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We gave, a week ago, the characteristics of this new route to Kootenay and Big Bend, that is, the line the road most eventually take, and the probable cost of making it, and to-day we shall direct attention to the many advantages which would result to the Colony if the project were immediately taken hold of, in order to secure its completion. The only objection hitherto raised by the Government authorities against a road over the Selkirk range, is the attitude that objection is soon disposed of. Mr. Ward, after four years experience, finds that although these mountains are 3,000 feet high, they have never much snow upon them. Indeed, at the short distance of 350 miles from the Saskatchewan territory he wintered his pack animals last season in only one foot of snow, about the usual fall in that region, which in the spring came on in excellent working condition. So that on these grounds there need be no objections raised. As to the expense, Mr. Ward must be right or wrong; but it is evident he has calculated the cost very closely, as he is prepared to contract at \$400 a mile for the worst portion of the road. The advantages of this route lie in the fact that it opens a country which, although ours, has always been supplied, principally by foreigners; that it would form as an adjunct of the main overland route a better line than that suggested by Dr. Oheadle up the North Fork of the Thompson River; or, if not associated herewith with that enterprise, it would immediately give great life and impetus to the Okanagan Shuswap, Kamloops and Cache Creek farmers, and throw an immense trade into the hands of the Yale people, which would have in the end to be supplied principally from this city instead of Walla Walla and other American settlements on the Columbia. There can be no doubt of the advantage and necessity of the scheme if it can by any possible effort be undertaken. It is well known the farmers in the district mentioned, except perhaps Cache Creek, are in a deplorable condition, because they have no market for the immense crops their lands are capable of producing, and certainly the merchants of Yale and Victoria could very well, just now, stand the increase of business which Kootenay and Big Bend country would undoubtedly supply. But beyond all these considerations there are others of a national character, which ought to have their weight. It does not seem very creditable to us that our territory should be supplied by others rather than ourselves, if it will pay men in Walla Walla and elsewhere to supply goods, and keep steamboats of the Columbia to carry them, and will pay us, for if this road, as proposed by Mr. Ward, were built we could supply them cheaper and freight them quicker to the mines than Americans do by the Columbia. The road from Yale to Savona's Ferry is always in good order; the Hudson Bay Co. have an excellent steamboat on the waters between that place and the

end of navigation on the South Shuswap, where the road proposed by Mr. Ward commences, so that communication through our own territory would be quicker, safer and better than through the America. Then again, no doubt, a good proportion of the miners would go and return by our route, which would circulate a large sum of money through the interior and in this city. It might also be the means of inducing many men to settle on the upland lands through which they would be passing continually, and in this way add immensely to our future prosperity. Altogether Mr. Ward's proposition is well worth the consideration of the Government, if by any possibility it can be carried out; and not the least recommendation is that it receives a thorough endorsement of the Press and people of the interior.

The New Pass.

Friday, July 10.
Celebration of Dominion Day at Yale.
The first anniversary of the Dominion of Canada was celebrated in Yale with great enthusiasm. On Wednesday morning all the batteries in town gave salutes, also at noon and sunset. At nine o'clock, about fifty persons were seated to a grand dinner at the Colonial Hotel. Among those present were: Hon. P. O'Reilly, W.H. Saxon, J.G. McKay, Dr. Chisholm, and four able representatives, the Hon. F.J. Barnard. Dr. Barnard presided as chairman. The following was the list of toasts duly honored: 'After each toast an appropriate song was given. Mr. James Robson presided at the harmonium, with much ability. The Queen and Royal Family, National Anthem, by the Dominion Glebe Choir. The Day we Celebrate. Responded to by Hon. F.J. Barnard, whose speech elicited much laughter and applause. The Glebe Choir sang the following composition taken from the Cariboo Sentinel.

