

The Weekly British Colonist  
AND CHRONICLE.

Saturday, April 18 1868.

The inhumanity of man to man, which for ages has been a subject of sorrow and philanthropic effort amongst poets, moralists and statesmen, never presents itself in such a deplorable and hateful aspect as when associated with the furtherance of the ambitious schemes of politicians. The blackest pages in the history of man are found in this connection—so black, indeed, that but few living now can wish they were ever written. Time, with all the chastening influences of civilization and religion, seems to have no power to work improvement on man's disposition in this respect. Today, when the political victim is doomed by political organization, the assassin is as readily found, as willing and as barbarous when found—and, what is still more strange, as earnest in the commission and defence of his bloody deed on the specious plea of duty as he was centuries ago. A few years ago a thrill of horror went through the world at the assassination of the great American President, Lincoln; and to-day that horror is revived with almost equal intensity at the murder of the great Canadian statesman, D'Arcy McGee. Both murderers aimed by the same means to assist two different systems, which had ceased to possess the respect and support of the world, and the result of the former crime will be most assuredly seen in the latter. The assassination of Lincoln did the cause of the South more harm than any other act they could have committed; instead of striking terror into the heart of the North it aroused and concentrated the vengeance of the whole nation, and eradicated the last touch of sympathy which in many places, both at home and abroad, was still felt for the Southern people. So it will prove with this Fenian assassination. The organization could have conceived, proposed or committed no act which will make their cause so exonerated throughout the world and amongst good men of all political aspects, except, perhaps, the misguided wretches of the party itself, at the murder of McGee. Whatever little sympathy may heretofore have been conscientiously felt for the Fenians, by men in America and elsewhere, who are in error upon the vexed question of "Ireland's wrongs," will be alienated. If a man must be murdered in a public theatre or at his own door, for no other reason than that by his intellect and virtues he has made himself obnoxious to a political organization, society is at an end, for no one is safe. The fate of one man to-day may be the fate of another to-morrow; and this sense of insecurity is so horrible that it excites a vengeance as merciless as the assassin himself or the party by whom he is hired. But outside the broad principles of humanity which condemn all such acts, the insufficiency of the motive makes the matter worse, if that can be. What is there in Fenianism that the world must accept it *volens*, or die for opposing it? Are these people then so thoroughly lost that they think the world will indorse a scheme of long practised robbery, and if needs be of murder, to regenerate Ireland. Violence begets violence, and these wicked men cannot now complain if they receive the scorn of the world, and their final punishment at the hands of England, which is certainly their fate. They are sealing their own doom, as such men always do. They could not adopt any measures more calculated to destroy them than those they have adopted. They are forcing a question upon the English and American Governments of the deepest importance. The invasion of a country through the territory of a friendly power involves war. It must not only be discountenanced but stopped immediately, or a position is assumed and a principle maintained so utterly opposed to international law that it must necessarily drive the two great countries of the world into deadly strife. We look forward, therefore, with anxiety to see what the American Government and people will do with the Fenian monster they are fostering. If they will take the viper to their bosom, and warm it into life, they must accept the consequences. But we have never thought the *real* American

feels favorably towards Fenianism; we know from experience they do not, except in a limited degree—and we feel assured, when the necessity for decisive action is forced upon the nation, they will prove themselves true to justice and honor. As an evidence of the vile material composing the Fenian body, the Clerkenwell explosion and the murder of McGee, are worthy our attention. In both cases the assassin meets the same fate. The secret agents of wholesale or individual death are betrayed by their comrades, after sharing their guilt, and by their evidence will be sent to the gallows. Can anything be more horrible or disgusting? Would it be astonishing, or would it be wrong, with such evidence of crime before them, if the English and American people in a moment of fury were to rise in turn and blot out of existence everything bearing the name of Fenianism? It may yet become necessary, as a matter of national security.

Thursday, April 16.  
Municipal Council.

