The Weekly British Colonist. AND CHRONICLE.

Tuesday, June 4, 1867.

Colonial Finances.

The present situation of our Government is that of a man who has fallen over a precipice, and who, while shooting downward with fearful velocity towards certain destruction, endeavors to break his fall by clutching convulsively at the twigs and shrubs that clothe the rocky face of the cliff. The instinct of self-preservation is quite as strong in governments as in individuals. Drowning men have been known to catch at straws, and governments are notorious the world over, when reduced to the last extremity, for imposing grievous burdens upon the people in the vain hope that by so doing they may avert impending disaster. We do not say that the Government of this Colony is about to load us with a heavier weight of taxation than we have yet been called upon to bear, simply because it has not the power to do so; but it is engaged in quite as improper a business. It is trying to conceal the true state of affairs from the Home Government—to cover over the results of mismanagement and imbecility—by attempting to show that its affairs are in a perfectly solvent state, at a time when it is borrowing money in London at twelve per cent to pay the interest accruing on a loan obtained at six per cent; at a time, too, when it is so deeply indebted to the local branches of two English Banks that it dare not deposit its meagre funds with either. Except it be from an instinct of self-preservation, why Governor Seymour and his advisers are thus attempting to avert a calamity that must inevitably overtake them, we are at a loss to understand. They cannot hope for an increased revenue except through a considerable accession to the population of the Colony; and what prospect is there of any such accession, at least for the next twelve months? Public credit is at an end, public servants are unpaid, public improvements are stopped, and the very wheels of Government will soon cease to revolve for want of money. The fact is, nothing short of a miracle or the Home Government can save our Government from bankruptcy—hopeless, ten-cents-on-the-dollar bankruptcy. And Governmental bankruptcy is really the best thing that could befal the country. It would force the Home Government to substitute a more economical form of Government; to guarantee the payment of our debt, and to speedily join us to the Confederacy on the Eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. Once let our bills be dishonored in the London market, and the scales will drop from the eyes of the English people; the idea that has obtained too long at the Colonial Office that we are rolling in wealth and abundantly able to pay a portion of the National debt of Great Britain, would be dissipated. Disagreeable as the task may be, the Home Government should be told in unmistakeable language that the Colony is rushing into debt at the rate of $350,000 per annum; and that, so far from its being able to redeem its bonds, it is really unable to pay the interest upon them.

Reciprocity.

Really, we shall have to stop noticing our morning cotemporary altogether if he continues to write rank nonsense in his "leaders"—we shall, indeed. Yesterday the unfortunate wight who has assumed the quill during the absence on a begging "tramp" through America of his "chief," attempted to show—because the Hamilton *Spectator* has declared that, although a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty would be very desirable, it must not be a one-sided affair—that therefore the Canadians are not in favor of Reciprocity. Following the same line of argument, if our cotemporary went to purchase a horse on credit, and the owner objected to the security, the objection would be tantamount to saying that the owner did not wish to sell the animal. Now, the American Commissioner, Mr Derby, in his report, proposes to admit duty free into the States certain articles of Canadian production, and to shut out others of Canadian manufacture, while he would claim the right to introduce into Canada every article of American production and manufacture that could find a market there. Under the same unequal rule, the Americans might say to British Columbia, while arranging a treaty for reciprocal trade, if you will admit our goods duty free, we will let your coal in duty free, because we have no coal fit to burn of our own; but as we have plenty of timber you must pay us a duty on your lumber. Such a treaty would not be a reciprocal one, and we should be very silly to consent to any such arrangement, even at the risk of being told that we are not anxious to secure reciprocity. But there is no use in "throwing pearls before swine," any more than there is in attempting to teach the *pro tem.* editor of the *News* common sense. The "chief," with his famous "scrapbook," was bad enough; but the person he has left behind with a pair of scissors and a well-thumbed copy of *Harper's Weekly* is really unbearable.

Saturday, June 1st.

