

Wednesday June 1 1870

Over the Border.

Thursday night's news took us by surprise and slightly disturbed the theory that the Fenian movement on the frontier was merely a feint for the purpose of diverting attention from the North-west. It now appears that a party under O'Neil had actually crossed over and were trenching themselves at Pigeon Hill, on the Canadian side. It will be within the recollection of most of our readers that the first Fenian invasion took place just four years ago. On the 31st May, 1866, a force of about 1000 men, commanded by this same O'Neil, crossed over at Black Rock, a little above Buffalo, and effected a landing in Canada. That expedition resulted in an engagement, known to history as the battle of Ridgeway, in which some 25 were killed on the Fenian side, and about twice that number killed and wounded on the other side. In view, however, of the approach of British reinforcements, the Fenians became completely demoralized, and took themselves off. As many as were not taken prisoners recrossed to the American side, and among them the gallant O'Neil, thus verifying the old adage, 'He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day.' A few days later a force of about equal strength, commanded by General Spears, crossed over into Canada from St. Albans and established themselves at Pigeon Hill, the same position taken up on the 25th of the present month; but on the third day they became completely demoralized and made their way back to the more congenial American soil. Pigeon Hill is quite near to the border, a few miles north of St. Albans. Although the force taken in upon the present occasion is stated to be considerably larger than that of four years ago, it would appear to have met with more disastrous defeat. It would, perhaps, be unjust to accuse O'Neil of playing the old game of 'Would me or I'll fight,' yet it is an awkward circumstance that he should, at such a critical moment, have placed himself on the American side of the line, to throw himself awkwardly or conveniently, as the case may be, into the arms of the U. S. Marshal. This O'Neil is the same person who, during the great rebellion, was instrumental in giving to Union soldiers the disagreeable choice between starvation at Andersonville and fighting in the rebel army. He was twice wounded at the battle of Franklin. Huntington, the point towards which yesterday's despatch informs us a large Fenian force was marching, is about seventy miles west of where the first party crossed, and about forty-five miles west of the city of Montreal. Like Pigeon Hill, it is quite near to the international boundary line. It will be interesting to learn the result of the movement on Huntington. One cannot but regret, however, that these engagements take place so close to the boundary line, as the Fenians, being for the most part good runners, the Canadians have not a fair opportunity. Doubtless the circumstance of Prince Arthur having gone to the front will greatly increase the interest felt in these movements. It is difficult to divine the object of these raids, unless, indeed, as we surmised yesterday, contemplating the more feasible scheme of making common cause with Bell, they wish to divert attention, or by getting up an excitement, they hope to replenish their empty exchequer. There is a third object which may, perhaps, be suggested with equal show of reason. The object of these forays may be deeper than either of those suggested. It may be hoped thus to bring about international difficulties, which may eventually in a war between Great Britain and the United States. That such a result would be the earnest wish of the Brotherhood there can be no doubt; and that it would not be regarded with disfavor by a certain class of American citizens is scarcely less certain. To some such ulterior object we find ourselves compelled to look; for it is impossible to think any considerable number of men outside the walls of Stockton can regard the project of capturing Canada by such means as at all feasible. The most infatuated of the Brotherhood cannot possibly dream of success in that direction. Whatever the real object may be, and whatever imaginary grievance these people may have against Great Britain, they can have no cause of quarrel with Canada, and, consequently, the mode they have adopted of avenging so-called Imperial wrongs is mean, unjust, cowardly, and contemptible. One can only wish that the Canadians may be so fortunate as to catch the invading force in a position where they cannot so readily run away. To catch and hang a lot of these cowardly rascals would exert a wholesome influence upon the entire Brotherhood.

The Fertile Belt.