Council met Tuesday evening. His Worship the Mayor in the Chair. Present, Councillors Allatt, Crump and Jeffrey. Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

Communication from the Victoria Gas Company, relative to making excavations on Douglas, Kane and Fort streets.

On motion ordered to be placed on file, and the Clerk instructed to communicate with the Company, calling attention to the defective state in which they leave the public streets after such work, and that unless attended to in future the Council would feel their duty to forbid the Company the privilege of opening the streets.

Communication from George Richards relative to repairing the Grand Stand on Beacon Hill Park and keeping the Race Course in proper order. Ordered to be placed on file.

An account from Spratt & Kriemler of \$24 for making road scrapers. Referred to Finance Committee.

An account from H F Hejsterman for rent of Council Chambers—\$20. Referred to Finance Committee.

Councillor McKay's motion that a committee be appointed to draft the By-Laws granting power to the Council to destroy all dogs running at large without the Municipal park—carried. Subject left in the hands of the Sanitary Committee.

The Draft of Ordinance relative to obtaining the sanction of the Government to enable the Council to negotiate a loan of \$35,000 to build a patent slip, unanimously passed.

Motion of Councillor McKay that the Street Committee be empowered to employ two men to assist in filling wagons for the removal of dirt from the streets. Carried.

On motion, Council adjourned till Tuesday next, subject to the call of his Worship the Mayor.

**LATER FROM CARIBOO.**—A gentleman who left Barkerville, William Creek, on the 28th of March, informs us there was then three feet of snow at that place. He came over the mountain in Johnson's sleigh to Quesnelmouth. From Quesnelmouth to Alexandria the sleighing was good. From Alexandria to Bates' there was good wheeling. From Bates' to Tuomy's the snow was deep and thawing very fast. From Tuomy's down to the 108-mile post a wagon was run without difficulty. Thence to the Junction the road was in a bad condition. From the Junction down the road is in splendid order—neither dust nor mud. At Soda Creek and below the plows had started and a great many acres were already sowed. On William Creek the Bad Rock Drain had tapped the Sheepskin and Baldhead claims and the companies had gone to work. The drain would tap the Barker claim next. The Willow claim, on Mosquito Gulch, was paying 22 oz. per day to one pick. The Minnehaha company had stopped work for want of water. The Tom and Jerry company had sunk 108 feet and had not reached bottom. The weather on the creek was clear and warm and the general health excellent.

**LATER FROM FRASER RIVER.**—A passenger by the Enterprise from Lytton reports an improved feeling among the agriculturists in that section. A great many more acres will be brought under cultivation this year than ever before, and stock-raisers are evincing unwonted activity. Twelve farms have lately been located on Nicolaus River, 20 miles south of Thompson River Ferry, where there is a vast tract of arable land. The road between Yale and Lytton is in fine traveling condition; but only one pack-train, Ladner's, has thus far started. All the mule and ox teams will be in motion next week. The people in Yale and Lytton districts are all warmly in favor of Confederation, and the Overland wagon road with the terminus at Yale.

The steamer Enterprise arrived from New Westminster yesterday afternoon. She brought a few passengers. The Cariboo Express is expected down on Saturday.

**SALE OF THE LATE BRITISH MINISTER'S EFFECTS.**—A despatch from Washington City says: "Yesterday, at ten o'clock, the Telegram says that auctioneers sold the effects of the late Sir Frederick Bruce, at his late residence, the British legation, No. 30 L street, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth streets. At an early hour carriages arrived, with many of our wealthiest citizens, and by ten o'clock it was almost impossible to gain an entrance, or for those who were inside to get out again. The bids were many and spirited; consequently everything sold for a very high figure. James Wormley, colored, a caterer and confectioner in I street, near Fifteenth, bought very extensively of the most expensive articles. Not a few purchased articles for the sole purpose of obtaining relics."

The Active was advertised to leave Portland at 6 o'clock last evening, and should she have done so, will be due here to-morrow. The steamship Oriflamme, which sailed from San Francisco on Monday, will be also due here to-morrow. Both steamers are believed to have mails aboard.