A Defect in the Indian Liquor Law—F. Anthony and Jean Couns, were arrested by the Police on Thursday—the first for selling a bottle of spirits to a squaw, and the latter for permitting the same to be sold. On the prisoner Couns was found $315. Anthony was convicted on the charge of selling and was fined $50 or three months' imprisonment, With regard to Couns, it was ascertained upon reference to the new Indian liquor law recently passed at Westminster, that there is no punishment provided for a person who permits liquor to be given to an Indian—the Act only prescribing a punishment for those who sell or give—and the magistrate reluctantly liberated the fellow, notwithstanding it was shown that he had given the squaw fifty cents with which to purchase the stuff from Anthony. This is a serious defect in the law. Under the Island Act the party who *permitted* the sale was held to deserve as heavy punishment as the party who vended it. The law that punishes for selling liquor to Indians is a very absurd one, no doubt, but while the legislators who believed in its necessity were engaged in framing it, they might as well have made it sufficiently stringent to embrace all classes of offenders.

The Hudson Bay Company, we understand, have parties out exploring the route from Gardiner's Canal to Fraser River, with a view to securing a route by which there will be the smallest possible amount of land travel. It is claimed that, with the exception of one or two short portages, water communication is continuous by this proposed route.

Two Boilers were yesterday raised from the Princess Royal at the H. B. Co's shears. One of the boilers is intended for the Enterprise and the other for H. M. surveying steamer Beaver. The Enterprise boiler was made at the establishment of Messrs Napier, London. Both are excellent pieces of workmanship.

For the Fraser—The Enterprise with freight and twenty passengers left the Company's wharf yesterday morning for the Fraser. Messrs Lamb, Nathan, Campbell, Walker and Barnard were amongst the departures.

For Honolulu, S. I—Messrs Janion, Green & Rhodes advertise the schooner Alberni for Honolulu with immediate despatch.

The Opening Day of the Great Paris Exposition.

[Correspondence of the New York 'Herald.']

Paris, April 1st—The perfectly level plain of the Champ de Mars, a year ago a hard parade ground, has been transformed into a wonderful Fair ground, out of the midst of which arises an almost circular edifice of iron and glass, in shape like a vast boiler of concentric rings, pierced transversely by fifty avenues which radiate from a garden at the centre, where four huge fountains fling perpetual crystal. Under the awnings of this garden there are places for rest, and two of the broadest streets bisect it at right angles, while the two circular galleries immediately west of it are wholly filled with paintings and statuary. The outer rings are each devoted to some grand department of manufacture, and the nations are so arranged in segments proportionate to the quantity of their goods that the tranverse streets divide them from each other. Thus a visitor interested in silk, woolen and cotton fabrics has but to keep one circular route continuously to pass in order the wares in that speciality of every existing nation. Without the greatest circle of them all, next to the park, the restaurant of each nation lies, its food confined to the dishes and its liquors to those beverages which are current at home; while the large park encompassing the whole, is taken up with the characteristic buildings of particular lands, and experimental structures appertaining to the arts, sciences and amusements; the borders of the Champ de Mars, on the extreme outer rectangle are lined with large warehouses where great pieces of machinery are exposed, and the gates or turnstiles giving admission to the whole are placed at frequent intervals between these warehouses or annexes. The classification, both as to palace and grounds, extends to the five continents, and the Monroe doctrine being scrupulously respected, we shall find the thirteen States arrayed with Mexico, Peru and Patagonia, while Great Britain and France divide about half the world between them.

