

The Weekly British Colonist

Wednesday July 19th 1871

Our Sea Fisheries.

The sea fisheries of the Dominion of Canada may be regarded as amongst the greatest, and, at the same time, the least understood and appreciated of all our sources of national wellbeing. Land farming has for long ages largely occupied the best attention of man, and science and literature have not been indifferent to the best modes of treating the soil. Nor is the subject unworthy of the attention it has received. Indeed, it is deserving of far more attention than it has yet met with at the hands of the most highly civilized peoples. But how different it has been with sea-farming. How little thought and parchment have been bestowed upon the best modes of sea-farming. I truly trust that Great Britain has not wholly indifferent to the importance of her sea-fisheries. Going back to the days of Sir John Bourne, we find him thus alluding to the matter in the quaint English of the period:—"The coast of Great Britain yields such a continued sea-harvest of gain and benefit to all that with diligence do labor in the same, that no time or season of the year passeth away without some apparent means of profitable employment, especially to such as apply themselves to fish, which from the beginning of the year until the latter end continue upon some part or other of our coasts, and these in such infinite shoals and multitudes are offered to the taker as may justly move the admiration not only of strangers, but of those that daily are employed taking them." As compared with land farming, the productiveness of sea-bottom is almost incredible. Once in a year an acre of land, carefully tilled, will, under favorable circumstances, produce a ton of corn, or three hundred weight of animal food. The same area at the bottom of the sea in good fishing-ground will yield to the persevering fisherman a greater quantity of good, wholesome food every week in the year, and that without any labor save that of gathering in the nocturnal harvest. The marvelous fecundity of sea-fish is but little understood. While terrestrial animals give birth, as a rule, to only one or two young at a time, the denizens of the deep bring forth their thousands, and in some cases their millions. A female cod has been ascertained to contain no less than 3,400,000 eggs; a flounder, 1,250,000; a sole, 1,000,000; a mackerel 500,000; a salmon, 500,000; and a herring, 36,000. In the light of these figures will be more readily discovered the force of Spenser's exclamation:—"O what an endless work has he on hand Who counts the sea's abundant progeny. Whose fruitful seed presseth this on land; So fertile be the floods in generation, And see them that roam the azure sky. No vast their numbers and no numberless their nation."

And this very fecundity has tended to the fatal error of believing that there is no probability of any permanent diminution being affected by any appliances that can be devised by the ingenuity of man, there is, therefore, no need of carefulness in dealing with sea-fisheries; and it is under this mistaken notion that some people have said, in reference to the existing dispute between Canada and the United States, "Why not throw our fishing grounds open to the Americans, or to any other friendly people, seeing there are enough of fish for all, and to spare?" A reference to the very able report of the Hon Peter Mitchell, Minister of Marine and Fisheries of the Dominion of Canada tends to show that sea-farming demands no less economic and scientific treatment than land-farming, in so far as carefulness in culture is concerned. It appears from that valuable report that the Canadian grounds have increased marvelously in point of productiveness since the exclusion of foreign and indiscriminate fishing and the application of those wholesome protective measures so wisely devised and so admirably executed by a gentleman eminently fitted to preside over one of the most important departments of the Dominion. And here we must be permitted to say that we regard it as amongst the most promising features of the young empire that those entrusted with the administration of its affairs have been so quick to recognize the great value of its sea wealth,—to begin, as it were, where the parent empire has left off, and to commit the incalculable maritime interests of the country to the immediate guardianship of one so well qualified for the important trust. In his report of the present year, the Hon Peter Mitchell, referring to the extent and value of the Canadian fishing grounds, says: "There is no country in the world possessing finer fisheries than British North America. As a national possession they are inestimable; and as a field for industry and enterprise they are inexhaustible. Besides their general importance to the country as a source of maritime wealth and commerce, they also possess a special value to the inhabitants, \* \* \* Whether, therefore, we regard them as being abundant and important for domestic subsistence, or in their much larger import as a valuable resource, capable of ever increasing development and limitless reproduction, employing an amount of capital reckoned by many millions of dollars, and engaging the labors of hundreds of thousands of persons,—encouraging maritime pursuits, fostering a commercial marine, promoting foreign trade, keeping always and productively in active training an independent spirited class of sea-faring men,—the teeming waters around the coasts of the British North American possessions, and those which form their great lakes and magnificent rivers, present to our view a national property richer and more productive than any other in the world."

