

**THE BRITISH COLONIST**  
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**DAVID W. HIGGINS**

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**National Duty and National Privileges.**

It would indeed appear to be difficult altogether to avoid the conclusion that the nation to which it is our just pride to belong has fallen grievously, wickedly below her great duty and her great privilege in the matter of colonization. The greatest possible good to the greatest possible number is the true motto of human government. But what shall be said of a government which has permitted the growth of an abnormal condition—almost reversing the motto? National Pauperism has been permitted to usurp the place of National Colonization in the English mind. The money and the thought, the organization and the earnest effort which should and would have made healthy, happy and prosperous communities in the Colonies out of some of our surplus have only served to regulate a huge mass of home misery. Millions of British subjects who, under proper management would have made the waste places in the neglected colonies glad, and caused the desert to rejoice and blossom like the rose, have been permitted to accumulate under the very shadow of the throne until they have become a festering heap—a huge blister upon the otherwise fair face of a great nation. Thousands and tens of thousands are thus dragging out an existence of wretchedness and crime who ought to make happy and prosperous colonial communities. How terribly has the nation sinned in this matter. And how terrible has been its punishment. There are not wanting signs of awakening to duty. The dry bones have been moving for some time. But, oh! how far, how very far is the national mind from fully realizing its duty and its privilege in this respect. The true cure for pauperism is now dimly seen in colonization; but the question as to where the money is to come from to carry out a large colonization scheme has too plainly indicated that the nation is only half aroused. In writing upon this subject to an Australian correspondent, Mr. Carlyle says:

"The subject used to be of earnest—almost of painful interest to me in old days. It seemed to me then that no nation ever had such glorious opportunities of changing its nearly intolerable curses and choking nightmares into blessing and winged angels as Great Britain, by colonizing; or was so advantageously throwing said opportunities away. I have since learnt that Great Britain will go on with Parliamentary palaver, &c. were the Day of Judgment close at hand, and turn a deaf ear to all considerations of that or the like kind, and so I have dropped the speculation long ago, and it lies quiet dead in me."

The English mind, we are continually being told, is now thoroughly alive to the importance of colonization; but the question still awaits an answer. Who is sufficient for these things? The question gives the lie to the past. If the English mind be fully awake, where is the hoarded wealth of the nation? Where is the fifteen or twenty millions sterling little better than thrown away every year in a futile attempt to regulate a disease for which half the sum would purchase a cure? English capital is going a begging over the earth for three or four per cent, and yet the question is asked 'Where is the money to come from?' Leaving high and sacred duty out of view for the moment, and looking at the matter in its lowest aspect, has the British nation anything like a

**Fourth of July—the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Gatherings.**

Yesterday morning, from every staff the flag of all nations kissed the breeze in honor of the Birthday of the Independence of the Thirteen Colonies who 'threw off the yoke of George III. and commenced business on their own account, and in ninety and four years have developed into one of the great Powers of the world. Most of the stores remained closed, and as the day advanced troops of rally dressed men, women and children were seen wending their way towards the spacious picnic grounds adjoining Jay & Bales' Nursery, where the merry Sons of Scotia were about to hold their Annual Gathering and Indule in their National Games. The day was brilliant, but not withstanding the heat the enclosure was quite well filled at the hour of opening, and the sound of merry voices and the sweet strains of the Volunteer Band made the whole ring. At one o'clock the President of the Society, Mr. Thomas Russell arose and thanked the assembly for their attendance and the kind interest they had ever evinced in the advancement of the beneficial objects of the Association. Mr. John Wickett, President of the St. Andrew's Society before its union with the Caledonians, followed, and after sketching briefly the satisfactory results that have flowed from the union, he remarked upon the absence of the two great guns (Horn Nelson and De Caden) who had been invited to deliver orations; he supposed, however, that before resuming their stunts for a week and strong in their respective journals. This witty sallies greatly amused the gathering, and after a few additional pertinent remarks, the games commenced.

The games led off with the staid and rousing jumps and the running high leaps all of which were smartly contested and won by agile looking fellows.

'Putting the stone' is a favorite game in all the British Isles—a light and heavy stone being used—the expert in the former not always coming off victor in the latter, as in the light stone a peculiar swing of the arm, acquired by long practice, tells more than plain strength.

Of all the games in use the most thoroughly national is termed 'Tossing the Caber.' The Caber is a pole about 18 feet in length and about 8 inches in diameter, which is held in both hands perpendicularly and thrown forward, the spot where the apper end strikes being marked; if the other falls forward; but if it falls towards the rear it is an overthrow. This game is practiced more in the Highlands than in the Lowlands of Scotland, and has, in fact, originated with the former class. Scott alludes to this in his *Lady of the Lake*, where the King threatens to pitch his enemy from 'cliff as far as ever peasant pitched a bar.'