**DEATH AT THE HOSPITAL.**—Ralph Patterson, aged 31, who had suffered from dysentery for many months, succumbed yesterday to the prostrating effects of the disease. The poor man was reduced to a shadow of his former self. He was a native of Scotland.

**NEW BUTCHER'S STORE.**—Messrs Dickinson & Marshall have opened business in a very handsome store at the corner of Government and Broughton streets. On passing this morning we noticed a splendid sheep, fed on the island, which weighed 80 lbs.

**BOOKS FOR THE PATIENTS.**—We are requested to say that books intended for the use of patients at the Royal Hospital may be left with Mr Wootton, at the Post-office, who has kindly consented to see that they reach their destination.

**ARRIVAL.**—The British iron bark Eastham arrived in the outer harbor yesterday morning, in 8 days from San Francisco. She is bound for Moody's mills, to load with lumber for Oallao.

The Board of Education will meet at noon to-day, in the Colonist Building, for the transaction of business of importance.

**SAILED.**—The brig Sidon, to load with lumber at Moody's mills, sailed for Burrard Inlet yesterday morning.

The Sparrowhawk sailed yesterday for Puget Sound. Admiral Hastings is on board.

## Canadian Statesmen.

The Ottawa correspondent of the New York World gives the following description of some of the leading public men. The description of poor McGee will be read with feelings of melancholy interest:

Sir John A. Macdonald, K. C. B., is without a rival in the political field as the most wary and astute politician in Canada. George Brown had many a file with him, but always came away with a broken head. However difficult the game may be, he always manages to win. He resembles the matchless Disraeli both in policy and personal appearance. He has the same dark and impenetrable countenance, the same waving hair and tall, slender form, and, when he walks it, the same flashing eyes and biting eloquence that have made "Dizzy" a household word wherever the English tongue is spoken. As Disraeli has outwitted Gladstone on reform question and secured prospective years of office, so Sir John, by talking advantage of the confederation idea, has stolen a march on other Canadian politicians and has a certainty of being at the helm of state for many years, while he will leave a splendid name in the history of this country. He is one of the best speakers in the House, and, as a statesman, the high position he has held for the last twenty five years will give ample evidence of his ability. He is personally very popular with all classes, and is noted for his complaisance and wit.

Mr McGee—If one is disappointed on seeing Mr Howe, the feeling will be increased when Mr McGee appears on the stage. He is not odd and angular, like the "shooting Niagara" man, nor is his eyes like the poet's, "in fine frenzy rolling;" he is simply a very ordinary looking personage and reminds one of the Milesian greengrocer around the corner. He is short and stout, inclined to corpulence; his face and head are noways remarkable; his hair, however, is fine and glossy, and perhaps he derives his intellectual strength from his Byronic looks. But he speaks, and in a few minutes the mist is dispelled by the magic rays of his eloquence. His voice is clear and distinct, he occasionally waves his hand, but never "saws the air." The words ripple out like a running brook, and charm the hearers, who sit silent and attentive. There is no reading newspapers, button-holing, or writing letters when Mr McGee speaks. He is a perfect master of invective and was to be the unfortunate member who comes under his lash.

Mr. Howe is short, stout, thick set and solid. He is evidently a good liver; but his white head towers up, heavy and massive, and Jupiter like. His face is with-

out whisker or moustache to hide his massive and firmly-set jaws, evincing great determination. His eyes are full, clear, and grey, while his forehead is almost Websterian in development. He speaks in an easy, graceful manner, extemporaneously, and the words roll out without hesitation, each as well fitted to its place as the stones in the Holy Temple. His gesticulations are graceful, but few, and he evidently does not believe in the dictum of Demosthenes. He resembles Robert Lowe—"White-headed Bob"—of the English Commons, without his cynical, defiant expression.

## Johnson's Body Guard—Their First Defeat.

[From the New York Tribune, February 29th.]