You must consider, before you look down from this hill of the Trocadero upon the Exhibition, that it is meant to be a complete epitome of the world, performing within its grounds all the functions of all races—sleeping only excepted. The steam that drives the engines, the folly that relieves toil, the drinking, eating and worshiping of every species of man must be made and warehoused here. You see out of the infinite number of towers and roofs that at first confuses you, a broad vestibule wide as Broadway and 800 feet long opening straight from the bridge of Jena to the Palace. This is canopied with green vellum spangled with golden bees, the emblem of the Bonapartes, and every foot of it surmounted with the flag of an independent nation. Flowers and statues line it on either side; the Imperial standards of tricolors, banderolles and oriflammes are flung from two great gonfalon masts at the portal, on the roof of the Palace climbing through the sky as if the tinted clouds had descended to wreath it, all the colors of each nation wave and in the angle between the long vestibule and the deep curve of the Palace, the broad white ermine, bright with bees stretched upon the sceptre and cross, denotes the pavilion of the Emperor, The buildings in the Park are capped with fanciful flags indicative of their purposes; yonder you see the crescent of the Turk dominating his mosque, and the crocheted pagodas tell of Thibet and the land of tea; the frowning, sepulchral portal of the Egyptian adjoin the more intellectual effigies of the Assyrian lion where lie sucking their pipes the pure-skinned Persians; high over all a lighthouse pierces the sky and the twinkle of water among the trees denotes the ripple of artificial lakes that discharge under an iron bridge into the animated Seine. A railway depot, whose rails go flying through the air and sapping a block of houses alternately to pass the river and thread the city, is equalled in spaciousness nearest the eye by a great international club-house for the Bourse of the world. Past and beyond all, the far sweeping valley of the river goes to the right among the purple and palaced hills and dark forests to the left under its marble bridges, a score in number, pointing at its various angles, now to the far dome of the Pantheon—now to the towers of Notre Dame—now to the steep of Montmartre and the tombstones in the groves of Pere la Chaise.

