

HOME RULE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

The example of the Isle of Man, where the people have for centuries enjoyed peaceful possession of Home Rule, is generally overlooked by politicians who are interested in the solution of the Irish problem. Here in mid-channel, between Great Britain and Ireland, we have a veritable *imperium in imperio* managing its own affairs in its own way with so little ostentation and bustle that its very existence seems to have been forgotten by its neighbors. While there have been many changes in the supreme sovereignty of the island, its rulers have been in succession feodatory to the Kings of Norway, Scotland, and England, it has preserved its ancient constitution practically unaltered. The local Legislature, commonly called the Tynwald, can be traced at least as far back as the early part of the tenth century. The three estates are the Sovereign, the Governor and Council, and the House of Keys. In 1406 Henry IV. granted the Isle to Sir John Stanley and his heirs, subject to the service of rendering two falcons as homage to the King of England for the time being on the occasion of his coronation. The Stanley dynasty continued for over three centuries, and the sovereigns of that house styled themselves "Kings of Man and the Isles" until the reign of the second earl, who assumed the title of "Lord." On the death of James, the tenth Earl of Derby, the Isle of Man passed into the possession of the then Duke of Athole; and in 1765 an Act (5 Geo. III., c. 26) was passed whereby, for the sum of \$70,000, the sovereign rights of the island were surrendered to the Crown of England, and inalienably vested in the King and his successors. Since the Revestment, as Manxmen term it, in 1765, the Isle has continued to be governed as before, the Sovereign of England having merely been substituted as the first Estate in the Legislature for the former local Kings or Lords. The insular government, constituted as we have described, has the most ample legislative authority, but it has been held that an act of the Imperial Parliament extends to the Isle of Man if it be specially named. This was laid down in 1823 in a case which is cited in "Coke's Institutes" respecting Ann, the Countess of Derby, and widow of the fifth King of Man of the house of Stanley, for dower in the island. It appears that the decision was against the Countess, on the ground that the Isle of Man was not part of the realm of England, and was not governed by English law, and only when expressly stated could an Act of Parliament apply to it. Sir James Gell, the Manx Attorney General, has pointed out that the legal foundation for the application of Imperial Acts to the Isle of Man was always disputed by Manx jurists before 1765, but since that period the Parliament of England has assumed the power of legislation with respect to the Customs revenue, the post-office, the harbours, and the army and navy. Of the composition of the "Tynwald Court" some explanation may be desirable. It includes the three branches of the legislative power of the island—the Governor, the Council, and the House of Keys. The Council may be said to consist of the local dignitaries in Church and State. The Governor presides *ex officio*, and the other members are the Bishop of the diocese, the Archdeacon, the Vicar-General, the Clerk of the Rolls, the two Deemsters (the principal judges), the Attorney-General, and the Receiver-General. The House of Keys is the popularly elected Representative Chamber. Its history dates from a period long anterior to that of the House of Commons, it the assembly of Leicester's Parliament in 1265 be regarded as the first formation of that body. The Keys were anciently styled "the worthiest men in the land," and we may presume that they still deserve that glorious designation. Like their neighbors in what they are pleased to term the "adjacent islands," Manxmen have not been strangers to reform, yet their changes in a Democratic direction have not been uniform with the advances made in this country. The House of Keys is elected for seven years, unless earlier dissolved by the Governor, and as ministerial crises seldom occur in the Isle of Man the instances must be rare indeed where a *coup d'etat* may cut short its career. It is probably due to the knowledge that they enjoy this security of tenure that the Keys calmly pursue the even tenor of their way, and are in some measure able to disregard the clamor of those who desire the exhibition of a more active spirit of reform. A property qualification is still essential to the members of the House, and under the latest Manx Reform Act—that of 1881—a voter must be the owner or tenant of real estate of £1 a year rateable value, or a lodger occupying premises of the annual value of £10. Under the ownership qualification, unmarried women are admitted as voters. The Keys propose to extend the tenancy qualification to females also, but the Council being opposed to it the Lower House was obliged to accept the compromise effected by the provision in the Act as it stands, in order to obtain admission of the principle of female suffrage. At the same time they recorded a protest against the partial exclusion of women as voters. That the Manx reformers are not yet satisfied is evident from the fact that the Islanders are at the present moment in the throes of an agitation for a readjustment of political power in the shape of a redistribution

