

The Weekly British Colonist, AND CHRONICLE.

Saturday, August 28, 1869

The War Cloud.

Recent dispatches reveal the appearance of a war cloud in the European horizon. 'Baron Von Beust said'—Who is this oracular Baron Von Beust? and what did he say, that makes Christendom stare with bated breath? M. Von Beust entered the Austrian Cabinet nearly three years ago, and his accession to power was viewed at the time as a hostile demonstration against Prussia, between whom and Austria a short and decisive war had just terminated in favor of the former. The Austrian snake was scotched, not killed by the Prussian needle-gun. Although resigning herself with apparent complacency to the conditions of defeat, few believed her resignation real. Baron Von Beust was recognized as the most able and energetic opponent of M. Von Bismarck, as well as the uncompromising enemy of the absorption projects of the late Confederation by the House of Hohenzollern. His appointment, therefore, to the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs was not unannouncedly regarded as a striking sign of the ideas of revenge against Prussia entertained at the Court of Vienna, and the coincidence of that appointment with the signing of the treaty imposed on the King of Saxony would appear to have imparted to the complexion of a significant protest. Such is Baron Von Beust, and such the circumstances attending his advent to power. What does he say? During the discussion of the war estimates in the Reichsrath, in the beginning of the present month, he said it was hazardous to promise to maintain peace for a considerable length of time; but at the same time he expressed the opinion that if war occurred during the next four years the preservation of the peace of Europe for a long period beyond was certain. He defended his publication of a certain red-book, corresponding, we presume, to our 'blue-books'—the contents of which he claimed contradicted the assertion that he had interfered in the affairs of the German States, or exercised a pressure upon the South German Confederation. He reiterated his assertion that no alliance existed between Austria and any European power, but said pointedly that France had always shown sincere friendship and entertained kindly feeling for all the people of Austria. Referring to these portentous words a Paris despatch remarks, 'It is generally understood here that Baron Von Beust, in alluding to the sincere friendship of France so pointedly, desired to convey the impression that he did not consider Prussia a sincere friend.' This expression of opinion would appear to be gratuitous. There now, that's all. The reader can speculate as well as we can upon the probable import of words which, if spoken by anybody but Baron Von Beust, would have attracted little remark. Three great, perhaps equally great, men are naturally presented to the mind: Napoleon III, Count Bismarck, and Baron Von Beust, and it appears by no means beyond the bounds of probability that this illustrious trio will ere long divide the attention of the world and enact a stirring chapter in the history of Europe, a chapter written in blood! It does appear almost incredible that enlightened Christian nations should at this day resort to arms in order to adjust their little international misunderstandings. Yet so it is. When Count Bismarck, a few years ago, used the celebrated expression, 'Macht geht vor Recht' (Might goes before Right), he only uttered the motto of the nineteenth century. The whole of modern history preaches the doctrine: Right is nothing, Might everything. This may be called wicked—a disease of the times, or corruption: but so it is. Whoever relies on Right, falls down with it if he does not possess the power to prove that right by brutal facts: It is just three years to-day since the Prussian army, flushed with a great victory, re-entered Berlin amid great circumstance and applause. For fifty years, with little interruption, the German sword had rested in its scabbard; but suddenly it was unsheathed and struck a decisive blow for Fatherland. The German sword is not less sharp, and the German hand is not less strong to-day. Bismarck's needle-gun took the world by surprise then; but if science has been astir in the workshops of France and Austria, it has not been asleep in Berlin and on the banks of the Rhine! There is a German fleet now; and the Germans have made the acquaintance of Armstrong too. Napoleon will not stake the Empire on a street fight. He may divert all France from politics by plunging into a great war, by fighting out the postponed duel with Germany, with Belgium for the stake; Napoleon ever sits uneasily when Frenchmen become politicians. The military party wish for war, and

the Emperor has no reason for thwarting that wish. It is useless to deny that much of the unpopularity of the Empire is due to Sadowa, to the foreign policy which has ended in diminishing the preponderance of France upon the Continent. The reflection is anything but an agreeable one to Great Britain; but Napoleon has to think of an opinion other than that of his great ally. The stakes are indeed terrible. France does not wish them played, there may be other plans in that many-counseling brain; but still victory there is victory once for all. The conqueror of the Rhine might grant liberty, and yet sit upon an easy throne. And Great Britain? Britannia must bear the olive branch!

Our Indian Empire.