At an early hour yesterday morning the enthusiastic admirers of Johnson thronged the building of No. 208 Broadway, anxious to sign the muster roll of an association pledging itself to support the 'policy' of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, and resort to arms if necessary. Colonel F. Tucker was the prime mover of the organization. Many names were signed, and all went on swimmingly till about noon, when two police officers visited the place, seized the lists and carried them to the Second Precinct Police Station. Our reporter, in describing the arrest, says: Colonel Tucker was found in a little room, up two flights of stairs, reached by groping through a miniature mammoth cave, something like the one on exhibition at Bavard's Museum. When our reporter introduced himself the Colonel was all cordiality, and said that the sole object of his asking men to enroll their names was to protect the President if Congress adopted measures outside the pale of the law. In the room where the mighty protector of the President was seated was a stove, a table, a desk, and under this desk, half concealed, was a box of coals. Looming about the room in various attitudes indicative of martial ardor, were a number of seedy-looking individuals, clad in garments once blue, but now white about the seams and shoulder blades, and showing a pitiable dearth of buttons. Their language was of the cannon's mouth, and they longed to taste powder. What valorous deeds they would do if they could only get to Washington to protect their beloved President! It was evident they longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt. One, while talking longingly for blood, became so enthusiastic that he jumped up and had an imaginary sabre combat with an imperceptible foe. At this juncture the door opened and in walked two plainly dressed strangers. "We want to see your muster roll," they said quickly. "Do you wish to sign your names?" was asked joyously. "Already we have 100,000 men ready to march to Washington. Come, sign," and the paper was held temptingly forward. "No, we don't want to sign," was the reply, "we merely want this roll to see who are on the list." "Do you want to arrest us?" and all shook visibly. "No, only this paper, which we intend carrying to Capt De Camp, of the Second Precinct." So saying, the men withdrew. As soon as they were gone Col. Tucker became exceedingly indignant. He declared the seizure of the roll a high handed outrage, and asserted that the rights of American citizens should be respected even if he had to wade through blood. In a most formidable pair—and bade all who loved him to follow him, as he was going to make a foray on Captain De Camp. At the station house Col. Tucker "let himself out," asking if the rights of American citizens were not to be respected, and promised after annihilation to all policemen. The policemen smiled.

**A CHICKEN STORY.**—The Solano Press is responsible for the following: A remarkable instance of a chicken defying a law of nature has just been related to us by A. K. Biggs, of San Francisco. He says that Josiah Sturgis, proprietor of the Alhambra House, Martinez, on the 29th of February last ordered William Hooper, his employee, to go to the roost and catch two chickens and kill them. Hooper caught two, cut their heads off and then tied their legs together and hung them up under a room in which Sturgis slept. During the night Sturgis was awakened three times by a singular noise from below, and as soon as it was time to get up he went down into the shed to ascertain the cause of the noise which had disturbed him. There he found one chicken with a broken string about his legs, and he immediately came to the conclusion that the dogs or cats had carried off the other during the night (as he had told his man to kill two) and in their efforts to get at them had occasioned the noise he had heard. But on looking into the yard he discovered the headless chicken walking around, with neck erect, as large as life. It was caught, and it was found that a very small part of the back of the skull was remaining, while the eyes, bill and gills were severed from the body by the stroke of the axe. It was immediately fed and watered, the gullet, and it is now alive, walking around, and is on exhibition at Benicia.

**A PRACTICAL JOKE.**—The New York Times of March 9th says: Saturday afternoon a youth of good appearance presented a somewhat incoherent note to the Justice, signed by Edward Smith, and representing the bearer to be demented, and asking his commitment to the Lunatic Asylum. The matter seemed rather strange to the Justice, but gathering from a conversation with the person that he was penniless, the Justice gave him a temporary commitment, intending "to have inquiries made concerning him." Yesterday friends of the boy appeared, when it was discovered that the youth is respectably connected, and regularly employed by a dentist of this city. The self-com-

mitted prisoner being brought out of prison, it then came out that he had not been aware of the contents of the note, and had been terribly frightened and worse confounded when going down stairs Saturday afternoon with the paper the Justice had given him he found himself thrust behind the barred doors as a prisoner. A young friend had given him the note to take to the Justice, and it was not until he had passed eighteen hours in jail that he found that he had been the subject of a mean practical joke. He was, of course, promptly discharged.

