

## FATHER DEVINE RETURNS FROM THE WEST.

He Gives His Impressions of the Trip to a Representative of the "True Witness."

Rev. Father Devine, S.J., Director of the Montreal Free Library, returned last week from a trip to the Pacific Coast where he had spent ten days. This has been the Rev. Father's third trip across the continent within four years, and he consented to tell a representative of the "True Witness," what he thinks of the improvements that are going on in Western Canada. He noted a marked progress in the towns of Sudbury and Port Arthur, where he stayed over a day in each place. Sudbury is growing. The Copper Cliff Company has seven or eight hundred men working in its nickel mines and supplying nearly the whole world with that useful metal. The twin cities of Port Arthur and Port William are also growing rapidly. In the latter town nearly a hundred houses were raised last season and many more are under construction. Port William with its immense elevators has become a large grain transportation centre. The flour mill and elevator that Mr. Ogilvie is going to build there will also give importance to the town. Both Port Arthur and Port William are anxiously looking for the completion of the Rainy River Railway, nearly one hundred miles of which are now in construction. These two places are only five miles apart and being at the extreme head of lake navigation, they are destined to become large cities in the near future.

The C. P. R. has evidently faith in the future of this section of the country, for the Company is building double-width bridges all the way between Thunder Bay and Winnipeg. The lake and rail traffic west of Port William has become enormous and the Company will soon have to double-track that distance.

Winnipeg is trying the experiment of asphaltizing its streets; it will be a boon for the citizens if the experiment succeeds. Just before Father Devine reached Manitoba, the C.P.R. had brought ten thousand farmer's hands from the East to work at wheat cutting. These men were already at work cutting down the immense crops on both sides of the line. The harvest in the neighborhood of Portage la Prairie and Brandon looked splendid, and every farmer had a bland smile on his face. The Provincial bulletin predicted a crop of fifty million bushels of wheat, which will yield about \$10,000,000 to the farmers.

West of Regina and Moosejaw, the plains are tedious and one spends his time looking for buffalo trails and gophers. However, the "Imperial Limited" does not stop at small stations so frequently as formerly, and it is a pleasure for travellers to feel that they are leaving hundreds of miles of treeless prairie behind them and approaching the Rocky Mountains.

Around Calgary and on the foot-hills, hundreds of cattle are seen from the train grazing, and here and there tufts of short trees, Indian wigwags may be discerned.

The Rockies and the Selkirk Ranges are always welcome sights. "And though I am getting a little familiar with them," said Father Devine, "the magnificent views in the Kicking Horse Pass, down the Joliffeviavut and along the Thompson and the Fraser Valleys shall never grow old." What surprises travellers is the vast improvements that are being made in the road bed and bridges. The C.P.R. is spending immense sums of money replacing wooden trestles by permanent track and iron bridges; and it is delightful to feel when the train is rapidly swinging around the sharp curves that there is not the least danger, that one is perfectly safe. Besides Mr. Shaughnessy, knows that the road has a grand commercial future before it, and he is preparing for it.

Banff is more popular than ever. Hundreds of tourists are continually filling the hotels, drinking the life-giving waters, and climbing the neighboring peaks. The services of the Swiss guides gives such an Alpine flavor to a visit to Banff that travellers bent on climbing glaciers are now asking themselves why they should go to Switzerland when they have better and larger ones to climb in the Rockies.

In Vancouver new streets are open-

ing up in the direction of Stanley Park and English Bay; large stone blocks are being built on Granville and Hastings street, the commercial portion of the city; the population is increasing rapidly; business is brisk, and every one out there is in good humor.

The C.P.R. management has already completed a large and very fine station at the foot of Granville street, in which all the Company's terminal business will be transacted. When Father Devine was in Vancouver, twelve steamships were in the harbor shipping cargoes for San Francisco, Seattle, Alaska, Japan, and Hawaii. The "Mowera" loaded with flour, was about to sail for Australia. The scenes of activity displayed along the Vancouver docks, while ships are loading are not readily forgotten. When an unsophisticated Montrealer sees hundreds of Chinamen stripped to the waist, with pig-tails flying in the air, working like bees and in silence, as may be seen every time a C.P.R. Express boat comes from China, he begins to feel that he is too far from home. Father McGuckin, O. M.I., former rector of Ottawa University, is building a Gothic church that will be a credit to Vancouver.

On his way back from the coast Father Devine left the main line at Revelstoke and after a sail down the Moosehead Lakes visited the Sloan district and Rossland. While at Sandon he donned a miner's uniform and went down into the famous Payne mine. This silver mine, is even according to expert testimony, one of the richest, if not the richest silver mine in British Columbia. The Noble Five Mine and its genial superintendent, Mr. George Macdonald, were also visited with Mr. May, manager of the Bank of British Columbia.

