The Colonist.

FRIDAY MARCH 4 1892.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

BY

W. H. ELLIS, A. G. SARGISON. } ELLIS & CO.

THE COLONIST BUILDING, GOVERNMENT ST.

TERMS:

THE DAILY COLONIST

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY EXCEPT MONDAY

Per Year, (Postage free to any part of Canada) $10 00
Parts of a year at the same rate.
Per week (if delivered) 25

THE WEEKLY COLONIST.

Per Year, (Postage Free to any part of the Dominion or United States) ..... $ 2 00
Six Months 1 25
Three Months 75

Subscriptions in all cases are payable strictly IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES:

REGULAR COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING as distinguished from everything of a transient character—that is to say, advertising referring to regular Mercantile and Manufacturing Business, Government and Land Notices—published at the following rates: Per line, Solid Nonpareil, the duration of publication to be specified at the time of ordering advertisements:—

More than one fortnight and not more than month—50 cents.

More than one week and not more than one fortnight—40 cents.

Not more than one week—30 cents.

No advertisement under this classification inserted for less than $2.50, and accepted only for every-day insertion.

Theatrical advertisements, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Advertisements unaccompanied by specific instructions inserted till ordered out.

Advertisements discontinued before expiration of special period will be charged as if continued for full term.

Liberal allowance on yearly and half yearly contracts.

TRANSIENT ADVERTISING—Per line solid nonpareil:—First insertion, 10 cents; each subsequent consecutive insertion, 5 cents. Advertisements not inserted every day, 10 cents per line each insertion. No advertisement inserted for less than $1.50.

WEEKLY ADVERTISEMENTS—Ten cents a line solid Nonpareil, each insertion No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

SPECIAL NOTICES—Nonpareil, in the first column of third page, 20 cents per line each insertion, or $1.50 per line per month. If inserted among local or other reading matter, 30 cents per line each insertion, or $2 per line per month. No special notice inserted for less than $2.

☞ Where Cuts are inserted they must be ALL METAL—not mounted on Wood.

BOARD OF TRADE.

Enquiries as to Victoria's Advantages to Manufacturers of Chemicals.

The Work of the Board Producing Good Results and Proving Its Influence.

The Council of the Board of Trade met, yesterday, Vice-President Flumerfelt occupying the chair, the following members being present: Messrs. J. H. Todd, S. Leiser, W. F. Bullen, A. B. Gray, H. F. Heisterman, C. E. Renouf, Joshua Davies and D. R. Ker.

Letters were read from Mr. J. A. Hall, of Manchester, England, addressed to Mr. W. Jensen, asking for information as to the prospects for the starting of chemical works in Victoria. The correspondence had been before a previous meeting of the Board, and on that occasion was referred to a committee. The committee suggested that the secretary be asked to ascertain the amount of chemicals imported during the past year, and furnish particulars thereof to Mr. Hall.

The report was adopted, and the secretary instructed accordingly.

Messrs. Ellis & Co. forwarded a very fine picture of the late Premier, Sir J. A. Macdonald, the receipt of which the secretary was directed to acknowledge with thanks The picture will, in future, adorn the walls of the Board room.

The advisability of getting together exhibits for the World's Fair, at Chicago, formed the theme of a letter from Mr. R. E. Gosnell, Vancouver.

The document was discussed at some length, the ultimate decision arrived at, being to defer action until the Provincial Government be heard from on the subject of a letter from the Board on the same topic.

The brewers of the city addressed the Board on the subject of a grievance under which, they claim, they labor, and which will be intensified with the establishment of the lager beer breweries. Rice is largely used in the making of beer. It is taxed as rice, and when the beer is produced, the excise step in and claim 10 cents per gallon extra, which the brewers claim to be a double tax on the same commodity, or its part product beer.

In the absence of President Hall, who has had a great deal of correspondence on the subject, the matter was deferred.

A communication was read from the Vancouver Board of Trade, with a resolution, adopted by that body enclosed, endorsing the memorial of the B. C. Lumber Association, requesting the Dominion Government to procure the admission of Douglas fir into the United States free, failing which to impose the same duty as is exacted by them on Douglas fir upon pitch pine and redwood when imported into Canada.

The communication was referred to the Committee on Manufactures.

A communication from the Deputy Minister of Marine was received and filed. It was to the effect that reports of vessels in sight would be forwarded from Bonilla Point to some central place at the rate of 50 cents for the first 10 words and three cents each additional word, and asking if the Board would pay the expense.

