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1866

THE WEEKLY BRITISH COLONIST.

VOL. 7. VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND. TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1866. NO. 31.

THE BRITISH COLONIST
PUBLISHED
ERY MORNING.
Sundays Excepted,
VICTORIA, V
TERMS:
ne Year, (in advance,) $10 00
ix Months, do 6 00
hree Months, do 3 50
Single Copies, ... 10 cents.
Subscribers in Victoria will be supplied by the carriers for 25 cents a week.

THE WEEKLY COLONIST.
Published every Tuesday morning.
ne Year, (in advance,) $6 00
Six Months, do 4 00
Three Months, do 2 50
Single copies, ... 25 cents.

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THE FENIANS.

The Fenian organization is at length receiving that attention from the United States Government which should have been at a much earlier period bestowed upon it. The neutrality laws, we are told by this morning's telegrams, are being rigidly enforced. It was time that the strong arm of the Washington authority should have been stretched forth—another day's delay and nothing we believe could have prevented a rupture between England and the United States. It was in the hope of this calamity, as we have previously said, the Fenians undertook their scheme of invasion—a hope that admits the only glimmer of reason in the wild inhuman design. Fenianism without a nationality, without a status, without a foot of ground it could call its own, a filibustering organization operating against a country of three millions of contented people, who are ready to sell their lives in defence of their hearths and homes,—is simply Bedlam broken loose. The most infatuated of the brotherhood could [illegible] of its success. But Fenianism [illegible] with a great military [illegible] England, would be a thorn deep in Great Britain's side, and a power capable of inflicting material injury. The active suppressive measures of the Washington Government must ere this, however, have dissipated the dream, and shown the Fenians how futile have been all their preparations. The Republic might tolerate and even encourage the organization so long as it confined itself to fulminating oratorical thunderbolts at the head of Great Britain; but much as the Yankee is in favor of new inventions, he could scarcely feel enamored of this Celtic machine for embroiling the country in war. The United States, like other nations, wish to have their destiny in their own hands. When they want to make war they will do it, and do it in their own particular way and at their own particular time; but they will not be dragged into it by the Fenians. They will use these impulsive fire-eaters to forward their own purposes, but they will never allow such an organization to make a cats-paw of the Republic. Occasions may arise, like the one that is just now forcing itself upon the attention of the Government at Washington, when the dangerous thing may be played with a little too long for the safety of its master; but the error will be, if it can, quickly retrieved.

It is possible we may have another and better matured plan of invasion, but the result can only prove disastrous to the Fenians and their cause. Already the most astute man the Fenians have got—the organizer Stephens—has declared their cause to be lost, and he speaks without doubt on the very best of grounds. So long as the Fenians had their object fixed on revolutionizing Ireland, however much the scheme might have been censured or ridiculed, there were many who sympathised with them; and there is always a kind of romance in the idea of wresting a country from its conquerors. In this attack on Canada, however, there is no romance, no sentiment, to relieve it of its brutality. Here we have an industrious, quiet, and inoffensive people carrying on the avocations of peace suddenly beset by an organized band of men with murderous weapons in their hands. Could any cause outlive such barbarism? We talk of the ruthlessness of the savage who revenges a wrong committed by his white neighbor on the first white man he meets; but here we have just as great an evidence of uncivilization and injustice. No wonder a spirit is aroused in Canada that bodes ill for any renewal of the invasion—and no wonder we hear of Canadians leaving the States and wending their way homewards to fight for their country. A national enthusiasm has been created that will work a most beneficial effect on the Canadian mind, and imbue the statesmen of England with a higher respect for the sturdy British colonist. If nothing more serious happens than the calamity that has taken place, Canada will have gained largely by the event; and we are inclined to think by the action of the United States authorities that nothing more serious will happen. The Fenians in the hands of the Canadians will be dealt with in the most summary manner, and those who have become prisoners to the American Government will be tried and no doubt punished. The rumor that the British Minister has applied to the authorities at Washington for the rendition of these men may be true; if it is so, Sir F. [illegible] could only make his application on the ground that the Fenians were murderers and came under the Extradition treaty. It is not likely, however, the demand will be complied with. The outrages of the St. Alban's raiders and the treatment awarded them by Canada are too fresh in the minds of the United States Government to induce them to act so very scrupulously in this matter. We shall have the Fenians tried for breaking the neutrality laws, and that is all. Under any circumstances we hope these misguided men will relinquish a task that promises nothing to them but disaster and humiliation

THE CEDAR HILL ROAD CASE.