Standing at the bridge next nearest the city on this bright Monday morning, you see the quays filling with people. Nurses and cabmen, men in blue frocks, and old gentlemen in hats of curving brims, invalids in chairs and crutches, foreigners of every garb and hue, all pouring down the stone river sides and dividing at the bridge into two deep columns, one of which is bound for the palace and the other for the Trocadero. The street beside them is filled with a stream of vehicles, all of which pass the bridge and divide on the other bank into similar columns the most numerous and plebeian of which is composed of visitors who will enter the palace by a side gate, paying four dollars in gold a head, while the other represents the dignitaries of State and the great Ambassadors, with the legislative bodies, who are to meet the Emperor and do him homage, in other words, to pay their respects as he comes in some state to open the show. Now you see, in a great lumbering stage coach, fringed all around with red, the English Marquis of Townshend come up, footman in powdered hair and padded calves clinging behind; now, in a plain barouche, very feeble looking under his black wig, the venerable Rossini rides; again, the beautiful daughters of Beckwith dash up in a barouche and two gray Senators follow, talking politics together. Here is Berryer, the lion of Marseilles, in talk with Thiers, the historian, who is spectacled and pinched of face; M de Girardin and wife come after, equal in intellect, and he is the first journalist of Europe, a fidgety figure, obstinate in the shoulders; now the Countess of Jersey succeeds, very beautiful, her outriders scattering things as they wheel the curb; and in the carriage of Prince Napoleon—who is not present, being disgusted with his cousin and all his cousin's jobs—the still sparkling face of George Sand flashes by, careful as a girl in her attire, and only a thread or two of gray to line her luxuriant tresses; the careless young man in the barouche, almost a boy in dress and beard is Gustave Dore, the foremost genius of our time; behind rolls in state ponderostty the Duchess de Morny, half sister by marriage to the Emperor—a Demidoff of Russia, slender and fair, and young, and a widow of the best business gambler in France; to her alternates Couture, the painter of the Roman *decadences*, come from his retirement to see his students' canvasses; next rides Hiram Haines of Alabama, the representative of the only Southern State, a serious faced man, who has accepted the political situation, and come here to induce emigration to his State; a pause brings along the American banker Monroe, close by Dr Carey of Buffalo, both driving in barouches; then the Prussian General, Von Bonin—very fat and whiskered and self-important—closes in with the Ottoman Minister, in turban and cashmere, his scimetar at his girdle; the terrible grim face of Liszt, the pianist, drifts by like a nightmare, and Jules Janin, the critic, oily and lazy, anticipates the thin, high, bloodless face of Alfonse de Lamartine. When these have gone, with other hundreds, all known for birth, genius or pocket, we hear a feeble cry of *Vive l'Empereur*, and coming down the right bank of the river, through the Tuilleries gardens, under the shaft of Luxor, which marks the site of the guillotine, three coaches are seen with golden-laced outsiders and a squad of helmeted officers from the Cente Garde galloping around them. An officer on a racing horse clears the way; the obsequious Gens d'Armee, mounted, back their horses, trained not to kick against the people, and falling back in dense lines, the strangers and citizens used to the plentiful livery, see in the foremost carriage the Emperor and the Empress: Their horses are ridden, not driven. The Emperor is habited in a dark brown overcoat, a high silk hat, bent at the rim, dark vest and breeches, and on his breast he wears the order of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. A diamond pin shines in his bosom, and he wears a fob chain with a diamond seal. Bowing to the few opportunities the people give him by raising their hats, he is seen to smile in an automaton and wooden way, and to be a thick set man of more body than legs, with very little neck in length and a good deal of bilious breadth to it, as if it fattened on fluids. His face is swarthy and swollen, crossed by a waxed mustache which hides the mouth, but the jaws are square and shaven, and darkly outlined on his white necktie; he has a fair character nose, alert ears and grizzled hair, but his eyes are gray and baffling, set under bushy brows, without talk or confidence in them at any gleam, turned inward and only looking out like the tail of a squirrel that winks from its nest. The lower half the face is all animal, the upper all sphynx—and this is the Emperor of France. The Empress, who bows very sweetly and very often, inviting attention rather than responding to it, is attired in her most becoming robes—a purple brown satin dress with a long trail, and velvet bonnet to match, neatly cut and richly laced and looped; around her shoulders a black satin cloak with velvet trimmings gives fullness with shapeliness to her long and elegant waist, and her color is hightened to correspond with her eyes, which are always full of soft and fascinating expression. She looks younger but not too young for her husband, and her features are regular and pretty but not of the strength which reflects intellect, nor so beautiful as to pass the average of handsome women. She is a pretty Empress. These noted people riding forward face on the reverse seat of the Caleche, are General Rolin and Aid-de-Camp Genlis, commonplace military gentlemen, while in the other carriage two other officers accompany the young Duchess of Bassano and the Countess of Poeze. A third carriage carries, with their suitors, the Countess of Rayneval and Mademoiselles Kloecklen and Marton, waiting ladies, and it is too palpable to be ungallant to say that, excepting the Empress, there were no fair stars in the galaxy. Coarse complexions, too much fat, and no grace of expression in her selected maids, gave Eugenie the decided advantage. She reigns in effects, and her maids, for every public appearance, must dress according to her orders. There was a time when she dared go abroad with the youngest and fairest. Now the beautiful are kept at home, and the Queen's background is the middle aged and the passe set, in dreary or preposterous toilettes. Judged by her companions of yesterday, I have no hesitation in saying that Eugenie was bewitching.

When these have reached the head of the bridge of Vena, a procession of a thousand terracers, laboring on the Trocadero hill, come up with tricolor flags in their dirt carts and one of them, advancing, presents the Empress with a bouquet. His brethren shout very heartily here, for these workmen eat the government bread every day, and when the Empress has leaned forward and thanked them prettily, the carriages proceed down the aisle of the bridge. Two gigantic Arabs, reining down a pair of wild horses, stand in rude muscularity on the brink of the bridge. When the Empress has passed them, a single cannon speaks once along the running river. Then a signal flag waves back to the Tuilleries the tidings that His Highness has safely arrived. Immediately, to a note of the buglers, the whole hidden interior of the Exhibition trembles with the simultaneous throbbing of a dozen martial bands. The people along the crowded quays and up the Trocadero hear them and cheer; within all steam is set to action at once; the wheels revolve and engines ply, while gangs of men in each of the departments beat stoutly with mallet and loom.