The mines in the Sloan district are almost completely closed down at the present time owing to the eight-hour law passed during the last session of the Provincial Legislature. This law obliges miners to work only eight hours instead of ten, and obliges owners to pay the wage \$3.50 a day, all the same. The miners owners are increased at the legislators interfering with their employees. Both owners and miners are debauched under penalty from coming to any terms except those named in the law.

As a result the shareholders are going without dividends. At Rossland, the manager of the Le Roi, War Eagle, and the other mines accepted the eight-hour system at the ten-hour price. The miners are satisfied at this, and the owners are not losing anything apparently, for every one is working on full time. Rossland is perched up near the top of a mountain, but the C.P.R. brings you to the very heart of the town. The bank of Montreal is raising a \$500,000 building on land that cost \$10,000, this is a sign that Rossland means to stay for some years yet. Father Devine met several Montrealers in Rossland, among whom, Dr. Deeks, of Park Avenue and at Bonington Falls on the Kootenay, where Rossland gets its electricity he met a Montreal electrician, Mr. Morfill.

Father Devine left the Kootenay country by the C.P.R. road through the Crow's Nest Pass. This route when it gets better known is destined to be as popular as the sister route further north through the Kicking Horse Gorge. The scenery is magnificent. The Crow's Nest Road, which probably gives its name to the Pass, is without exception one of the grandest natural monuments in the world. This Road is a mountain, isolated in a valley, quite circular in form. Vegetation extends half way up, but above the timber line nothing but bare gray rock is seen capped with snow that never melts.

Between MacLeod and Lethbridge more cattle ranches were seen. A large number of Dukesbros. were working on the ballast trains filling up the many trestles that are seen in that section. A trip from Montreal to the Coast and back convinces one that the C.P.R. is responsible for the present prosperous condition of the West. Take away that great railway and the prairies would soon go back to the original owners, the gophers and Indians.

Ireland, and has, of late, become a regular summer resort.

**THE ISLE OF MAN.**—This peculiar spot of earth is smaller than the smallest county in Ireland, yet it has a population of over fifty-five thousand souls. The discovery of the remains of Irish elk, and the absence of roads, snakes, and all other reptiles, leads to the belief that the island once formed part of Ireland and that some great convulsion of nature—similar to that which separated Great Britain from Ireland—tore it away from the Irish coast. "D. B." thus tells of its political connection:

"In early times it was an appanage of the Kings of Wales. Then came three centuries of Norse rule. During a century and a half England and Scotland contended for its mastery. Except for a short period during the Commonwealth, the Stanley and Athol families held it as their private possession for over four centuries. Only so late as 1829 did it come fully under the British Dominion. The Dukes of Athol, whose ancestors were granted the island in return for a 'cast' hawk, presented upon each recurring coronation at Westminster, received back in 1830 in quitance of the family claims. The island's peculiar animal bearings, practically the same as those of Sicily may have been brought by Crusaders."

**PEOPLED BY THE IRISH.**—Manx Man was first peopled from Ireland, there can exist no doubt. Nearly all the ruined churches bear the names of Irish saints, and all the monuments that speak of an ancient civilization are Irish in character. The island, however, accepted the Reformation; and what is very remarkable is the fact, that the small proportion of churches continuously in use (since then) suggests that religion was probably at a low ebb from the time of the Reformation. This may also account for the fact that Man has been favored with just laws and self-government, while Ireland suffered under unjust legislation and was deprived of all autonomy. Had Ireland accepted the Reformation—and consequently had religion been at a low ebb there ever since—she might have long ago legislated for herself.

I will quote now from "D. B." statement:

**THE MANX SYSTEM.**—"The agricultural prosperity of this little country rests largely upon a revolution effected in land tenure in 1703, by which leaseholders were turned into perpetual tenants at low rents. Till that period, the unearned increment of improvement was confiscated by the lords of the island. Since then it has been the property of the tenant. The quit-rent was in 1703 fixed at £1,500. The present valuation is £100,000 per annum. The principle of 'betterment,' the application of which is so ardently desired by reformers in other parts of the empire, is there accepted. Where improvements are made at the public charge, a tax is laid on contiguous property benefited."

