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Spirit of the English Press.

From among many excellent articles on the various topics of every-day occurrence in English political and social life, we have only room for the condensation of a few editorials from the leading journals, leaving the remainder to be digested by our readers at length in the original form. The colonists will be glad to know that the Reform Bill has "dragged its slow length" through the various stages in the House of Commons and is now before the Lords. The Government defeat on the redistribution of seats was signal, and to a less evenly-balanced mind than Disraeli's would have proved disastrous. But "Dizzy" has a larger share of nonchalance than usually falls to the lot of statesmen, and the happy-go-lucky style with which he treats each reverse is in striking contrast with the strong emotional evidences of disappointment that distinguished Mr Gladstone during his trying campaign as leader of the Russell Ministry last session. The Times is pleased with the triumph of the Liberals, and says "it is a moderate step to take away one out of two members from all boroughs having a population of less than 10,000." The Morning Advertiser "apprehends that Mr Disraeli was neither surprised nor much displeased at the decisive defeat"; and the Standard is of opinion "that the success of Mr Laing's amendment will rather facilitate than hinder the further progress of the Bill." The amendment, it will be remembered, takes one seat from every two-seated borough with a population under 10,000, and distributes the seats thus obtained among larger constituencies. The Daily News says "the time is not far distant when it will be necessary to come to some understanding, based on comprehensive principles, as to the position which our Government is to take up towards those foreign States which rob our people by borrowing their money and then paying neither interest nor principal. The number of governments which have broken faith with the English creditor is by this time considerable. Some have openly confiscated the property entrusted to them, and some repudiated; while others, without taking the trouble to do either, content themselves with simply not paying. The last case which has come before the public is that of Venezuela, the Government of which, three years ago, obtained a loan from England, through the General Credit Company, assigning as security the export duties of the republic, which were to be paid into the hands of the British consul. Twice the payments have been suspended by decrees, the Government wanting the money for its own purposes. The lenders are indignant, and, as usual, carry their complaints to the Foreign Office. It is said that Lord Stanley is not averse from taking some action in the matter. But what action ought to be taken? Is it to be understood that the war power of this country is as a rule to be at the service of those who have been so unfortunate as to lend their money to a dishonest government? Unless we are prepared to affirm this principle and to apply it universally, it is not clear what the Government can do." The new Bankruptcy Bill now before the Commons has provoked considerable discussion. The Daily News denounces it as a "retrograde measure, which ever so much as it pleases solicitors, must disatisfy clients." The bill will be much more expensive than the old one. The News adds "it is sheer perversity of