'Throwing the hammer' is an exercise similar to the above, the instrument consisting of a round ball of iron with a three-foot handle fitted in. The heavy hammer weighs 22 pounds and the light one 15 pounds.

'High and kick' is simply a ball at high kicking and the player being obliged to alight on the same foot with which he touches the ball.

The hardest race is about the prettiest of the Scotch races. The hurdles are three feet high and placed at a distance of about 100 yards apart. The competitors run three quarters of a mile, jumping the hurdles in their track, and towards the finish of the race many stumbles, kicks and baulks occur at these three-foot hurdles.

The blind race is sacks was most amusing and the stumbling and tumbling of the competitors caused great laughter.

'Potato picking' is played by placing a row of potatoes, each a yard apart, in a line from a box, the players at a given signal starting from their respective boxes, and as they pick up each potato, placing it in the box, he who has his row first gathered being declared the winner.

The intensity of the heat kept many competitors from the ring and those who entered it streamed with perspiration from every pore. The highest prize was awarded to Geo. Lane, a Marine of the Zealous, who was the first to arrive at the goal in the Foot Race. Mr. Frank Page threw the heavy hammer farthest. Blacklaw, Admiral's servant, won the first prizes for the heavy caber, heavy shot and light shot. The blind race was won by a Mr. Wright and the sack race by T. Currie.

While the games were in progress the platform was crowded with the young and gay of both sexes, and as the sun declined the singew cooler and dancing was continued until merrily until an early hour this morning.

During the afternoon and evening there were Highland fings, Gaillan Kiltie, Shas Trouse and other Scotch dances. Among the visitors was Admiral Farquhar.

In the evening, during an intermission in the dancing, Hon. Mr. DeCosmos made a few remarks complimentary to Scotchmen, the Fourth of July and the ladies, which were well received. At 10 o'clock fireworks were let off with brilliant effect.

Mr. H. McKay appeared on the ground in the Royal Stuart dress, and attracted much admiration; so did a little son of Mr. W. Charles, who appeared similarly attired. Taken all in all, there was much real enjoyment, and few were present but will retain for a long time pleasurable recollections of the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Gathering of 1870.

**Our San Francisco Letter.**

San Francisco, June 27th, 1870.

There is a great sensation about San Francisco news. The usual daily explosion of powder with murderous intent, the ordinary average of country crimes from the bucolic counties taken in and done for by the Barbary Coast gentry, the weekly decomposing corpse found floating in the bay, and choked innocent—result of not wisely but too well—discovered in an ash barrel. The custom on record of cracked celestial crows by expatriated briners, and the nightly gattings and burglaries, are all just as usual the history of the past month as they have been of all the months since this year commenced, and will be for all months until that prophetic revelation of the Indian woman about her sudden collapse by earthquake shall be one of the fulfilled things stepping out of the beaten track of these ordinary topics, which every Victorian has read over and over again, we have for a novelty the 'LOSS OF THE ACTIVE.'

Within the past year three steamships have been wrecked on the coast belonging to the North Pacific Transportation Company—the Sierra Nevada, Del Norte and Active, and as in every instance these vessels were lost by keeping too close to the shore, the travelling public are pertinently asking why is it that the Company does not give explicit instructions to their captains to stand further off from land? The uncharitable conclusion many arrive at is that the captains sail their vessels by landmarks, being afraid to lose sight of the shore lest they should display their ignorance in navigation, but the real answer is that many of these boats are so unseaworthy that they are not even fit for rough water, and so chief officers are obliged to keep as much as possible within calm sea belting the shore.

The Active was uninsured, indeed no office would take the risk, for as the Bulletin says, 'She was old enough to have laid her aged bones gently in some sheltered cove years ago, and as her fate has always been a mere question of time, it is rather a cause for congratulation that she went to pieces without loss of life, instead of ending her career by foundering and becoming another sea mystery analogous to the City of Boston.'

Preparations for the approaching celebration of the national birthday are in full progress, and exhibit such unusual harmony that the long delayed fulfillment of the 'lion and lamb' prophecy seems in course of realization. For several years past the

**Has been the occasion of disgraceful wranglings.**

Demoralized and Republicanism assembling in force and endeavoring to capture the anniversary for semi-political purposes. Last year a notorious demagogue succeeded in procuring the position of Marshal, and turned what should have been an unimpaired celebration into a scene of party dissension.