It is evident that by "in other parts of the empire," the writer re-

fers to the Home Rule movements in Ireland. I will now quote another most interesting passage:

**THE TYNWALD OF MAN.**—The Parliament of the island is called the Tynwald, and it holds one session each year. The English and Manx languages are equally official; the same as English and French in the Province of Quebec. "D. B." says: "The island is ruled by a governor (the representative of the sovereign), by a council of eight, consisting of the Bishop, Deans, or judges, and others appointed by the Crown, and the House of Keys, consisting of 24 representatives elected upon a franchise more restricted than that prevailing in the neighboring islands." Spinsters and widows have votes. The assent of both chambers is necessary for the passage of laws. They are then sent to the Queen (really the government of the day) for approval. Occasionally modifications are suggested. There is no modern instance of veto. The power of the House of Keys tends to become dominant. After receiving the Queen's signature, laws before being operative must be proclaimed in English and Manx from the Tynwald mound. I can recall no more curious survival of old customs, one which we generally think of only as in use amongst our northern ancestors a thousand years ago.

It is because Ireland did not accept the Reformation that her great Feis—or parliament—has not for centuries met on the Hill of Tara? Why are not her laws proclaimed in English, and in Gaelic from that sacred and historic mound?

**IRISHMAN AND MAN.**—Here is a comparison that needs no explanation:

"The Estates of Man pay £10 per annum to the Imperial Government, as their share of Imperial charges. The rest of the taxes and imposts levied on or in the island are applied to internal purposes. Ireland pays nearly twice as much in proportion to her population, besides having to support costly establishments imposed upon her. The most potent benefit of the Isle of Man comes from its home rule, the facility and cheapness with which railway and other private bills can be considered and passed."

**A PROTESTANT COUNTRY.**—"That Man is a Protestant country is evident from the great advantages and privileges which it enjoys. But "D. B." gives us a paragraph which places the question of the predominance of religion beyond all dispute, he says:

"Church and state are there closely joined. Non-conformity does not take an aggressive form, and is freely paid. As often in Protestant countries, the chief religious difficulties are with Catholic sentiment. A new cemetery has just been opened. It is the general determination that the whole should be free to all, each sect consecrating the ground as desired. The Catholics, however, are dissatisfied without a certain portion exclusively set apart for themselves."

I leave this subject for the meditation of all Home Rulers and associated for the consideration of Irishmen in public life.

## NOTES FROM AMERICAN CENTRES.

**ONE MONUMENT AT A TIME.**—At a special meeting of the city council of the Irish National Federation, held recently in New York, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:

"Resolved, That we, the New York City Council of the Irish National Federation, hereby endorse the proposition taken by the president of the Federation, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett, and the chairman of the council, P. Gallagher, in their letters to the Redmond Invitation Committee."

"Resolved, That while gratefully acknowledging the great services rendered to Ireland by Charles Stewart Parnell and ever ready to do our part in honoring his memory when the opportunity time arrives, we feel called upon to enter our earnest protest at this time against undertaking a monument to Parnell, when Ireland still is divided into 'Parnellite' and anti-Parnellite camps, when the Irish people already are engaged in building a national monument to Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen, and when efforts are being made to erect monuments on the various battle-fields of '98, we deem it unwise to place in competition for public favor the names of Wolfe Tone and Parnell, and thus again divide national effort when all are willing that each should be honored in succession."

**BARNUM AND THE ALDERMEN.**—The first man who ever publicly stated that he bribed the Aldermen of New York, was not a politician, but a showman, no less a personage, in short, than Phineas T. Barnum, writes Mr. Matthew P. Brown in his new work entitled "Thirty Years of New York Politics Up to Date."

Among the early attractions of Barnum's museum, which stood on the site of the present twenty-six storied St. Paul building, on the corner of Broadway and Ann street, Barnum had secured a couple of whales. Comparatively small as the whales were, they were really big fish, needing a lot of water, which it was found more and more difficult to supply.

Immense quantities of salt were put into the fresh water tank which held the whales, but somehow they did

not thrive on this artificial sea water. It soon became evident that they must die, unless somehow or other they be brought to them in their present location. The last of the horns of the dilemma was the one which Barnum determined to take. With the aid of a master plumber, he worked out the idea of having a pipe connection between his museum and the Hudson River, at the foot of Vesey street.

Simple enough in itself and feasible, the work would cost about \$2,000—more than the original price of the whales. Barnum was not the sort of man to boggle over the cost of a good thing. But suddenly he was not so ready officially that he could not pay his pipes without a permit from the Board of Aldermen. He placed his petition for the pipe before the board and to his surprise it was rejected.

