide. Their navy is afloat upon rawhide. Then, slaughter by land and by sea, while the day lasts. Fire and sword, rapine and riller while losts the right.

pillage, while lasts the night. The grass grows richer in the valleys for the blood left there that day! They set the departing ones upon shore in silence and tenderly. No word could depict the agony of that separa-tion. These went forth to unknown dangers in untried lands; those went back to hopeless starvation upon the barren Arran Isles. But not at once. Past old Cloghmore, past Ballynen, yes, past far Caher, the curraghs and the dories and their motley crews fol-lowed those that went, wailing farewells, fiercely shrieking grahs, and straining their eyes until the last fluttering rays disappeared beyond the Conmamara hills over against, ancient Galway. Not until then did they, still waiting, turn towards the hovels among

the howling Arran rocks. I can never forget a "convoying" in cident and its strange outcome which I witnessed, and indeed in which I participated. I had been visiting the battlefield of Aughrim, where, on that aw-ful Sunday of 1691 was a battle such as we who have been in battles know; where Ginkel's hosts, in that mad charge upon leaderless heroes, ruined the fortunes of the Stuart dynasty; and where the whirlwind of death which swept over Aughrim's morass and bog set the final seal of servitude, but never of servility, upon the people of Ire-land; and, turning into the old Duol'n and Galway road, towards Ballinasloe, was at once one of a singular "convoying" party from the rural districts Kilre eekill. The strangest feature of this, so invariably a friendly, proceswas its double character, and its sion

remarkably contentious nature. Some tremendous excitement seemed o wildly influence both lines of march. On one side of the way, was a bright Irish maiden surrounded and protected as it were, by parents, relatives and at as it were, by parents, relatives and at least two-score aggressively defensive followers. On the other, was a smart-looking Irish youth in a state approach-ing frenzy, surrounded and restrained waited on by obliging clerks.

watch the processes through which the leather passes in a modern tannery such as the one in Rock Bay. First the hides are thrown into vats of lime which loosens the hair for the man whose duty it is to scrape them. Then they go into clean water to have the men, whose time is generally limited, ap-preciate to its full value this quick,

they go into clean water to have the lime taken out of them, after which they are placed in the numerous tanks full of tan bark liquor. The American process is used to grease the harness leather. The sides of leather are thrown into a large revolving vat and boiling hot tallow is thrown over them. The vats have to be kept moving or the sides would burn. The American system is far ahead of the old style of oiling hides. The oil would leave the leather, while the tallow will not. All the leather is finished with modern ma-chinery by practical men, and as good an article as the imported is turned out. The, employees in the trunk factory ready service. Recreation for guests is amply pro vided in the spacious billiard room, where several tables of the finest make and all the latest and best appurtenances of the game await the pleasure of the visitor. The reading room is bounti-fully supplied with all the leading peri-odicals of the day—Canadian, American, English and Oriental, and so soon as The employees in the trunk factory

are always kept busy, for as soon as the place was established the importa-tion of trunks was stopped. And well it might have been, as both unequalled, cheap and expensive trunks are made by Mr. Norris. Spruce lumber is used en-tirely and this is covered with firsttirely and this is covered with first-class leather or tin, as the case may be. Already the trunks have estab-lished a reputation for themselves by driving the imported articles out of the market. Mr. W. Ainsley is foreman of the factory and he is ably assisted by a staff of workmen, among whom is Mr. Norris' eldest son.

It is just a few weeks ago that the manufacture of horse collars was com-menced in a building adjoining the tan-nery, and already they are taking their place in the local market. They can be place in the local market. They can be made just as cheaply here as they can in the east and the freight is saved.

At the harness shop a big staff of men are at work making all kinds of harness and stable necessities. Carriage trim-mings is also done at the factory. Mr. E. A. Wade is foreman.

comfortable housing of the guest at this great hotel, some meed of praise is due upon the excellence of the arrangements for the comfort of the inner man. The restaurant or cafe attached to the Dri-ard is one of the finest on the Pacific coast, and is under the management of that consummate master of beaux arts, Monsieur Escalet. Having made a

sole and shoe leather is used by the they have been selected with care by Ames-Holden Co. It is interesting to the proprietors. A more efficient, courfood where gloom is permitted to come So it is almost enough to woo appetit the proprietors. A more efficient, cour-teous and obliging corps of assistants could not be found anywhere, and the guest soon feels that his wants only reto sit mire quire to be made known to have them quickly satisfied. From the head clerk down to the "boots" the same uniform politeness and desire to oblige characterizes the Driard hotel staff. Business

chaste decorations. Pleasure reaches its highest limit when one partakes of the delicious food in such delightful surroundings. JOHN ROBERTSON.

A Place Where Blacksmithing is Done Satisfactorily.

Ex-Alderman John Robertson is one of the best known citizens of Victoria. and h is blacksmith and boiler making shop is equally as well known among those who have work done in that line. Those who have work done in that line. The shops are on Store street, and ex-tend from Telegraph to Discovery streets. Under this big roof is all the modern machinery for blacksmithing and boiler making, so that Mr. Robert-English and Oriental, and so soon as English and Oriental, and so soon as the new Australian line bettins work the big dailies of Sydney, Melbourne, Ade-laide and Brisbane will find a place on the Driard reading tables, so that vis-itors from the antipodes can enjoy the luxury of their own papers 10,000 miles from home. Taken all in all the globe-trotter, in conning over his experiences and think-ing of the places he has seen on his travels, will be pretty certain to smile when the good time he spent at the Driard in Victoria rises before his vi-sion, even when he ranks it cover built up a reputation for his work all over the province. Many of the steamers that ply to and from Victoria were fitt-ed out with bollers at this shop, and ed out with boliers at this shop, and cvery one is a credit to the shop and those who made them. The same is the fact regarding the blacksmith work done by Mr. Robertson. He is one of those who believe that it pays to do work as well as it is possible to do it at the very lowest figure, and it is by Driard in Victoria rises before his vi-sion, even when he ranks it among the good times enjoyed in the great hotels of the world in which he has sojourned and enjoyed life's gilded side to the full. The encomiums of its guests wherever they go, up and down the world, prove the best advertisement for any hotel, and most assuredly the Dri-ard's hospitality receives many a warm word of praise wheresoever travellers do congregate on the four continents. * But while everything that ingenuity and skill can do has been done for the comfortable housing of the guest at this great hotel, some meed of praise is due work as well as it is possible to do it at the very lowest figure, and it is by following this rule that he is constant-ly kept busy. A big staff of work-men are employed, all of whom, like the proprietor, are thoroughly practical men are employed, all of whom, like the proprietor, are thoroughly practical men. Mr. Robertson served his ap-prenticeship in Scotland and has fol-lowed the trade ever since. Associated with him is his son, Mr. Fred Robert-son, who has by his close attention to the business, assisted by his father's eventuation will accumunited with experience, become well acquainted with

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