

## HERE'S TO THE SHAMROCK.

A Correspondent Objects to Allusions in an Outside Newspaper.

Thinks the Time Is Now Right for England to Give Ireland Home Rule.

Editor Daily Nugget.

Dear Sir: In the semi-weekly edition of your highly popular and influential paper which appeared on Sunday, April 29th, 1900, an editorial copied from the Victoria Times, was published which related to the visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to Ireland. A sentence, or rather a portion of a sentence contains the following: "it came into the mind of the queen that she should go to Ireland and there give the thanks of herself and people for the heroism of those whom she had graciously given permission to wear the shamrock."

Can you show me an Irishman or the descendant of an Irishman who is in any way proud of the land of his forefathers who will not object to the suggestion that he has to obtain permission to wear the shamrock.

Perhaps the writer of the article is totally ignorant of Irish history. If so, let him read one and he will find out that the "shamrock" has been the national emblem of Ireland for close on 1500 years, and who knows but it was the emblem of that "sainted isle" for thousands of years before the day when St. Patrick, in order to convince the Ard-Ré of Ireland and his pagan priests of the holy trinity, when the question as to how could the mystery of three persons in one be explained, stooping picked up the lowly weed and said to the assembled throng, that the mystery was the same as the leaves springing from one stalk.

Let anyone who wishes, go to Ireland and be present on the 17th day of March, and ask the first man whom he sees wearing the green immortal shamrock if he has got her majesty's permission to wear it, and then note his answer. I know what I would say if such a question were propounded to me and then I am not the staunchest of Irishmen.

I do not wish for one moment to convey to you or to any other person that I am opposed to my countrymen fighting in this present war, but on the contrary, I am proud of the fact because they are helping Great Britain to make a white man's right respected by the half-civilized, untutored settlers of the South African Republic.

The article to which I refer also says that "Her majesty visited Ireland and there to give the thanks of herself and people." What good will words do? Will they wipe out the memories of the years of persecution which the Irish endured from 1558 to 1829? when the sovereigns of England tried to stamp out the national religion of the Irish people; but how vain were their attempts, for like alfalfa, the more they cut at its head the stronger grew its roots.

But if the people of Great Britain wish to give a more substantial proof of their gratitude, now is the time; let them give to Ireland the same rights and privileges as are granted to the Australian colonies, the inalienable right of man, the right to govern himself and his country. Let the British people do this and then they will find out for themselves that they have been doing an action which will earn the gratitude of every Irishman, who is proud of being from the "ould sod." Now is the time for the people of Great Britain to make an act of reparation to the Irish people for the depopulation of their churches by Henry VIII., Elizabeth and Cromwell; for the confiscation of their estates by James I. and William III. and lastly, though not least, the Act of Union of 1801, which was bought by the lord lieutenant of Ireland by paying those who voted in favour of the measure with titles as well as pecuniary considerations.

I admit that we are a hot-headed, impulsive race, ready to "make" love or to fight on the slightest occasion; but then who will dare dispute that we are generous, warm-hearted and brave to a fault, and for these reasons some argue that we are not fit to govern ourselves. What nonsense; can it not be plainly seen that a nation who has produced such as Sarsfield, Wellington, Marshal McMahon, Lord Wolsely, Roberts and Kitchener as warriors; such statesmen and diplomats as Lord Charles Montagu, Henry Grattan, Flood, Dan O'Connell, Sir Charles Russell, Lord Dufferin, and lastly the brightest star amongst them all, Charles Stewart Parnell; along with these are hundreds of others filling the

highest positions in the world, like Viscount Taffe in Austria, Sir Robert Hart in China, etc. Yet in spite of all these facts there are some fools who will calmly tell you that the Irish are not fit to govern themselves. If Ireland has produced such men as those above mentioned, she can and will produce others to take their place in future years.

At the present time when Britain needs Ireland's help such men as the one who has written the article in the Victoria Times should be placed in a straight jacket.