## STORIES ABOUT REPORTERS.—A writer in Chambers' Journal says:

Capital stories are told of the different varieties of provincial reporters, especially of those of the old school, which is now, happily, passing away. There is the frightful eager reporter who is always on duty, never forgetting his mission. One worthy of this class was roused from his slumbers one night by a disturbance on his doorstep. He alarmed spouse compelled him to descend and see what the matter was, and on opening the door he discovered a man stretched across the threshold in a fit. "Mary, Mary!" cried he to his better half, "bring my note-book and candle directly; here's a paragraph come to the door!" Such eagerness for work as this shows itself in different forms. An enterprising reporter had heard that Lord Palmerston was to be present at an archery meeting in a small country village in Hampshire, and he accordingly posted down to the place, and like Micawber, waited for something to turn up. Lord Palmerston's task was to distribute prizes to some half-dozen blushing young ladies, and the whole company present didn't number much above a score. His Lordship performed his task with his usual grace and good humor, I dare say giving the young ladies a paternal pat on the head, but making only the most commonplace observations. Our stenographer waited anxiously in his place until, to his horror, he saw the proceedings brought to a close without a speech from the Premier. This was more than he could stand. He rushed from his corner to the noble lord, who was getting out of the room as fast as he could. "My Lord—I beg your pardon, but really this won't do," "What do you mean, sir?" was the reply of the astonished statesman. "Why, you've made no speech; I've come all the way from the London to report it, and I must have a speech of some sort." Whereupon, it is on record—and this story is a true one—that the good tempered old gentleman turned back, and detained the retreating audience for twenty minutes, whilst he gave them a genial dissertation on the good qualities of English women in general and of Hampshire lasses in particular. On another occasion, however, he made up for this complaisance. He was attending an agricultural dinner, and saw a large gathering of reporters, for the times were critical and a speech of his certain to be valuable. But he had made up his mind not to speak—no man knew better when to hold his tongue—and accordingly he slyly sent down to the gentlemen of the press a slip of paper on which, in his bold, round hand, were written the words: "This fish won't bite!"

After the eager reporter comes the flowery one, who has always been particularly great in small provincial towns, and who has at his command a stock of adjectives enough to make Lord Macaulay hide his diminished head. This gentleman is in his glory at a flower show, an execution, a funeral, or, in fact, whenever he has an opportunity of murdering the Queen's English. One specimen of the school, when writing about a flower show—which is always "a horticultural and floral display"—said that it was "illuminated by cartloads of sunshine." Another, a Liverpool worthy, in giving an account of somebody's funeral, observed that "the body of the deceased gentlemen was followed to the grave by a silent and deeply sympathizing audience." I have heard of a paragraph which, with forcible redundancy, was entitled "Funeral of the remains of a late deceased military officer;" and I have seen an account of a penny reading wound up with the remark that "the entertainment was, upon the whole, the most mirth-provoking and soustirring which could be had for the money."

The worst thing about the flowery reporter is, that he has done so much to injure the English language. If he can find a fine word to express the same meaning as a plain one, he never hesitates to cast aside the latter; and if he hears of any barbarous invention of our transatlantic cousins, straightway makes a note of it, and carefully makes use of it at the very first opportunity. His ideas, too, of the meaning of certain words are somewhat hazy. Thus, a fatal accident is constantly spoken of by him as a "fatality," and his adjectives are applied in such haphazard fashion that they might almost have been scattered over his "copy" with a pepper-caster. The quantity of bad French and Latin, too, which he lugs into all he writes, equals that made use of by a fashionable author twenty years ago. He has almost naturalized some foreign words amongst us, and has given many a slang term a permanent place in our language. Upon the whole, he is the most objectionable representative of the reporter's craft to be met with now-a-days.