It took about a week to get the Board of Aldermen to reconsider its vote on this pipe matter and finally pass on it formally. The only argument mentioned presented by the irrepressible Barnum, was \$1,000 which he alleged, was divided in sums of \$50 and \$100, among the members of the Board. The Aldermen on their little \$50 or \$100 apiece in their pockets, and then, on free passes, went to the museum to see the whales disappear in the salt water, which had already "sailed" the Aldermen.

Such is the story of the first confessed bribe administered to the Aldermanic Board.

**FREIGHT CAR FAMINE.**—For many years the great railroad systems of the country have had a surplus of equipment. There has not been enough business to call for all the freight cars they could put on the rails, and many of the cars were allowed to remain idle in the sheds and the yards.

Now the situation is reversed. The great trunk lines, particularly in the west, are complaining that they cannot get enough railroad cars to accommodate the demands upon them. Not only are the cars coming east with crops of prosperous farmers, but they are going back filled with merchandise supplied from factories that are working overtime.

Continued on page five.

## NOTES ON IRISH LITERATURE.

Who Was Shamrock?

Recently a correspondent in an American daily asked the simple question—"Who was 'Shamrock'?"—but no answer was given. Possibly the editor desired to leave the reply to any of his readers who might be interested in the question. It might not be untimely were we to take advantage of the circumstance to give an answer.

When the Dublin "Nation" was established, in 1843, by Dillon, Duffy and Davis, it presented at once, an admirable field for the exercise of Irish literary talent. Apart from the score of poets, essayists, and other contributors, that sprang suddenly into existence, there were over a dozen most powerful writers, each of whom signed a nom de plume. Amongst these was "Shamrock."

The story of this writer is very interesting, very amusing, and very instructive. The public of Ireland was becoming rapidly acquainted with the leading writers in the "Nation" and none was more deeply appreciated than Richard Dalton Williams.

Williams was a Tipperary lad, who had gone up to Dublin to study medicine, and who was scuffed to a marvellous degree with poetic fervor and facility. He began early to contribute his admirable poems to the "Nation" and they won for him the love of all who read them. He signed his own name, there was a strain of patriotism that imparted wonderful vigor to his verse, and there was a strain of sadness that made his poems tender and touching. Then, it was generally known that this gifted child of song was not destined to live long, the cold hand of consumption had touched him, and it was with prophetic truth that he wrote on the eve of his departure from Ireland:

"With the early dead shall he lay low,  
They shall not call me long."

Equally prophetic were his lines, composed on board the vessel that waited him away from Erin:

"When I slumber in the gloom,  
Of a nameless foreign tomb,  
By a distant ocean's boom,  
Thou shalt find me."

And all this melancholy and gloom only made him dearer to the pathetic Irish race.

It was about the time that Richard Dalton Williams was becoming known as a weekly contributor of both old and serious verse, that "Shamrock" appeared, in the same paper, with some of the most witty, humorous, satirical, and humorous effusions that ever set a reader in convulsions. Often in the same issue of the "Nation," would be found a poem of a most serious cast, from Williams and, in another column, a side-splitting production by "Shamrock." There was absolutely no similarity in the compositions of these two, in form, spirit, tone, humor, ideas, sentiments, and in everything else they were as widely different as two vagaries of literature could be. The consequence was that until a few days before Williams sailed for America, no person not even his own most intimate associates, ever suspected, or could have been expected to suspect that he was "Shamrock." In order the better to hide his own identity, on more than one occasion "Shamrock" parodied and made fun of poems signed by Williams. But during a couple of years every person, in any way interested in the "Nation" and its writers, was crazy to find out who "Shamrock" was. Even certain angry authors would have given a goodly sum to know the name and address of this fellow who was turning their most beautiful works into ridicule. Had he not told Duffy, when saying adieu to him, no person would have ever found out who "Shamrock" was. And it was not difficult for him to have concealed his identity, because there was absolutely nothing in either his life, his manners, his habits, or in his style of composition to indicate any keen sense of humor, much less to create a suspicion regarding these effusions.

Readers accustomed to the name of R. D. Williams, under such poems as the person signing "Shamrock," to "The Dying Girl," "Ben-Habber," "This Sister of Charity," "Adieu to Innisfail," "The Rath of Mullaymast," "The War-Cry of Munster,"

"The Invitation," and scores of like gems, could never believe that he was "The Misadventures of a Medical Student," and other equally humorous, and pointed satires, but if "Shamrock," delighted with his genuine wit and overflowing generosity, the vast majority of his readers, he did not fail to awaken anger in the breasts of his fellow-writers. No sooner would a beautiful poem appear than the irrepressible "Shamrock" would follow it up with a parody that often appeared more masterly than the original. Nor did he confine himself to Irish bardic, it mattered not who gave him occasion for a parody he unblushingly perpetrated it. Even must have been the enjoyment of Williams when listening to all the abuse that his friends would heap upon "Shamrock." It was merely to avoid all chance of discovery that he parodied some of his own poems, and then went about abusing the black-guard "Shamrock" for his audacity.

