

Stories from Zululand.

Bishop Colenso still manfully upholds the cause of Cetwayo. In a letter written to England he indignantly protests against the deposition and deportation of the Zulu King, "whose appearance and behavior," he says, "are totally at variance with the notion people had formed from the malignant misrepresentations of Sir Bartle Frere." He states that down to the very last both indunas and people were, almost to a man, loyal to their King, and that it is unwise for the English to ignore, as they are now doing, the existence of a sentiment which is as honorable to the Zulus as it is inconsistent with the theory that they have been living under an intolerably cruel and oppressive rule. The Bishop then asks whether the circumstances attending the King's surrender really show any want of loyalty on the part of his people. Some people think that they do, and point to the fact that his hiding place was betrayed to the English force. Upon this the Bishop makes the following remarks:—"Yes; his hiding place was betrayed after he had been hunted by forces of mounted men in all directions for two months, at the end of which the following process was employed by the great English general to secure his capture, for no doubt Lord Gifford acted under instructions. Five Zulus were taken prisoners, and questioned severely as to the place where the King was hiding. They persisted in declaring that they did not know where he was whereupon they were all flogged, with what right let Englishmen judge. They bore their flogging, and still refused to betray their King's hiding place, two of them managed to escape. Then the scheme was adopted which had been practised once before in the war, of taken them blindfolded, each to a separate spot, when two gunshots were fired, and each of course supposed that the other two were killed. And so the secret was obtained from one or more of them." Another incident calls for similar reprobation from the Bishop. It appears that when Cetwayo was on the way to Port Dunford, at dinner he asked for more beef, but this was refused him. He was, however, supplied with a pint of rum, and, according to the Bishop's informant, he was given this allowance daily until he embarked. At Ulundi, when a white trader introduced spirits the King interdicted their sale. The Bishop also expresses a hope that John Dann's qualifications for Chieftainship will be well discussed in England, adding, "I think I may say that his appointment is utterly condemned by all right-minded men in Natal as a mockery of all principles of morality, Christianity and civilization." The Bishop remarks that the list of native rulers of Zululand includes very few of the important chiefs, and he is of opinion that no due provision has been made for controlling the disorders that will inevitably break out among the Zulus or for advancing their progress in civilization. His plan is to unite the whole country under one native ruler, and he sees in the present state of affairs every reason why Cetwayo should, after the lapse of a few months, be restored to that position, "of course with powers duly limited, under a British Resident, who should be an English gentleman of character and ability." He says that Cetwayo has one son, about twenty-five years old, named Duzizulu, who may have been killed among those who tried to escape when his father had been captured, but who, if living, will be an important factor in the future history of Zululand." The Bishop's letter, although registered, was opened in its passage through the English Post Office.

A calcutta despatch says:—Preparations continue to be pushed forward in India with undiminished vigor. The Sukkar and Dadur Railway is open for engines nearly to Jacobabad, and is being constructed at the rate of over a mile per day. A large number of carts such a quantity of war material are being shipped at Bombay for Hursochee. Sir Richard Temple is personally superintending the arrangements along the Balan line. General Hughes has reached Candahar from Ghelatai-Ghilzi. Everything is going on well there. The publication of General Roberts' proclamation and announcement of the continuance for the present of the existing regime have confirmed any waverers there may have been, and people look on their emancipation from Cabul as complete.

Advices from Afghanistan state that McPherson has effected a junction with Bright's column at Kadazug.

JOB PRINTING

of every description neatly executed at the office of this paper.

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The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as our agents; all intending subscribers will therefore confer a favor by sending in their names and subscriptions that they may be forwarded to this office.

- St. John's—Mr. W. J. MYLER, Water St. Brigus—Mr. P. J. POWER, School Teacher.
- Bay Roberts—Mr. G. W. R. HERRLEY.
- Hbar's Cove } —Mr. Richard Walsh, Post Office, Little Bay.
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For the present all intending subscribers or advertisers at Harbor Grace will please hand in their names to A. T. Drysdale, Esq.