Upon the interior platform all the bodies of dignitaries are assembled, and the exhibitors are at their places, while in each department its National Commission is drawn up to be presented to the monarch.

Beneath this pavilion the sovereigns alight, and the Prince and Princess Murat, the Duke of Leichtenberg, the Count of Flanders, the Prince of Orange and Princess Mathilde come forward and pay hemage. Princess Mathilde is an elderly lady, plainly dressed, renowned for her evening parties chiefly. The Prince of Orange is heir to the throne of Holland, and has forgotten the liberal traditions of his race; he is a phlegmatic looking young man. The Duke de Lichtenberg represents the Czar of Russia, and the Princess Murat is a pretty young married woman, whom they married at Court some time ago because she was thought to want to be married. To these gravely speaking, the Emperor and wife pass on where, in the portal of this grand vestibule, stands the head of the Cabinet, Rouher, a strong faced, amiable man, one of the best props of the throne, and the battered visage of old Marshal Vailant, the grandson of a shoemaker, who is replete with decorations, but dwarfed beside the stature of Hausseman, the Prefect of the Seine and the Emperor's strongest reliance. With these and others are Bietri, the Prefect of Police, the Fouche of the time, a shrewd detective, and Duruy, the Educational caterer, who was promoted to a Bureau because he wrote a Napoleonic School History.

There are no words said, nor is there any ceremony. Quickly the couple and their suite pass from stage to stage, looking at little, shaking hands with many bearded strangers, applauded at every new stage; and so, among piles of unpacked boxes, under shelves and statues, and hanging draperies, they glide, till the route has been traversed, and they are ready to depart. There were few episodes, except two, which I will relate.

An English exhibitor, unable to comprehend why a monarch should walk upon the naked stairs, spread a piece of carpet before his stall, on which the Imperial party trod. Loyalty having got the better of the shopkeeper, was directly succeeded by a business spirit, and he attempted to pull up the carpet that the crowd at the Emperor's heels should not soil it. He was swept along by about a thousand rushing folks, and he cried loudly for policemen to help him in the rescue. These, suspecting an attempt at assassination, came up with their rapiers, cut off the tail of the Emperor's staff, and gave up the carpet torn to shreds. Here ended dismally the last imitator of Sir Walter Raleigh.

In the Swedish department the Emperor stepped aside with Moustier, one of his Ministers, and a confidential friend of his late half-brother, the Duc de Morny. An American semi-official, who was close by, heard the younger gentleman say:

'*Il fait beau temps,*' which means: 'The weather is fine.'

Moustier replied: 'Meteorologically and politically.'

To which the answer was: 'Indeed, I never saw such happy skies, socially, physically or officially. There is war nowhere; we are in a fair way to get Luxemburg under our wing; the season opens well for visitors. What else?'

'The American treaty with Russia,' said the Emperor. 'I think it means nothing.'

'Russian America,' said Moustier, contemptuously, 'is a good place to cut ice.'

'But it is a strategic place, on a great strait like Suez,' iterated the Emperor, shaking his head. 'Is there nothing in that? They have a telegraph between each other now. In case of war America and Asia could act conjointly—*n'est ce pas?*'

'The Yankee,' said Moustier, 'neither makes war for jealousy, like the Englishman, nor treaties for vanity like France. This is a canard.'

I may add that the great piece of news the morning the Exhibition opened was the alleged cession of all Russian America to the United States for $7,000,000. The man who told me this I do not remember well enough to go his security, but it sounds plausibly.

I reserve a description of the interior of the Palace till the next mail, and now go to some of its environs.