the Government to deny the voice of the commercial community on this subject." The Times and Standard, on the other hand, speak highly of the measure, and declare that it will "consolidate as well as improve" the law now in force. The instance of "practical joking in the Navy," through which it was said a young "middy" had the "broad arrow" indelibly tattooed upon his nose, called forth a great deal of newspaper indignation; but when it was discovered on investigation that the "broad arrow" was only visible on the gentleman's proposals for four days, the journals that had denounced the act in unmeasured terms retraced, and the Admiralty, which had without inquiry dismissed the jokers, reinstated them in the service. The publicity given to the affair, however, has called forth a stringent order against the perpetration of jokes of the character in the future. The London Review says that the recent Irish rebellion was wrong, because it was ridiculous, because it never had a chance of being successful—because it was the origin of deplorable loss of life, political disturbance, and consequent injury to the well-being of the nation, without a hope of these evils being overbalanced by a preponderating good result. The best means to give an Irish insurrection the right to exist is to elevate a few wretched intriguers into the position of national martyrs, and thereafter so to misgovern—in the interest of the greatest number—the country that not only the entire Irish people, but a large portion of their English brethren, will welcome any effort to throw off an intolerable yoke. There are symptoms, however, in the political horizon of a greater desire among our legislators to do Ireland justice, and so remove an ugly stain from the reputation of our country—a project which we hope will be accomplished, pharisaic blindness and philosophical dilettantism notwithstanding. The Chronicle remarks that from the Conservative point of view, the policy of the Government is to stand on. If the Government of Ireland is all that it ought to be; if the people are as prosperous and contented as the laws of nature will allow; if emigration is merely a necessary drain on a too numerous population; if the tenants want nothing but that on which legislation should come between them and the landlords, if the Catholic peasantry are only anxious to have an establishment of educated Protestant gentlemen maintained among them at the public cost; then, indeed, there seems little cause for any mitigation of Burke's sentence. The serpent who comes to tempt the dwellers in a political Eden deserves the worst that may befall him. The true justification of the leniency which has as yet prevailed is one of which no Conservative can avail himself without ceasing ipso facto to be a Conservative. It is that, amidst all the folly and wickedness which characterize the Fenian movement, there is at the bottom of it that abiding sense of wrong which bad government creates and cherishes in its victims. The Times (June 4) insists that the first object of railway companies as the general public passes away and the money market resumes its ordinary tone, should be to satisfy the public with complete and accurate accounts. Every sound railway—that is, as we are told, nineteen English railways out of twenty—ought, after the exceptional tizes of financial panic have passed away, to have a residue of profit left for its ordinary shareholders. Give the public the means of estimating this residue, and ordinary railway shares, to say nothing of preference stocks, will soon recover their value. The Spectator is evidently sorry to see that Mr Mill made a speech last Saturday at St. James's Hall which was not at all in his true line. It was against Mr Disraeli's clauses about the (then dying) compound householder, and his speech was an attempt in the direction of rough-and-ready agitation. It expressed his resolve to be a vigorous great distance out of the wood before I bolus in future, and contained other idiomatic vulgarisms of that kind. It is more painful to see Mr Mill studying this style of speaking than it ever was to see Burke cutting blocks with a razor. His style is naturally refined, acute, discursive, above all things, intellectual. And there is, consequently, a hollow ring about his mob-style, as well as a painful contrast between it and that which really belongs to him. The Morning Herald (June 4) believes Lord Chelmsford's Bill for amending the existing County Court Acts will remove several causes of complaint and scandal. Henceforth cases may be tried before the County Court Judge of the district, within which the cause of action wholly or partially arose, whether the plaintiff or defendant lives in that district, and whether or not the parties live more than twenty miles apart. If difficult points of law are involved, it will still be competent to the suitors to try them before Her Majesty's judges, but for the future we shall not hear of simple actions for three livered brought before judge and jury at Westminster, solely because a sleeping partner in a large firm happens to live at Brighton, because the defendant is a railway company with a metropolitan terminus, or because the action arose partly in one County Court district and partly in another. Exceptions of this kind, which are merely arbi-

trary, have been permitted to endure too long. The Morning Herald (May 28) sees in the Sultan's visit an opportunity for feics, and shows, and balls, and operas, and gala days and nights, which may do something to rouse this world of London out of its lethargy. The Sultan is to come as the guest of the Queen. We must lodge him in oriental state. We must show him a horse-race, and dazzle his eyes with flower-shows, take him to the opera, where he may listen to Patti and Titiens, and look at a ballet, if the Koran will permit it. We must take him to the fro to show him how huge, if not how beautiful, the British Empire is still growing out spinning, and our long; and him to add out of our network of railways and roads; which him above ground and underground till his head grows giddy; show him how our troops can march and our volunteers hit the mark;—have a naval review; and deafen him with the thunder of guns from the fleet of iron-sides which still defend the empire of the sea; show him what we have to show of beauty, in scenery, in graphic art, in building; let him have interludes of illuminations, fountains, pomps, and pageantry; and then show him, in many a noble salon, the ravishing side of our inner life of London, our hours of the West, who are so much fairer than the imaginations of Mahommed.

Monday August 5th.