THE CARBONEAR HERALD

"Honest Labor—our noblest heritage."
CARBONEAR, N. F., DEC. 4.

Public Highways.

In our columns to-day will be found a most interesting extract from a valued correspondent resident at Southwest Arm, Green Bay. From the extract referred to it would appear that the grant for the construction of the main line of road to the Humber valley, referred to in a former issue of this journal, has been still further supplemented by a sum of fifteen hundred dollars. This sum of money it was hoped would have completed the line of road as far as Indian Brook before the close of the season; but owing to the departure of some of the men employed, the work has unavoidably been postponed until next year. It is, however, satisfactory to know that, notwithstanding the interruption thus caused, nine miles of good road has been laid out, five of which have been gravelled and the remaining four stumped and cleared, a portion of the money still remaining unexpended, which will be available for the completion of the work during the ensuing summer. In the present as in the former communication, our correspondent speaks highly of the agricultural capabilities of the line of country through which this road will pass. In referring to the subject we cannot but express our most unqualified approval of the wisdom which has guided the policy of our present administration in the opening up, by the construction of this line of road, of a most valuable agricultural region, the development of the vast and invaluable resources of which, cannot fail in the future to contribute largely to the material wealth and advancement of the colony. In speaking thus we have in full view the steady progress which has already marked the efforts of agricultural enterprise on the part of our people, and that in the face of obstacles which might appear in many instances almost insurmountable, from the nature of the soil and the almost utter absence of those important and necessary aids to agricultural industry, namely, good and substantial roads. When so much good has already been effected under considerations so disadvantageous, what benefit may not be expected to result to our agricultural interests from the construction of main lines of road such as that above referred to, which will open up to the energy and enterprise of the agriculturist, large tracts of country, rich in all those resources so essential to the successful prosecution of this most important industry. In the course which the Government has thought fit to pursue in the construction of this line of road, we recognize an enlightens ed and patriotic desire on their part

to promote and advance the best interests of the country by the opening up to development and utilization of her vast and invaluable resources for the benefit of her people. Should our present administration continue to be guided in the future by a similar wise and enlightened policy, of which we have every hope—we feel confidently assured that before the lapse of many years, Newfoundland instead of being as at present, dependant upon the resources of other countries, would raise upon her own soil an amount of agricultural produce very nearly equal to the requirements of her population.

Fredericton Star.

Eyes Right! Attention!!

There is an Island beyond the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is Newfoundland. Away to the North of this Island is a ragged vilage made up of about sixty houses, each one storey. The village, is called Carbonear. The village, is built on the sea coast, and its trade is cod fish and cod oil, caplin and herring—and that is all. The people catch fish, sell it, and get in return flour, pork molasses and tweed.—Fredericton Star, Nov. 11.

There is a province of the Dominion known as New Brunswick. Fredericton is its governmental metropolis. We don't know how many houses Fredericton contains, or the height of said houses. Its people may wear tweed or broadcloth for aught we know. This we know—its horizon is at present illuminated by a "STAR." A brilliant and erratic luminary. The guiding genius of this stellar phenomenon is a disband member of the Terra Nova Mounted Constabulary. He is a native of "an island beyond the Gulf of St. Lawrence." This Island is Newfoundland. His name is JIM COLLINS. The birthplace of this hero is "Piper's Hole," or some other hole of equally classic designation in "Placenshy" Bay. Here amid the beetling cliffs, beach rocks, and other romantic surroundings of this interesting locality, the future Colossus of the New Brunswick press first saw the light. Here in the days of his early youth, ragged and barefooted, did he beguile his leisure hours in the highly intellectual pastime of mussel picking. That an occupation so eminently conducive to the development of literary genius, should exercise its influence upon the intellectual faculties of such a precocious and promising youth as our friend JIM, is by no means to be wondered at. Time, the great arbiter of the destinies of nations and of men, sped on, and JIM, thirsting for fame, availed of a favorable opportunity to visit the metropolis of the land of his birth. Here we find it difficult to follow the then obscure and tortuous windings in the career of one destined in the future to wield such a mighty in the political affairs of New Brunswick. Suffice it to say, a vacancy existed in the new mounted force then in process of formation, and friend JIM accepted the shilling. JIM had not long donned the shako, tunic and belt of the force, before the most decided symptoms of "cacocthes scribendi" began to develop themselves, and that to such a degree as to excite serious apprehensions as to his sanity. We at the time chanced to occupy the position of Editor of the St. John's "Courier," a semi-weekly journal published in the metropolis, and can therefore speak authoritatively on the subject. Our first recollection of this worthy is his ignorant and impertinent intrusion into our private residence at an unseasonably hour for the purpose of inducing us to insert in the columns of the "Courier" an amorous poetical effusion purporting to emanate from his own pen. This production, deficient as it most unquestionably was in grammatical construction or literary merit was absolutely ridiculous in its conglomeration of the various gods and goddesses of the heathen