The Galled Jade Winners.

The Communist has a very convenient habit of meeting argument and fact with bold denial. For instance, he denies having said, "To bell with Confederation." In reply we have nearly to say that he did use that very unparliamentary exclamation at a meeting in the Alhambra Hall, during the election canvass of 1868 when Hon Dr. Helmecken beat him by nearly two to one, and moreover, there are scores of respectable citizens who still recollect the circumstance. He also denies having alluded to Canadians as "North American Chinamen." In reply to that it will only be necessary to refer to an article in his own organ, under date 6th March 1871, in which Canadians are alluded to as North American Chinamen, and in which the Dominion is scurrilously styled, Granddaddy Canada.—an article which any one doubting the fact may peruse at this office. So much for the Communist's and his denial of facts.

CRAFTSMEN SCHOOL PICNIC.

There was a fine gathering of the rustic belles and beaux, with a fair representation of the metropolis. The school children were awarded prizes through the medium of a lottery, and many young beauties were made glad by the prospect of what they drew. After the drawing came dancing, which continued until a late hour in the evening. A boat race came off on the Armist 7 o'clock, and athletic sports were indulged in by the young and agile. Refreshments were furnished by Martin Dodd of the Gorge Retreat. The excellent committee deserves much praise for the admirable manner in which they handled the affair. Among the visitors we observed the city members—Messrs Helmecken and Nathan, and several gentlemen who are connected with the Canadian Railway Survey.

ASSAULT.—Koutlass, a Hydad Indian, and Sam, another of the same tribe, on separate charges for assaulting each other, were before the Police Court yesterday. Sam, who proved to be the greatest offender, was fined \$20, or in default of payment to suffer two months' imprisonment with hard labor. Koutlass got off with a fine of \$10 or two weeks' imprisonment.

Views.—Messrs Green of Fort street have just executed a number of fine photographic views of Nanaimo and surroundings and of the Newcastle Island quarry with the great column for the San Francisco Mint building. Most of the views are well brought out and would make a valuable addition to any collection.

THE CALIFORNIA.—This steamer, Capt Hayes, arrived at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, bringing 17 passengers, 56 tons of freight and a small English mail for Victoria. She will take on board the steamer Wright's mail, passengers and freight and will sail for Sitka to-day. Mr Goodhue, purser had our thanks for late papers.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.—In yesterday's Gazette is announced the creation of a new Fence District on the north bank of the Lower Fraser, to be known as the Maple Ridge Fence District. The District extends from the mouth of Pitt River by the bank of the Fraser as far as Peter Baker's, eastern side line running back as far as Golden Ears Mountain.

FROM NEW WESTMINSTER.—The steamer Emily Harris, Capt Frair, arrived from New Westminster yesterday morning bringing several passengers, among whom was Arch deacon Woods. The Enterprise will leave New Westminster for Burrard Inlet this morning and return to Victoria in the evening.

MR J H VINSON is now lessee and manager of the Metropolitan Theatre at San Francisco. Among his company are Mrs F M Bates, Miss Jennie Manderville, Miss Hinkley, Miss Lipsie and Joe Murphy. A new piece called "Help" will be produced.

THE NEW BOAT ZEALOUS, purchased at Victoria for the Neptune Rowing Club of Portland, has arrived at that city, and will shortly be a race between the Zealous and the Neptune. The latter is a Portland boat.