LEARNING TO COURT.—An amusing little story came to us from the suburbs. A goodly youth, with the assistance of her son, a youth of some twelve years, cultivates a small piece of ground, observed lately that her assistant was frequently missing for hours at a time, and that during his absence the garden and fences were neglected. Weeds began to grow apace, and strange pigs and goats to wander through the garden, undisturbed by the heretofore vigilant youth. Alarmed at the remissness of her boy—who also began to be very silent and distracted in his manner, frequently heaving deep sighs, and going to eat, talking in his sleep, and displaying a strong penchant for walking out of nights, especially when the soft rays of the moon illumined the earth—the old lady at last concluded to watch him, and a few days ago, observing the boy disappear in a corner of the enclosure in which the grass is the greenest and the corn and bushes thickest, she followed and came suddenly upon her hopeful son stretched at full length on his back engaged in reading. "What's that book?" with an air of absorbed interest, that he had been thoroughly his mind was so busy in the pursuit of the work. He was sailing in a delicious sea of imagination, nor did he awake to a realizing sense of his presence on earth, until the voice of his mother upbraiding him for his laziness broke upon his ear. "What good do you get?" demanded the mother, "by reading such books as this? You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Instead of weeding the garden and keeping the pigs out of the garden, here you are stretched out reading this trash." "Why, mother," replied the young hopeful, sheepishly, "I was studying." "Studying! what could you learn out of a book like this?" "Learn, mother? why, I'm learning how to court!" The mother picked up "Griffith Gault" and retired sorrowfully to the house. As there are a dozen illegals and any number of instances of the betrayal of female confidence recorded in that precious volume, her sorrow would probably be increased rather than diminished when she has read it; and as for the promising young gentleman who seeks its pages for the recipe of "how to make love," should he follow in the footsteps of the hero of the story, he will before long furnish plenty of employment to the lawyers in breach of promise cases.

THE TWO FRENCH COLONIES OF BRITAIN.—The exhibition of the island of Mauritius is next to that of Canada. It is a singular coincidence which—thus re-unites, side by side in the British section, two old French colonies, which, though thousands of leagues distant from each other, have been subjected to almost the same vicissitudes. Mauritius has preserved, down to the present day, its analogy to Lower Canada. The descendants of the French there perpetuate the laws, the manners, and the language of their ancestors. The English settlers are themselves proud of the French memories which enoble "the beautiful Isle of France," immortalized by the love of Paul and Virginia not less than by the exploits of La Bourdonnais. At the present time, the inhabitants of the Mauritius enjoy the same constitutional liberty as their Canadian brothers, and this liberty is all the more assured that they, as well only obtained English rule in 1810. Mauritius has not ceased to grow in commercial importance. Several of the exhibitors have names which make us think of Canada. I see at random in the catalogue, Langlois Barbeau, Suzor, Poulin, &c.—Maurice's Paris Correspondence.

FROM QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLAND.—The schooner Alpha came in from Queen Charlotte Island on Saturday. Among the passengers were W. Green and W. C. Robinson, surveyors. We learn that the miners are running a tunnel into the hill. They are in 300 feet and expect to reach the coal when they have gone 30 feet farther. As far as could be judged from the outcroppings, the seam is valuable. There are seven men at the mines, all well. The Indians are peaceable. The Alpha took a party of fishermen to Prince of Wales Island. During three weeks that our informant remained at Skidegate Bay, rain fell every day but one. At Fort Rupert Captain Moosa's family have recovered from their illness.

Mrs SEYMOUR returned from New Westminster on Saturday evening.

FROM BUTE INLET.—A party of Mr Waddington's Homathco Indians from Bute Inlet came down yesterday, and it appears from their report that the Chilcootea murderers are not all dead. During the absence of the Homathcoes, four months ago, a number of the Inlet and stole their salmon and other Mr Waddington's small houses at the hall-ways camp on the road to the ferry. Their tracks have been frequently seen in the vicinity of Glazier stream, some fifteen miles up the valley.

I.O.O.F.—Daniel Norcross, Esq., U.S.G.R. Encampment, is now on a visit to our city, and, we understand, has by a special dispensation received by telegraph from San Francisco, been commissioned to act as Grand Representative by the Grand Master of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows for this District (No. 46), now under the superintendence of D.D.G.M. J. S. Drummond. A general meeting of the Order will take place this evening, at 8 p.m., at their hall, which will no doubt be largely attended, it being the first visit of any high officer to Victoria who, No. 1.