The adjourned Inquest on the body of the Saanich Indian found dead on the Cedar Hill Road, on Tuesday last, was on Thursday resumed before A. F. Pemberton, Esq., when the following additional evidence was elicited:—

Ah Loy, a Chinaman, sworn—I am a laborer in the employ of Mr. Williams, at Cedar Hill; I have been with him four months. On Monday evening at 9 o'clock, I heard the Indians fighting, there was a noise like the cracking of sticks; I did not see any fighting; I was at the door of the tent; no one else was in the tent—I cook for Ford and Hatch—I saw the other man (Vincent) on Monday, bring some meat to the tent about one o'clock, half an hour after he left. Ford and Hatch were in Victoria, and returned in the evening. I did not see the other man after he said he was going to fetch his blankets and come back; there is a white dog at the tent; Ford came returned half an hour after; Ford did not go out afterwards; I did not notice whether they were tight; I did not see the bottle of liquor in the tent; I heard the noise just before Ford and Hatch came home; I am sure of that; I have no clock, and cannot tell the time well; Ford came home with the wagon; neither Ford nor Hatch was at home when I heard the noise; The noise I heard was like striking with sticks. There was a large crowd of Indians, some appeared to be crying; I did not see them. The coat shown belongs to Vincent—he brought it in the house on Monday—I left it in the tent—he said he was going to fetch his blankets—the other two coats belong to Ford and Hatch—Vincent's coat was not taken away. The towel produced belongs to Ford; I did not notice any blood on it; I do not know what became of the lining of Hatch's coat—did not know it was cut out. Ford came in about five minutes after I heard the noise; they never spoke of any row to me; the dog was away at the time; it is sometimes chained up, not always; no one came home with Ford or Hatch; only Ford came home with the waggon; I did not know anything about the piece of wood produced in Court; the dog came home with the men; I did not hear white men cry out. Vincent had the coat with him when he brought the meat home.

Dr. Davie, sworn—I have made a *post mortem* examination of the deceased Indian. I found a blow which had been inflicted over the right eye, and a big scalp wound, which had been inflicted on the left side of the head. On removing the scalp, I found a fracture of the skull, the posterior inferior angle of the left parital bone, a considerable quantity of blood on the opposite side of the brain, the pressure of which would be sufficient to cause death; I think a stone very likely to have been the weapon used; the mark on the stone is evidently blood; I cannot tell if it be human blood; The hair produced in Court was cut from the head of the deceased in my presence.

By Mr. Copland—The cause of death was pressure on the brain; the skull was fractured; the ends of the wound were broken; it was not a clean cut, and would not have closed neatly; it was a deep scalp cut, extending to the skull; it was not done by a sharp instrument; there was no bruise round the cut.

By a Juryman—The stone in Court would produce such a wound.

By Mr. Copland—I do not think more than one blow was struck on the scalp, but it is possible; effusion is not concussion. For your especial edification I will put it in unscientific language, "the vessels were broken, and the blood ran out," the consequences would have been the same, had the deceased fallen on the stone.

Colin Campbell McKenzie, sworn—I am teacher at the Lake District School. I know John Vincent; I saw him about half-past seven in the evening of Monday last at Williams' farm, about a mile beyond the Royal Oak; I saw him after he was in bed, about eight o'clock; I sleep in the house; I saw him next morning from twenty minutes past five till seven o'clock, when I went to the Royal Oak, where I left soon after eight, at six o'clock I saw him on the road with Foley and Bryant; I should think Bryant's house was four or five miles from Cedar Hill. Vincent had been working in the garden on Monday evening before I got home.

William Fraser, sworn—I am a farm laborer. I remember Monday afternoon last; I was at Merriman's house; I saw some Indians on the road—five; I saw a Chinaman with blood on his face, about seven o'clock, with two blankets; he said the Indians had attacked him on the road between Merriman's and Todd's houses; he pointed out an Indian who had struck him with a stone; I asked the Indian why he had done it; he did not answer; the Indians were about half "tight;" there is only Williams' ranch between Merriman's and Todd's, and that is off the road; Jim, an Indian who works at Dr. Tolmie's, pointed out the man who attacked the Chinaman; I think I should know him again; should think he was about 20 or 22 years of age; he was "tight;" he had dark hair. The tent is more than 200 yards from Merriman's house.