The Press of the United States is so much in the habit of depreciating everything British on this continent that it is quite refreshing to find anything belonging to us alluded to in terms of praise. The following, which is taken from the New York Sun, loses some of its merit from the fact of its having been conceived in direct contravention of the Tenth Commandment; yet from whatever motive, it is comforting to find our neighbors admitting that there is something good on the north of the 49th parallel of latitude, even if that admission is coupled with the everlasting boast that it is to become theirs in the ordinary course of Manifest Destiny. The Sun sheeds the following ray of light upon the eternal frost-bound regions of the North-West:—'There is in the North West Territory a strip of country extending from Lake Winnipeg and below it to the boundary line, across to the Rocky Mountains, known in literature and at the trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company as the Fertile Belt. It contains 72,000 square miles of black agricultural soil, as rich as the richest of the prairies of Illinois. Sixty bushels of wheat to the acre are grown on it. Tobacco is grown on it. Melons ripen in the open air on this Belt. Is this incredible? It is phenomenal! A study of Blodgett's Isothermal Charts will explain the facts in large part. A knowledge of the physical geography of the region will explain the rest. But the truth about this Fertile Belt has been, for obvious reasons, carefully concealed and systematically lied about by the Hudson Bay Company. Their business was to keep farmers out of it and to keep fur-bearing animals and Indian hunters in it. And the Company succeeded. Not five hundred people in the United States have an accurate knowledge of the Saskatchewan district. But this military expedition to whip the Winnipeg revolutionists is going to unblanket the property which the Hudson Bay Company have so long and so jealously covered. The most of the white soldiers in the force will ultimately live on the Saskatchewan, Qu'Appelle, Assiniboine and Red Rivers. And we shall see the marvel of a line of settlements, and ultimately of dense population, across the continent in a region thought by all the civilized world for two centuries past to be absolutely uninhabitable long before another chain can be linked from ocean to ocean on tropical, semitropical or temperate latitudes. And another unlooked-for result! The new Dominion shakes the tree. Into what lap will the ripened fruit fall? Into that of the North Pacific Railroad. The settlement of the Fertile Belt will quintuple its way freight and way travel. And, again, another result! The new conquest of the Winnipeg valley will hasten the annexation of the old Hudson Bay Territory to the United States. Within ten years nine-tenths of the population of the Fertile Belt will be Americans by birth or adoption, and all of them will be American citizens.' The Sun has managed to mix up much truth with a good deal of fiction and the usual quantity of 'brag.' The ripe fruit of the Fertile Belt will undoubtedly fall, as the Sun says, into the lap of the Northern Pacific Railroad, if the Canadian Pacific Railway is not built in time; and if the Canadian Pacific Railway is not built in time the whole of the North West, of British Columbia, and ultimately, British North America, will fall into the lap of Uncle Sam! Nothing can be more certain than that. But that little word 'if' stands sadly in the way of the 'Manifest Destiny' doctrine of our neighbors. The probability is that the Canadian Pacific Railway will be built in time not only to avert such a fate, but in time to drain a large country lying to the South of the 49th parallel. The stakes are enormous, and it will, indeed, be strange if Great Britain does not play high and win. Should she fail to do so she will richly deserve to lose not alone the Fertile Belt, but all she has on this continent!

Saturday May 28

THE YIELD OF OUR MINES.—From the Colonial Blue Book recently published it appears that the estimated export of gold from British Columbia was \$570,000 in 1865, \$600,000 in 1866, \$700,000 in 1867; but it is admitted that the actual export was probably much larger, as it was impossible to ascertain the amount carried away on the persons of individuals. The number of miners are put at 3000 and the earnings per head show the very large average of \$233, a result probably unequalled in any other mining country in the world. The Colonial Secretary closes his report with the statement that the elements of wealth are to be found within the Colony to an almost unprecedented degree.

The Speaker's chair in the House of Delegates, Richmond, destroyed by the recent disaster, bore the British coat of arms, and was used in the House of Burgesses when Virginia was an English colony.

THE ASSAULT AND ROBBERY OF A NIGHT-WATCHMAN.

The three men in custody on a charge of robbing night-watchman Hart, were yesterday fully committed for trial. They belonged to the British ship Golden Empire and lately served a three months' term of imprisonment in the chain-gang for mutiny on board that ship. The assault appears to have been of a determined and desperate character. The officer remonstrated with them for making a noise in Johnson street, whereupon they set upon and knocked him down with a bottle, badly cutting his head, and stole his watch and walking-stick. The officer fired his revolver and the men ran into Government street, where one of them was arrested by officer McMillan and the other two were subsequently apprehended.

