

The Weekly British Colonist.

Tuesday, November 28 1865

MR. MACFIE AND EMIGRATION

In our yesterday's issue we gave a brief review of Mr. Macfie's book. To do the work justice would require, however, a much more extended space than is embraced in an ordinary newspaper article. We should have to take up Mr. Macfie's ideas of inter-colonial communication, of steam routes, of agricultural settlement, of commercial policy, of political reformation, of social existence, of Indians, Hindoos, and Chinese, of the North-west passage, of the language of uncivilized races, of mining, and of mines—in fact as we showed yesterday of every person and every thing. As we cannot, for various obvious reasons, undertake this task, we shall confine ourselves to the most practical part of the reverend gentleman's work—that which is directed immediately to the notice of the intending emigrant. This is really the only useful part of the book, and we are glad to say that it is the best written, and, with all its sanguine coloring, the most correct. What Mr. Macfie may think of our commercial destiny or our political necessities can happily have no effect on our career. Mr. Cardwell knows a great deal better than Mr. Macfie that it is the people of these colonies choose to have a particular fiscal system, they will have it—even though the London Times should thunder, simple-minded people petition, and clergymen write books; and if they desire a more perfect model of English Government than they have at present, they will obtain what they desire provided they only show themselves in earnest. On these topics, therefore, we can safely allow Mr. Macfie full scope—for he is simply harmless. On the subject of emigration, however, he stands on a different footing. What he writes will undoubtedly have an influence, good or bad, on our immigration prospects, and we shall therefore examine this portion of the work.

"In enumerating the classes for whose reception these colonies are prepared," says Mr. Macfie, "I should emphatically assign capitalists the foremost place. It is only the enterprise of individuals and companies possessed of adequate means that can make the country as rapidly prosperous as the invaluable and inexhaustible resources it contains would justify us in expecting it should become. These remarks, however, are not intended to throw any discouragement in the way of emigrants who can carry nothing with them but skilled labor. The sequel will show that no other British colonies at present yield higher remuneration to the industrious artisan in proportion to the expense of living."

With regard to the first part of this statement Mr. Macfie is undoubtedly correct. No country in the world to-day, with all the present stagnation, offers greater inducements to the capitalist than Vancouver Island; but then, as Mr. Macfie shows, the capitalist must have knowledge and experience. Unfortunately these qualities have not always been combined in Vancouver Island, and hence in many instances disappointment. The last assertion, however, of the reverend gentleman would require to be a little more qualified. Granting that our artisan population are paid higher than the same class in other British colonies, it does not follow that English artisans would be justified in coming here. When we consider how few skilled workmen of any kind it would take to glut our labor market we can easily see the mischievousness of a statement of this nature by inducing any number of the English artisan population to leave their homes for the North Pacific. Mr. Macfie in this and following remarks has evidently been under none of the influences of political economy. He does not see that what is wanted first is the producer, and not merely the producer to supply the home market but the man who can raise or manufacture what is required by other portions of mankind. We want gold miners; because there is always a demand both at home and abroad for the precious metal. We want coal miners; because their experience would speedily point out to the capitalist the most profitable of investments. We want farmers to supply the growing population with produce, and fishermen to open up a lucrative trade with foreign parts in an article that literally swarms along our coast and in our rivers. The lumberman with capital and one or two other occupations which Mr. Macfie mentions might be induced to come to these colonies; but we would be very sorry to see such a wholesale list as the subjoined transplanted suddenly to Vancouver Island:—"Salt manufacturers, in a position to dig their wells, and fix their pumps and evaporating pans; tile and coarse pottery manufacturers; glass and bottle blowers; brewers; carpenters, cabinet-makers, wheelwrights, engine-drivers, saddlers, blacksmiths, stonemasons, compositors, boiler-makers, brassfounders, tailors, English and American bootmakers, and shipbuilders."

Nearly all of these occupations are exceedingly limited in their demands upon labor; and for the simple reason that they are principally suppliers of a local want, which in its turn, in the absence of productive industries, is necessarily small. At present there is no

demand whatever for them, and neither the individuals nor the country would be much benefited by any such influx of mechanics to these shores. Of the more productive class of workmen there will always be a continuous demand, and it will only be in proportion to the extent of their operations that the artisans which Mr. Macfie enumerates can hope for employment. This is the one great reason that we have urged, with union of the colonies, a protective policy for some of our industrial interests. Until these are developed, and they never can without the usual fostering care of the state, reciprocity with our neighbors, we cannot hold out many inducements to the artisan population of Great Britain. Besides the "well-to-do" lumbermen and fishermen Mr. Macfie invites, "parties of copper miners who would unite their limited capital and be prepared to work on for a couple of years without seeking extraneous help; pitch and resin manufacturers who could employ hands to extract the crude material from our pine forests; managers of collieries desirous of starting business on their own account; graziers, pig-feeders, curers, and packers of pork; persons in the petroleum oil trade with a good connection in New York; dealers in oil-lamps importing from the same city; importers of American cooking and heating stoves from some place of manufacture in the Eastern States; and millers with means to construct and run a pair or two of stones." The latter might succeed if a duty were put on flour, and wheat admitted free; but as this would disturb Mr. Macfie's commercial theories, the grist-mill must be laid on the shelf. Our space will not admit of further comment to-day, but we shall recur to the subject.