of seats. A striking analogy is, indeed, observable in the history of representative government on both sides of the Channel. That Home Rule has been beneficial in its application to the Isle of Man it would seem impossible to deny. Mr. Gladstone, during his visit in 1878, expressed his interest in the simplicity of its system of land tenure, and remarked that its laws were very perfect in many respects. In this ancient country, he added, were all the elements of a comfortable political and social existence. Small as its geographical status might be, it was remarkable as possessing within itself institutions which provided it with a complete system of government under which the inhabitants appeared to progress and prosper. Nearly a hundred years ago Governor Shaw asserted the freedom of the Manx Legislature in vigorous language. "To maintain this independence," he said, "is held to be a first duty of every Manxman, and its competence to all acts of internal concern, and in these being governed and regulated by laws of their own making, with the assent of their most gracious Sovereign, justly constitute the chief or highest pride of all His Majesty's Manx subjects, and the privilege which with but life, they would wish to forego." They dread, therefore, and must ever dread, the interference in their internal concerns, or even a precedent being made for such interference, from any other legislature on earth, even the British, which, though known to be generous in the extreme, yet, from misrepresentation and thence misconception, is still within the possibility of being less or more unjust. — *Pall Mall Gazette*.

TOTALLY UNQUALIFIED.

It is becoming more and more apparent that Mr. Dement of Lexington, Ill., is totally unfit for the office of surveyor general of Utah. It might be well for the President to withdraw his nomination from the consideration of the Senate. Mr. Dement has figured conspicuously, and his career since his appointment has been far from admirable. He is essentially a small man, and as is likely to be the case with small men, he imagined he was destined for vast accomplishments. It was natural that he should bite off more than he could chew, but, having done so, it is proper that he should suffer the consequences. The facts in his case seem to be that he bounced out to Utah and almost immediately bounced back again with a cock-and-bull story about frauds in the land department. He appears to have been inflated with the mistaken notion that the nation looked to him to reform something—it didn't matter what, so long as a splash could be made that would redound to Dement's personal glory. Intellectually small and consequently credulous, Dement seems to have caught up irresponsible little-tattle in Utah and to have magnified it to suit his own silly purposes. He hastened to Washington with his wildly sensational yarns, and, in our mind, there is no doubt that he told the newspaper correspondents just what those correspondents say he told them. As between Mr. Dement and the Washington correspondent of the *Daily News*, we will believe the correspondent every time. But when Dement discovered that he had made a wild, raw, woolly break, he added insult to injury by appearing before a congressional committee and alleging that the reports of the Washington correspondents were lies. The correspondents referred to were Fred Powers of the *Chicago Times*, Jules Guthridge of the *Daily News*, George G. Bain of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and Thomas C. Crawford of the *New York World*. These gentlemen, who stand high in their profession, declare most positively that Dement repeated to them the sweeping charges of fraud which he now denies, and there is no doubt that Dement is between close rows of stamps. The prospect is that he will not be confirmed by the Senate, and in the light of his questionable career it seems eminently proper that he should not be. — *Chicago News*.

WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS OPPOSING THE EDMUNDS BILL.

At a meeting held by the Woman Suffrage Association in Boston on the 27th ult., the following resolution was offered and the appended discussion followed, as we learn from the *Boston Herald*:

Resolved, that since all persons guilty of polygamy in Utah, male and female, are already disfranchised, the proposition now before Congress to disfranchise the Gentile and non-polygamous Mormon women, while Mormon men are permitted to vote, is unjustifiable and unwise, an inexcusable violation of vested rights, highly prized and generally exercised; therefore, we respectfully ask the Massachusetts Congressmen to amend or defeat the Utah bill.

A Mr. Fay of Southboro spoke strongly in support of the resolution. He described Mr. Edmunds as a man not fitted to be either Senator, a judge or a President. The author of the Utah bill was opposed to both woman suffrage and prohibition.