LIFE INSURANCE.—The Widow and Orphan Fund Life Insurance Company has been formed and is conducted under the patronage of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of America. It has a capital of \$300,000, with a highly influential Board of Directors. The principal office is at Nashville, Tennessee. This company appears to be based upon sound and liberal principles, and it will doubtless owe its great success in some measure to the circumstance of having the indorsement of about seven hundred thousand Odd Fellows. It could not well have a better recommendation. Mr Joshua Davis has received the appointment of agent for this city.

THE TELEGRAPH LINE.—Government has completed arrangements with the Western Union Telegraph Company for the taking over and maintenance of the main-line telegraph line. A new section of line, 35 miles in length, will be built from Sebome, W. T., across the country to intersect the present line at Matequi, 36 miles above New Westminster. By the construction of this section a difficult and thickly wooded country lying between Sebome and New Westminster will be avoided, communication with New Westminster maintained from Matequi, and a large saving effected in the cost of repairs.

COULD HE HAVE BEEN A B. C. DELEGATE? The telegraph announces the arrival at Chicago on Wednesday of the Delegates. On the same evening, the same authority informs us, a great Fenian Brotherhood Meeting was held at Chicago, and an unfortunate Canadian who chanced to be present was set upon by the Brotherhood and forced to flee for his life. Could the unfortunate Canadian referred to be one of our Delegates to Ottawa? We await another flash of electricity for an answer.

HARD TIMES WITH THE CHINESE.—It is becoming very dull with the Chinese at San Francisco, a large number of them being unable to obtain employment. The Chinese go from house to house saying they can cook, wash, and clean house, and would work for one dollar per week. In their own language, 'Too many Chinsamen come to California. No can get work. California no good. All same Chinsamen too much no can get something to do.'

A HINT FOR THE NEXT REGATTA.—Paper boats are now used by oarsmen in the East. A boat seventeen feet long, four feet four inches wide, and twelve inches deep, weighs only twenty-six pounds, and draws only three and a half inches of water, with a man of one hundred and fifty pounds weight on board. They are made of Manila paper, and cost about \$100.

THE COAL GLUT.—There is an oversupply of coal in the San Francisco market. Vessels from New York have lately brought it as ballast in the hope of realizing freight and are glad to sell it at first cost. A cargo of Eastern coal sold the other day at \$2 per ton.

NOVEL SUIT.—The Foreman of the Deluge Engine Company has been served with a writ by a citizen whose wife was refused admission to the ball at the Alhambra on Tuesday night. Damages are alleged to have been inflicted on the wife's character by the refusal.

THE FLORAL FETE closed yesterday. Owing to the rain there were few visitors, but the edibles were all sold, realizing fair prices. The flowers which attracted so much attention are on sale at Mitchell & Johnston's.

The bark Alpaca, Captain Clements, came down from Moody's Mills yesterday and will sail to-day for Valparaiso. She has a full cargo of lumber.

The Flying Squadron and the Charybdis will sail at 7 o'clock this morning for Honolulu.

Tax bark Delaware, bound for Moody's Mills, passed up the Straits on Thursday evening.

THE DELEGATES reached Chicago on the 26th inst.—day before yesterday.

NEW POTATOES the size of marbles have made their appearance.

POTATOES at Honolulu, S. I., are worth 6 cents per lb.

CLOSING SALE.—The undersigned offer his entire stock of Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver and Platedware at less than cost price to close business, as all must be sold by the 1st June. Parties having left articles for repair must call for them by the end of this month, or the same will be sold to pay charges. All persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to call and settle the same at once. All bills remaining unpaid on the 15th inst will be placed in the hands of a solicitor. Parties requiring anything in my line will now have an opportunity of procuring great bargains.—W. Geo. Jamieson, adjoining the Colonial Hotel.