The communications announcing that a stone beacon would be placed on Brotchie Ledge, and that the different pilotage boards had been communicated with on the subject of arrangements for a pilot boat in the Straits, were also received and referred.

Capt. John Irving wrote, complaining that the steamer Quadra was in the way of steamers coming into and leaving port.

Referred to Navigation Committee.

The secretary of the New Westminster Board of Trade wrote acknowledging the receipt of the Board's letter in regard to the deep sea fisheries which suggested that the Douglas be used. The Westminster Board decided to co-operate with the Victoria Board and had sent a memorial to the Minister of Marine.

The question of silver currency and the action taken to receive American coin at a discount was discussed at considerable length. Some of the members held that it would be injurious to the best interests of the city not to receive United States coin at par, as visitors and traders from the other side had for years been in the habit of passing American coin here at face value. It was shown that Canadian money would be received at San Francisco on much more favorable terms than were proposed in connection with United States currency in this country.

The subject was referred to the Finance Committee.

THE QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

Nominations Took Place Yesterday Throughout the Province—General Fight Along the Line.

MONTREAL, March 1.—The nominations throughout the Province of Quebec, to-day, were the occasion of intense enthusiasm and excitement. The election takes place on the 8th inst. The relative merits of the Mercier-DeBoucherville governments have been discussed at great length in the constituencies, particularly since the charges which have been made in the Baie des Chaleurs affair have been better investigated—the scandal in connection with which was the subject of official enquiry. Mr. Mercier has done his utmost to make all that is possible out of the minority report of Judge Jette—himself a former prominent member of the Liberal party. The opinion throughout the province appears to be that Mr. Mercier's government was guilty of boodling on a gigantic scale. At the present time the clergy, upon whom Mr. Mercier depended so much, appear to have taken sides against him, and, in consequence, an adverse vote is not unexpected on the part of the habitants. The election for the Commons in Vaudreuil may be taken as indicating the sentiment of the agricultural community. That county has always been a fairly close constituency Mr. Harwood, the Liberal candidate there, is the son of a former local seigneur, and, in consequence, was possessed of great influence. He, however, received the most emphatic rebuke at the polls. The Liberal parties, both in the Dominion and Quebec, have to a great extent been co-operating with Mr. Mercier, although some of their prominent men have found him a heavy load to carry. The following are the only constituencies out of the entire list of between 70 and 80, in which candidates have been returned by acclomation: Conservative—Campton, Kamouraska, Laval, St. Maurice and Terre Bonne; Liberal, Quebec County. Mr. Mercier has taken Cave of St. Hyacinthe and presents himself in Bonaventure, which is on the Lower St. Lawrence.

SURVEYOR-GENERAL'S REPORT.

A Valuable Compilation of the Survey Reports of the Year.

The Chief Commissioner, yesterday, presented the report of the Surveyor-General. It is principally composed of the reports made by the several engineers who visited the Chilcoten, Okanogan and North Vancouver Island districts. The report of the surveyor in charge of the party defining the line between the Island railway land grant and Government lands is also included. The report is accompanied by five maps. The introduction to these, by Mr. Tom Kains, Surveyor General, treats generally of all the work coming under his department during the past year. Nine survey parties were in the field during the year, five of which were engaged in detail work. Mr. Kains makes some important suggestions concerning the system of survey that should be followed in this province. It would be impossible, except at enormous expense, to adopt the Polyconic system, carried out in the Northwest territories. Exploratory surveys, such as the Chilcoten, will be necessary to determine the character of the lands before complete surveys could be made. Reference is also made to the fact that no provision is made in the Surveyors' Act for the payment of examiners. There was a very large amount of work in connection with the examination of candidates last year, and the hope is expressed that the omission to provide pay for the same will be rectified.

Altogether, this first Surveyor-General's report is a most interesting and valuable one, and contains a mass of information that will bear perusing with profit. Mr. Poudrier's report is accompanied by five photographs, taken by him in his exploratory survey of New Caledonia.

ABERDEEN AND VICTORIA RAILWAY.

The Project Receives Substantial Support—To Confer With President Oakes.

Mr. Cochrane, the solicitor of the Victoria and Aberdeen Railway Company, and one of the prominent shareholders, returned to the Sound by last night's Kingston, and rumor has it will meet President Oakes at Tacoma, on Thursday, and discuss with him a projected traffic arrangement with the Northern Pacific.