The celebration of the national birthday has been merely large advertisements in which every compound of opothiss, butcher, baker and candle stick maker, promulgated, the cheapness of his wares, the superiority of his manufacture, and combined patriotism with profit. The substance became so intolerable that the military companies recently resolved not to parade unless it was abated, and thus instituted a reform, which has the hearty appreciation of all but the shop keeping public.

UNDESIRABLE AMUSEMENTS.

A question involving the morality of the 'She' by Can Can was decided by the magistrature a few days ago. The proprietor of an underground Melodeon was prosecuted for giving a theatrical representation of an indecent character, and as it was proved to the satisfaction of the court that the performance was highly improper, the defendant was ordered to pay a fine of fifty dollars. Keeney's rest is now dotted with these Melodeons, some of them conducted as respectably as such places can be, others with a diabolical shamelessness that ought to be abated. From 9 o'clock to midnight a constant stream of time-killing humanity flows into these underground concert rooms, seeking relaxation in a combination of whiskey, tobacco and free amusements. The refinement of the Pacific and Bella Union does not permit larger and longer pipes in the body of the house, so melodeons are chiefly patronized by those who believe that drinking and smoking add to the enjoyment of a performance. The Canterbury Hall, opened by Brooks, formerly barkeeper at John Keenan's Fashion, was the pioneer establishment, and for a time money came in with a '49 plentifulness. These others were started and each one look so much custom from its rivals that the Canterbury degenerated into a five-cent house and from present appearances will soon have to close altogether.

THE GREAT LOTTERY.

Continued to absorb public attention, and as every man, woman and child on this sandy spit of a peninsula has firmly resolved to win that one hundred thousand dollar prize, there will be an increase of interest until the drawing takes place. Although the project is avowedly unconstitutional the Courts refuse to interfere, and an application for an injunction has been denied. All the tickets are sold with the exception of some eight hundred, which the managers will only dispose of in small lots. The character of the gentlemen connected with the scheme precludes the idea of unfairness, even conscientious opponents admitting that it will be conducted with strict honesty.

No similar event in the annals of San Francisco has created such an excitement as the trial of Neuvail for the murder of Miss Carrie Diamond.

THE MURDER OF MISS CARRIE DIAMOND.

It was found almost impossible to obtain an impartial jury and two days were spent before the twelve good men and true were empaneled. Miss Diamond kept a millinery store on Kearny street, and was young, good-

**looking, wealthy, well-known and much respected.**

She managed her business with skill and industry and it brought in a large income which was carefully invested. In an evil moment she was introduced to Francis N. Neuvail, a Frenchman, and a man of neither social position, prepossessing appearance nor mental ability. By one of those strange fascinations or infatuations which no one can explain she allowed him to obtain almost immediate control of both her property and person, and it is alleged he took advantage of the former to borrow large sums of money without giving even any acknowledgment. Whatever may be the result of the trial, it is admitted that he accomplished her moral and financial ruin, as in a few months, from being a steady, industrious girl, with a large banking account and a spotless character, she became bankrupt in business and reputation. On the 24th of last November Neuvail visited her room, carrying in his hand a bottle which he said contained champagne. Miss Diamond was then in excellent health and spirits and had made arrangements to go to the theatre at night. In the course of the afternoon Neuvail went for a walk, telling her that Carrie was very sick, and at four o'clock he called out in search of a doctor who left a prescription saying it was only a slight indisposition. About three next morning Neuvail ran hastily out of the room and called to the landlady that Miss Diamond was dead. A post mortem examination revealed that she had died from the administration of chloroform, which the physicians said it was impossible she could have taken herself. Neuvail was arrested and at the inquest the feeling against him was so strong that the mob had to be kept back by a posse of police. The evidence against him is very meagre and his acquittal is almost certain. The trial has now lasted nine days and will not be concluded until next week.

THE DEATH OF DICKENS.

There was quite a gloom over the community. Several flags were hoisted at half mast, his picture in public institutions draped with mourning and reference was made to his demise by the clergy in their Sunday sermons. The old bard was well known and loved.

THE GUMBOAT FORWARD.

Has turned up in a new role. She was charted here a short time since by a Mexican house and placed under the flag of San Salvador. Going down the coast she put into some quiet bay and an extemporized plating of iron was fastened on her, after which she steered for Guaymas under the charge of a filibustering crew and made a raid on that port, levying near \$200,000 on the merchants there and, in addition, seizing two small vessels and 5000 stand of arms. They stopped there two days, murdering and plundering right and left, and then left for La Paz. Before leaving San Francisco the Mexican General urged her return, but could procure no evidence of her piratical intentions, and he wanted the Collector in taking such a responsibility. I see by Eastern papers that she had been

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