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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

Devoted to Social, Political, Literary, Musical and Dramatic Gossip and Horticulture.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1894.

A LITERARY GEM RESET.

THE POLITICS OF BROWN & CO.

He was of that shallow crew
Of noisy spouts whom all now grant
To be the opposition militant,
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery.
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By calumnious blows and knocks;
Call fire and sword and separation
A godly, thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done,
As if politics were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A set whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies,
In falling out with that or this
And finding something still amiss;
And finding something still amiss;
More peevish, cross and splenetic
Than dog distract or monkey sick.

SAM. BUTLER.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

"I must have liberty,
Withal as large a charter as the wind—
To blow on whom I please."



IRISHMEN of British Columbia, THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL salutes you! To-day we are in Ireland—the boundaries of Ireland are the confines of the earth. The green ribbon

floats in every breeze; in every city and town on this broad continent Irishmen are offering tribute to their native land; in every land and clime and on many a ship at sea is the shamrock worn this blessed

St. Patrick's Day. In short, it is a great day for Ireland.

Ever since that bright morning when St. Patrick standing upon Tara's Hill, plucked a little shamrock to symbolize the Trinity, Ireland has occupied a unique position in the affairs of the world. Fifteen centuries have passed. Prosperity has smiled and adversity has frowned upon her, and still unconquerable in spirit and unchangeable in faith she has pursued her destiny—a record without a parallel.

The historian of the fifth century scrutinized the world for the nation that should be accorded first place in his record of civilization. His attention was attracted to a little island far out in the western sea. He saw there great institutions of learning; he saw students flocking from all parts of the civilized world; he saw wise teachers going forth to civilize and Christianize the pagan states of Europe; he saw a great and Christian people enterprising and prosperous, generous and free, a nation of pure homes, pure faith, brave men and virtuous women, a nation of bright hopes, proud dignity and mighty aspirations, and he wrote the word Ireland. The historian of a later century, scanning the annals of the earlier, is amazed at the condition in which he finds Ireland. Everything is changed, cabins stand where castles stood, and

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled."

It is not my intention to provoke harsh words, or offer a reason for the great change. The history of Ireland is an open book; ye who would learn the cause read the book. It is rather my desire to consider what Ireland has done towards the uplifting of the human race, for the advancement of human thought. Mark the testimony of Henry Clay: "Ireland has furnished more than her share to the world of genius and talent and heroism. Burke, standing on the floor of the English House of Commons; Wellington, the 'Iron Duke,' on the field of Waterloo; Moore, singing sweet and lonely by the banks of the river Lee; O'Connell, upon the hill top, speaking with thundering voice and the eloquence of a god to countless thousands in the valley below; Grattan, in the Senate; Curran, in the forum. These names are written upon the proudest pages of universal history."

But if we would realize the magnitude of the debt which civilization owes to the Irish race, we must study the annals of other lands. It is a proud tribute to England when it is said that the sun never

sets upon the British Empire, but it might be added that the sun ever shines upon Irishmen. Go where you will, travel the wide world over, and whether you lie down to sleep in the gorgeous hotel of some cosmopolitan city, or whether you seek rest between the skins of the buffalo and the bear out under the chill moonlight upon some of our western plains, or whether you dream on a bed of flowers by a murmuring stream in some South Sea island forest, no matter where you are, when you close your eyes at night, be not surprised on waking to hear with earliest morning sounds some bold anthem of "Erin go Bragh."

Where is the land that has not been pressed with the foot of the son of the Emerald Isle? Where is the mountain that has not cast back the echo of his song? Where is the vale so hidden that it does not contain his ashes? Where is the shore where we might not find written in the sand the words of Campbell?

"There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he sighed when at twilight
repairing.

To wander alone by the wind beaten hill."

St. Patrick's Day is usually a day of retrospection, of turning over the leaves of Irish history and gleanings therefrom inspiration to emulate men whose lives shine with increasing splendor as we are wafted farther from their days. And although Irish history contains some of the darkest and saddest pages that have ever been written, we shall find that it also contains fruitful germs of a hopeful future that cannot fail to inspire us with vivid views of the Destiny of the Irish race. Guided, then, by the light of history, we look back through the long centuries, and we find that the Irish race was a civilized and an enlightened people when the most powerful of modern nations were grovelling in caves, untutored savages painted in barbarous hues. I give utterance to historical truth only when I say that even before Charlemagne dictated laws to Europe the Irish nation possessed a constitution and a system of jurisprudence remarkable alike for justice and equity. Before the wolf had suckled Romulus, or the boundaries of Imperial Rome were drawn across the Seven Hills, the Irish nation was famous for its learning, its genius and its civilization. Back, still further back, her history goes pregnant with the noblest achievements and traditions until history itself is lost behind the dim veil of legendary lore. The voice of warriors and statesmen, of orators and poets, of saints and scholars, speaks from the historic past amid the echoes of the ages as they sweep along the corridors of time; even the architectural antiquities of the mother land tell in