Vice-President Benn still is in Victoria, and the business of his party is said to be prospering. A number of Victorians, interested in the rich district to be traversed, have already guaranteed cash and land to the amount of about $250,000, while Victorians will take some 5,000 shares as soon as the stock list is opened to them.

From Aberdeen it is learned that the subsidies are rolling in, and actual construction is expected to commence about the 1st of June, the road being finished 18 months or two years later. The question of ferry terminus, on the other side of the Straits, is left open for Victorians to decide. The entire party will be in Victoria again in about two weeks, but no proposition will be made to Victoria as a city, until the actual building of the railway is well under way.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

Fearful Fate of Newfoundland Sealers—Blown Out to Sea.

HALIFAX, N. S., March 1.—A special cable to the Herald from St. John's gives the details of a terrible disaster in Newfoundland, by which at least 40 lives were lost. On Saturday 220 men went out sealing from the shores of Trinity Bay. A terrible storm sprang up and the thermometer dropped to zero. The men could not reach the ports of refuge. They had no extra clothes or food with them. Some of them were blown out to sea, some others got on the ice and perished from cold and exposure. The others died in their boats. Seventeen men were rescued by boats which put to their assistance from Heart's Content and were found frost bitten and terribly exhausted. Some died before they could be taken ashore. Thirteen bodies were found frozen in their boats, which were covered with ice, and had to be cut out. It was a ghastly piece of business. Ice steamers are still looking for the missing men. Most of those who were lost were fathers of families. There is great lamentation along the shores of Trinity bay. The Legislature has adjourned as a mark of sympathy.

THE BLAINE DIVORCE CASE.

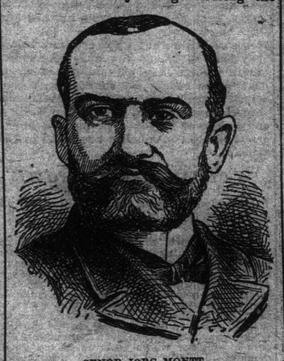
WASHINGTON, Feb. 29.—Secretary of State Blaine yesterday supplied to the United Press for publication his reply to the attacks that have been made upon him and his family in connection with the marriage and subsequent separation of his son, James G. Blaine, from his wife, Miss Marie Nevins.

NOTES FROM A DIARY.

Some Details of a Five Months' Trip from Victoria to Valparaiso, Chili.

Wreck of the Panama Canal Enterprise—Scenes in the South American Republics.

For a good many years past Mr. W. J. Macaulay, of this, city, has been keeping a diary. Not the kind of a diary, either, that some people keep, written up one day and neglected for a week, but a regular systematic diary—one that can be afterwards referred to as an authority of the past events of a busy life and containing items about the various incidents, little and big, that go to make up the uncertain quantity called "life." It may be reasonably supposed that a diary of this kind would contain very interesting paragraphs. This at any rate is what a COLONIST man thought when he asked Mr. Macaulay for some pages from the "record of his daily doings" during the



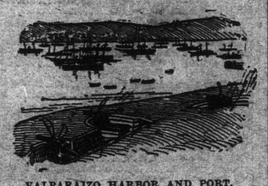
SENOR JORG MONTT.

five month's trip the gentleman named has just completed, to the great and almost unknown South American republics, Chili and Peru. That the following extracts will be read with great interest, there can be no doubt. For the sake of convenience, the account of Mr. Macaulay's travels are "run in," in the manner of a straight story with dates here and there. And this is how it reads:

Oct 3, 1891.—I sailed from San Francisco on the Colima. The captain and officers were kind, attentive and always ready to give us any information required. A run of six days brought us to Mazatlan, our first stopping place, 1,347 miles from Frisco. The heat was intense. The steamer anchored about a mile from shore. A tug and tender brought out freight and returned loaded. Any number of small boats were in readiness to take any passengers who wished to go ashore.

The Mexicans are dark and swarthy, a mixture of Spanish, Indian and Negro. The clothing of the poor class is very scant, and I think those who suffered from the heat as I did, rather envied their style of *undress*. The streets are narrow, buildings nearly all of adobe and one story high. Occasionally you will see a two story house. The shops were well stocked with a fine class of goods. We had an excellent dinner at a first-class hotel kept by a Frenchman. We visited one of the schools, the teachers of which were native girls, and the pupils, numbering about fifty, were bright, intelligent looking children. A cigar and cigarette factory employs between three and four hundred native boys and girls. The merchants, who are principally French and German, ship their goods into the interior on mules.