Paris Correspondence

On the 8th of next month France will, through its ten millions of electors—that is, one to four in the population—inform us how the new system of Parliamentary government is appreciated and what confidence the nation has in the dynasty. Irrespective of the form of the question to be submitted for popular consideration—whether it will comprise all the tables of the law or the whole duty of man, and which the momentarily expected proclamation of the Emperor will define and fix, the issue has drifted into a trial of strength between the partisans of a misty Republicanism and the Empire with increased liberty. The result is not doubtful for Napoleon. If the Provincials do not understand the new fundamental past, they do that the dynasty wants them to decide between its new life and the men who have kept the country in a state of chronic disturbance. 'Yes,' will signify we approve of the concessions made and will wait for more. 'No,' that we first desire to clear out the Tuilleries. Blank votes or abstention will represent indifference or dissatisfaction. In the general elections of May, 1869, three and a half millions of hostile votes were polled against the system of personal Government, but as this has been all but abandoned, by that 'sublime warning,' it is not to be expected the same electors will marshal under the opposition flag now.

Napoleon expects a vote of confidence, of between six and seven millions. With such he may gracefully part even with the right, however abstract, of the plebiscite. The friends of order of all classes have grouped themselves to secure a success for the Government. They enclose checks to meet the expenses of the 'stamping committees,' and when men put their hands thus in their pockets they show most decidedly that they are in earnest. The leading members of the House of Rothschild have come down handsomely, which is important from the fact that they are not namesakes of the Second Empire. Their efforts are cast-off sovereigns hopeless of restoration. The Left or Irreconcilables are of course divided—one party being for complete abstinence from voting, as represented by Rochefort; the other for a straight-forward 'No,' as led by the eloquent Gambetta. Frenchmen, with all their levity, are no fools. They are fully aware that there is no abuse existing sufficient to get up a revolution, and that if a republic were desirable there are no men to direct it. Why an appeal to the people should meet with the resistance of the people's friends is inconceivable. The occasion has now arrived when all parties can count their supporters, and if after the solemn but not very valuable verdict the minority would be rational enough to abide by its defeat, the country would be at length happy. Some one has observed that if France slept for twenty-four hours she would never wake—she must ever be, in a state of fermentation more or less active.

The two ministerial resignations are already forgotten, if they were ever remembered. Prime Minister Ollivier is determined not to faint by the way. He has eloquently said in the Senate that his work of liberalizing the Empire has hardly yet commenced. The Senate has voted the new constitution with that devotion towards Napoleon which was to be expected. As a political body it is now dead—the 130 Senators unanimously voted their existence away. Even in death they are not divided. Requiescat in pace.

M. Bismarck, being attacked with the jaundice, may view the foreign politics of Vaterland rather apathetically, as in this case there is a close connection between mind and matter. Napoleon the First lost one of his battles owing to the fact that the cook not having done his duty to a leg of mutton, which at another period would have passed unnoticed. As M. Ollivier is a Siamese Minister for the moment—holding the portfolio of Foreign Affairs together with his own—he will not embroil France with the Southern Confederation. Austria is endeavoring to bind the chief nationalities of the empire by withholding the claims of autonomy from the Bohemians and Poles, while the German element agitates to reign supreme. Italy is engaged in righting her financial troubles by ignoring her treacheries, and in the interior assassinations, unchecked and un punished, run riot. Spain passes after the fiasco at Barcelona and the Cortes can hardly make a house for the dispatch of business. The King question is where it always has been. The Duke de Montpensier is supporting his thirty days banishment wonderfully well among his orange groves at Seville, and the family of his victim declines to accept the 30,000 francs blood money to console their grief for the loss of an eccentric parent. The ex-Queen of Spain is falling in health. She is quietly disposing of her household gods and since her separation from her husband no longer necessitates a large establishment. She purposes selling her palace.

The Tuilleries is beginning to return to its usual gay life after the Lenten season. The Prince Imperial and his merry companions are spending Easter vacation at Fontainebleau, taking lessons in hunting, the order of the day being to let the boys do as they like. The Empress is more and more withdrawing herself from the turmoil of politics; a politician she detests and hardly ever receives. Her whole attention is divided between her son and charitable institutions. The Emperor has just entered on his sixty-third year. He looks very fresh and is likely to become an evergreen like that young fellow Auber, although we are daily reminded of his failing health. One of the ablest ministerial journals, in a semi-official article on the pending vote, boasted in references to the ballot urns, which have proverbially been submitted to extraordinary feats of prestidigitacion, 'that the wine of Caesar [Napoleon] was above suspicion.' By a malignity unparalleled, the 'Devil' for wine printed 'urine,' which has set all France laughing, particularly when it is remembered that the Emperor suffers from diabetes. The joke will add ten years to his Majesty's life.