ANTHEM FOR THE DOMINION OF CANADA.
God bless our native land,
Our own Dominion land,
God bless our land,
May she be free,
Emblem of purity,
God bless our land,
May she be free,
Mother-land, dear to you,
In weal or woe;
Till a vast nation grows,
Able to hold her own,
Supporting the ancient throne,
Gainst every foe.
May all her laws be just,
And all her power the best;
Of great and small, possible or true,
Then shall the nations see,
A kingdom of liberty,
And the Great God shall be
Her fort and wall,
The Governor of British Columbia,
Song, 'Our Hero Jolly Good Fellow';
The Land We Live In, Expanded, by Robt. Smith, Esq., ex-M. L. C., whose allusions to the session of the late Legislative Council evoked laughter and long-continued applause.
Our American Cousins; Our Popular Magistrate; The Army and Navy; Our Able Representatives. Mr. Barnard replied, deprecating the compliment and regretting the fatality of his efforts in promoting the object. His election had in view. Song, 'For He's the Jolly Good Fellow; The Ladies; The Press; Our Hosts and Hostesses.' Then followed a number of songs and volens bene tenets. The festivity was continued until long after midnight.

The Concert.

Owing to the late hour at which this entertainment closed on Wednesday night, we were unable to make any remarks upon the performance. So far as the selection of music, and its execution is concerned, there is little to find fault with. The opening overture by the Zealous' band was well performed, and received with the marked approbation to which it was entitled. The Gipsy chorus by the Choral Society, numbering sixteen voices, was given without accompaniment, and though sung well, was not quite correct in time, or so creditable as the choruses which followed. Mr. White, in his solo, 'The Ironadour,' displayed an agreeable tenor voice, but like many young performers in public, wanted animation. The quartette 'Stars of Summer Night,' by gentlemen of St. John's Choir principally, although a little green might have been better sung; it was evidently the result of carelessness. The duet 'Se O'Car's,' by Miss Needham and Miss Pitts may, perhaps, claim the palm of the evening. The musical abilities of these young ladies was again shown in Miss Needham's solo from 'Der Freischutz' with Miss Pitts at the piano. On both occasions they received applause and encouragements. Mrs. Kent, in the ballad, 'See you Rose so sweetly blooming,' sang most charmingly and in the encore of 'Home Sweet Home,' sustained her reputation and well-earned popularity. Mr. Roberts, Zealous' Band, in his encore solo was applauded. The duet 'The Flight of the Swallow,' Mrs. Rhodes and Miss Pitts, a charming little piece, was finely rendered, and earned a well-merited encore. The Piano solo 'Lucia de Lammermoor,' by Miss Pitts, was a great success and justly encored. The chorus 'The Nightingale,' by the Society, without accompaniment, was admirably given, and shows the proficiency they have attained. The second overture by the Zealous' Band gave great satisfaction and was handsomely acknowledged by the audience. The chorus 'Hail Holy Power,' from 'Der Freischutz,' was given as good as some of the others. The piano solo, 'Sperzo,' by Mrs. Blinn, was a performance of great merit, and fully appreciated. We believe this was the first appearance of this lady, who did full justice to her abilities, and became at once a popular favorite. We have already spoken of Miss Needham's solo from 'Der Freischutz,' but in the encore 'Molly Ashore,' she showed a good conception of pathetic ballads, and was again the recipient of applause and some beautiful bouquets. The quartette 'A Te O'Car's,' Mr. Rhodes, Miss Needham and Messrs. Gillard & Wilson, received ample justice; but much of the fine execution of the ladies, and the unity of the piece was marred by the want of animation in the gentlemen. The quartette 'Good Night, Beloved,' by gentlemen, was much better rendered than 'Stars of Summer Night,' and showed that they are capable of doing. The solo 'We met by Chance,' by Mrs. Garesche, appeared almost the triumph of the evening, being honored with no less than three encores. Mrs. Garesche has a fine, pure, powerful voice, and her singing fully deserved the rapturous applause it drew forth. The last chorus, 'The Lark,' by the Society, one of Mendelssohn's charming little things, was certainly their best performance and most appreciated by the audience, who generously, even though late, gave it an encore. The National Anthem closed the performance, but it was made too long. In every respect the occasion was a success, and St. John's Choral Society, formed principally by members of the Choir of St. John's Church, although of recent origin, may now be considered one of our institutions. It is to be hoped it will be carefully fostered; for as an agent of charitable objects and laudable purposes, and as a school for the cultivation of a good standard of music in our midst, it may be the means of accomplishing much good. Whenever the Society appears, again we hope to have the pleasure of recording a similar success. The only professional taking part in the proceedings was Mr. Digby Palmer, who presided at the piano, when not occupied by amateur. Mr. J. J. Austin, the leader of St. John's Choir, was the very efficient conductor of the evening's entertainment.

Stained.