On the evening of the 9th we set sail again. Monday, the 11th, fine, but so hot! We passed the islands of Tres Marinos, San Palas and Cabo Corrinto, insight of land all the way from Mazatlan to Acapulco. Saw any number of large sea turtles swimming on the water, sea gulls resting comfortably on their backs. Acapulco has a beautiful harbor, nearly land locked—the finest on the coast. The town is small but very interesting. With the exception of the church and fort, the buildings were quite modern, erected within the last twenty years. The fort, now used for a peni-



VALPARAIZO HARBOR AND PORT.

tentiary, is over 150 years old. The town was destroyed by an earthquake some few years ago, leaving nothing standing but the fort and church. Fruits of all kinds are grown here, cocoanuts, oranges, limes, pine apples, mangoes, plantains, etc. Several English and German ships were unloading coal, Acapulco being the coaling port for all the mail steamers.

We left Acapulco on the 14th, sailing by the city of San Boneto. We cast anchor at Ocos, the first port in the republic of Guatemala, a small insignificant town. A little further on we came to Champerico, a town of 300 people, prettily situated and is 2,447 miles from San Francisco. Coffee and indigo are raised in large quantities in the vicinity of Champerico. The average export of coffee a year is 300,000 quintals. The houses at Champerico, with the exception of the customs house, are built of bamboo.

From Champerico, a railroad 54 miles long, brings you to Retalhuleu, a town in the interior, with a population of about 4,000, a thriving place with electric lights and other modern improvements.

A short run of 74 miles from Champerico brought us to San Jose. We anchored as usual about a mile from shore. The passengers were landed in a rather peculiar style, being let down in a barrel by means of a steam windlass, one by one into small boats, then rowed to the docks, where we were hoisted out in iron cages large enough to hold four persons.

From San Jose we took the train to the city of Guetemala, about 75 miles inland. The road runs through a beautiful country, palms on both sides of the track, forming a continuous evergreen arch. The roads leading into the different plantations are all arched in the same manner, forming deliciously cool protection from the hot sun of the tropics. We stopped at Escuentla half an hour for lunch. All trains meet there. From this station our way lay through sugar and coffee plantations, horse, cattle and goat ranches. The coffee grows from seed to be quite large trees, five or six feet high. We ran along a beautiful lake for about three miles. Indian women were washing their clothes, using large, flat stones for wash-boards. The city of Guatemala is 4,500 feet above the level of the sea and was delightfully cool. It is a beautiful city, with a population of 150,000. The public buildings are fine. The cathedral, a very old one, is 330 feet long by 100 feet wide, filled with magnificent paintings. It fronts on the plazza, which is beautifully laid out with fountains, flowers and trees. The streets are paved with stone and kept very clean. All the best buildings are of stone and brick; the poorer of bamboo. The handsome residences are all built with courts in the centre. You enter through archways from the sidewalk. Galleries from the different rooms all lead into these courts, which are always filled with tropical plants and flowers. The city is well provided with electric light and horse cars. We returned to San Jose, finding it very hot after the cool breezes of Guatemala. We are now 2,520 miles from Frisco.

Sunday, the 18th, we arrived at Acajutla, San Salvador, a small outlet for the island towns. Stationed here is a small regiment of soldiers, wearing a uniform of red with black stripes, red caps and bare feet—not very awe-inspiring. At Acajutla we could see two volcanos in active eruption. The water around our ship was alive with sharks. On my return trip from Chili we met the Champion at this port. Thirty miles from Acajutla, in Honduras, we came to Livertad. From here we could see San Miquel, another active volcano.

Tuesday, 20th, we reached Corinto. The entrance to this harbor is very beautiful, both shores lined with tropical trees and fruits of all kinds. Small boats laden with fresh vegetables, fruits, parrots, monkeys, etc., and rowed by native women, surrounded our ship as we approached the town. The custom house officers came out in their gigs, rowed by bright natives, dressed in sailor costume. The population of Corinto is 1,000. A train leaving Corinto at 5 a.m. connects with a boat on Lake Nicaragua; crossing to the other side of the lake another train takes you to Granda, a town with a population of 20,000. Lake Nicaragua is 110 miles long by 50 wide. The water is fresh

SENOR PEDRO MONTT.