THE TEXAS PACIFIC RAILWAY is to be 1,515 miles in length. For 250 miles there will be an air line, and in a stretch of 815 miles there will be but six bridges.

QUICK TRIP.—The steamer Olympia made the run from Victoria in a little over three days.

Not a single objection has been made to Victoria City electoral lists other than the objections filed by the collector in submitting the lists.

COMPLETED.—Direct telegraph communication with Barkerville, Cariboo, was re-established yesterday.

The sale of Governor Macgill's effects by Mr Franklin is set for Tuesday next.

The California made the run up from Portland in 36 hours.

JRAL'S CIRCUS is at Portland.

MARAVILLA COCA.—No breakfast table is complete without this delicious beverage.—The Globe says, "Various importers and manufacturers have attempted to attain a reputation for their prepared Cocos, but we doubt whether any thorough success had been achieved until Messrs Taylor Brothers discovered the extraordinary qualities of 'Maravilla' Cocos. Adapting their perfect system of preparation to this finest of all species of the Theobroma, they have produced an article which surpasses every other Cocos in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocos above all others. For homoeopaths and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage." Sold in packets only by all Grocers of whom also may be had Taylor Brothers' Original Homoeopathic Cocos and Soluble Chocolate. Steam Mills—Brick Lane, Lowerdon. Export Chicory Mills, Bruges, Belgium. mch12 la wa

MILLINERY.—By last steamer a first-class milliner arrived from Europe for the London House.

Letter from Paris.

FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, June 10.

June was ever a warm month in the capital, but at present the temperature is more like February, and people make their arrangements accordingly by keeping up fires and laying in supplies of fuel. So intense has been the cold, that numerous swallows have been picked up dead from hunger, the inclemency of the weather having destroyed the insects on which they fed. This time last year the heat was so intense that the fish were found—not exactly drowned—but dead in the river. In every sense the times seem to be out of joint. Were it not for the grim majestic ruin, the Commons would be next to forgotten. In proportion as the inhabitants return to Paris, so does the sadness disappear. The citizens are certainly going to work their affairs with a will, and cover real losses. Interest in the punishment of the Communists is fading away, being considered a matter for the police only.

The proceedings of the Assembly relative to Communists did for a moment threaten to be serious. But the "truce of Bordeaux," as Thiers calls the tacit understanding amongst the deputies to remain quiet till the country settles down, was again invoked by him and his rival. So really what promised to be a momentous labor, has turned out to produce but the mouset. In the hands of any strategist but Thiers, the repeal of the proscriptive laws against the Orleansist princes would have taken alarming proportions. But the chief of the Executive laid himself out patriotically to ruin a success and did so. Never was a political variation more ably played. Thiers executed something like a carnival of Venice—he made all parts of the house bluish with joy, and those who came to scoff remained to applaud. He assured the Legitimists the history of the Bourbons was that of France, the Orleansists were a liberal as Lenders, and the Republicans represented liberty as at Washington. All parties were in ecstasies except Louis Blanc, and the ex-emperor's private Secretary M. Conti. Their friends had not the honor of being named.

The position of the princes is very singular since their legal disabilities have been removed. They are deputies something like on half-pay. If they come to Versailles it is on the condition that they will not put a foot inside the Assembly; if they do, it is understood that they are not to speak, and if they speak, they are pledged to say nothing. They are free to give dinners and soirées, to invite friends, but are not to indulge in suggestive music or seize political allusions, above all must have no corps à la Chambard for dinner. In a word, they are free to re-enter France, in remaining neither Bourbons, Orleansists, nor simple citizens. They are to live in a glass case, and "have all their hosties scanned."

The Republicans promise not to devour them, but several voted against their return because they were princes, and like all princes as Dr. Dolinger does the doctrine of infallibility, looked the princes have received a splendid funeral—the tomb has closed over them—the epitaph by common consent is *Requiescat in pace* and by a tacit understanding the word *n'en parle plus*.