While the so-called Statesmen of the United Kingdom are harboring the unstatesmanlike notion of surrendering, as a useless and expensive gaw-gaw, the Colonial possessions, religious fanaticism and discontent threaten the dismemberment of the magnificent Empire of British India. Possibly the political party for the nonce, poisoning the home mind upon the subject, would say, 'Let it rip.' Such insanity would only be in harmony with the Colonial policy of the degenerate age in which our lot is cast,—the creed of lacquered politicians who could never hope to lift up their miserable souls to the atmosphere of that statesmanship which girdled the globe with British institutions and gave British freedom and British civilization to the world. The telegraph tells us of another Indian outbreak looming up in the distance—its visible sign no bigger than a man's hand; but of its hidden magnitude, who will venture to predict? It appears that religious discontent, having all the appearances that were presented in the earlier stages of the terrible Indian mutiny which struck such terror to the heart of Christendom, is now fomenting in the minds of the Mahometans of Southern India. A short time ago the London Spectator suggested that the Duke of Argyll should instruct Colonel Malleon, an officer just appointed custodian of the Rajah of Mysore, to find out what is going on among the Mussulmans of Southern India, and called attention to the increasing numbers of the Wahabees and their active exertions in stirring up religious fanaticism. Some difference of opinion exists as to where the threatened catastrophe will first make its appearance; but this is of little consequence, since its spread would undoubtedly be repaid amongst the Mussulman population of North and South. The dislike of the Mahometans of India towards Christians generally, and their white conquerors particularly, was greatly intensified by the removal of the Nawab of the Carnatic by Lord Dalhousie, who failed to see his utility. The Nawab was the recognized head for all India of the professors of the Mussulman faith, and the abolition of his dignity angered the faithful, and greatly aroused the fanaticism of the South. Following upon this, perhaps, indirect cause came the renewed activity of the 'Partisans of the East'; as the Wahabees are sometimes called, a people, rather than a sect, who have hitherto defied the power of Egypt. The British Government has generally, perhaps, always, fallen into the error of underestimating the importance of Indian discontent. The late mutiny was allowed to gain fearful headway through a feeling of false security on the part of the British authorities. Has not the British Government fallen into a far more serious error in governing its Indian Empire? Has it not interfered too much and too little with the forms of religion or paganism of its Asiatic subjects?

Saturday, August 21.

FROM ABROAD.—The U. S. steamer Pensacola, Capt. Preble, flagship of Admiral Turner, arrived in Esquimalt Harbor at 6 1/2 o'clock last evening, from Port Townsend. The steamer Gussie Telfair, from Portland on Tuesday last, arrived at Port Townsend yesterday morning at 7 o'clock, and transferred two or three of her passengers and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express to the Pensacola, by which they were brought on to Victoria. Among the passengers were H. S. Homans, Esq., General Agent for the Pacific Coast of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, and Messrs. Kamm and Mann of Portland. The steamship Moses Taylor, in which Governor Musgrave was reported to have sailed from San Francisco on the 14th inst., was met in Columbia river on Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock, some 80 miles above Astoria, bound for Portland. She would sail from Portland for Victoria on Thursday evening or Friday morning, arriving here either this evening or to-morrow morning. It is by no means certain that the Governor is on board. 'Hope deferred, etc.' The Pensacola gentlemen appear to have enjoyed themselves very much at the towns across the Sound. A grand ball was given at Port Townse Tuesday night, at which a large number attended. The Pensacola will remain here about one week and then sail for San Francisco.

EARTHQUAKE FRIGHT.—The people of San Francisco are looking forward with a feeling of apprehension to the ides of October. It has been predicted by a M. Humboldt (not the great Alexandre), that in October the terra firma (?) of South America will shake as it has never shaken before within the memory of man, and compared with which the shakes of last summer will not be a 'circumstance.' Holding in their minds the fearful scenes of the 21st of last October, and those attendant upon the heavy shock of October, 1865; and remembering, too, that October is their 'earthquake month,' we do not wonder that San Franciscans regard the approaching autumn with feelings akin to horror, and we can but join with good people in the expression of the hope that so dire a calamity as a repetition of the scenes of October 1865, or October 1868, may be averted.

SUGGESTIVE FACTS.—From the Pacific at San Francisco to the lakes at Chicago it is 2423 miles; from the Pacific at Seattle to the lakes at Duluth it is only 1774 miles. From Seattle to Chicago by way of Duluth (all rail) it is 2140 miles. From New York to San Francisco, via Chicago and Omaha, it is 3235 miles; from New York to Puget Sound, via Chicago and the Northern Pacific route, it is 3040 miles. Finally, from New York to Shanghai, via Chicago, San Francisco and the Midway Islands, it is 10,423 miles; from New York to Shanghai, via Chicago, the Northern Pacific and Puget Sound, it is 8756 miles.

