

GENERAL ITEMS

BRITISH COLUMBIA.
VICTORIA, B. C., Feb. 11.—On Monday afternoon, citizens numbering nearly one thousand, marched to the Parliament Buildings, in an orderly manner. A large police force was on hand, but there was no disturbance. Dr. Helmcken presented a petition passed at the meeting on Saturday the germ of which was as follows:—That this meeting deems it inadvisable to enter into any negotiations for capitalizing the debt of the Dominion Government until the scheme of the Mackenzie ministry for the revision of the terms of union shall be made known; and further, that it is distinctly opposed to the Provincial Government transferring in any manner the terms of the Mackenzie Government, until they should have been submitted to the people for adoption.

An application by the Ministry for a gun boat to be stationed at the Government Buildings was refused by the Commander of the fleet.
A resolution was also sent to the city members who support the Government calling upon them to resign.

The same afternoon Mr. De Cosmos resigned, and he has since left the city, it is said, to stand for an outside district for the Commons.

Today Mr. Walkem Attorney General in the De Cosmos Ministry, was called by the Governor to form a Government. It is under the name of the De Cosmos Ministry, and makes no change in the personnel of the Cabinet.
Considerable excitement still prevails.
Morton, one of the leaders in the attack on the Parliament Buildings, is out for the Commons and Higgins, another leader, having been retained with a rest, promises a card accepting the entire responsibility of the demonstration.

The House meets on Friday, when the petition will be considered.
The press opposition to the General Government says nothing but a dissolution will satisfy the country, and charges that the attempt to change the terms of the union was done to violate the Railway Cause.

EXTRAORDINARY ENCOUNTER WITH A WITCHE.

A correspondent in Skye sends us the following story:—In a district in one of the parishes of Skye, which for obvious reasons must be nameless, lives a young man of about 30 years of age. This young man is one of the most powerful and stalwart men in Skye. On a recent Sunday night as he was returning home, in a lonely part of the road he met a large black dog, which ran in between his legs and threw him down. While in the attempt to rise, the young man to his horror saw the dog gradually change into a monstrous pig, which knocked him down as often as he attempted to get up. At the same time the pig gave utterance to the most horrid and hideous sounds imaginable. It must be here remarked, however, that while the pig was in the dog form he was quite silent. At length, however, the young man by determined efforts regained his footing, but no sooner did he do so than he was confronted by a large he-goat, into which the pig was gradually transformed just as the dog had been transformed into a pig. Soon the young man and the goat were in grips; but, strong and stalwart as the young Skye man is, the goat brought him to his knees several times. But still this only roused his courage and energy to the highest pitch; so, by a desperate effort, he managed to catch his antagonist by the horns, which, he affirms, were more like that of a stag than a goat. Then a terrific struggle ensued, in which the stout Highlander was coming off second best; and, in all likelihood, the goat would have done for him, if he had not fortunately thought of trying what effect 'blessing' would have on his goatship. He had blessed himself often enough before, but still to no purpose; and let him bless himself ever so often, and strike the monstrous animal which wrestled with him ever so powerfully with his hands and feet, still he felt his hands and feet rebound off his goatship's hide as off a drum, or off a skin filled with wind; while the goat once or twice nearly broke his back in the wrestle, and nearly smashed his ribs with his feet, and at the same time he was nearly deafened with the dreadful roaring of the unearthly beast; but as soon as he blessed the goat, to the young man's utter amazement and horror, the dreadful animal suddenly changed himself into an old woman of the young man's acquaintance in the neighborhood. His new acquaintance then told him that she met him in such array, and punished him so frightfully, because of the insinuations he had been casting and the reflections he had been making about a certain woman, at a certain occasion, on a certain night. It is said that she came over several other matters to him as well; and at last she wound up with a terrible threat that if he ever disclosed who she was that met him that night to anybody, she would certainly drown him the first time he went to sea, as sure as she met him there that night. She then left him and the young man, fearfully frightened, and not a little hurt found his way home. On arriving at home his people were alarmed at his appearance, so, after relating the above adventure to them, he took his bed for a few days, and though he is now going about, he still complains of a sore back and of pains in his side occasioned by the rough usage he received from the goat, while his wife begone countenance betokens that he has not got over the fright yet. The adventure has created a great sensation in the district. Poor fellow, he goes daily to see the scene of the combat; and it is said that the road still bears the unmistakable marks of mortal strife. The young man, it need hardly be said, is much commiserated by his acquaintances.

and he is constantly interviewed by them; and some are so curious as to ask him to tell them the name of the uncanny woman, but no cajoling has been successful in eliciting that secret from him.