One of the bandmen on board the Zealous was stabbed at Requiama on Tuesday evening after the sports on that day. It appears there is a sort of jealousy existing between the men, some of whom are Germans. The man who was hurt, had a knife pushed in the back of the neck with a knife as an Englishman, but it is thought will get over the wound. The other, a German, is under arrest, and will probably be Court-martialed. It is a puzzle to many people why such a quantity of stones are allowed to remain on our public streets to the annoyance and injury of men and animals having to traverse the roads. Could they not be gathered together and utilized in some way? If not the streets would be better and look better if they were removed. The new burying ground set apart for the interment of naval seamen at Requiama, will be consecrated by the Bishop of Columbia on Tuesday or Wednesday next. The steamer Anderson did not leave for the Sound until noon yesterday in consequence of the strong wind she would have to encounter crossing the Straits. For the North. The Sparrowhawk sailed yesterday morning for the north, and will inquire into the recent Indian troubles. Abyssinia. THE FORTRESS OF MAGDALAR CAPTURE AND SUICIDE OF THEODORUS. APPEARANCE OF THE KING'S ARMY. English special newspaper correspondence from Abyssinia, details the capture, storming and destruction of Magdalla by Napier's army. The main points of each event have been already published but the following incidents, narrated by the British writers, are not without interest notwithstanding. Before Magdalla, (April 12.) Correspondence of London Times. THE CAPTURE AND ITS EFFECTS. Magdalla has been taken, and Theodoros killed by his own hand, lies under the guard of a British sentinel in the last and strongest of his wondrous series of his strongholds. It would be a sad fate to see a man who himself knew no pity, who was unscrupulous and cruel as he was cruel, and who had, indeed every reason to style himself the scourge of God sent to punish the people. Yesterday nothing was left to the imagination; the tragedy was forced in all its naked horror upon our revolted senses. A strange smell, for which there was no apparent cause, made some of our party look over the edge of a steep cliff almost within a few yards of the spot from which the guns were beginning to play upon Magdalla, and there on a ledge about fifty feet below them, lay two large heaps of mangled human bodies, closely piled upon each other in ghastly confusion, their limbs protruding from the mass in all sorts of repulsive attitudes and contortions, and presenting altogether a scene of horror such as no pen could adequately describe, could any pen be found to undertake the task. THE FORTRESS REDUCED. [Magdalla, (April 17.) Correspondence of London Times.] Magdalla was buried this afternoon, and dense columns of flame and smoke from its lofty summits are still proclaiming far and wide to the wondering tribes of semicivilized warriors who inhabit the surrounding country that the reign of their greatest enemy is at an end, and the crowning act of England's vengeance performed. The town itself was uninteresting, save from its accidental associations as the prison of our fellow countrymen and other Europeans, even for Abyssinia, a charge so grave that no man, it is to be hoped, would lightly bring it against any town calling itself Christian. It consisted of the ordinary collection of huts, most of them built of grass and wood, with thatched conical roofs, and did not boast even one building of exceptional beauty or importance. The church was one of the meanest and dirtiest that we have seen in Abyssinia, while the palace of the great Emperor Theodoros differed only from the many surrounding huts of his humblest subjects in being something larger two-storied and with a thatched roof, not conical but oblong, giving it much the appearance of an English barn, except that no domestic English farmer would allow any animal that he valued to live in a building so dark, dirty and ill-ventilated. In the workshop of his European artisans there were, of course, many signs of modern civilization, though nearly all of a practical, very few of a strictly ornamental or luxurious kind. Workmen's tools and huge glass tumbler, apparently of English make, seemed the principal articles of interest, nothing being next to fighting the great business of a wealthy Abyssinian's life, and these mixed up with crosses, censers, mirrors, balls, the spoils of Gondar churches—Amarhar Bibles, odd volumes of encyclopedias, foolscap paper, old match locks, pistols, swords, powder flasks and percussion caps, formed altogether as strange a jumble as it would be easy to find anywhere. The loot, on the whole, has rather disappointed the captors. Mr. Holmes, for instance, who came out here as archeologist for the British Museum, and who has hitherto