The Mechanics' Institute Pic Nic will commence at one o'clock to-day. Haynes' unrivalled band has been engaged, and in addition to dancing, there will be games and sports of various kinds. Carriages will ply between the pic-nic grounds during the afternoon and evening, conveying passengers to and from the city. The Officer administering the Government, and the commanding officers of Her Majesty's Fleet will attend. Invitations to be present have been extended Admiral Turner and Captain Preble of the U. S. S. Pensacola. The day will be observed as a half-holiday in town.

NEW MAP OF VICTORIA.—We have seen a correct map of the city, made for Mr. Lumsley Franklin, and placed in his store yesterday, which has attracted great attention. The map is more than ten feet long by nine feet in width, and colored with great taste, containing the latest additions and subdivisions. Mr. Chas. Verbyden is the artist who made it, and it will, we think, bear the test of public criticism.

LAKE DISTRICT.—The friends of education in this district will meet at the Lake School House, to take steps towards organizing a school, at 2 to-day. As the settlers appear alive to the necessity of having their children educated, we need not say one word in furtherance of the object, and shall only indulge the hope that the object sought by the meeting will be attained.

BELLINGHAM BAY.—The mine is turning out from 120 to 140 tons of coal daily. The bark Amethyst has loaded and sailed since work started. The bark Powhattan in nearly loaded, and another bark is due from San Francisco. The Company are endeavouring to make up for lost time. The atmosphere is very thick, yellow and smoky, indicating the nearness of fires in the woods.

THE host of friends of Col. W. T. Welcker, late of this city, will be gratified to know that he has been appointed Professor of Mathematics for the California State University with a salary of \$3,500 per year in gold.

THE new Corporation flag was raised yesterday. It bears the legend 'A City Hall!' The Corporation have decided to paint the exterior and plaster the interior of the Hall and introduce gas and other modern improvements. Our Corporation may be said to be 'coming out.'

THE new screw for the G S Wright was brought to Port Townsend by the Gussie Telfair and there transferred to the sloop Alarm, which, with the brig Fauntleroy, was yesterday towed across to this harbor by the U S S Pensacola.

THE express brought across by the Pensacola was only from Portland. The Moses Taylor will bring the express and mails from San Francisco.

THE cable was successfully laid yesterday, but no communication was had South of Swinomish or North of New Westminster.

What is Tonic?

Bear this in mind,—that although a tonic is, to a certain extent, a stimulant,—unmodified by any medicinal substance, it is not a tonic, but a stimulant. In HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS there is a stimulating element of the purest grade manufactured in this or any other country. Every fiery and corrosive oil or acid which contaminates the ordinary liquors of commerce, is expelled from the eye spirit which forms the alcoholic basis of the BITTERS, by careful and repeated rectification. The juices of the valuable roots, barks and herbs, infused into this wholesome product of the finest grain, still further modify its nature; so that it becomes a simple diffusive agent, minus all the heady and brain exciting properties which belong, more or less, to all liquors in a raw state. It is merely the safe and harmless vehicle which renders the medicinal virtues of the preparation effective,—increasing their active power, and diffusing them through the system. Hence the pleasant and gentle glow which is experienced after taking a dose of the BITTERS. Instead of creating headache, as unmodified stimulants are apt to do, this salutary tonic is the best known remedy for that complaint. It calms and soothes cerebral excitement, strengthens the nerve, promotes the secretion of the gastric juice, invigorates the bowels, determines the fluids to the surface, improves the appetite, increases the animal vigor, regulates organic action, and, from its mild yet effective alterative qualities, is the very best preparation that can be administered to the weaker sex in the peculiar difficulties to which their organization subjects them.

Only a Relic of Old Scotia.

A few evenings ago a difficulty occurred in a celebrated saloon on Pacific street, near Davis, between an individual who had come in to drink and the musician of the establishment, a sturdy son of old Scotia. The latter was dressed in his native kilt and hose, with bonnet on, and with his pipes slung over his shoulder paraded the floor with a firm step, while the stentorian roar of his pipes was heard for some distance on the street at either side of the saloon. The drinking individual, in endeavoring to establish his claims as a musical critic, condemned the unorthodox sound of the Scotch pipes, and ordered the player to stop. In a few seconds a war of words ensued, from which the pipes retreated, and shouldering his 'drones' blew away at a furious rate; but their shrill sound was lost in the din of voices. The Scotchman called for order several times, but in vain, and was eventually set upon. In the melee his pipes were taken from him, completely demolished and thrown into the street, where they lay uncared for by the owner.

