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## TALES OF THE TOWN.

THE new Irish organization, the Sons of Erin, has certainly justified the expectations of its promoters. The hall, in which the society held its meeting last Tuesday night, was crowded with as enthusiastic a gathering of Irishmen as ever assembled in the Dominion of Canada. Everyone manifested the keenest interest in the success of the organization, and, in evidence of this, I offer the fact that nearly every office was contested, something unusual, I think, in national organizations. Speeches were made by those who were successful in securing offices, and many of the addresses afforded further illustration of the oft repeated assertion that Ireland is the home of orators.

The constitution of the new organization while it is far-reaching in its objects, is also conclusive. It shows that the objects of the society are to encourage a friendly feeling among those who are proud of their own and their fathers' land, and it aims at bringing into closer fellowship the people of a land whose history goes back even beyond the days of the invasion of Julius Cæsar. Such an enthusiastic assemblage and such a constitution can only result in the success of the new organization and the complete obliteration of sectional strife.

To further carry out the latter idea, it is proposed to extend the organization throughout the Province and later on throughout the Dominion until Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen all over Canada will show the world that they are not only proud of their country, but are ready to work and act together for the general welfare of their adopted country.

People who went to hear His Grace Marmaduke on Monday evening were there in the expectation of witnessing an exhibition of buffoonery, and a number went prepared to give expression to their appreciation by means of eggs highly flavored with age, with fire crackers, trumpets and so forth. I went there myself expecting a row, but like those who went for another purpose, I was disappointed. There was a great deal of buffoonery, but it was not what was generally anticipated. His Grace positively made an impression, but it would not do for him to repeat the performance, as one of such ventures is always enough for the public taste. One acquaintance of mine went armed with a huge bouquet, the chief flower in which was a cauliflower, decorated with turnips, and a centre piece composed of a ham sandwich. But it made no impression on Marmy, who took it and gracefully laid it aside with a bow as gracious as though he was acknowledging one of the costliest

floral architectural designs that could be constructed. The presentation, therefore, fell decidedly flat so far as the donor was concerned. As to the play, of course it was a farce; it was accepted to be such as soon as it was announced, but as has just been said, it was not the farce that was expected. There were really some meritorious passages of comedy, although the attempt at Hamlet was a terrible travesty, even at an attempted parody on the original. His Grace had the great recommendation of being beautifully original, particularly in the reception of his creditors' little attentions. Cockburn Thompson was funny as amateurs go, and made a hit, but his fun was that of the regular music hall style, although when applied to local topics, it went remarkably well at times. Davey was not bad, and the "retinue" in the shape of the valet with the misfit coat, created a laugh that had some heartiness in it.

After all, I think this affair had a good effect, in addition to affording a couple of hours' diversion for an amusement seeking crowd. Marmy managed to raise the wind to help him temporarily along, and a change was afforded the three young men—Marmy, Davey and Thompson—from the dull monotony that must mark the daily life of such as they, who awake each morning wondering how the day is to be spent to make it least tiresome and burdensome. Such an uneventful life is, to me, incomprehensible. I imagine, no matter how much wealth I might possess, I should want to have something that would occupy my time pleasantly, if not profitably.

Politics do not enter actively into my particular sphere of operations or existence, but I was in conversation a day or so since with some politicians and some of their remarks struck me very forcibly. The subject was young Canada and young Canadians, and why should not Canada's affairs, federal and provincial, be governed wholly by Canadians. This latter query was raised by a discussion of the position of Governor-General in this country. After a little thought, it was shown that Canadian affairs are largely, if not nearly altogether, in the hands of Canadians, and young, or comparatively young, Canadians at that. But the prophecy of one of the gentlemen with whom I was talking, impressed me very much. It was to the effect that before very long, C. H. Tupper would be at the head of affairs, supported and followed closely by T. M. Daly and a few others of the "young Canadian" element. This is a startling prophecy, but it is only part of the evolution that commenced with confederation and has been steadily progressing ever since. One by one, the old hands are falling out of the

ranks, and into the vacant space steps vigorous youth and native talent; less and less is that old string "what we do at home" harped upon, and the new music of self-reliance, enterprise and manliness is most pleasant.

The politicians whom I have just mentioned were of the opinion that every office in the country should be open to the people of the country. Why, they asked, should a semi-royal court be held at Ottawa, the attaches of which are practically a foreign people to Canadians. The manners and customs of this little circle are looked upon by the few inside as rigorously exclusive to the average Canadian of wealth or education, and why should this little set condescend to draw large salaries of Canadian money, and still consider themselves as being of fibre vastly superior to the "Colonial."

Already municipal politics are under discussion, and I am told that one or two slates have been figured out. So far as the aldermen are concerned, nothing is yet definitely known, but half-a-dozen names or so are mentioned in connection with the mayoralty. It is more than probable that Mayor Beaven will again be a candidate, and it is said that John Grant is trimming sails for the mayoralty port. Mayor Beaven will stand a poor chance of re-election, his former following having become disgusted with the manner in which he behaved during the smallpox epidemic. John Grant could beat him three to one. The name of R. F. Rithet has also been suggested. Mr. Rithet would be acceptable to a large majority of the ratepayers of this city, and could be elected, but his friends say that he would not accept the nomination. Mr. Robert Ward has been approached on the subject, but, as in the case of Mr. Rithet, it is believed that he would not consent to a nomination. Mr. T. B. Hall would, if placed in nomination, stand a good chance of election, and he would make a thoroughly efficient presiding officer. A large and influential portion of the community are strongly in favor of bringing out Mr. D. R. Ker. Mr. Ker is a young man of advanced ideas, and would completely distance Mayor Beaven in the race. On his back, moss finds no abiding place, and he is above resorting to political trickery of any description. Mr. Ker would give the city a business administration and that is about what it needs at the present time. If nominated, he can be elected.

There was one event in naval circles which occurred during this week to which I am inclined to pay far more attention than I generally do to matters which concern private individuals rather than