It has not nor will it ever come to pass that the Irish have to be permitted to wear the shamrock, and with me it is "That when the laws can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow And when the leaves in summer time Their colors dare not show Then I will change the color too I wear in my caubeen But please God, till that day, I'll stick to the wearing of the green."

Respectfully yours,

JOHN J. BRADY,  
No. 11 Above, Sulphur.

## Stage Glints.

Mrs. Langtry denies that her own life is portrayed in "The Degenerates."

McIntyre and Heath, the black face performers, have been professional partners for 26 years.

The Macarte sisters, whose vaudeville turn was called a wonder in this country, have won the same praise in Australia, where they are now.

The scenes of Collier's new play, "Mr. Smooth," are laid in New York and Saratoga, the second act showing the exterior of the Grand Union hotel in the latter place.

Charles Frohman has captured another "real" society young man for the stage. This time he is Horace Porter Pell of New York, and he joins the "Hearts Are Trump" company.

## WAUCHOPE'S LAMENT.

BY JENNES ADAIR.

In the blood-stained velvet our loved are sleeping,  
In the far Transvaal;  
Laid in earth that's honored with their keeping,  
Fill the last roll call.  
"Forward! Black Wat!" he said,  
Marched we right well  
All through that darkness night  
Ere Wauchope fell.

Through the rain the misty dawn came creeping,  
O'er the kopje's crest;  
While the wind, like women's voices weeping,  
Sobbed down its brist.  
Flashed out a falling star—  
"All, was it well?"  
Signal of doom afar,  
There Wauchope fell.

We'd no thought we were so close on battle,  
When the ambushed sand  
Belched forth fire in murderous, hellish rattle,  
Straight into our band  
"Halt! Charge!" We charged them then,  
Hailed shot and shell,  
Fought we like fiends, not men,  
Where Wauchope fell.

With his killed heroes all around him,  
He has gone to God;  
All we cursed the bullets when we found him  
On the blood-stained sod.  
Honor him lying there,  
Valiant and free,  
Death, it is passing fair  
In such as he.

Hush! They sent the tidings swiftly speeding,  
Far across the sea;  
But they heard of glory all unheeding,  
Sobbing bitterly.  
Comrades, in war's red tide,  
Should we too fall,  
May we hear by his side  
The last roll call.

With regard to the suggestion that the remains of General Wauchope should be conveyed from South Africa to his home in Scotland for burial, Mrs. Wauchope has decided that they shall rest in the country where he fell, and Lord Wolsely has at her request arranged accordingly. Mrs. Wauchope has adopted this course as being in harmony with the feeling entertained by the late general himself in regard to similar cases.

## The Speed of Cable Messages.

In operating long cables very delicate instruments are required, and the currents arriving at the receiving end are very feeble in comparison with those employed in land line signaling. The longer the cable naturally the feebler the impulses arriving at the receiving end. A short cable, a cable of under 1000 miles being generally considered a short cable, gives a speed of signaling amply sufficient for all purposes with a conductor weighing about 100 pounds to the mile, surrounded by an insulating envelope of gutta percha weighing about an equal amount. When we come to a cable of about twice this length, it is found necessary, in order to get a practically unlimited speed—that is, a speed as high as the most expert operator can read it—to employ a core of 650 pounds of copper to the mile, insulated with 400 pounds of gutta percha to the mile. These are the proportions of copper and gutta percha in the 1894 Anglo-American Atlantic cable, which is considered the record Atlantic cable, for speed of working and has been worked by automatic transmission at the rate of some 40 words a minute.—Scribner's.

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## PERSONALITIES.

Grant in a note once regretted his inability to be "paulbearer."

Thomas Darragh, of Granite Mountain, Tex., claims to be the oldest Republican voter living. He is, 98 years of age.

Walter Rotschild is one of the few members of parliament courageous enough to disdain the unwritten laws of the house of commons in matter of dress.

