

The Weekly British Colonist AND CHRONICLE.

Tuesday, November 19 1867.

The Assay Office Memorial Again.

It would appear that two copies of the Assay Office petition were sent to Victoria for signature. The fate of the copy placed in the hands of a resident of Yale was described by us yesterday. Not a name was attached to it. Another copy, however, was sent to a resident of Esquimalt more than a month ago. It prayed that the establishment might be continued at New Westminster. But finding it impossible to obtain signatures for such an object, the gentleman to whose care it was consigned, altered the memorial to read that it be removed to and maintained at Cariboo. The bait took. The wise stroke of policy met with abundant success. A perfect harvest of what the *Examiner* would call "bona fide native signatures" was reaped by the ardent young Esquimalter. Like the famous appetite lozenges of long ago, which everybody bought, the people—to the number of twelve—rushed from all quarters to affix their signatures. They signed, and signed, and signed, and would have continued signing until now, no doubt, if the stock of blank paper on the Island had not become exhausted, when the steamer Enterprise ("to what base uses are we sometimes put!") was chartered to freight the valuable document to the "capital," where it now lies in the gubernatorial strong-box, awaiting the assembling of the Legislative Council to be laid upon the table of that body as a proof of the popular feeling at Victoria in favor of the maintenance of the Assay Office. The signatures are all genuine. We can make affidavit that among the large number there is not one bogus name—not one! The weighty effect of those twelve names is hard to estimate. Victoria can speak! Out of a white have been bound to petition the Assay Office be continued—at Cariboo. After this overwhelming proof of the state of public sentiment here, who shall dare to assert that the maintenance of the Assay Office at New Westminster is an unpopular measure?

Thursday, Nov 14 Supreme Court.

[Before His Lordship Chief Justice Neidham.]

WEDNESDAY, Nov 13, 1867.

Mr McDonald, Mayor, delivered to the Chief Justice the Seal of the City, and Dr Trimble, Mayor elect, was sworn in and the seal handed to him. The following Councillors were then duly sworn in: Messrs Lewis, Allatt, Gibbs, Jeffray, Crump Mr Heisterman appeared and stated to His Lordship that although he had been elected as a Councillor he could not take the necessary oaths, and must resign the office. The Chief Justice then ordered that the certificate of election which had been filed be annulled.

Bankruptcy Court.

[Before His Lordship Chief Justice Neidham.]

WEDNESDAY, Nov 13, 1867.

Re G. Balls.—Adjudged for one week for discharge.

Re C. W. Wallace.—Application was made by Mr Wood, in behalf of Dickson, Campbell & Co. for return of funds in Court, which was refused.

ELECTION BY THE ST. ANDREWS SOCIETY.—This Society held its fifth annual election yesterday. The votes being counted last evening the following gentlemen were declared elected for the ensuing year: President, Thomas Anderson (re-elected three times); Vice-President, W. V. Gray, Hugh Davidson; Treasurer, Samuel Irving; Financial Secretary, Ed. Groves; Recording Secretary, Robert Dixon; Assistant Secretary, D. W. Laird; Librarian, G. F. Doig; Physician, R. McMillan, M. D.; Chaplain, Rev. Thomas Kirkland; Trustees, D. McMillan, D. Farquharson, John Bain; Board of Relief, James F. Stewart, Thomas Ross, William McPherson.—*S. F. Bulletin.*

YATES STREET WARD.—Mr Heisterman's certificate of election having been cancelled as Councillor for Yates street Ward, we learn that Mr John Gordon McKay has been solicited to offer himself to fill the vacancy.