Rev. Amos H. Snow described the bill as an insult to the womanhood of America, but as ten thousand times

greater an insult to the manhood of America. [Applause.]

Rev. E. A. Winship suggested the striking out of the word "defeat" in the resolution.

A Mr. Stillman contended that, however much objection there was to polygamy, it was a part of the Mormon religion, and Government had no right to interfere with religious faith. He described the bill as unconstitutional, and said that not legal enactments, but moral influences alone, would uproot polygamy.

Mr. Suerman Hoar objected to the postponement of the downfall of Mormonism simply because there were a few women disfranchised.

Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney replied it was all well to have honorable sentiments, but we should take care that to entertain them we did not cause others to suffer. The idea that in this country there could be legislation to destroy the rights of any class was remarkable. Injustice was a great deal worse than polygamy [applause], and to have injustice inaugurated in Congress was a far greater danger and curse than the immorality of a small portion of the population. [Loud applause.]

It was finally decided to alter the resolution, making the closing sentence a request to the congressmen "to amend, or failing to amend, to defeat the Utah bill."

The following resolution was also carried:

Resolved, That the thanks of Massachusetts women are especially due to Senator Hoar and the other senators who voted against the Utah bill, on the ground of its injustice to non-polygamists, and that we ask the senators to vote for Senator Blair's resolution forbidding disfranchisement on account of sex.

Mr. S. Hoar next stated objections to woman suffrage, leading to a brief discussion, which brought the afternoon meeting to a close.

OAKLEY HOMICIDE.

PARTICULARS OF THE SHOOTING AND DEATH OF THE NEGRO GORO.

From a private letter, written by a reliable citizen of Oakley, Cassia County, Idaho, we are permitted to cull the following facts concerning a murder which recently occurred at that place, which we have before mentioned. The letter is dated the 11th inst.:

There was a murder committed here a few days ago, which has every appearance of being cold blooded and premeditated. About three months ago the negro Goro Fango and Walter Matthews took Thomas Polton's sheep on shares and they have been herding them in the vicinity of the Little Basin. At the time of the shooting the camp was on top of the main ridge between Land ranch and Little Basin. Last Sunday morning (7th inst.) about 9 o'clock, Frank Bedkie and one Jones from Wood River country, came riding up to the negro and ordered him off of that part of the range. The negro (who had a gun on his arm) refused to go. Bedkie then got off his horse, left the animal for Jones to hold, told the negro he wanted to reason the matter with him. Goro said "All right." Bedkie then got close to him, knocked the gun out of his hand, pulled out a deringer and opened fire. Goro fell and tried to get up again, but Bedkie knocked him over with the pistol at every attempt that he made to get up. Finally Goro told him he would get even with him; then Bedkie fired on him again. Jones then told Bedkie to stop; he had punished him enough. Bedkie said, "No, by G—d, I will kill him right here!" He then shot the negro in the head and the latter knew no more for a few moments. When he came to, Bedkie and Jones were some distance away. He heard Bedkie say, "He will die right there." Jones asked, "What are you going to do with the gun?" Bedkie said "Let's throw it on the side hill."

The negro got up and walked to Walter Matthews' place, about four miles distant. At the afternoon meeting last Sunday, the Bishop requested me to go up and see that his deposition was taken, which I did, and the above is the negro's story. Tuesday, the 9th, I was sent for to come and make the negro's will as he was not expected to live, which I did. He has two bullet holes in his body, one in the right side of the navel and the other on the left side, in the abdomen. One bullet had struck the skull over the left eye, and glanced off, and one had struck him on the right side of the head near the top, and ranged down and lodged below the right ear, near the jugular vein. Both wounds in the abdomen were mortal. He died about 10 o'clock yesterday morning.

This act is the result of bitter feeling between cattle and sheep men, and I fear if something is not done to reconcile the differences between them that other acts of a similar nature will follow.