Julius Favre is picking himself up, and, in the serene and yellow leaf, is engaged with an iron industry undoing in the mellowness of age, all that he combated for in youth and manhood. What a pity that popular characters when in their salad days cannot manage to be allowed to share the cares of state. It would beget sobriety. However, Jules Favre, in his circular letter to the French representatives at foreign courts expounds profoundly the cause of the late Communist movement. He gives Prince Napoleon a Roland for his Oliver, and with inkling, in tracing up to the *Coup de etat* the more than forty years of dictatorship, the overgrowth of social life by the violation of all economic and moral laws in attracting to Paris, a nomadic, cosmopolitan population of nearly half a million to execute the material glories of the empire—the beautifying of Paris, but which turned out to be only a hot-bed of corruption, a national workshop that it was impossible to close except in the tragic manner that the world has witnessed.

The shopkeepers are getting obliging again and serve customers with unlimited civility and terrible big bills. The hotels have room and table to spare, and the speculators in gorgeously furnished apartments begin to feel the light of other days has fled. Our friend Cobby has a martial law of his own. He engages just as the spirit moves him, and will not hire until first having taken your measure and put you through your feelings as to the nature of your journey. He is a very good friend and a very good speaker's eye. A friend of mine says to cause him to pursue his ordinary calling. A glance at the various railway termini will show how fast the exiled are returning, and with such mountains of baggage that the customs' agents have hardly time to chalk a number on it to allow it to escape from durance vile, still less to examine it. The "busses" are resuming their old lines after a dreary fashion, but have a very disagreeable coffee-like smell. In fact to do Paris, the best manner is to trust to one's legs,—many curious sights in quiet place will be thus met with and worth the trouble. But in promulgating keep never minding anybody—stare not in return—detective may be magnetising you. As in the case of beggars when they address friend a few days ago related to me that he owed his safety in going over the ruins of Paris when they were fresh to his wearing kid gloves and carrying an umbrella. The still under martial law, it is wonderful the amount of order and tranquillity which exists. The soldiers are certainly subjected to many provocations, not only in uncomplimentary language, but in that wordless manner which only the French know how to express, the bitterest contempt. The soldiers are nearly all youths but better clad and got up than any I have yet met with. They range the streets and outskirts of the capital in pairs, rifles slung on their back and ever loaded. I find them very civil, returning my salute most respectfully. In the midst of a down-pour of rain, on the footpaths they prepare their soup and fritters as if Paris was at the antipodes. Pickets are lodged in every vacant shop, and the openings and exits of several

streets are still guarded. Many chapels are crowded by soldiers at their devotions, and men salute the clergy most markedly. Is Henry V coming back soon, or has Father Hyacinthe's encyclical—his signa 'Hyacinthe,' simply now—told?

The police are a rum lot to look at, and appear to wear a uniform between that of a soldier and a National Guard. The white band of silver round the kept is their distinguishing feature, and their long grey coats suggest anything but a "Blue." They are supplied with swords, revolvers, and when on suburb duty, Chassepots. They are rapidly picking out the leaders of the Communist who are yet at large, but better perhaps the denizens of the goals, who were made soot free to uphold liberty. There are a great number of poor claiming relief, which is freely given, and work is being provided. There is no marked sickness believed to be in the capital. The hospitals are mostly occupied with military and insurgents cases, who recover with difficulty. In several wards even children may be met with suffering from wounds. The re-burial of the dead has nearly ended and the ground is well watered, sown with grass seeds and planted with shrubs. Crowds attended to witness the perfect burials.—a most hideous sight is that of corpses well advanced in decay, so repulsive odor—thanks to chemical agents—hacked is every conceivable form, bodies without heads, legs, arms, and occasionally lumps only of human debris. Still respectable people press in to view the spectacle, and the soldiers had much to do to preserve order. There are several stories current of numerous wounded persons having been buried alive, and householders in the neighborhood certify to having heard horrible cries of agony. But the vicinities of all cemeteries have similar unvarnished tales. In the neighborhood of the fortifications, where the fighting was severe and so rapid on the entry of the troops that there was no time for the regular burial of the fallen, they were gathered and placed in the casemates and there built up with stones and earth. The exhalations were so dreadful that when the openings were made for the circulation of the air in the casemates, tar and pebbles was thrown in, and when the incineration of the bodies is complete, chloride of lime, or carbolic acid is sprinkled and all danger avoided.