mythology, which were mixed up throughout the entire affair like mussels in a pot. Not wishing by any means to compromise either the respectability of our position or the paper entrusted to our charge, we politely but firmly denied it insertion. On one or two subsequent occasions we were subjected to annoyance by similar intrusions on the part of the same individual, his ignorance, not permitting him to recognize even the sanctity of the Sabbath. With the foregoing instances terminating our personal knowledge of JIM COLLINS, his career subsequently, including his skedaddle from the force up to his departure from this colony being matters of public notoriety. This base recreant to the land of his birth, taunts the people of Carbonear with being paid for the fruits of their honest industry, in "flour, pork, molasses and tweed." Now we will ask him a straight-forward question, to which we hope he will have the manliness to give an equally straight-forward answer. Was it for non-payment for a suit of tweed or broadcloth made by Mr. Chambers, a respectable tailor of his Water Street, that he, JIM COLLINS, was about to be arrested on the eve of his departure from Newfoundland? Talk of "impalement," JIM. You appear rather sensitive in the matter of "tweed." The "Herald" alive? Yes, so also are the records of the Terra Nova Constabulary—and so also is Mr. Chambers.

Carbonear has a "live" population of six thousand inhabitants, several mercantile establishments and one hundred and fifty sail of shipping. Very like a "ragged vilage," JIM.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Carbonear Herald." CARBONEAR, Dec. 3rd, 1879.

DEAR SIR,— Having seen the somewhat extensive advertising slip of the celebrated travelers, Dr. Smith and his wife, announcing that their lectures on "Wonder and what he delivered in the Wesleyan school room, last night, I wended my way thitherward, seated myself in a corner and almost breathlessly awaited the result accruing from the expenditure of twenty five cents in this lecture line. A goodly number of persons assembled and at 8 o'clock, the Dr. (I don't know of what "struck an attitude" and proceeded to "define his position." He stated that his wife was a most wonderful woman in fact, none could possibly be more so. He gave us his opinions regarding woman's usefulness and by an indiscriminate use of "broken English," endeavored to impress upon our minds the fact that woman was as capable as man in any undertaking. I tell you ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Smith is the greatest lecturer in the United States excepting John B. Gough, who I've near me at home," and in other words, equally forcible, told us she had no equal. Now, Mr. Editor, does the Dr. think that he can cram the people of any place in Newfoundland with such trash. If so let me say I beg to differ with him though I have never traveled over the Rocky Mountains and among the red "ingins" "with a bag of 'hard dough nuts' on my horses' back which, with lumps of white sugar, he says served to quiet the noble red man." He told us he had a very hard time and was laughed at by his friends at home, and even Ned, his boy, said the old man was "crazy as a loon." Now, sir, if I might venture the remark I believe Ned was right. We had after a few more non-sensical remarks, the lecture, which was wonderfully interesting and abounded in most Geographically eloquent description of the places she saw. During the lecture the Dr. amused himself and the audience by walking up and down the room trying to find the boys who were moving their feet, and getting tired, he called on Mrs. S. to rest while he informed the audience that he had been in all kinds of churches in this Island and the only persons who made a noise were the minister and the congregation who responded, where upon Mrs. S. suggested the boys thought she was saying the Litany, and they were responding. Now this may have been intended for wit but the simile was poor. The very extraordinary statement was also made if you had been anywhere you would know that a lecturer was entitled to as much attention as a preacher. Oh yes! and "Dr." if you were anywhere else you would be hooted out of the room. I am sure, Mr. Editor, the people of Newfoundland are most willing to patronize anything in the way