THE THEATRE.—We witnessed with much pleasure the debut of Miss Yeomans and Miss Von Allman at the Theatre on Tuesday night. The young ladies were remarkably self-possessed. Miss Yeomans, especially, displayed much natural aptitude and talent. Her voice is well modulated, clear and distinct—her face expressive and highly intelligent. As Alice Burr, in the "Porter's Knot," but little scope was afforded for a display of talent, the character being next to a nonentity. As the "Eton Boy," however, the young lady acquitted herself well. We do not wish to say that her performance was faultless. To assert that would be doing the beginner an injustice, which her best friends would not thank us for. Fulsome praise, especially towards theatrical novices, is injudicious and harmful. It causes the recipient to imagine that his or her acting does not admit of improvement, and by failing to indicate errors, prevents an attempt at advancement. Having carefully observed the young lady in the last-mentioned character, and constrains us to say that there is room for great improvement; that while her carriage was dignified, her demeanor modest and her voice distinctly audible in every part of the house, there was a plentiful lack of that dash and energy which pertains to the role, which, in fact, constitutes its chief attraction, and without which the part appears tame indeed. In speaking thus we do not lose sight of the fact that the position of the young lady was extremely awkward. The first appearance on a stage, under most favorable circumstances, is a severe trial to any person; but when the debutante is called upon to appear in an attire other than that which pertains to the sex, the ordeal is rendered still more severe and trying. Two or three songs, trilled by Miss Yeomans gave evidence of the possession of a powerful soprano voice, which with proper cultivation will add greatly to her success should she decide to do the stage as a profession.

"Shilly," showed a little nervousness at first, which exhibited itself in her voice; but that soon wore off and she got along very well, and although at no time as self-possessed as Miss Yeomans and lacking the admirable facial expression of the latter, she nevertheless gave promise of a hopeful future. Taken all in all, we really think that the young ladies may be proud of their success. We have witnessed debuts under circumstances even more favorable than those that attended the first appearance of Misses Yeomans and Von Allman, and candor compels us to say that we have never seen a performance of the kind where there was so little to condemn and so much to praise. We hope that the ladies will favor us shortly with another appearance. Before closing this article we want to say one word in praise of Mr March and another of Mr Clarke. In remarking that in the character of Samson Barr the first-named gentleman surpassed any previous effort of his on the stage here, we but re-echo the sentiment of all who carefully observed his performance of the role. The depth of feeling, the pathos and the energy which he threw into the part, caused him to be the recipient of many tokens of popular approval. Mr Clarke, as Captain Popham, in the "Eton Boy," was splendid. He appeared to have an excellent conception of the role, and the laughable manner in which he personated Miss Fanny Curry and frightened Mr Dabster (George Marsh) out of his wits, drew forth rounds of applause.

SIXTY-THREE PERSONS DROWNED.—A terrible accident recently occurred in Russia, at Kineschma, government district of Kostrowna. About 100 persons of both sexes were returning from the fair at the village, and entered the ferry boat to cross the Volga. The vessel was unusually crowded, and when near the opposite shore the ferryman demanded payment of the fares. The crowd of passengers, was in consequence thrown into a state of motion and the boat capsized. 63 persons were drowned.

STEEL AND IRON DIRECTLY FROM THE ORE.—The *Journal of Mining* says: Mr O W Siemens has patented in England a process for producing cast-steel and iron directly from the ore by exposing the ore, in a finely divided state, to the surface action of intense heat, while currents of rich hydrocarbons percolate through the mass of ore in a transverse direction towards the heated surface. By the passage of the gases the ore is reduced and carbonized, and the melting surface of the mass being enveloped in an atmosphere of reducing gas or flame, the reoxidation of the reduced metal is prevented.

BIG BEND.—The *Examiner* has news from French Creek to the 28th Oct. Only a few claims are being worked—seventeen men employed. The Wingham Company are taking out \$11 per day, and the Napoleon and Discovery companies \$6 per day. Judge Cox was at Seymour when our informant passed through. Seymour will be deserted during the winter. The Hudson Bay Company's boats were met on the lake going to Seymour to bring away the company's goods.

THE ESCAPE OF A CONVICT.—Under gaoler McAdams, who was suspended from duty in consequence of the escape of Maurice Carey, has absconded—thus furnishing *prima facie* evidence of his guilt. Three out of the five men arrested upon suspicion of having been concerned in the escape have been discharged. Dwyer and Wood are held for further examination.

WILLIAM CAREY JONES, a well known lawyer and old resident of San Francisco, died in that city on the 3d inst., aged 51. He was a man of marked ability, and his name will always have a certain prominence in the history of land litigation on this coast. Mr Jones was a native of Maine.

THE INDIAN STORY ABOUT THE WHITE WOMAN'S BODY.—Some further steps will probably be taken to ascertain the truth or falsity of the Indian report relative to the finding of the nude body of a white woman in the water near the mouth of the harbor. That a murder has been committed, we certainly little doubt.