The Archbishop's funeral was in fact a military one—only requiring a canon instead of a bearer to be perfect. The cortege started to the sound of cannon—and the ceremony at Notre Dame closed with a salvo of artillery. From the palace to the cathedral, the windows were full of sympathizers and curious and the soldiers had difficulty in keeping the route open. The police netted some insurgents. It was expected that the body of the prelate would remain uncoffined through the streets, but the embalming process was not a success—spices here did not prolong decay. On arrival in the cathedral—which was draped in black with silver reliefs, the remains of Major Darboy were placed on a catafalque, over which figures of the four theologians, virtues inclined. His followers lay around—all the biers being covered with laurel crowns and palm, symbolic of the martyr's reward. Military bands, executed obituary music, Donizetti's *Requies* and *Messa*—a small canon was fired off in the cathedral to heighten the effect of the last morose. Chappin's beautiful funeral march created a sensation—it was that which was played at the Communist burials. Around the cathedral were hung white bands with the names of the executed thereon. On the collars of the deceased, were their sacred robes—those of the deceased prelate, will be added to the relics of his equally unfortunate predecessors who did not hesitate to accept the see of Paris, which is considered a Calvary, the robe the Archbishop wore when shot was divided into morsels and distributed among the faithful. Mourners lined the way to the cathedral; the Chinese ambassadors were among the most distinguished foreigners and started at the final salvo of artillery, as did many others who had won military honors due to his grace as a member of the Legion of Honor.

In passing along the many streets—in some cases hurried down—2000 privateers are said to be consumed. Who ruin has done its best and worst one of the strangest spectacles in the history of the world is the other half in vigorous spring gear. The insurance companies intend to plead no responsibility and 700 millions of francs would be required to make good their liabilities. Paris will do something to repair Paris. Rue de Lille where the old French aristocracy had their town houses is a skeleton. People are advancing not to rebuild the Hotel de Ville or the Tuileries—it will best demonstrate the crimes of 1871. But in the young France of the future there will be representative enough based on both sides without any stimulus. Robinschild possesses much new house property in the city and it is a curious fact not one of his mansions has been injured the people say it is a reward for having given the poor of Paris a million of francs during the siege. Some streets are recovering their old names—that of Rue d'Oratoire so well known to visitors—was twice named during six months that of Jules Favre and Garibaldi.

We are "bliss" with arrests and hope that the Parisians will after all like a Bob Acres. The executions in Paris are very few, the arrests rather many. Relations are addressed to M Thiers to make a liberal and merciful separation of the sheep from the goats.

The Question of Routes.