THE FLYING SQUADRON.—A series of large size photographs of the Flying Squadron lying in Esquimaux Harbor and most beautifully taken, may be seen at F. Dally's Photographic Gallery, Fort Street, Victoria.

An Interesting Case of Second Sight.

A short time ago the family of a Russian Prince went to Paris from London. Among their servants was a young German girl whom the Princess had engaged during her sojourn in Wurtemberg. As all the hotels at that time were crowded they sent a courier in advance to secure convenient rooms, and although they were regular customers of the hotel R., where the Russian noblemen usually took lodgings, the courier only succeeded in getting two rooms in the third story for the Prince and his wife, and on the pressing instance of the Princess the landlord promised to find a room also for the young German servant. It was about 1 o'clock in the morning when the girl left her mistress and was shown to her room. To her great astonishment it was a front room in the second story, with two large windows and furnished in the most gorgeous manner. She at once asked the waiter why this room was not given to her mistress in preference to herself, but he satisfied her by the answer that the room had become vacant only an hour since, after the Prince and his wife had already been installed in other apartments, and she might, he added smilingly, profit by the opportunity of sleeping once at least in such a splendid room. The girl then looked at the door, extinguished the light and sought sleep under the gorgeous canopy. And now translate it from the language in which she related it a few weeks ago to a commission of scientific men who afterwards examined her—

I do not know whether I slept or dreamed, or whether I was awake and gazed with my bodily eyes. But I thought then that I was awake and I believe it still. This is, however, indifferent. At once the door, which I had previously looked, was opened and a gentleman entered with a light in his hand. He wore the blue uniform of a French Naval officer. From the moment he entered my room I was paralysed with horror and unable to move or speak. All my senses seemed to be concentrated in my eyes and ears. He put the light upon the small table near my bed; my clothes lay in an armchair at the foot of it. He flung my wardrobe to the floor and pushed the armchair into the middle of the room. He marched through the room in the greatest excitement, gesticulating violently with his hands. I could not turn my eyes from him. He was a tall young man of dark complexion, with indifferent features, but he had brilliant black eyes and his long, glittering hair made his appearance remarkable. I can still see him as he passed his hand through his curls—it seemed as if they stood up straight over his forehead. He spoke loud and fast—I could not understand what he said. But all at once he threw himself upon the armchair and took a pistol from his side pocket. My eyes at the time became so penetrating that I could observe a peculiar bend and color of the trigger. After a few seconds he brought the barrel of his pistol to his mouth and shot himself dead. I heard a terrible noise and something approaching my ear sharply whispered into it, 'Diez ans are pour moi.' (Pray an Ave Marie for me.) After this it was dark in the room and I could see light from the windows in the street shining into my room. I cannot tell how long I lay immovable in my bed, but at once it was daylight and I heard people speaking in front of my door and knocking at it.

Unable to open my lips I listened, and heard the princess order somebody to open the door by force. The key being in the door within, they had to break the lock, and immediately the room was filled with people. The princess rushed upon me and touched my hands and face, and the well known voice of my mistress, who always spoke German to me, in the end dispelled my stupor, and I could speak. 'Remove that dead man before I get up!' I cried, and the princess despairingly ejaculated: 'She has become insane.' She dismissed the crowd and sent for a physician. He found me in a state of terrible excitement. I, however, succeeded in telling my story, not as a dream but as a real event, which passed under my eyes. The physician imagining that some cruel joke had been played with me, sent for the hotel-keeper himself. They spoke for a long while together in the niche of one of the windows, and in the meanwhile the princess attempted to quiet me until I dared to gaze around the room. There was no dead body about. 'They must have carried him off,' said I.

In the afternoon I was made acquainted with what the hotel-keeper told the physician. Here, said the intelligent man, after having collected his thoughts, here is a case where the worlds of spirits touch our own terrestrial world. The night before last, about the same time Mademoiselle went to bed, a young officer of the navy shot himself dead. His corpse is at the Morgue. Such an event being extremely disagreeable to hotel-keepers, I at once informed the justice of the circumstance, and before daybreak the body was removed from this room to the Morgue. Only a few people in the house knew of that fatal affair, and I requested them to keep silent about it. After the room was carefully cleaned, I gave an order to let Mademoiselle have it, as the princess desired to have her stay in the house.