We left Corinto at 2 p.m., Wednesday, 21st. We have on board ex-Governor Pachico, of California, and now minister to two or three of the Central American republics, with his headquarters at Guatemala, and Mr. Shanan, American Minister to Nicaragua, San Salvador and Costa Rica, with headquarters at Puntas Arenas, a small town about 260 miles south of Corinto. Madam Lavala, wife of Gen. Lavala, who had been banished from Guatemala for having opposed the House of Assembly there, joined her husband at Punta Arenas. We sailed from this port Wednesday, 21th. The next day and night we had a heavy rain which was quite refreshing. We steamed along through many islands, some of which had been used for cemeteries, but made no more stoppages till we reached Panama, on Oct. 24, at 3 p.m. Here I remained seven days waiting for the Chilian steamer Maipo. I parted with my fellow passengers; many of them crossed by rail to Aspinwall, taking the steamer for New York. The Grand Central Hotel here is kept by two brothers, John and Henry Schuber—fine, gentlemanly men, who do all in their power for the comfort of their guests. I think the heat is rather overpowering for John, who is never seen without his large palm leaf fan. The Central is a three story building opposite the plazza. The cathedral, a handsome edifice on the east side of the plazza, and the bishop's palace on the south. On the west side is a four story building, covering a block of ground. It is occupied by officers of the Panama Canal Co., and I was told they paid Erhman, a rich banker, $250,000 for the building as it now stands. A large staff of clerks take care of the millions of dollars worth of machinery and buildings belonging to the P. C. Co. The pay roll amounts to $40,000 per months.

Sunday, 25th, after mass, drove out two miles to Boca, to see the wreck of the Panama Canal enterprise. The amount of money wasted here must have been enormous. Dredges, dumping trucks, tugs, steam shovels, etc., are scattered all along the length of the canal. In Aspinwall the company built palaces and furnished them without regard to cost. These are now all in the hands of the caretakers.

Monday, 26th, visited the penitentiary. It is inside the fortifications, a miserable, wretched place, filled with Negroes Chinamen, Spaniards, Indians, in fact men of all races and colors. The convicts are all huddled together, some of them almost naked, and not much discipline among them, the overseer being an old convict.

The market, a very large one, filled with meats, vegetables fruits and grocer's stands, is run by half-breeds and not kept very clean. The stores, wholesale and retail, are well stocked. The native hackmen are very cruel to their animals, beating them, till sometimes the animal refuses to move and has to be taken out of the harness.

Business men are up at half past five—but from eleven a. m. to one p. m. no gentleman can be seen as his it is breakfast time.

Friday the 30th Mr. Gare and I visited the Hospital. It is two miles from the hotel. There are 30 large substantial buildings around the mountain easy of access by good winding roads. The buildings are all of wood on stone piers built by the P. C. Co., and handed over to the Sisters of Charity. Presenting my letter to Mother Superior, who could only speak French and Spanish, we were admitted and shown over the establishment. My friend, fortunately understood Spanish so we got along very nicely. Everything was beautifully clean. In a store room 40x20 and 14 feet high, were piles of clothing of all kinds left in charge of the

CONGRESS HALL, SANTIAGO.

sisters, by the Panama C. C. for their own sick. The grounds around the different hospital buildings are beautifully kept. Being high up they command a good view of the sea. From the Hospital we drove around the mountain to an elegant establishment. It was built and furnished by a French engineer of the P. C. Co. at a cost of $300,000. About the time it was ready for occupation his son and daughter died. He and his wife went to France, but in a short time returned. They had been in Panama but a little while when he lost his wife. Broken hearted he returned to Paris for good. Before leaving, two beautiful saddle horses belonging to his wife and daughter, were shot by his order. He could not bear the thought of any one else using them.