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In yesterday's edition of this journal was published a well written and very sensible paper upon the subject of the most practicable route by which the railway may reach Esquimalt,—the great Pacific harbor of the Dominion. While regretting that we must join issue with our valued contributor upon what may be considered as collateral points, it is satisfactory to find that we are in perfect accord upon the cardinal point, viz, the necessity for reaching Esquimalt. So long as there is an agreement on that fundamental point, there is not likely to be any fatal disagreement amongst honest men in respect of mere collateral issues. If there be only an earnest and intelligent conviction that Esquimalt must be reached, the question as to how it can best be reached may well be discussed in a spirit of friendliness and candor. And we conceive ourselves warranted in concluding that this conviction must have gained a lodgement in every candid mind. This conviction rests upon three distinct propositions. Firstly, as has been well put by our correspondent, should the railway stop on the Mainland,—we will say Burrard Inlet—it would involve some eighty miles of intricate navigation, exposed to sunken rocks, strong, erratic and treacherous currents and, in many places, bad holding-ground. To minds unfamiliar with such subjects the full force of this objection may not be very apparent,—its influence upon the commercial and maritime interests of the country may not be very clearly realized. But there need be little hesitation in affirming that the success of the railway scheme as the highway of commerce and of peoples, most, in a very large degree, depend upon an avoidance of that eighty miles of intricate and dangerous navigation—navigation wholly unsuited to ocean-going ships. Secondly, for the railway to stop at Burrard Inlet would be to place the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway at a serious disadvantage, as compared with that of the American line coming to Puget Sound. Our railway must be regarded as one of several lines, each of which will, to a great extent, be competing for the same thing. While the Canadian line will possess very decided advantages over the Northern Pacific line, as the Northern Pacific line will possess great advantages over the Union Pacific line, in point of distance, gradients, and the character of the country traversed in crossing the continent, still we cannot afford to give to the Northern Pacific the enormous advantage it would unquestionably possess in point of terminus, were ours to stop short at Burrard Inlet. In such an event, the difference might prove fatal to the full success of the enterprise; for all the most exalted by local interests cannot conceal the magnitude of the difference. On the other hand, with our line terminating at Esquimalt the Canadian Pacific Railway would possess a most important advantage over its more immediate and most-to-be-feared rival in point of terminus; for, while ours would tap commerce in its track through the inevitable Straits of Fuca, the terminus of the other must be sought from sixty to one hundred and fifty miles farther from that track of commerce, that ocean highway. Lastly, and, very much leastly, there is the strategic or military feature to be considered. We are not disposed to believe in the probability of a war between the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples who appear destined to divide the continent of America; but, still, in dealing with a national work of such magnitude as the Canadian Pacific Railway, it might be unwise to close one's eyes to the possibility of such a contingency. At any rate, the less prospect of success our neighbors possess, the less will they be disposed to provoke a rupture. Without relinquishing one iota of confidence in the justness of our claim to San Juan Island, and in the probability of justice being done in the matter by the Emperor of Germany, true wisdom would suggest the propriety of looking at the question of railway routes and terminus in the light of the possibility of San Juan falling into the hands of our neighbors. Looking at it in that light, we find a third and very cogent reason why the railway should not stop short at Burrard Inlet, thereby rendering it necessary that the entire commerce destined for the 'True North West Passage' should, as our correspondent expressed it, "pass under the possible frown of batteries on Kelleu's Bluff." These three, although the chief, do not constitute the sole reasons in favor of carrying the railway to Esquimalt; yet it will be admitted by every candid person that their aggregate weight should suffice to silence mere local murmuring. If the success of this great national undertaking so largely depends upon Esquimalt

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being riotous, sought section, locality, obvious, should, at eve, impos, most, secure, desire, in par, are in, John, happy, that, taine, for, pass, popul, would, real, alway, patib, objec, altho, theo, is the, solve, fic m, being, in di, ferry, petu, bridg, the co, nitae, over, quest, bands, the w, bands, We ar, as we, with, Equi, hys, temp, need, the su, anee, y, Gover, make, offer, that, erome, surve, energ, years, about, it is, as ha, day, est re, Flemi, in so, the ir, favor, be ca, Vanc, A, the e, the g, surve, ginal, wade, in th, imm, mind, struc, woul, const, of th, owa, his pe, space, wheel, times, in his, prove, Ter, paid, by a, claim, Altho, Arrie, ridie, Engli, to Ca, We th, up in, for th, pre, elec, tions, day's, rify t, Com, vaing, who d, artic, any, chaf, rand, Not a, either, all th, "rad, enrie, " vic, to his, want, bent, was