NEW BATH HOUSE.—Vogelius & Becker have fitted up in connection with their barber-shop on Government street, adjoining the St Nicholas Hotel, an elegant apartment for the accommodation of bathers. Rooms for ladies, with a private entrance from Yates street, are provided, and the whole establishment presents an appearance of cleanliness and neatness not often observed in other cities.

THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.—So long a time has elapsed since our citizens have enjoyed a theatrical performance that they will be delighted to know that Admiral Hastings has consented to bestow his patronage upon an entertainment to be given by the Marsh Family, the Zealous Dramatic Club and the Zealous Band, at the theatre on Thursday evening. The bill is a splendid one, and the house will, no doubt, be crowded.

NEW FERRY.—A ferryboat will shortly run from some point of the city front to Victoria West, where a landing has been built and a trail out to the Bush Tavern on Esquimalt road. It is estimated that the establishment of this ferry will save pedestrians bound for Esquimalt more than two miles, which they are now compelled to walk.

THE FIDELITY left this port on Saturday evening for Olympia, W.T., where she will receive on board General Steele, Colonel Hayward and several other American gentlemen and convey them to Bellingham Bay and other points on the Sound, returning here on Wednesday or Thursday next.

LEECH RIVER.—The flume and ditch were finished on Friday, and we expect soon to hear of profitable mining on that stream. The miners have waited patiently for the completion of this work, and the faith they have shown in the diggings deserves a golden reward.

REFUSED.—The Stephens Creek Flume Co. having applied to the Governor for an extension of their charter, his Excellency refused to grant the application, and proclaims the ground open to pre-emption.

MR EVANS, constable at Lillooet, accidentally shot himself in the leg with his own pistol, a few days ago, while bringing a prisoner down to Lytton. The Examiner states that the wound is not serious.

MILITARY COTTAGE ON SAN JUAN ISLAND.—John King has been awarded a contract for the erection of a cottage dwelling house at the British military post, San Juan, for \$2010.

The new propeller Emma went outside on a trial trip on Saturday evening. She made good time; but as the machinery is new and consequently stiff it will no doubt improve by use.

TELEGRAPHIC.—Mr C R Burrage and party of the Western Union Telegraphic Company came down the coast in the sloop Spread Eagle on Saturday.

THE GOVERNOR left Yale at 3 p.m. on Thursday, and as he has taken Barnard's lightning train he will be due at Quessnell-to-day.

ISAAC B. FISHER, late accountant of the Bank of British Columbia in New Westminster, has been presented with a complimentary address by the people there.

The Examiner states that the first cargo of lumber for new Trinity Church, at New Westminster, has been landed there.

The Examiner mentions that good diggings have been found on Traquille River, in the Kamloops country. The gold is fine.

THE SHIP Astoria, from Butte Inlet, bound for France with spars, was towed into the outer harbor on Saturday evening.

The Island Mountain Quartz Ledge Company has been formed on William Creek, Cariboo.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.—A meeting of this board will be held to-day at 12 o'clock noon, at Mr Waddington's rooms.

An Indian was badly cut with an axe and a knife in the hands of two Chinamen on Cormorant street last evening.

The schooner Nanaimo Packet, with a cargo of oil and furs, arrived from the west coast yesterday.

The Very Rev Dean Cridge has gone on a visit to Metlakatlah.

A New Letter from Artemus Ward.

The following letter by Artemus Ward has been published among the Savage Club Papers:

I was sitting at the bar quietly smoking a frugal pipe, when two middle-aged and stern lookin' females and a young and pretty female entered the room. They were accompanied by two umbrellas and a negro gentleman. "Do you feel for the down-trodden?" said one of the females, a thin-faced and sharp-shinned person in green spectacles, the oppressed, the benighted." "Inasmuch as to which," said the landl'rd. "You see this man?" said the female, pointing her umbrella at the negro gentleman. "Yes marm, I see him." "Yes," said the female, rising her voice to a exceeding high pitch, "you see him, and he's your brother!" "No, I'm darned if he is!" said the landl'rd, hastily re- sponding to his bear caska. "And yours," shouted the excited female, addressin' me. "He is also your brother!" "No, I think not, marm," I pleasantly replied, "the nearest we come to that color in our family was the case of my brother John. He had the jaunders for several years, but they finally left him. I am happy to state that, at the present time, he hasn't a solitary jaunder." "Look at this man!" screamed the female; I looked at him.