Twice the dimensions of the great circle of the Exhibition, which has been not inaptly compared to a monstrous gasometer, is the park environing it 1000 yards in length and in breadth 300. Sixty edifices are interspersed in this; 2000 trees of good umbrageous growth are planted in it; five lakes and three waterfalls lie in its cool grasses; it is intersected with artistic irregularity by seventy paths and drives and comprehends within it one edifice of every architecture known to civilised man. If you enter from the great portal on the side of the Seine and turn off the broad vestibule on either side, you meet successively a Spanish theatre, where the *Gitanos* dance to the clinking pulse of castanets; a Chinese booth where *jougleurs* impale each other and eat red hot fire; a Protestant chapel where there is worship every day and in the English language; a hospital where any of the wounded in the crush of multitudes or by machinery receive speedy relief, an Egyptian cemetery in gorgeous Moresque; a French ball where the girls in the *caucan* throw their feet into the spheres, waltzing eccentrically to the music of Fra Diavolo; an international theatre, where at alternate hours, a troupe of every known nation, from Fetish dancers to negro minstrels make hilarity; a lake of clear water filled with the trout of Fontainbleau that Bonaparte used to feed, a tropical aquarium where you can see a weak copy of Hugo's Devil Fish catching spiders and minnows as a lady's fan catches hearts; a Gothic cathedral brown as if with age and pompous with masses from noon till dark; chalets of the Swiss such as grow on Alpine tops, with real chamois grazing on their miniature precipices; Swedish and Russian shops and huts grotesquely carved, where candles are sold as food and the reindeer's horned branch from the gables; a mock harem inhabited by real Georgian girls, not prepossessing enough to keep close to their country and many Chinese pagodos of porcelain, where Confucius looks contempt at the outside barbarians; Japanese households, with two of their countrywomen and a pair of little footed wives or grass widows from China, smiling like a couple of almonds with double kernels in them; strange houses for rare lamps and engines; cooking furnaces that make such dishes as would turn a Christian stomach though it had forty coats. innumerable pavillions of rustic patterns, scaled by kissing flowers with thirsty cups; kiosques and orchestral stations, which blow music and the tinkle of bells on every quivering sunbeam; tents such as are spread by the Arabs when they open the Thousand and One Nights and call the genii into their opium smoke; observatories were the telescopes swing all day; and tiny rivers trickling off through pearly bottoms, turning little mills; while in the air great windwings turn lazily, as in a Dutchman's dream, and over all the lighthouse, 130 feet in the clouds, flings its solid calcium glare into the constellations to rival their fixed blaze. By day the garden is a green convalescence after the cramped splendor of the Exhibition, when the tints of a Continental day mock the painted glasses of the Babel interior: here stroll the little girls, half-way over womanhood, the soft lights fading from their faces the ruddyness of thoughtful and dawning ambitions making deeper tints, while the great English dames stagger down the walks in the beefiness of their middle age, and florid ladies of Germany, all of one fervid flax, rise up in the perspective like some metamorphosed field of overripe grain. Midst these you see the American girl, delicately eyed, speaking heart, and thought, and purity in every modest step, light of foot and shy of presence the noblest and least imitable contribution the world has given. At night, when the hammers are quiet within the broad palace, and in the grasses the tapers glisten as if they were burning drops of dew, and gayeties of the garden start into life, and in the *cafes chatant* the globes of light fall upon beautiful singers, twirling the tambourine, or Theresa, merry as a drunken washerwoman, satirizing the time, and beautiful Cora Pearl, come out of sin to art, with the stains lost in the sad splendor of her eyes.

And through this garden, where the Emperor, dragging his feet with nimble weariness, had passed—anxious to vindicate the right of kings never to grow old; when the Empress, with her old, repeated smile, almost hereditary now, had gone among her maids, stunned, perhaps, with the din of mallets, I walked at dusk, in the silvering of sky and stream, wondering whether I were most dazzled or most wretched. My feet were white with the dust of industry, my eyes dull with the over-intensity of hues and suggestions. I felt that man was mighty, but mightiest for happiness when a little more scattered. And, over-sobered by six miles of pedestrianism, I sat in the American restaurant—where the ice was being shaken all the while into somebody's cobblers—under the eagle, the shield and the *E Pluribus Unum*, and I thanked all the stars we own that we were not a show people; that we had as little Government as there were meridians on our school maps—enough to guide and measure, not to cage; that there was more than one man at home, and that he had nothing larger than a policy.