FIJI ISLANDS.

The Melbourne Argus has been given narratives of Fiji matters by its special correspondent. It appears from these that the islanders captured by the notorious Carl, on the occasion of her second kidnapping expedition, have been all returned to their several islands in the Pacific. Of course Dr. Murray must still be reckoned the murderer of the 70 or 80 dead and wounded he threw overboard. It seems remarkable that the natives crowded on board the war schooner that took these natives back to their homes, and showed no signs of fear, though in the Marshall group the islanders kept out of sight, fearing that the vessel had come to their shores to commit further acts of kidnapping.

THE POLYNESIANS.

Information has been received that the crew of the barque Pluto, with one exception, have been murdered by Polynesians. The Pluto had sailed from New South Wales, in April last, with a cargo of coals from Hong Kong and got wrecked on a reef outlying from New Caledonia. The crew, seven in number, then took to the cutter and sailed for the Solomon group of islands. Having anchored the cutter, a boat with four of the crew went ashore, and were at once murdered by the natives. The three on board the cutter, seeing the massacre of their comrades, lifted anchor and endeavoured to get to sea, but by some mishap got on a reef, and there stuck. The natives, taking to their canoes, quickly surrounded the vessel, and, crowding on board, at once killed two out of the three remaining men. The third sailor, named John Collins, was struck with spears, with the intent of being killed, but, as he did not die after the first attack, the savages, through some superstitious notion, spared his life and took him ashore, and he was ultimately recovered from the natives by Lieut. Suckling, of H. M. S. Renaud. Thus Collins has lived to describe the state of his six comrades, and also to tell that the Polynesians committed these deeds in revenge for certain cruelties perpetrated upon the islanders two years ago by a kidnapping vessel that visited them, and had carried away a number of the inhabitants, and among them the son of a chief, who determined to be revenged upon the first white man who should visit his coasts. Who can tell how many such shipwrecked mariners have paid the penalty of deeds committed by inhuman men-stealers?

PRESIDENT GRANT'S GENEALOGY.

American papers state that President Grant's ancestry is traced back to Matthew Grant, who came from England, in the ship Mary and John to Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1630. Matthew Grant removed to Connecticut, and with others formed the Windsor colony in 1631. The succession is traced through Samuel, his son, Samuel, Jr., Noah first, second, and third to Jesse Root Grant, of Pennsylvania who removed to Ohio in his youth, where he married in 1821, Hannah Simpson. His eldest son, Ulysses S. Grant, was born April 27, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Claremont county. General Grant's grandfather, Captain Noah the second, served in the expedition against Crown Point in 1775, and was killed there. The President's grandfather, Noah the third, served with distinction in the Revolution, and in 1787 removed to Pennsylvania.

A TELLING EXPLOIT.

A French journal notices as a recent occurrence, which we can hardly credit, a horrible parody of William Tell's great feat performed by a weaver at St. Etienne who enjoyed the reputation in the neighbourhood as an excellent marksman. In order to give proof of his skill, he took his gun and went into the garden with his son, a lad twelve years of age. Here he desired his son to place a potato on his head, and to stand about fifteen paces off. The son obeyed, the father fired, and the potato was cleft in two. The neighbours present at this shocking performance shook their heads dubiously. He therefore repeated the experiment, and though the boy was obliged this time to hold a lantern owing to the increasing darkness the father fortunately hit the mark. The spectators went home delighted, but the police being informed of the matter took a different view of it, and the modern Tell is in custody.

FOG SIGNALS AND LIGHTS ON THE IRISH COAST.

The Commissioners of Irish Lights have notified that after the 1st of March a fog signal gun which has been placed on Hook Tower, east entrance of the Waterford river, will be fired during foggy weather at intervals of every ten minutes. Some changes will also be made in the lights on the Islands of Inishrahull and Aranmore on the north of Ireland. The time of revolution of the former light will be changed from one minute, as at present, to 30 seconds; and that on Aranmore island from 20 seconds to one minute. These alterations will come into operation from the 10th April next.