In a short time an individual, who had imbibed a little during the day, passing along, saw what he thought, at first sight, a child lying on the street, having on a Scotch plaid dress, neatly scalloped and embroidered, which, good samaritan like, he approached, and was loth to touch it. The body was there, about as stout as that of a child, but it had no feet, while it had four horns. He had also an unusually long, thin neck, from which a horn projected, resembling very much an elephant's trunk. Could it be a young elephant? Without being able to determine what it was, and while considering he had never seen so hideous a monster on Pacific street before, he was about to leave, when suddenly summoning courage he put his foot on the monster's body, when what ever wind remained in the bag rushed out through the 'drones' causing to his ears a most unearthly squeal. With a single bound he regained the sidewalk, and ran with all his might till he reached the Harbor Police Office, where he informed Captain Kentzel that a most hideous and formidable monster, with four horns, a trunk like a young elephant, and no legs, was lying on Pacific street, and that when he put his foot on it it squealed in a frightful way. As he related his story, the grave old Captain stared him in the face, but seeing the big drops of sweat roll down his cheeks, concluded he was indeed badly frightened, and that this monster must be subdued. The Captain went on the street, blew his whistle, and was answered by two officers, whom he instructed to proceed at once and rid the city of the monster. After ascertaining to a certainty that their equipments were complete, the two officers left, and were guided to the spot by the terrified individual. As they drew near he advised great caution, and that before they attempted to touch it they should fire at least two shots each. 'There it is,' said the terrified guide, as they got within view of it; fire! fire! 'I won't go any farther.' While they held themselves in readiness for an emergency that might spring up, they did not however fire, but approaching carefully touched the monster first with the ends of their batons. After a short consultation, one bolder than the other caught it with his hands and holding it before the light of the saloon window, discovered it to be the dead body of the Highland man's pipes, out of which the last breath of wind had been squeezed by the terrified individual. The officers carried it in triumph to their Captain, who on hearing the story, leaned back on his chair with that grace indicative of rank, and laughed till he made the office tremble with as much force as did the earthquake of the 21st October. The bagpipes were then hung up in the office, where they can be seen yet as a trophy of conquest. —San Francisco Herald.

A Washington dispatch to the New York Telegram, dated July 9th says: A large number of the daily visitors at the White House are ladies, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, women. Not a few of them seem to make a business of pushing through claims, getting the President's endorsement on papers, and making applications for office, either for themselves or their friends. They are the most persistent and annoying of all lobbyists. They never take 'no' for an answer, and when all other means fail, womanlike, they resort to the eloquence of tears. A young woman made her appearance at the Executive Mansion this morning. She had been there before, almost daily, the door-keepers and Secretaries said. She wanted to see the President, to lay some papers before him—her usual request. Col. Robert M. Douglas, one of the President's Secretaries, and a very affable and obliging fellow, was the person to whom she applied. Col. Douglas is a son of the late Senator Douglas, a fact of which the young woman in question was not ignorant.

'Col. Douglas, Col. Douglas,' she began, putting on her most persuasive manner, 'can't you lay these papers before the President?' Col. Douglas replied that the President was at that moment engaged with the Secretary of the Treasury, and could not be disturbed. The young woman, either doubting what the Colonel had said, or deeming her business as important as that of the Secretary of the Treasury, proceeded to argue her point. 'My dear madam,' said the mild Colonel, 'it is useless for you to talk. I have told you that the President cannot be disturbed now.'

At this reply she immediately burst into tears and walked away. When she had reached the door, however, she turned back, and going deliberately up to Colonel Douglas, her eyes still red and suffused with tears, she said, with all the bitterness she could command: 'Colonel Douglas my brother supported your father in the Presidency—boo-oo-oo-and now—boo-oo-oooh—I am much obliged to you for the—boo-oo-oooh—courtesy you have shown me.'

Having delivered herself of the pathetic and sarcastic speech, she went out of the room with as much flourish as if she had accomplished her mission and made an impression.

A SENSIBLE LETTER.—We (Oregonian) give place to the following letter from Tong Duck Chung, a Chinese merchant of this city. It will be seen that he has more sense and better ideas of industrial economy than all the crossroads politicians of a dozen States who are assuming to discuss the 'Chinese question':

EDITOR OREGONIAN:—George Francis Train is right—450,000,000 at our back door. Some want to come to Oregon—must come—will come. Don't want to infringe on any of your laws, only want equality before the law: come here to work and help make this country grow rich. All we want is peace and to be let alone.