Saturday 31st we went on board the Maipo, bound for Valparaiso. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday the wind blew very hard, making the steamer very cool and pleasant. 620 miles from Panama we sighted land again. We crossed the Equator at 6 a. m., and reached the Guayaquil River about ten. The country on either side of the river is very flat, but picturesque with its wealth of tropical vegetation. A fine ranching country well stocked with cattle, sheep and goats. At the Port of Guayaquil we took on about 50 head of cattle. The method of loading these cattle is very cruel. Two long poles are placed across a canoe. At each end of these poles two cattle are fastened by the horns. The canoes are then paddled out to the ship, the animals swimming along side. A chain worked by steam power is let down the side of the ship, fastened to a rope around the horns and the poor brutes are hoisted up a distance of about 30 feet. Guayaquil, in the Republic of Equador is 800 miles from Panama. 210 miles from Guayaquil, we reached Payta our first stopping place in Peru. Before we were anchored 1 counted 24 large row boats laden down with fruits of all kinds, fresh eggs, etc. The rowers were all women. Such a jabber, and tussle to be the first one at the steps which hang from the ship's side! By means of long poles with a hook on the end they catch on to the ropes and steady themselves. We took on 150 head of cattle and three large barge loads of tobacco. The Aconcagnua, the largest steamer of the Pacific S. Navigation Co., 1500 tonnage, arrived at 3 p. m. During the Chilian war a shell struck the cabin on the top deck doing much damage. It crashed through into the dining room destroying the captain's chair and smashing the chandeliers, but fortunately no one was injured. A railroad runs into the interior from Payta.

Friday the 6th was a beautiful morning. We left Payta for Eten 102 miles south. We saw about 30 strange looking fishing crafts shaped like a cigar, and about ten feet long; paddled by one man, they skimmed through the water very swiftly. A sail of 32 miles along a barren coast brought us to Pacasmayo. The products brought from the interior by rail are rice, sugar, cotton and cattle. Fifty-nine miles further south we took on a cargo of sugar and whisky.

Nov. 8th we had a fine view of Cimo Mougon, a mountain 3900 feet high. We reached Callao Nov. 9th. This port boasts of the only dock on the Pacific coast south of San Francisco. It is built

PARLIAMENT BUILDING, SANTIAGO.

of large cut stone with breakwater. A dozen ships can anchor at one time. Mr. Gare, who is connected with Messrs. Grace Brothers and I, took the train for Lima and put up at the hotel de France et d'Angtelene. Lima is a beautiful city with a population of 150,000, handsome public buildings and private residences.

The shops on the main street remind one very much of the Rue de Rio-oli in Paris. There is a fine park, and quite an extensive menagerie connected with it. Also elegant churches. I visited about 20. Some of the altars cost $100,000. The Presidential Mansion covers half a block. It is a three story building. Through an arch way you enter a court filled with trees and flowers. Several fine looking soldiers were on guard. The streets are well laid out, some paved with asphalt and others with stone. On all the street cars you will find women conductors. The people are most refined looking, and the ladies are remarkable for their beauty. On the road from Lima to Callao we saw some small farms. They use an old fashioned wooden plough. The ox yokes rest on their necks, but are fastened to the horns, a cruel way as all the strain comes on the horns. A gentleman told me the soils did not require deep ploughing. It was so rich a slight scraping was all that was necessary. In Lima I met a Mr. Carmichael from Winnipeg and Mr. Higginbotham, from Guelph. They had been living in Peru for over a year and liked it very much. At the hotel there was an old colored man Robert Brown. He was born in Toronto and had spent several years at Esquimalt. He sailed from there 28 years ago, and has been in Lima ever since. Poor old fellow; it seemed to renew his youth to meet with some one from his native country. He asked a thousand and one questions about the old people of Toronto, many of whom are dead and gone.

We were glad to get back to our ship again. Captain Selmen and his officers were such pleasant men to travel with. Thursday we touched at Tambo de Mora, at Pisco and Chala, all these towns being ports of entry. The customs officers put on a good deal of style. The ship cannot leave till their agent comes on board and sometimes then he will detain the boat for two or three hours just to accomodate a friend who may want to write a few letters. The captain may do a little swearing, but no matter, the agent is the boss, and gives the word of command when it suits him.

At Mollendo, 152 miles south of Chala, Capt. Selmen introduced me to Mr. Golding the agent. I found him very agreeable. The buildings in Mollendo are of Oregon Pine. At Ilo, the last stopping place in Peru, we parted with one of our passengers from Panama, a jolly little Spanish woman.

Sunday Nov. 15th brought us to Arica, the first town in Chili. There were many English and French sailing and steamships in port. The population numbers about 3,700. The site is rather fine, and during the war between Peru and Chili in 1879, one of the great battles was fought here. To the right of the town, on top of a large sand hill which rose in a perpendicular line from the sea, the Peruvians had a fortification. The Chilians marched their troops in back of Arica, and after fighting for hours, drove the Peruvians into the sea. Not one escaped. Gen. Bologuess jumped his horse over the cliff. The captain pointed out to me the wreck of an American war ship. Aug. 28th, 1868 a tidal wave struck her as she lay anchored in the harbor. She was landed high and dry, all her officers and men on board, three miles in from the shore. There she remained for five years when another tidal wave landed her where she now lies. Peru has been robbed of some of her most valuable land including the Nitrate fields. Chili derives from these fields a royalty of $20,000,000 annually.