THE VENDOME COLUMN.

Progress is being made in the reconstruction of the Vendome Column. The spiral bronze has reached the seventh turn, out of the twenty-two which will complete the height. The last plate fixed represents the attack and capture of Gumburg.

Posterity will remember Chicago and 1873 with equal kindness. About 14,000 of her sons and daughters entered the matrimonial state during that year.

HOBBORNE TRIAL.

EXAMINATION OF LUIE.

At Bow Street recently, Jean Lue, alias Lundgren, was again brought before Sir Thomas Henry to answer the charges of perjury and Bigamy. Mr. Pollard, instructed by the Treasury Solicitor, prosecuted, and Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough Street defended.

Inspector Clarke, recalled, and cross-examined by Mr. Lewis, said—I have been connected with the trial of the Claimant from the commencement of the present trial. I have made no statement to the effect that Mr. Onslow and Mr. Whalley had coached him up.

Mr. Lewis—I ask you in the most general manner possible if you had not made imputations that Onslow, Whalley, and Baigent had coached up the prisoner?—No. I have made no such imputations. Have you ever said that Lord Rivers was one of those who coached him up in the evidence he was to give?—No.

Harriet Arrend—I was a widow—(laughter)—but I am now married I suppose. (Great laughter.) In 1867 I kept the Star Coffee House in Edgware Road. I knew the prisoner in that year as Capt. John Smith. He stayed at my house.

Mr. Pollard—What did he say about himself?—He came in and asked for a bed. My servant answered him, and said we had a very good one, and only one at the bottom of the house. He said it didn't matter much as he was going to Bristol, and wanted to catch the six o'clock train. The next morning I came down at eight o'clock and found he was not up. I sent the servant down again to call him, and then he didn't get up. He was not called any more, and he got up about eleven o'clock.

Did he go to Bristol?—I suppose not, for he came back the same night and slept there. He said he was Captain John Smith, one of the partners of Green & Smith, shipowners, of East India Road. He stayed in the house. He courted me, and I was married to him on the 14th of April, 1867. I was married at Piccadilly, and the prisoner was described as John Smith, bachelor, master mariner. I think it was in February that he first came to the coffee-house. The witness added that the prisoner professed to execute a transfer of some property of his to her, but she declined to let him have hers. She continued: I threw the lease of the house in East India Road to him, and told him I thought he was a blackleg, and wished him to walk off. He tore up that lease of the house, he said he had taken for a public house, which was in the name of Green & Son, shipowners. After some more words he went out. I told my servant to pick up the pieces and bring them to me. The next day he asked me what I was afraid of, and said he would take me to a solicitor's. We went to Mr. Lewis's, in Ely Place, Holborn. Some statements were made there, and the solicitor tried to reconcile us. He said, she won't even show it (her marriage settlement), and I refused because I was afraid he would get it up to him. The next day he came again, and followed me about the streets for two hours and struck me. I said I would go into a police station close by, and I did. The next day I went to a solicitor (Mr. Dolman) and when I came back he said, you fool, where have you been? You make all this expense, then he threatened to go upstairs and break all the furniture and a new piano I had had in. I dared him to do it, and we had words. I went to St. Mary's Hospital to see my little boy, who had met with an accident. On the 6th of June my little boy died, and the prisoner entered with a black band on the top of his hat. I went away and insured my life for my children, and he sold the lease, furniture and fixtures, and I never saw him until I identified him at Millbank the other day. He spent about £78 of my money.

A number of other witnesses were called, whose evidence was relative to the charge of bigamy.

Mr. Pollard It is necessary to have a remand; not so much for evidence, but there is a matter which I may have to place before you.
The case was then adjourned.

OBITUARY.—We regret to consider it our painful duty to record the death of John Fitzgerald, Esq., The deceased who had been seriously indisposed for some time, expired on Monday morning last, deeply and deservedly regretted by the whole community. His remains were followed to the grave this morning by the Benevolent Irish Society—of which he was a member for upward of fifty years—and a vast concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAR.)