President Loubet of France says that when his term of office ends he will not seek re-election, but will retire to his old home farm, and there end his days in peaceful retirement.

Capt. Gordon Chesney Wilson, who was wounded in South Africa, had the pleasure of being reported by the British war office on the wounded list as "Lady Wilson's husband."

Congressman J. C. Needham, of California, began to collect postage stamps when he was a small boy and has never given up his collection, which is now one of the best in the United States.

After two terms in congress Charles Franklin Sprague, of Massachusetts proposes to retire from public life. He is satisfied with his experience. His wealth is estimated as high as \$20,000,000.

Russell Sage has two pet kittens of which he is very fond. They are brought in to see him every morning after breakfast and every evening after dinner and are most attached to him.

Gen. Methuen, the British commander, and Mrs. Joubert, wife of the late Boer leader, are said to be natives of the same English town, Corsham, from which Mrs. Joubert emigrated to South Africa early in life.

Representative Klutts is a lawyer by profession, but is actively identified with many large business projects in his district in North Carolina. Among other projects Mr. Klutts is interested in the cotton industry and manufacture.

Senator Tillman made his reputation in the senate as an extempore speaker, and he was considered to be one of the best in congress. Lately, however, he has become more careful, and whenever he wishes to speak on a set subject he always carefully prepares his speech beforehand and commits it to memory.

## He Attended the Meeting.

Editor Daily Nugget:

As a Canadian citizen of Dawson I had great interest in the mass meeting of last Saturday night; that is, I had great interest in the anticipation of the meeting. But I am forced to confess that my interest sustained a most severe shock before any effort to begin the transaction of the business for which the meeting had been called was made. As I sat there and listened to the vapors of the individual members of the committee as they each in turn made, in a most feeble and asinine manner which made my mind revert to a rural country school in Ontario, efforts to square themselves and bore other people, I felt that our hopes for aid and succor from the source to which for four long months we had looked were all dissipated; and as the meeting progressed I actually bled at heart for my fellow countrymen.

I have never attended a meeting other than on the soil of Canada, therefore I do not know if meetings conducted elsewhere are ever similar to this one or not; but Saturday night I felt that there would have been no mistake made in falling down and worshipping that particular meeting for the reason that the like of it was never known in heaven above, the earth beneath nor in the waters under the earth. Although I did not open my mouth at the meeting I was ashamed to look a man in the face all the following day.

But this is not to the point. The question now confronting us, my fellow Canadians, is what will we do next? We have never been known as "quitters" and we must not quit now. The one thing to do is to be in all over again, and begin right. What is needed is a Moses to guide us from the wilderness. It is said that a leader equal to the occasion arises at all times, and if this be true, now is the time for him to step out from the ranks and assume that leadership.

Experience is a dear teacher, but we have paid for it and at Klondike prices. But Saturday we realized that we had been following a will 'o' the wisp, and having too plainly seen our mistake, we must now proceed in a separate channel.

We are cast down, but not crushed; we are not obliterated. The man of the hour is certainly here—a modern Cincinnatus to guide a suffering people from the wilderness of despair to the broad plain of prosperity on which, even though we are in the far north, we may bask in the halo of bliss which the true Briton feels is his God-given birthright so long as he remains on the soil of his country. ONTARIOITE.

## One of the Four Hundred.

Harry Lehr, who has achieved a certain amount of distinction in New York society, is worth looking at. When he greets a friend, he allows his hand to drop in a listless fashion a few inches from his body and merely accepts the proffered grasp. His voice and manner of speaking betoken intense weariness.

He is perhaps 30 years old. A few nights ago he was promenading the Waldorf corridors in evening dress, with his trousers turned up well over his ankles. He stopped to speak to a friend in front of two very rich self-made men who are not in society. The men watched him with absolute astonishment depicted on their faces. They had never seen his counterpart.—New York Letter.

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