Most of the sheep owners in this county are "Mormons," and I must say some of them act as though they had no consideration for other people's rights. The town of Oakley is surrounded with thousands of sheep. They come right up to our enclosures and eat off and kill out the feed so that in a short time it will not be possible for any of us to keep any stock, only what we can feed the whole of the year. This does not justify violence of

course, but the results will be disastrous to our people if something is not done to check it.

I have been thus explicit as I presume you will have had conflicting reports in regard to the matter.

PROSELYTING IN THE SOUTH.

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY — ELDERS' OPPORTUNITIES FOR STUDYING CHARACTER — EXPECTATIONS — IMPRESSIONS OF A VIRGINIA HOME — A CHARACTERISTIC RECEPTION — VARIED EXPERIENCE.

REEDS CREEK, W. Va., Jan. 25, 1896.

Editor Deseret News:

Southern hospitality is proverbial. It is a virtue of the people inherent and cultivated; inherited because it was a distinguishing characteristic of their chivalric forefathers whose memory they delight to honor, and not less so because it is a natural product of the climate and social conditions; cultivated, because, from their very isolation, living as most of them do on remote plantations, with sometimes miles of hill and forest intervening, the visit of a neighbor, or the advent of a stranger is hailed as a treat. Certainly, no traveler mingling with the people at their own firesides will go away without having many endearing cords wound round his gratitude, and drawing back his mind to favors which he hopes time will furnish opportunities to requite; and of all travelers, probably none are better able to speak of this kindly virtue than our Elders. Surely none are better able to appreciate it or made more keenly to feel its exception.

TOURISTS AND SIGHTSEERS

follow the great water-courses or railroads, and their intercourse with the people is limited to hotel associations; drummers, driving over the land, become somewhat acquainted with country merchants; itinerant preachers of sectism have better opportunities of becoming acquainted with the people, but as they usually follow the almighty dollar, many conditions escape their observation; but a "Mormon" Elder, following wherever the Spirit of God leads, preaching the Gospel, without hope of pecuniary reward or fear of physical discomfort, encounters every grade, from wealth to poverty, from intelligence to stolid ignorance—one night sleeping in a "bed of down," the next possibly on a straw mattress in the loft. In such a constantly varying experience, every day brings new faces, new circumstances and surroundings; and as only the truly magnanimous will entertain a despised "Mormon" with any degree of welcome, if the latter can do anything justly to praise in this connection, surely visitors without so unpopular a religion, will find nothing to censure.

It is the purpose of this letter to cull from a private journal

A FEW PICTURES OF DOMESTIC LIFE exemplifying this characteristic feeling.

Many times has the writer listened to reports of returned Elders from the South, or read in the News letters descriptive of their travels and experiences. As an effect of such information, it may be mentioned that upon being called himself he made up his mind to suffer. He asked himself how it would be to go to sleep in the woods, or lie down on the floor of a 10x12 log cabin, where a dozen other snorers made the air unmusical, or how "hoe-cake and bacon" would taste after eating it regularly two years and six months. Upon these questions he reasoned in this way: "Anything is good, and to be thankful for, which nourishes, the only difference between corn cake and choicer viands is in the eating, i. e., between the teeth and palate; for after that they are at par with each other, our coarser friend, if anything, being the favorite with the cook below. That question is not likely to trouble me, and as for a place to lie down, I shall doubtless be tired enough when night comes to sleep anywhere. And as the past has taught me, the ruder my couch the sweeter my dreams, I shall be more likely to

DREAM OF HOME.

it, like Jacob, I rest my head upon a stone. Besides, the sun will rise more gloriously for me after such a night, and I shall more keenly appreciate its genial warmth than he who slept in a palace; and when partaking of the humble meal, my thanks shall ascend to God with greater fervor, and therefore His spiritual blessing will be showered upon my head in greater profusion than were I traveling in the midst of wealth and affluence.

But how about the horse whipping, the coat of tar and feathers and the rotten eggs? They have been endured, they can be endured, and a person is likely to live just as happy after the fact as before. But the bullets? Oh, yes, it is hard to leave behind friends and loved ones, but thank God! they can not touch the soul.