Hang Att, a Chinaman, sworn—I was walking on Cedar Hill road on Monday last with my baskets, and met Indians; there were six Siwashes and one woman; they took three pair of blue socks and a shirt from me; the Indians were all drunk; the one on my right hand struck me with a stone in the face; the stone was not quite as big as the one in court; I ran off into the woods, and afterwards went to Merriman's house; the Indian who struck me was a very young man, rather short; an old man was there.

Dr. Turner, sworn—I have seen the body of the deceased, accompanied by Dr. Haggin. I did not see any fracture of the skull; my examination was made by candle light; it might have escaped my notice by that light; the scalp wound was not sufficient to cause death; I can hardly tell what depth the wound was; probably the eighth of an inch; I think the wound was caused by a sharp edge; the wound fits very accurately when closed; I have no doubt Dr. Davie is correct.

The Coroner recommended another examination by proper light.

Dr. Haggin was called to give evidence, but considered that he had not had a favorable opportunity of making a close examination, therefore could not give positive evidence.

Mr. Williams, re-called—I saw my wagon arrive at the stable on Tuesday last. It was driven by a police officer. Last evening one of my boys told me there was blood in the wagon; I accompanied others to examine it; I saw it myself; I had not looked in the wagon before; The sleeve lining produced I found under Hatch's bed at my place still in the coat. Hatch has not to my knowledge been there since he left on Monday.

Samuel Barlow, sworn—On Tuesday last I saw Mr. Williams' wagon driven by a policeman; when he stopped he took out some coats out of the wagon and threw them down.

The Coroner here said he must adjourn the inquest again, as the evidence of Drs. Haggin and Turner was necessary, and as there appeared to be every probability of much fresh evidence from other quarters, he would postpone it to Monday next, at one o'clock. Inquest adjourned accordingly.

CARIBOO ITEMS.—We cull the following from the *Sentinel* of the 28th ult.: The Queen's birthday was observed on the creek by an unusual display of bunting, firing of guns, etc. In the evening sundry social entertainments were indulged in, but throughout the day and night no disturbance occurred to mar the wonted quiet of the community. ——On Thursday last, while Mr. Jas. Christie, foreman of the Cameron Company, was in the act of breaking a boulder in the diggings, a piece of the rock flew off and struck his toe, fracturing the bone so that a portion of it had to be extracted. He will be incapable of working for some time in consequence. ——In passing down the creek the other day we observed a notice on a claim to the following effect: "NOTICE—Any person committing a 'constructive fraud' on this territory will be prosecuted according to the utmost rigor of Chancery law."——The Gold Commissioner has issued a notice forbidding the erection of dams across the channel of the creek, and ordering the removal of those that may at present obstruct it.——Last evening the creek was assuming a very threatening appearance, caused by the effects of the summer-like heat through the day on the snow.——The market prices have varied but little, with one or two exceptions, since our last report. Flour is now selling at $36 per 100 lbs.; butter, $1 25; sugar, 50c; coffee, $1; tea, $1 25 to $1 75; bacon, 50c; beans, 40c; tobacco, $2, $3 and $4; candles, $1 to $1 25; gum boots, $18; mutton, 40c to 45c; beef, 30c to 35c.——By the arrival of Messrs. Oppenheimer & Alway's trains at Van Winkle there is a stock of over 40,000 lbs. of goods lying at that place, and which will be brought in here as soon as the roads are open. In a few days a train belonging to Messrs. Oppenheimer & Co., which is now at the Mouth of Quesnel, will be up with 25,000 lbs. more, so that our market will be pretty well stocked.——Messrs. Dole & Co. drove in four cattle and forty-three sheep the other day, which is all the stock of meat in the market at present.

MILTON was once asked why he did not teach his daughters foreign languages.—"Surely one tongue is enough for a woman!" was his reply.

MISS THOMPSON says that every unmarried lady of sixty may consider that she has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

LETTER FROM BIG BEND.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

FRENCH CREEK, May 26th, 1866

Quite an excitement has been raging here the last few days in relation to the alleged discovery of diggings on a creek emptying into this creek, but which, I am sorry to say, has amounted to nothing so far. It appears that two men, who had never mined before, were prospecting at the place, and in the top gravel had found five or six fine colors to the pan, when another party came up and the first party, thinking they were about to strike something, immediately came down to record and get the discovery claim. Parties soon went up; but up to present time have found nothing more. The only company on this creek that has commenced [illegible] day's washing I gave you in my last letter. Since then the lowest day's washing has been three ounces, and the highest twelve ounces to four men. None of the new companies have as yet struck anything of consequence, but they are still prospecting vigorously. On Clements Creek a number of claims are paying, in the gravel good wages; but the bedrock has not yet been reached. Several shafts after getting down from 20 to 30 feet were lost. Bank diggings have been struck on this (Clements) creek, the Discovery claim having been recorded. A small gulch has also been recorded, which empties into Clements Creek; but it is so small that there are only about half a dozen claims in it.