Arica is the port for Bolivia. A great many vegetables are brought here from the inland towns and shipped to Pasagua and Iquique. We have been loading vegetables for the last six hours.

Monday 16th we reached Pisagua. In 1879 a battle was fought, and a large monument has been erected over the remains of Chilian officers and soldiers buried here. The province of Tarapaca is famous for its nitrate fields. Col. North made his immense fortune here. A railroad runs parallel with the coast to Iquique. The grade up the maintains is six feet to every 100. Iquique, 37 miles from Pisagua, has a population of 25.000. It suffered much during the late revolution, having been partially burned. It is nearly all rebuilt. There were 90 ships in port loading nitrate. We went on shore. I had several letters of introduction to gentlemen here and found them very courteous people.

At Antofagasta, 226 miles south of Iquique, we were a day and a half loading 700 tons of silver ore, and a quantity of salt. It is a busy town of 4000 people but not very attractive. Houses are of wood. They have a fine church and hospital, and nitrate and salt petre factory. A few miles south a large smelter is being built. Five millions of dollars have already been expended on it, another million will finish it. The machinery was made in San Francisco. The company is composed of Chilians. The mines are in Bolivia, and are paying a dividend of 3 per cent per month. With their own smelter they will do much better. I met a Mr. J. A. Busby, manager for the Juliet Nitrate Co., with head quarters at Taltal, Chili. He gave me much information about the people and resources of Chili, Peru, and Bolivia, having lived among them 20 years. He said the Peruvians were not as industrious as the Chilians, but were kinder in disposition and more sincere. There were 20 ships loading nitrate.

Thursday 19th arrived at Taltal 111 miles below Antofagasta. Buildings are of Oregon Pine. Chanocal, 65 miles from Taltal, has a large copper smelter. Before the late war there was a population of 8000, now reduced to 3000. Business is very dull. At Caldera there are two smelters closed on account of dull times. The gun ship "Blanco" was sunk here. Capt. Selmen told me he was anchored in this harbor on the 20th of August. There were 18 gun boats and steamboats in at the same time. Two cannon on the mountain commanded the harbor and sea. The torpedo Almirante Lynch, steamed around the point under the guns, fired on and sunk the war ship Blanco Encalado. Over 200 men went down with her. The Almirante was built in England for the Chilians. The tonnage of the Blanco is 2400. She carried 65 22-ton guns. The other war ships started in pursuit of the torpedo but could not catch her. We saw the masts of the Blanco above the water. The government intend raising her. Capt. Selmen commanding the Maipo, and his first engineer were given $10.000 each, for running his boat carrying insurgent soldiers, out of Valparaiso.

Carrizal Bazo, a small town 70 miles from Caldera, has a smelter owned by a private company. All kinds of fruits cocoanut, oranges, limes, pine apples, etc., grow in profusion here. Huasco, the port for Vallua is 98 miles south of Carrizal Bazo.

Saturday the 21st, at Coquimbo, a small town of 4000. A little further south is Serena, a place of 25,000 inhabitants. The water is too shallow for boats to call, so all freights are sent by rail from Coquimbo.

Sunday 22nd we reached the end of our journey, Valparaiso. It is a commercial city of 150,000 inhabitants. The buildings are all fine structures. Sunday is the gala day for the aristocracy English and Spanish. The day after my arrival I took up my quarters at the Vina del Mar, a beautiful place five miles from Valparaiso owned and kept by E. Guillems Luttges, an American by birth. He is the right man in the right place and can welcome each guest in his own language. A more beautiful place than Vina del Mar cannot be wished for.