STRIPES.—A married woman, residing in Victoria district, appeared before Mr Pemberton yesterday, to answer to a summons charging her with spitting in the face of a neighbor. The magistrate placed the woman in light bonds not to repeat the offence.

Council will meet at New Westminster next month. The dispatches from the Imperial Government relating to the seal of government will be alluded to in the Governor's Message at the opening of the Council.—*Examiner.*

THE J. L. STEPHENS.—Mr Stewart, the agent, advises the steamship for San Francisco direct, from Esquimalt, carrying passengers only. Due notice of sailing will be given. Intending passengers must take their tickets to-day.

FOR SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—The ship Light-foot will sail hence in about fourteen days for the above port, and will take passengers. Early application should be made to Capt. Stemp, Masonic Hall.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The Elocution and Debating Class will meet this evening, at 8 o'clock, for the election of officers for the ensuing term. Reading and Recitation will be given by Members of the Class.

It is feared that several persons from this colony for England, together with the mails that left here on the 25th September last, were on board the Southampton mail steamer when she went down off St Thomas.

BANKRUPTCY.—Mr C. W. Wallace came before Judge Begbie yesterday. The bankrupt passed his first examination and was ordered to appear for his second on the 14th December.—*Examiner.*

The bark *Ava*, having discharged cargo, sailed yesterday for Utsalady, to load with lumber for Callao, Peru.

The Enterprise returned from the river at 4 1/2 o'clock yesterday afternoon with 45 passengers, a mail and an express.

An Old Shellback's excellent communication will appear to-morrow.

Dr. Russell is going to Abyssinia for the London Times.

The LINCOLN will sail for San Francisco at 11 to-day. She will carry an express.

The *CARLE* was repaired yesterday, and the line worked through to San Francisco.

The Otter will sail this morning at 6, for Sitka and way ports.

Bristol's Sarsaparilla and Pills.—Are prepared expressly for the cure of those diseases that have their origin in impure blood and foul and vitiated humors, and for 35 years, they have proved that in all eruptive skin diseases, in all miasmatic and scrofulous or cancerous diseases, and in every form of ulcerous and scabious disease, these two great remedies never fail in effecting a cure.

Letter from "Mark Twain."

[Special correspondent of the San Francisco "Alta."]

NAPLES, Italy, August, 1867.

THE BURIED CITY OF POMPEII.

They pronounce it Pom-pay-e. I always had an idea that you went down into Pompeii with torches, by the way of damp, dark stairways, just as you do in silver mines, and traversed gloomy tunnels with lava overhead and something on either hand like dilapidated prisons, gouged out of the solid earth, that faintly resembled houses. But you do nothing of the kind. Fully one-half of the buried city, perhaps, is completely exhumed and thrown open freely to the light of day; and there stands the long row of solidly-built brick houses (roofless) just as they stood eighteen hundred years ago, hot with the flaming sun; and there lie their floors, clean-swept, and not a bright fragment tarnished or wanting of the labored mosaics that pictured them with the beasts, and birds, and flowers which we copy in perishable carpets to-day, and there are the Venuses, and Bacchuses, and Adonises making love and getting drunk in many hued frescoes on the walls of saloon and bed-chamber; and there are the narrow streets and narrower sidewalks, paved with flags of good hard lava, the one deeply rutted with the chariot-wheels, and the other with the passing feet of the Pompeians of by-gone centuries; and there are the bake-shops, the temples, the halls of justice, the baths, the theatres—all clean scraped and neat, and suggesting nothing of the nature of a silver mine away down in the bowels of the earth. The broken pillars lying about, the doorless doorways and the crumbled tops of the wilderness of walls were wonderfully suggestive of the "burnt district" in one of our cities, and if there had been any charred timbers, shattered windows, heaps of debris, and general blackness and smokiness about the place, the resemblance would have been perfect. But no—the sun shines as brightly down on old Pompeii to-day as it did when Christ was born in Bethlehem, and its streets are cleaner a hundred times than ever Pompeians saw them in her prime. I know whereof I speak—for in the great chief thoroughfare (Marchion street, and the Street of Fortune) have I not seen with my own eyes how for two hundred years at least the pavement has not been repaired—how rats live and even ten inches deep were worn into the thick flagstones by the chariot wheels of generations of swindled tax payers? And I know by these signs that the great Commissioners of Pompeii are not going to do business, and that the

attended the payments they have cleaned them? And besides, isn't the inborn nature of Street Commissioners to shirk their duty whenever they get a chance? I only wish I knew the name of the last one that held office in Pompeii so that I could give him a blast. I speak with feeling on this subject, because I caught my foot in one of those rats, and the sadness that came over me when I saw the first skeleton, with ashes and lava sticking to it, was tempered by the reflection that maybe that party was the Street Commissioner.