Sir,—
And so the "fertile" brain of the "Standard's" correspondent, "An Observer," contains sufficient morology to enable him to make a second appearance in the columns of that illustrious sheet. I have always considered the writer to be a sickly specimen of mental imbecility; yet, I ventured to hope that his friends would keep him under such restraint as to prevent him from publicly exposing his "malady." In this, however, I have been disappointed. The poor creature's affliction has taken such a virulent turn as to entirely destroy his elastic pericranium and expose his pigmean brain to the powerful action of a "full and unmerciful moon."

"An Observer's" knowledge of WIND-MILLS, has not, I fear, been derived from experience; else, how is it, that the MILL erected by him to GRIND westerly WINDS has so far failed as to be incapable of turning out more than three or four half ground puffs in twenty-three days.

In his last effort the writer observes, "I am neither 'moonstruck' nor under the influence of the dog-star." I agree with him in the latter part of this remark. Sirius (the dog-star) is a star of the first magnitude; therefore, he cannot be under the control of Sirius. He must be influenced by some malignant and ill boding star, or he could never make such a sorry mistake in his first astrological prognostication. He further says, "I am in possession of all my faculties; and have also a clear conscience." What a silly assertion! Why all the eloquence of a Cicero would fail to persuade the public that "An Observer" is sane, after the unmistakable proofs of mental aberration we have just witnessed; and as to his having a "clear conscience," I have my doubts as to whether the star-blind lipriop ever possessed a sufficient quantity of brains to enable him to discern between conscience and baked beans.

In concluding his last effusion "An Observer" remarks, "I could say more on the subject," &c. "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" what does he mean? "On commence par etre dape, ou finit par etre fripon."
Yours, &c.

PROTEUS.

St. Patrick's Day, 1874.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAR.]

DEAR STAR.—
While reading the letter of "Pro Bono Publico," in Saturday's Standard, I must confess I felt not a little surprised at the puerile and silly remarks of the writer. A greater conglomeration of twaddle perhaps never appeared in a public journal. Commencing by remarking that "the last of the sailing sealing vessels left this port on the night of Thurs day, the 5th inst., at twelve o'clock;" (an observation several times before made in the columns of the local papers) he fiddles on in a phrasical strain, and, by endeavouring to show up imaginary existing evils, exposes his own faults, and forcibly demonstrates the pith of the proverb—"It takes a good time to make a smart detective!"

A dissembler—and such a style of person I take "Pro Bono Publico" to be—is one of the greatest pests Society can possibly be afflicted with. Dressed in the double-haberdashery of the moralist and philanthropist, he imposes upon the unwary, and by the practice of dissimulation, gives a tone to his assumption, which fails not to pave his way into society for which he is no more fitted than a Borneo monkey to be Lieut Governor of Canada. "Money is a good thing," observes the Standard's moralist. Doubtless "a good thing" in his estimation, and for the accumulation of which he is perennially slipping at the shrine of Mammon. Indeed, I think I may be safe in affirming that no miser ever hugged the result of his misery with greater tenacity than "Pro Bono Publico" hugs to his heart the (to him) felicitous hope of one day obtaining the store of filthy lucre for which his meagre soul is ever longing; and yet he presumes to thrust himself forward as a moral reformer and dares dictate to a discerning public. Out upon such want of consistency! Better, by far, for all such quack vendors of morality to confine themselves to the circumscribed limits of the office or counting-room, and eke out their miserable existence in silence, than to nauseate the public with their hypocritical whinnings. The following story goes to prove the wisdom of such tipsed curtailing their loquacity and presumption:—