It is only just, however, that we should remark that even in his past witty poems and most humorous satires, Williams (or "Shamrock") had some patriotic purpose to serve, and that the sacred cause of Ireland was the under-current of all his works. Some persons wrote an essay, for the "Nation," on the "Happiness of Poets," and began by quoting Longfellow's lines:

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time."

In the next issue "Shamrock" copied the essay, and thus commenced:

"Lives of poets all remind us,  
We can write damnation here,  
Leaving still unsolved before us,  
The problem how we are to die."

Some other literary essayist had commented upon Moore's beautiful Oriental song:

"There's a bow of sweet roses,  
By Beauden's stream,  
And the birds sing round it  
All the day long  
In the days of my childhood,  
'Twas like a sweet dream,  
To sit in the roses,  
And hear the birds' song."

"Shamrock" appeared the following week with what he styled a correction, and he pointed out that what Moore actually wrote was this:

"There's a temple of bounding  
By Lilly's dark stream,  
Where the victims of gambling  
Sit all the night long,  
In the days of my childhood  
It was a grand dream,  
To hear the mad patrons  
Prattling strong."

No man was more jealous of his own glorious compositions than James J. Garret Morgan. One day, scarcely from an idea of Morgan's indignation when he would find his "Time of the Barometer," turned into "The Light of the Barometer," Eyes," or his "Oval Mar of the Wine Red Hand," perverted into "Randolph Routh of the Wine Red Nose."

But of all poets who suffered the most from "Shamrock's" antics, poor Davis was the one. Williams used to delight in hearing Davis complain about "Shamrock," and while actually concealing some fresh parody, he would hold long conversations, consoling Davis on the subject. When Davis published his grand war song: "Oh for a sword! a rushing steed!" and while all the world of his half a million readers were in the height of patriotic delight, "Shamrock" came out with one of his most abominably ridiculous productions:

"Oh, for a feed! an awful feed!"  
The step from the sublime, in Davis to the ridiculous in "Shamrock," was so great that it appeared like a fall from one sphere into another one.

We might go on for columns, describing the fun that "Shamrock" created, and the beauty of it all was that he alone enjoyed its fullness, for he had the advantage of hearing and seeing all that took place, and of noting the effects of his satires, without once creating a suspicion as to his identity.

## CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT IN PERSIA.

That Persia is not a Paradise for criminals has long been known, but few persons have any conception as to the precise manner in which evil-doers are punished.

For ordinary crimes the punishment in Persia is bodily mutilation. For his first offence a highway robber may lose some of his fingers, for his second he may lose a hand, and if he is rash enough to commit a third offence he may be pretty certain that one of his eyes will be gouged out. Many persons are punished in this way every year, and one of the first things that attracts the attention of foreigners travelling through Persia

is the number of maimed and half-blind persons whom they meet.

If a prisoner will not confess his wrongdoing he is punished with the bastinado. His bare feet are tied to a pole which is fixed to two uprights, and while in that uncomfortable position he is beaten on the bare soles with a long heavy stick. A few applications of the stick are usually sufficient to extract a confession of some sort, but if the prisoner's soles are exceptionally tough or his spirit is unusually stubborn more severe measures are taken. Thus the assassin of the late Shah was not only bastinadoed, but was also sub-

Continued on page eight.

## MANX HOME RULE.

By "CRUX."

Some weeks ago a correspondent signing "D. B." from Dublin, sent a very interesting account of the Isle of Man, to an American paper. I came upon the letter by accident, and it amused me for a time to note the great difference between the people of that tiny island and the people of Ireland—as far as their political, industrial, and commercial positions are concerned. The Isle of Man enjoys absolute Home Rule, and at the same time independence and prosperity; while Ireland, so vastly more important to the empire, and to the world, has neither the one nor the other. I do not think that the por-

tions of this article, which I purpose reproducing require much comment. It seems to me that the mere reading of them should suffice to awaken in any person, the same train of thought, which they suggested to me. I will leave out the descriptions of scenery and the accounts of tourists and their resorts. Many books have been published which give a fairly correct idea of the habits, manners, and peculiarities of the Manx people; but few deal with the political status of the island, or about its Home Rule system of government. In fact, the Isle of Man is but little known, although it lies between England, Scotland, Wales and