No—Pompeii is no longer a buried city. It is a city of hundreds and hundreds of roofless houses, and a tangled maze of streets where one could easily get lost, without a guide, and have to sleep in some ghostly place that had known no living tenant since that awful November night of eighteen centuries ago.

THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

We passed through the gate which faces the Mediterranean (called the "Marine Gate"), and by the rusty, broken image of Minerva, still keeping tireless watch and ward over the possessions it was powerless to save, and went up a long street and stood in the broad court of the Forum of Justice. The floor was level and clean, and up and down either side was a noble colonnade of broken pillars, with their beautiful Ionic and Corinthian columns scattered about them. At the upper end were the vacant seats of the Judges, and behind them we descended into a dungeon where the ashes and cinders had found two prisoners chained on that memorable November night, and tortured them to death. How they must have tagged at the pitiless furies as the fierce fires surged around them!

THE DESOLATE DWELLINGS.

Then we lounged through many and many a sumptuous private mansion which we could not have entered without a formal invitation in incomprehensible Latin, in the olden time, when the owners lived there—and we probably would have got it. These people built their houses a good deal alike. The floors were laid in fanciful figures, wrought in mosaics of many-colored marbles. At the threshold your eyes fell upon a Latin sentence of welcome, sometimes, or a picture of a dog, with the legend, "Beware of the Dog," and sometimes a picture of a bear or a faun with no inscription at all. Then you enter a sort of vestibule, where they used to keep the hat-rack, I suppose; next a room with a large marble basin in the midst (to catch the rain water), and the pipes of a fountain; on either side are bed-rooms; beyond the fountain are a reception-room, then a little garden, dining-room, and so forth and so on. The floors were all mosaic, the walls were stuccoed, or frescoed, or ornamented with bas-reliefs, and here and there were statues, large and small, and little fish-pools, and cascades of sparkling water that sprang from secret places in the colonnade of the air cool. Those Pompeians were very luxurious in their tastes and habits. The most exquisite bronzes we have seen in Europe, by far, came from the exhumed cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and also the finest cameos and the most delicate engravings on precious stones; their pictures, eighteen or nineteen centuries old, are often much more pleasing than the celebrated rubbish of the old masters of three centuries ago. They were high up in art. From these works of the first up to the eleventh century, art seems hardly to have existed at all—at least no remnants of it are left—and it was curious to see how far these old time pagans excelled the remote generations of masters that came after them in these matters. The pride of the world in sculptures are the Laocoon and the Dying Gladiator, in Rome. They are as old as Pompeii, were dug from the earth like Pompeii; but their exact age or who made them can only be conjectured. But worn, and cracked, without a history, and with the bleaching stains of numberless centuries upon them, they still mutely mock at all efforts to rival their perfections.

FOOTPRINTS OF THE DEPARTED.

It was a quaint and curious pastime, wandering through this old silent city of the dead—lounging through utterly deserted streets where a hundred thousand human beings once bought and sold, and walked and rode, and made the place resound with the noise and confusion of traffic and pleasure. They were not lazy. They hurried in those days. I had evidence of that. There was a temple on one corner, and it was a shorter cut to go between the columns of that temple from one street to the other than to go around—and behold that pathway had been worn deep into the heavy flag-stone floor of the building by generations of time-saving feet! They wouldn't go around when it was quicker to go through. We do that way in our cities.