"Jupiter and Apollo came down from Olympus upon a visit to Midas. Mercury had been dispatched to apprise him of the guests he was to entertain, and signify to him that it was the pleasure of the gods to be received with no extraordinary honours, but to be considered only as

travellers who came to pay a visit to his court, and take a view of his capital. On the day appointed, Jupiter, in the person of an elderly Athenian gentleman, and Apollo as his son, presented themselves in the great saloon of the palace. Midas, surrounded by his courtiers, and glittering in his richest robes, received the gods habited in this simple attire and unattended. The injunctions of Mercury were neglected, for the feast was the most sumptuous that art and luxury could devise; and the gods were disgusted with the vanity of their host, and the profusion of the entertainment. When Midas had thus contrived to display the wealth and splendour of his court to his celestial guests, his next study was to impress them with an opinion of his talents and accomplishments: he discoursed to Jupiter, without ceasing, upon his maxims and rules of government; he treated him with numerous anecdotes an event, calculated to set off his own wisdom, consequence, and good policy, and of every tale he made himself the hero. The courtiers kept silence through fear, the deities through contempt; no voice was heard but the voice of Midas. He had not the sense to discern the impropriety of his being an incessant talker, when he ought only to have been a respectful hearer; and so consummate was his vanity that having possessed Jupiter with impressions, as he foolishly imagined, of his wisdom and science, he flattered himself that nothing was wanting but to recommend himself to Apollo by a specimen of his accomplishments in music and poetry. A band of minstrels were summoned, who performed a kind of prelude on their harps, by way of flourish, before the master artist began, when Midas, starting from his seat, as if with sudden inspiration, seized his lyre, and struck up a strain, which he accompanied with his voice, whilst his self-conceit inspired him to believe he could rival Apollo himself in harmony, and provoke him to envy.

"As soon as Midas laid down his lyre, the gods rose up to depart; when instead of those applauses which he looked for, and expected as a tribute due to his art even from the immortals themselves, Jupiter, turning towards him with a frown, which brought into his countenance the inherent majesty of the thunderers, thus accosted him—"Had you entertained us, O Midas, in the manner I prescribed, and met the condescension of the gods with the modesty that becomes a mortal, we had left a blessing with our host, instead of a reproof; but when you affected to dazzle me, who am myself the dispenser of all mortal attainments, with the vain display of your wealth and wisdom; and when you rashly assailed the ears of Apollo himself, who presides over music and poetry, with the barbarous jingle of your lyre, and the hoarse, untunable dissonance of your voice; you foolishly forgot both yourself and us; and by talking and singing without intermission, when you should rather have listened to us with attention, you reverse the application of those faculties I have bestowed upon you, not considering that when I gave to man two organs of hearing, and only one of speech, I marked out the use he was to make of those dispensations: to remind you therefore of my design, and your duty, I shall curtail your tongue, and lengthen your ears."—Jupiter ceased speaking; and while the deities ascended to Olympus, the ears of the monarch sprouted up into the ears of an ass!"

Advice to young press men would seem to come with a very bad grace from the Harbor Grace Standard. Let "Pro Bono Publico" cast the beam out of his own eye" before he attempts to discern a mote in the eye of his brother; but, I suppose "Don't do as I do, but do as I tell you" is his motto as well as the motto of a few others of his class. To show the direction in which the advice alluded to ought to be directed, I need only advert to the letters of "A Resident" and "Common Sense," which appeared in the columns of the above named paper a few weeks since—two of the most mendacious and infamous productions ever foisted on the public.

I fear, Mr. Editor, I have trespassed too much on your valuable space. I will therefore conclude with the following friendly hint to the Standard's correspondent "Pro Bono Publico":—

"Pace vestra licet distisse, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidistis: levibus enim atque inanis sonis lubrabra quædam ex elando effecistis ut corpus exararetur et caderet." Grandis, et, ut ita dicam, publica oratio non est maculosa nec tugida, sed naturalis pulchritudine exargit."
Yours, &c. HOMO.

Harbor Grace,
March 16, 1874.

The recent visit of P. T. Barnum to Europe excited some curiosity, and I have just heard of one of the results of his search for wonders wherewith to entertain and surprise our American cousins. He entered into a contract with the Messrs Sanger, who are now the lessees of Astley's Theatre, for the production in New York of their celebrated spectacle The Congress of the Monarchs, which created no little sensation when brought out by them a few years ago at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The contract, which is confined to the supply of duplicates of the magnificent dresses rich with bullion decorations and other appointments, has been made for the wonderful sum of £33,000, of which £13,000 has already been paid. The remaining £20,000 is to be paid when the contract is finished. The completion is fixed for the 22nd of next month, and the spectacle will doubtless be placed before the eyes of the New York public during the ensuing spring!