Later on I visited Santiago, the capital of Chili, a very substantially built city. The House of Assembly was in session—The room resembles that at Ottawa, only on a smaller scale. The members keep their seats when speaking. The grounds are beautifully kept. The streets wide and uniform; a boulerard called the Alemeda runs from one end of the city to the other. There are four roads—one used for horse cars, the others for driving purposes. Palm trees, flowers, and shade trees with seats along, make it a lovely resort. At Vina del Mar I was introduced to Mr. F. Frendenburg, of Santiago. He drove me all over the place; took me up to the observatory, where I had a magnificent view of the whole city. I lunched with him at his gem of a Villa, and he kindly put me up at the club. A German by birth, he has lived in Santiago 40 years. I shall never forget all the hospitality shown me in Peru and Chili, and I shall always look back on my visit there with the most pleasant of recollections.

NEW ORLEANS ASTONISHED.

For the First Time in Eleven Years Snow Falls There.

[From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

"Mamma, Dod's making pop corn," piped Bobby's shrill little voice, as he stood upon his chair at lunch time yesterday, and gazed wonderingly through the window at the snowflakes.

"Lor, de streets look like roads to de cottin' feels in Cahlina," said old black Mandy.

Then mamma went into the library and got papa's microscope, and cook went out into the back yard and cooled her black shawl and caught snowflakes on it; and while mamma showed Bobby the wonderful beauty of snow crystals Mandy stood by and grinned.

A fall of snow in New Orleans is an astonishing event. Men would scarcely be more excited if Clay Statue were to evolve into the crater of an eruptive volcano or the streets be puddled with drippings of Huyler's cream from the milky way. That snow is a most wonderful intoxicant cannot be a matter of doubt to any impartial or unprejudiced observer of the antics of Orleanians yesterday. Foremost in the ranks of the snow-drunk was the powerful small boy—the Bobby of the mansion, the Mickey of Bank alley. Bobby scraped from rose bush, lawn and doorstep sufficient snow to make his first snowball, and pelted therewith nurse, coachman and cook. Mickey scrambled with his ragged fellows for the meagre fall of snow upon curbstone and pavement, and as he waited with red shining nose for the evening papers, he sent up many a merry shout and shied many a whizzing snowball.

As the fluffy shower began to freckle the gloomy atmosphere about noon pedestrians stopped in their mad rush along the thoroughfares to stand shiv ring beneath protecting sheds and gaze curiously at the snow as a thing rarely seen. Clerks and shop girls thronged to windows and showcases and flattened their noses against the panes to see the flecks; upon St. Charles avenue and Prytania street one might have thought from the number of ladies in shawls and ulsters upon galleries and at windows that some great procession was passing. There was quite as much enthusiasm, nervousness and color.

Not a few of the schools and academies, as Leche's, Dye's and others, gave their pupils a half holiday with instructions to see the snow and take advantage of the opportunity to study the phenomena pertaining thereto.

There was not enough snow to cause any fun about the Exchange. Eleven years ago, when the snow fell last, the Cotton Exchange men were like so many schoolboys. They rubbed each others' faces with snow, they had snowball battles, and the stately and bewhiskered cotton king thought nothing of being shot through the ear with a globe of snow flakes.

HE MEANT BUSINESS.

Mrs. Sarah Blumfield, an Ohio woman who has recently taken up a Dakota claim, and incidentally interested a large number of Dakota bachelors, rashly tells a friend of her first Western proposal. It was an elderly, wealthy, and influential citizen who stocked into the lady's kitchen one morning, without the formality of an introduction, and blurted: 'Say, miss, you don't want to get married, do you?' "No sir, I don't"—emphatically. "No 'fense, I hope, mum." "None at all, sir. Good morning." That is the way they do things in South Dakota.

HIGH FEES FOR COUNSEL.

An extraordinary high rate of remuneration has just been paid in Chicago for legal advice. The son of a well-known lawyer named Butler was just returning from a ball at two o'clock one morning when a carriage stopped before the house, and a young man, springing out hastily, put the following question to him: "In which of the States is marriage between first cousins legal?" "I don't know," was the reply; "but I will ask my father." With this Mr. Butler ascended to his father's bedroom and put the question to him. "Kansas," growled the old gentleman, who was half asleep. His son took the answer downstairs; and the young man, thanking him, jumped into the carriage and was rapidly driven away. The circumstance was soon forgotten; but a few days ago the lawyer received a remittance for 500 dols. for "legal advice" from the young man, who had eloped with his cousin to marry her in Kansas. The remuneration for the word "Kansas" is at the rate of 100 dols. per syllable, or 33⅓ dols. per letter.—St. James's Gazette.

"ILLUSTRATED VICTORIA." Buy it and send one to your friends.

A few elegant French China Dinner Services at Weiler Bros.