He was a able-bodied, well-dressed, comfortable-looking negro. He looked as though he might have three or four good meals a day into him without a murmur. "Look at that down-trodden man!" cried the female. "Who trod on him?" I enquired. "Villains! despots!" "Well," said the landl'rd, "why don't you go to the villains about it? Why do you come here tellin' us niggers are our brothers, and brandishin' your umbrellas round like a lot of lunatics? You're worse than the sperrit rappers." "Have you," said middle-aged female number two, who was a quieter sort of person, "have you no sentiment—no poetry in your soul—no love for the beautiful? Don't never go into the green fields to cull the beautiful flowers?" "I not only never do," said the landl'rd in an angry voice, "but I'll bet you five pound you can't bring a man as dars say I do." "The little birds," continued the female, "don't love to gaze on them?" "I would I were a bird, that I might fly to thou!" I humorously sang, casting a sweet glance at the pretty young woman. "Don't you look in that way at my dawter, said female number one, in a violent strain, "it's enough to be her father." "I was an innocent look, dear madam," I softly said: "You behold in me an emblem of innocence and purity. In fact, I start for Rome by the first train to-morrow to sit as a model to a celebrated artist who is about to sculpt a statue to be called Sweet Innocence. Do you s'pose a sculptor would send for me unless he knewed I was overflowing with innocence? Don't make an error about me." "It is my opinyon," said the leading female, "that you're a scolder and a wretch! Your mind is in a wusser beclouded state than the poor negroes we are seeking to aid. You are a gopher in the dark cellar of sin. O sinful man!

There is a sparkling funt.

Come, O come, and drink.

No, you will not come and drink." "Yes he will," said the landl'rd, "if you'll treat; just try him." "As for you," said the enraged female to the landl'rd, "you are a degraded being! too low and vulgar to talk to." "This is the sparkling funt for me, dear sister," cried the landl'rd, drawing and drinkin' a mug of beer. Havin' uttered which goak he gave a low rumblin' larf, and then sank into silence. "My colored fren," said I to the negro kindly, "what is it all about? He said they was trying to raise money to send missionaries to the Southern States in order to preach to the vast numbers of negroes recently made free there. He said they were without the gospel. They had no tract. I said, 'My fren, this is a series matter. I admire you for trying to help the race to which you belong, and far be it for me to say anything again carrying the gospel among the blacks in the South. Let them go by all means. But I happen to individually know that there are some thousand of liberated blacks in the South who are starving. I don't blame anybody for this, but it is a sad fact. Some are really too ill to work, some cannot get any work to do, and others are too foolish to see any necessity for working. I was down there last winter, and observed that this class had plenty of preaching for their souls, but scarce any whittles for their stummuck. Now, if it is proposed to send flour and bacon along with the gospel the idea is really an excellent one. If on the other hand it is proposed to send preachin' alone, all I can say it's a hard case for the niggers. If you expect a colored person to get deeply interested in a tract when his stomach is empty, you expect too much." I give the negro as much as I could afford, and the kind-hearted landl'rd did the same. I said, "Farewell, my colored fren. I wish you well certainly. You are now as free as the eagle. Be like him and soar. But don't attempt to convert a Ethiopian person while his stummuck yearns for whittles. And you, ladies—I hope you are ready to help the poor and unfortunate at home, as you seem to help the poor and unfortunate abroad." When they had gone, the landl'rd said "Come into the garden, Ward." And we went and culled some carrots for dinner.

Nova Scotia.

A large political meeting was held at Truro on Tuesday last, at which Messrs Archibald, Howe, Tupper and McLellan spoke. The papers on both sides claim the victory. The Halifax Express asserts that Mr Howe used language with regard to the Irish which it is absolutely impossible to believe he could be fool enough to use. The Chronicle calls the statement of the Express a cowardly lie."

WINE, LOZENGES, GLOBULES, PHOSPHATES, ASSAY OIL, ALYDON, TEETH, ODONTO, AND SONS, IA DYES