The steamer Forty-Nine now makes a trip up the Columbia about once a week, and may be considered a regular institution. But from the head of steamboat navigation (the foot of the Death Rapids) to the mining localities, the freight has to be transhipped so often that prices still keep up, and will probably until the trail from Kirbyville is built; it has already been surveyed, and men are at work building it. It is much shorter than the present roundabout expensive way. Goods at present have to be dragged in boats through the rapids up the Columbia to Wilson's Landing (about 25 miles), from whence they are packed by men to where the trail strikes Gold River (three miles), where they are put in small boats, and hoisted to the mouths of the creeks, when they are again packed by men to the stores on French creek (two miles). Prices in the stores here remain about as at my last writing, with a downward tendency; but a great deal of buying has been done from miners who have concluded to leave, and of course prices vary greatly. We have five new business establishments on this creek since my last letter—two shoemakers, two more liquor stores, and another provision store. We can also boast [illegible] Rondeau's sawmill commenced operations this week. The price charged for lumber is 12 50 per 100 feet. Mr. Murray (of Wilson & Murray) was here a day or two ago looking around, but I have not learned where he will locate. The first hotel and bakery will be opened in a few days by R. Stege. Building is still going on briskly.

A man named Blair, who formerly kept, I think, the 111-mile house on the Cariboo road, was drowned in Death Rapids last week. It appears that he was in a boat with an Indian, and two men were on the beach pulling her through, when the current forced the tow-line of their hands. As soon as he perceived his situation, the unfortunate man jumped out of the boat. The Indian, who was saved, stuck to it. Since then we have the melancholy intelligence of the drowning near the same place of sixteen men.

[Particulars of this accident have already appeared in the COLONIST.]

W. E. O.

CARIBOO.

(From the Columbian)

CARIBOO, May 31—IRRESPONSIBLE DEPUTIES.—DECISIVE STAND TAKEN BY JUDGE COX.—The Aurora Company had notified the Davis Company to appear at Clinton to answer an application that would then be made, on Friday last, before the Judge of the Supreme Court, for an injunction to restrain them from working certain ground. A messenger was despatched in all haste, who, finding Judge Begbie at Bridge Creek, procured from him an order to Judge Cox as Deputy Registrar of the Supreme Court, to issue an injunction and attach the seal of the Court to the same, as the seals of the Supreme Court in the Registrar's possession were in the Chief Justice's wagons, which had broken down and were some distance behind. The messenger, Mr. Hazeltine, arrived on Tuesday evening, and handed the order to Judge Cox, and the hearing came on yesterday morning at half-past 11 o'clock, in the Court house, Richfield. Mr. H. P. Walker produced the order from Judge Begbie to the Deputy Registrar of the Supreme Court at Richfield (Judge Cox), and requested him to attach the seal of the Court to the injunction. Judge Cox said he had considered the matter over last night, and had committed his views to paper, which he would read: "I hold no commission as Deputy Registrar of the Supreme Court, nor never did hold one; I have acted as such for the accommodation of the public and the Supreme Court; and it is not later than the Express before last I remarked, with reference to cases against the Sheriff, that all my acts done as Deputy Registrar of the Supreme Court must have been illegal. I entertain as high a respect and esteem for Mr. Begbie, as Mr. Begbie, and also as Supreme Court Judge of the colony, as any man in it; but finding now it is attempted to drag me into this disagreeable quarrel, and act contrary to my own ruling and conscience, I would, if I actually did at this moment hold a commission as Deputy Registrar of the Supreme Court, resign the post at once. There are Court seals in the Record Office, which are at Mr. Walker's disposal, but they will not be issued as seals out of the Supreme Court by me as Deputy Registrar of the same."