Now every one will freely admit that it is exquisitely more felicitous to be disappointed in such expectations, than in the opposite ones; and such is truly the happy lot of the writer. Not that he has never been obliged to sleep out "under the beautiful stars"—curled up behind a log in the forest leaves, and "pulled through" forty-eight hours on green corn and sour apples; nor that he has never heard

HOSPITALITY OF THE PEOPLE

and the many friends whom God has raised up to minister to his wants. What then serves to create such a misconception of the people? Simply this: Their good qualities are spoken of in general terms, while the exceptions are detailed at length.

The writer will not soon forget his

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A VIRGINIA HOME.

He had been traveling night and day for a week, stopping over here and there to take in the views of the great cities, but these gaudy scenes were hardly faded on the retina of the mind, ere he found himself plunged into the labyrinths of the Blue Ridge hills. Here one bright, sunny afternoon last April might have been seen our young Elder trudging along, satchel in hand, and a lost, bewildered look, mingled with considerable home sickness upon his face. Had he been dropped out of a balloon, it would have been difficult to alight in a place where he would have felt less at home. The drains seemed to have no settled direction. It was like walking amid mammoth mole-hills overlapping one another. The road, winding at every point, was lost to view a hundred yards before and behind. The points of the compass—ah! where were they?—changing at every two hundred yards. To crown the prison-like effect these had upon him, dense forests everywhere intercepted his view, except here and there an artificial clearing, making him feel himself a veritable Lilliputian crawling ant-like among the wooded giants. And thus he was to continue for two years.

THE THOUGHT WAS AGONIZING.

No one born and reared in the free, open West, where nothing cumbered the view, where the spirit can soar, as it were, from mountain to mountain, and the eye take in at a single glance all the wealth of the checkered valleys between can comprehend without experience the mental oppression consequent upon being first buried, as it were, in such a living tomb. In fact, he began to ask himself how much greater the agony would be to wake up from a trance and find himself in a coffin under ten feet of soil. But let me say here, that ere he has been long on his mission, these same dreary, everlasting forests, become his dearest haunts. Here he retires to meditate, to study the Scriptures, to read his letters, to offer up his secret prayers. Fraught with such hallowed associations, they soon lose their dreariness and monotony, and their very massiveness and sombre depths make him more humble and God-fearing. But let me beg pardon for straying off to the woods, and continue the subject. It need hardly be said that

"THICKLY SETTLED"

here means that the houses may be from half-a-mile to three miles apart, and scarcely ever in sight of one another. You see, there are somethings a person cannot learn by observation, but must be told, among which is notably the fact that a district of this country is thickly settled; and I am tempted to say here that in no instance is this fact so vividly impressed upon the mind of an Elder as when he holds his first meeting, in a district where the people still believe that a "Mormon" comes in somewhere between monkeydom and humanity. It is wonderful how many curiosity-seekers the woods can shell out.

Through such a "thickly settled" region, the writer was traveling on his first day out, silently wondering if he would have to camp out. Finally, having followed directions almost rivaling the famous reply of a Yankee backwoodsman on being asked how far it was to the next house—"Three hoots, two sees, an' then a right smart distance"—he unexpectedly came in sight of

HIS DESTINATION.

It was a log house of one room, differing from those so familiar to Utah frontiers-men, and which may still occasionally be seen peeping modestly from orchards and vines behind their more imposing brick and adobe successors, in being built high enough for a sleeping apartment upstairs. Nearly all country houses are built after this fashion, varying in the number of rooms and the finishing. A thin blue film of smoke curled from a rather clumsily-built rock chimney, betokening that the lady on whom his letter directed him to call was at home. Would she receive him? It was too late to go in quest of the Elders. He had no money to pay for his stay, as the Scriptures direct. The blood rushed to his face as he thought of having to ask a stranger for a night's lodging. These delicate questions made him hesitate, but concluding that everything must have a beginning, he ventured to knock. A dignified, kind-faced old lady appeared at the door. A sweet smile—how sweet to our doubting Elder!—broke over her face as she observed the satchels: "I am an Elder of the—?" "Oh, come in, come in, and take a cheer," broke in his new friend. "I've always