of lectures, but they will not submit to being gulled by such trashy lectures and brazen effrontery without letting the perpetrators know about it. They are sent out by the Lyceum Bureau to study Newfoundland in order to fill many engagements. Just imagine such an idea as the Lyceum Bureau sending people out to lecture and have them offer go watches and cheap jewelry to attracted crowd. If these people want to lecture let them honestly announce their lecture and give it with less blow. But don't, try to throw dust in the eyes of a people some of whom at least, remember a Rev. Mr. Smith and two ladies who visited Newfoundland some 17 years ago.

SHIMSHAI,

TO THE EDITOR OF "CARBONEAR HERALD," BRIGUS, Dec. 1st, 1879.

DEAR SIR,— Nothing worthy of insertion in your valuable paper, has occurred here since I wrote you last if I may except, the revival of explorations in search of gold which, I am happy to state, have been attended with most signal success. Splendid specimens have been found with the precious metal plainly visible to the eye without the aid of a glass, in the immediate vicinity, or I may say in the town itself. Some gentlemen, who are staying at the boarding-house of Mr. W. H. Jerrett, have been very successful in finding an abundance of the ore in claims which they possess in the neighbourhood and are confident of ultimately succeeding in discovering the principal deposit. Their specimens can be seen at Mr. W. H. Jerrett's, and are well worth inspection, which will prove that the existence of gold in our town is not a myth as was supposed by many.

The melancholy news arrived here last week of the death, at St. John's, of Mr. CHARLES GAMBURG, JR., after a very short illness. The deceased was very favorably known in this town where he was employed for some time in painting and embellishing our beautiful Parochial residence, and which he successfully accomplished in excellent style. He made many friends during his short residence among us and was a most estimable young man. His friends in Brigus tender to his bereaved family their condolence and sympathy for his early death.

In business circles there is a general complaint of the scarcity of money and I believe it is felt all over the country. Our people are nearly all now at home except a few craft still at the Northern Bays.

Yours, &c.

SCRIBO.

A Trip to the Dominion.

No. 4.

Early on the following morning I was astir, as I was anxious to conclude my business in the city so as to be in time for the evening train to Ottawa, about 5 o'clock. Having partaken of breakfast, I engaged a sleigh and proceeded to various quarters of the city to execute certain commissions with which I had been entrusted before leaving St. John's, and to transact some personal business of importance necessary before my departure for my intended destination. Being a stranger in the city, the time devoted to the execution of this task was necessarily longer than it might have been to a resident in, or to one more intimately acquainted with the leading thoroughfares of the city, and consequently I was precluded on this occasion from visiting the leading buildings or objects within its environs. Having concluded all my arrangements satisfactorily, I returned to my hotel about half-past four o'clock, and learned that owing to the intended departure for Ottawa of the newly elected members for the city, Messrs. Devlin and McKenzie, the train would not be likely to leave with accustomed punctuality. This short delay, though likely to prove of some convenience, by giving time for the conclusion of final arrangements, was not sufficiently long to permit of its being turned to advantage for personal visitation of any of the public buildings, even within this section of the city. Time however, quickly sped on towards the hour of departure, which was soon made known throughout the city by the more than ordinary bustle and excitement in its leading thoroughfares caused by the congregation of large numbers of its leading citizens, at the various rendezvous for the purpose of accompanying their members to the railway depot, en route for the capital of the Dominion. The time having at length arrived, I proceeded to the station, checked my luggage and secured a comfortable seat for the remainder of my journey the members for Montreal accompanied by a vast assemblage of their friends and supporters with banners flying in the breeze and several bands of music, subsequently appearing on the scene. These gentlemen having taken their places on board the train after a very short delay glided from the station amidst the cheers and acclamation of the assembled multitude.

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