had a singularly disappointing and unfruitful journey, was lucky enough to rescue a handsome crown, probably an archbishop's, and a gold chain, bearing the following inscription in Amharic: The child of King Adam Segud, called Yaseo, the son of Queen Brann Mogassa, presented to Kwakwan Sanatory (Gondar). May my body and soul be purified. Weight twenty-five workins of pure gold, value five hundred dollars. Made by Waddo George. The Emperor's own sword, has also been found, and, I believe, to be sent home to the Queen. THEODORUS' LAST MOMENTS—ADMISSION AND SUICIDE—FINDING OF THE BODY AND ITS APPEARANCE. I saw in the hands of an English soldier what, under the circumstances, was certainly a very singular and interesting bit of loot, a six-barrelled revolver, with an inscription declaring that it was presented by the Queen to the Emperor Theodoros, in token of her gratitude for the kindness shown by him to her servant Plowden. The soldier told me that he had seen five pistols with this inscription, and he had had a hard fight to get one for himself; but so far only one has been given up to the prize agents. It is a curious instance of the irony of history; that it is not improbable with one of these very pistols—tokens of the British Queen's gratitude for kindness shown by him to her servant—that Theodoros shot himself at the approach of a British soldier; for there is no doubt that he did shoot himself. A soldier of the thirty-third swears that he witnessed the act, and what is more important, both the medical man on the committee appointed to identify the body and enquire into the cause of his death, declared unhesitatingly that the fatal wound must have been self-inflicted. Twice his followers stood aloof from him in sullen, resentful disobedience, when summoned by his side, and positively refused, when he invited them as the last chance to fly from Magdalla, to accompany him and any longer share his fortune. Even his favorite and most distinguished chief, the very man who in the end remained faithful and died with him, seem to have wavered strangely between their old allegiance and their new born distrust. Shortly afterward, Theodore and the chief retired within Magdalla and there awaited the advance of the British. As the first soldiers appeared above the battlements the chiefs were shot down, but Theodore, who had already dropped his royal robes of silk to escape observation, fled from the gateway to a retired spot higher up the cliff, and there shot himself, putting his pistol into his mouth. From the plainness of his dress the body was not at first recognized, but as soon as it was identified, and upon the approach of Sir Robert Napier, drew forth into the principal gallery, an involuntary observer burst forth from the soldiers around. Such a cheer over the body of a fallen foe rather jarred on their nerves, but still it was natural and pardonable enough, for at bottom it meant, not exultation over the death of an enemy, but delight at the sudden discovery beyond all doubt that the last object of a tedious campaign had been accomplished, and that there was nothing to prevent the force from turning its face in triumph home. Theodore's escape was dreaded up to the last moment as the possible source of further detention in Abyssinia, and the soldiers would have been more than human if they had repressed the first outbreak of joy at discovering that from this dreaded evil they were now safe. Theodore's body was found, not near those of his chiefs in the gateway, but alone on the hill above. After sending you a telegram to say that he had killed himself, I heard that the Commander-in-Chief had telegraphed home that he was killed in battle, and this now seems to be the belief of those who are perhaps likely to know best. His face seemed to me rather a disappointed one after all that has been said about it, but then it was impossible to judge properly after death, especially as the eye was said to be, from its fire and expression, the most remarkable feature. There was a look of bloated, sensual indulgence about the cheeks by no means heroic or kingly, but the forehead was intellectual and the mouth singularly determined and cruel. A very strange smile still lingered about the lips, as if even in the death throes his thoughts had been one of triumph at having banked his conqueror by dying. TO REMOVE 'HORN' WATER FROM THE BOTTOM OF WELLS.—When carbonic acid has accumulated in the bottom of a well, (and this too often happens,) mix 50 or 60 pounds of lime in a bucket of water and pour little by little on the stones forming the edge of the well, then 20 or 25 pounds of quick lime are thrown into the water and from vapors which immediately ascend. After 24 hours a candle will burn clearly inside the well, which indicates the dissipation of the noxious gas. This idea might be rendered useful in Cariboo and is worth trying in damp diggings. Eds. Col. WHAT'S COMING.—A glance at the Chyenne papers exhibits what the railway has done for the desert. In a few months a city has been built up and a business established that fills the on-looker with astonishment. In the arrival column, on one day, we count at three hotels—fifty-five at one, twenty at the second, and ten at the third. Keep up your courage; get your hotels and everything else fixed first-class; our day is coming.—Salt Lake Telegraph. THERE is a lady in New York who speculates through a Wall street firm to the amount of \$150,000 per day.