When all employment besides medicine and the mind incapable of continued application to any subject through weariness and exhaustion of the body, than some healthful tonic, acting gently but surely upon the liver and stomach, and gradually increasing the force of the circulation, and of the digestive system will be found to remove the difficulty. Such a medicine is Dr. FARRER'S 'VIRGAS YERBANA BREVIS,' which, by purifying the blood, renovates the system giving it renewed vitality and force as of youth again.

BRANKEAR'S—BEE'S COCOA.—GRAVIER AND COMPANY'S.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favorite. THE CIVIL SERVICE GAZETTE.—The singular success with which Mr. Bpps is sustained by his homopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Bpps has provided our breakfast tables with a deliciously flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. Made simply with boiling water or milk, sold by the trade only in 4lb., 2lb., 1lb. tin-lined packets, labeled—JAMES BPPS & CO., Homopathic Chemists London, England.

FULL'S COFFEE, superior to any other brand manufactured on the Coast, may be obtained of all respectable dealers throughout the Colony.

Wednesday, June 1 1870

To Be, or Not to Be?

Are we to have an Agricultural Exhibition this year? One feels unwilling, utterly unable, to believe that the question can be the subject of a negative answer, success of last year's exhibition marked, and the advantages of experience and effect were so great it would appear to be little criminal folly to abandon the ground thus attained. Yet, we have been thought of present appearance for the sixth month, and done! The prize list should be issued in January, and it is not as to whether there will be any exhibition this year. Have the people resolved that they will touch possessing the germ of success? The proposition to pick agricultural population, pick England's industrious peasantry with cold neglect. Will an effort of excellence amongst agriculturists we have far no Whither are we drifting? Who knows better than the present what a thankless and laborious to the lot of the willing few up devolves the responsibility of through an Agricultural Exhibition new community like this. But some commonly act from a higher than mere present effort. He who sets a prominent parting forward those movements mately connected with the progress of the country will not fail to be substantial and enduring rewards these gentlemen who so ably occupied last year's exhibition to a state issue the public owe a debt of gratitude. It is presumed these gentlemen retain their Executive relations with Agricultural Society, and it is that the public naturally look. A willing to act this year, and create public indebtedness? I sincerely hoped they are willing; would be difficult to fill their period, especially at this late period. Unfortunately, they are not yet undertake the labor and end anxiety and annoyance of conducting another exhibition they will reap the propriety of taking immediate for making their determination. At no period in the history of the Colony has there been more need for such encouragement to the agricultural classes as is imparted by drawing together in friendly rivalry an annual exhibition. British Columbia is about to be left to the stars and gods, and it is fitting she should have her best bib and tucker. The object of protecting Agriculture is an omission, and it behooves Agriculture step forward and show itself—providing before whom it is on trial, the a veritable existence. There is every reason to think that the farmers are to do their part—that they are waiting anxiously to see the progress of last year's efforts, and prepared to do their best for a more general competition year. What a pity it would be to appoint them, as it is for the authority to move. All wait upon. Even the townsfolk, there is a belief, anxiously wait for it, are not wholly unconscious of the importance of encouraging the attainment of greater excellence amongst the era. Nor do they altogether realize of being deprived of the nation, with its accompanying pleasures. All have been forward with more or less interest this year's exhibition, and all are less than the matter. There are less than, we hope exceptional who attach no value to such trifling people who despise small beginnings, superficial persons, who can see no good in anything of the mercenary souls, who turn away anything that does not promise immediate results in dollars and cents, the presence of such an element matter how small, only increases responsibility of all right thinking. Immediate action is, then, essential the successful holding of an exhibition this year; and now that we have through carnival week, if one permitted the expression, let it be given to this important matter.

Mother and Child.

The correspondence which took between the Imperial and Colonial Governments relative to the Be difficulty has been published. This correspondence the child we appear to be a match for the mother art of diplomacy. Having been of the rebellion and the decision of the Privy Council at that Canada cannot accept the