I show you what good Chinamen are to Oregon. I make to-day to Mr. Hoyt, Deputy Collector of Customs, the last payment of \$25,447 57 coin, for duties on China goods imported by our House last summer in French ship Jeanne Althe, from Hongkong. This does not include the duties paid by other China merchants in the same ship.

White man been asleep all the time. Every nation that trades with China gets rich. One ship here now—more coming, and there is going to be a direct trade between Portland and China if it takes a Chinaman to start it. Suppose white man got any sense he must see that plenty Chinamen in this country makes business for ships, steamboats, drays, &c.; puts money in the public treasury, and by reasonable wages for labor, puts it within the power of the people of this state to start manufactories, mills, &c., and in many ways helps to make this country grow rich and prosperous.

TONG DUCK CHUNG.

Proper Use of the Bible.

A great many people think that the Bible is a very sacred book. I will tell you how it is a sacred book. If you read this book and find moral qualities in it, and they are transferred as living virtues to you, then to you it becomes a sacred book. This book is sacred to you just so far as its teachings are incorporated in your experience and feeling, and not a bit further. All that part of the Bible is Bible to you that you live by. So much of the Bible as you vitalize is valuable to you; but so much of it as you do not vitalize is of no use to you. You put your Bible in your bookcase. There it stands all the week, perhaps. Or you read it once a day or once a week, as the case may be. And you do it very devoutly. The room is still, and your children sit around the table in a stiff row. You put on your spectacles and read; and as you read you lower the key of your voice—for when men want to be religious, they always take a solemn note; and you read all the way through the chapter and are like a blind man walking along the road where there are all sorts of flowers on both sides never seeing a single one. Men read this, and feel a great deal better because they have read the Bible to their families. I Now, I tell you, the only thing you read in the Bible is that which jumps into you, and which you cannot get out of you. It is the vital, luminous part, and not the dead letter that you read, if you read any part of the Bible. Suppose I should set up house-keeping on the same principle that some people set up their religious housekeeping? A man goes to housekeeping, and gets a Bible with his name on the inside, and his name on the outside, and puts it on the table in his best room; and there it lies for months and years without being opened—unless there is a funeral in the family. Suppose I should go to housekeeping, and should give an order to the grocer for three boxes of sperm candles, saying, 'I am going to have a luminous house,' and should put those candles away in the attic and never light one of them? What is the use of candles under a bushel, but he lights it and puts it on a candlestick.—Becher.

How to REDUCE OBESITY.—Mr. Banting has issued a fourth edition of his celebrated pamphlet on the dietetic means of reducing the superfluous fat. In this edition, says a London paper, Mr. Banting tells the story of his fame in just the same simple and unaffected way in which he told the story which made him famous. He has received, since the first publication of his pamphlet, letters of thanks from some two thousand persons whom he had led to emancipation from obesity. In all these cases the cure was complete.

Mr. Banting brings the history of his experience down to May of this year. During five years he has never varied in weight more than a few pounds, and he has even returned to experiment with the forbidden elements of diet, in order to discover which was most productive of fat. These experiments have had a curious result. 'I have ascertained, by repeated experiments,' he says, 'that five ounces of sugar distributed equally over seven days, which is not an ounce a day, will augment my weight nearly one pound by the end of that short period. The other forbidden elements have not produced so extraordinary a result.'

Mr. Banting's pamphlet was first printed at his own expense for gratuitous distribution. Before two editions had thus been given away a trade demand for the book sprang up, and he was advised to publish it at a price, that it might pay expenses. He resolved to publish it at 6d., and the demand became so great that sixty-three thousand copies were sold and a profit of £225 10s. was made. This money has been distributed to various charitable institutions. Mr. Banting now asks for subscriptions to a new County Convalescent Hospital for the metropolis of London, which he only proposes to call in when £100,000 have been subscribed. He publishes a preliminary list, heading it himself with £500. Half the things said of him are exaggerated, and the other half are false, and Mr. Banting takes some quiet opportunities of correcting them. Though rumour has killed him, and has declared his system to have failed, he is not only alive and well, but his system is still conferring the benefit of wholesome muscular development upon himself and others.

Advertisement for 'Stone and Grave' medicine, listing ailments like Scalds, Sore Nipples, Sore Throats, Skin Diseases, Scoury, Sore Heads, Tumours, Ulcers, Wounds, Yaws, and other conditions. Includes text: 'PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY'S Medicine throughout the world... ORDER YOUR MEDICINE AT THE BRITISH DISPENSARY...'