PALTRY.—Englishmen generally pride themselves upon their love of justice and fair play, but it appears there is a handful o men in Nanaimo calling themselves Englishmen who are an exception to the rule. These men started a newspaper which was hailed as one of the greatest blessings that could be conferred upon the town. Lacking ability independence and energy, however, the paper under its early management, of course began to lose weight, and consequently to lose ground. As the only means of sustaining the journal therefore, it was leased for twelve months to Mr. Joseph M'Clure, a most industrious, inoffensive and painstaking gentleman who soon threw vitality into the waning publication and gave it a voice and [illegible] men and their time-serving adherents, who wished the paper to utter nothing, however honest and truthful, that was distasteful to their feelings. The conclave was accordingly summoned together; and after making futile efforts to dispossess the lessee, bethought themselves of having recourse to bankruptcy. A grand idea! another meeting was held, a resolution passed to wind up the company, and a gentleman appointed liquidator. Terrific! Nothing could withstand this! However, the Liquidator was refused admittance, the lessee naturally maintaining his right to retain possession till the expiration of his term. Baulked again, recourse was had to the Victoria authorities, and a formidable looking bailiff was despatched from this city, who, together with a local officer, have laid siege to the premises, but still, at last accounts, without success. Mr. M'Clure was secure within his fortress, and with 'caps' in one hand, and 'long primers' in the other, kept the fierce looking assailants at a distance. How long the siege is to last remains to be seen, though it strikes us that it would be better that these nice gentlemen should be allowed to have their property back and that Mr. M'Clure, with so large a portion of the inhabitants supporting his cause should obtain fresh plant and start another paper in which he could show these parties up in their true colors. We understand that the twelve months' lease to the present lessee is repudiated on account of its having been *verbal*, (and *not written*,) except on the minutes). If such be the fact, it adds a second feather to the cap of these high-spirited gentlemen, and is only another of those instances so frequently occurring out here in which our countrymen strive their utmost to bring Englishmen into contempt and ridicule with foreigners.

INTO THE TIGER'S DEN.—Officer Barnstead met with a singular adventure on Saturday night last, and was a visitor at a place such as policemem seldom gain access in. It seems that he was informed of the existance of a "hogging" game of faro, and went to the premises described, but the bird had flown. Here he was met by one of those who live from the crumbs which fall from the gamblers' tables, who mistaking him for a country goose ready to be plucked, volunteered to take him to a place where the sportive "tiger" was cutting up his antics, and together they visited a house, but could not gain admittance as the doorkeeper had suspicion that Barnstead was not quite so green as he pretended. But another capper or solicitor for a rival establishment was willing to take the chances, and conducted him to a saloon on Commercial street, into a room where the game of faro was being dealt to a large and interested crowd. Behind a table around which were clustered a dozen or so betters, sat a dealer, wrapped from head to foot in a domino, with a veil over his head, and over this veil a black mask to conceal his features. Barnstead didn't wish to be mean. He had seen a sight vouchsafed to few policemen, and why should he not pay for it? Dress circle seats to see Forrest were $1 50, and any policemen could see Forrest. So Barnstead pulled out three half dollars and bet them one at a time, sometimes winning a "chip" and then losing until his money was gone, when he suddenly jumped over the table, and with one grand dash tore the mask from the dealer's face, showed his star, and in less time than "Jack Robinson" could conveniently be uttered, the faro game was stopped and the dealer in custody. He gave his name as Charles Johnson. In the Police Court this morning he waived a preliminary examination on the charge of gambling, and was held to answer before the County Court on $500 bail.—*S. F. Paper.*

ACCIDENT—Two men, named respectively Martin Maichor, a Hungarian, and Martin Bglliel, a Swiss, left Yale on Tuesday last with a horse and wagon loaded with sundry articles and bound for the Big Bend mines. The following day about 12 o'clock they arrived about 15½ miles out on the wagon road. An Indian woman, who was engaged in packing, had been resting on the side of the road, and getting up to resume her journey frightened the horse so that he commenced backing. The men were walking behind the cart, and attempted to stop it by pressing on the wheels; they were unable, however, to prevent it going over the precipice. The horse and wagon fell about 12 feet down where they were caught on a tree, but all the provisions, box of carpenter's tools and other things fell into the Fraser one hundred feet below. With the exception of a gun, blankets, and some few trifling articles, the goods were entirely lost. All attempts to get the horse out failed, as he plunged so violently as to kill himself against the rocks. The unfortunate men, who are both poor feel the loss very much. They are determined however to go on to the mines if they can get a little provisions for the purpose enabling them to proceed—*Tribune.*