Everywhere you see things that make you wonder how old those old houses were before the night of destruction came—things too, which bring back those long, long centuries, and place them living before your eyes, for instance: the

bits of steps that led up into the draught of the principal theatre, and almost worn through; for ages the boys hurried out of that school, and for ages their parents hurried into that theatre, and the nervous feet that have been dead and ashes for eighteen centuries have left their record for us to read to-day. I imagined I could see crowds of gentlemen and ladies thronging into the theatre, with tickets for secured seats in their hands, and on the wall, as plainly as ever I read anything in my life, I read the imaginary placard, in infamous grammar, "POSITIVELY NO FREE LIST, EXCEPT MEMBERS OF THE PRESS!" Hanging about the doorway were slouchy Pompeian street-boys uttering slang and profanity, and keeping an eye out for checks. I entered the theatre, and sat down in one of the long rows of stone benches in the dress circle, and looked at the place for the orchestra, and the ruined stage, and around at the wide sweep of empty boxes, and thought to myself, "This house won't pay." I tried to imagine the music in full blast, the leader of the orchestra beating time, and the "versa tile" So-and-So (who had "just returned from a most successful tour in the provinces to play his last and farewell engagement of positively six nights only, in Pompeii, previous to his departure for Herculaneum") cavorting around the stage and piling the agony mountains high—but I couldn't do it with such a "house" as that; those empty benches tied my fancy down to dull reality. I said, these people that ought to be here have been dead, and still, and mouldering to dust for ages and ages, and will never care for the trifles and follies of life any more forever—"Owing to circumstances, etc., etc, there will not be any performance to-night."

And so I turned away and went through shop after shop and store after store, far down the long street of the merchants, and called for the wares of Rome and the East, but the tradesmen were gone, the marts were silent, and nothing was left but the broken jars all set in cement of cinders and ashes; the wine and the oil that once had filled them were gone with their owners.

The Breath of Flowers!

The breath of the rarest tropic flowers, fragrant and imperishable, is transfused into that most exquisite of all modern perfumes, MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER, suited alike for the handkerchief, the toilet and the bath.

It is a rare and worthless counterfeit offered for sale, buyers should always ask for the Florida Water, prepared by Lanman & Kemp, New York.

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News of the Month.

The despatches received an exciting character. The ment, in accordance with September treaty, by which to preserve the integrity of territory, followed Garibaldi, where he was attacked and completely routed, states that the Liberator was contradicted by a sub which says that he had an on board an Italian man-of-war. The ultimatum of France Victor Emmanuel should the force at his command is of the Garibaldians; and the pressure brought to his own people, the King's terrors of an intercession than incur the enmity of France. Victor Emmanuel; but so army on his side (and from which it has obeyed his of that it is loyal), no fear ne of the King experiencing difficulty at home.

From England we regret riots at Exeter and Axminster warehouses were sacked.

The Democratic majority States indicate a still greater lar sentiment and the comp of the Radicals. Mr John be said to have been endorsed and it now remains to Congress will venture, in popular verdict just given impeach the President. That Congress will not carry policy, and that there is mger of that body being "in President as unconstitutional being impeached by them.

ARRIVAL OF THE LINCOLN. States steamer Lincoln, Cal 14 days from Alaska, arriv 12 o'clock. The Lincoln h coast of Alaska upwards during which period she almost incessant rain. Th was consequently conducted faculty. At Sitka mouth s ceived on board five minere of some time, of that stream. They report and show considerable dust, turning in the spring. Th are all well.

WANT OF ROAD COMMUN respondent at Alkali Lake, complaints of the bad state of eation between the lake and says he owns a farm about the town of Lillooet, on road. A good many farmers the locality; but they are a communication with the oute by Indians, to whom each est about \$25 a year for carry papers to and from the p direct the attention of the ho of Lillooet district to this w plaint.

STRIKE AMONG GOVERNME Certain praiseworthy intent Clarke, of the Government Douglas, were completely f among the officials on board had designed proceeding bring down the Sitka pa John L. Stephens; but whe to start the fires it was fou men, not having been paid fo had "struck." The deck-ha similar position of wont-work pay-you-but, and the Dou quietly at the wharf.

THE RACES.—The horses in will start at 1 p m sharp. V Colt, Greyhound and Prior for a purse of \$1000. On the match there is considerable b side parties. For the Na horses will start at 2 o'clock the Prince of Wales' Stakes tended for. Every preparation to insure a successful da weather promises to be delig gate that there will be large ground.

THE ATTRACTIONS AT THE young lady debutantes will theatre this evening. Pers attended rehearsal, inform u great proficiency and bid "stars" in the profession, young ladies, there will be of of an equally interesting cha

BALL AT THE BUSH TAVERN of the Bush Tavern, anno this evening, at his Tav road. A fine cotillion band tendance, and a free spread rriages will leave the Colon fifteen minutes.