DIFFICULTIES OF FISHING UP THE CABLE.—As to fishing up the cable from a depth of two miles and a half of water, the chances are very vague. If in a distance of 958 miles only 1081 miles of cable were paid out, there is not much slack left for the successful picking up. Presuming that the cable was laid hold of at a depth of 2000 fathoms, and presuming the fishing tackle to be amply strong for any strain put upon it—what would be the consequence to the cable? Why, it would break long before it was brought to the surface. When it is considered that it is laid in nearly a straight line, there being so little slack, the strain on itself from its own weight would be very great when lifted from its present resting place. Assuming that in a length of about four miles of cable the length of slack is half a mile, the centre of the length of four miles and a half being lifted up one mile, the strain on the cable at the highest point would be equal to three miles of its own weight on either side of the tackle; beyond this strain there is the strain due to the friction of pulling it through the water. If it is strong enough to withstand the above strains, how much higher could it be lifted? In lifting it higher the cable must either stretch or be dragged along the bottom of the ocean beyond the distance of two miles on either side. Even supposing the curve of the catenary to be flatter than we have assumed, the consequence would be a proportionately increased strain on itself at the highest point, due to an increased length suspended at a more acute angle with the horizon. It thus appears impossible to lift the cable out of this great depth of water—especially when we consider that experiments have been made which gave a result showing that in great depths of water, the strain with equal velocity is increased to four times when the length is doubled; and in addition to all this, it must be remembered that the friction is increased as the square of the velocity.—*Mechanics' Magazine*

PRESTON KING.—From a dispatch this morning it seems more than probable that Hon. Preston King has ended his life. The dispatch is meagre. It is difficult to conjecture what could have led him to put an end to his existence. We have no biography of this distinguished man at hand, but we quote from memory some of the leading events of his career. He was once a member of the New York Legislature, was a Representative in Congress, and United States Senator for the same State. In 1860 he was President of the National Republican Committee. After Mr. Johnson's accession to the Presidency, he was his confidential adviser until appointed Collector of the port of New York last August. He entered at once upon his duties, relieving Simon Draper, his predecessor. He was a cool, clear-headed man—usually devoting himself to committee work and not to debate. He was a bachelor, and resided during the greater part of his life in Ogdensburg, New York.—*Oregonian*.

A TERRIBLE PREDICTION.—Professor Leonidas, an Indianapolis astrologer, after looking at the rings around the sun, makes the following horrible prophecy: "I observed by the planets that a dreadful plague will commence in Russia, originating in silks brought over from Egypt, Cairo and Turkey. It will extend across the Baltic Sea, desolate Germany, cause immense mortality in England, and then spread to the United States. This dreadful epidemic will spot the people like a leopard, and turn the flesh to a purple black. The pestilence will carry off such an amount of mortals that there will not be enough left to bury the dead, or give them Christian burial. The streets of our cities, towns and villages will be swarmed with the dead and dying. The groans and yells of horror will fill every breast with consternation. Confusion will abound on all sides. The death knell will cease to toll as the maddening rages in fury. The infected will fall and die wherever they take it. The stench of the dead will become so common that the survivors will not heed it."

The expense of refitting the Great Eastern and putting in new boilers will, it is said, be £100,000.

PILOT ACT.

Thomas Wright, Captain of the steam tug Diana was summoned at the Police Court to-day for refusing to surrender the pilotage of the barque Delaware to W. Gardiner, contrary to the Victoria Pilot Act, 1864.

Mr. McCreight instructed by Messrs Pearkes & Green appeared for Mr. Wright.

The information of Capt. Gardiner was read, stating that Capt. Wright was on board the barque Delaware and piloted her from Esquimalt into Victoria harbor, giving orders to the Captain as to how the vessel should be steered, and that he cautioned him that he would have to abide the result if he took charge of the vessel.

By the Bench—When Captain Wright came on board the Delaware she was in Esquimalt harbor, and Capt. Shillaber told me he should not require me.

Cross examined by Mr. McCreight—Have you a pilot's certificate?

Capt. G.—Yes—handing it to the Court.

Mr. McCreight—This certificate is dated 1859 and the act requires the license to be yearly, and that they shall be signed by the Board of Commissioners appointed to grant licenses and to examine pilots.

Capt. G.—We never could get the Commissioners to meet, I have no other certificate.

Mr. McCreight said that under the 19 sec of the Act, it was not compulsory for the master of a vessel to take a pilot between the two ports of Victoria and Esquimalt.

Capt. Shillaber of the bark Delaware examined by Mr. McCreight: I did not want a pilot, I ran into Esquimalt without one in a strong breeze. Capt. Wright did not pilot me, he advised me to get my anchors and lines ready.

Mr. Pemberton said his present view was with Mr. McCreight that the pilot was not duly licensed, and that it was not compulsory to have a pilot between the two ports, but he did not wish to adjudicate hurriedly on the matter, therefore he would postpone the case until Tuesday next.

STEAMER DAY IN PORTLAND.—Saturday was the liveliest "steamer day" says the *Oregonian*, we have witnessed in Portland for many months. We have no more reliable means than personal observation upon which to base a statement of the number of passengers, that took their departure, but it is safe to place the estimate at 600. The Fannie Troup, the Julia, and the New World all took more or less to the vessel at the mouth of the Willamette. The rush by the latter after dark in the evening was immense. One of the most marked features of the day was the activity displayed in the way of treasure shipments. Included in Messrs. Ladd and Tilton's shipment were \$42,000 in silver bricks. Wells, Fargo & Co. also sent a quantity of the same material. One handsome silver brick of \$2,146 41, made from bullion of 16 tons of rock, purchased by the Ainsworth Milling Company from the Oro Fino ledge, was among the shipments. Ten tons of rock was considered good, and six tons inferior, but the aggregate shows a value per ton for the whole amount of \$135 15. During the evening a dray having on a load of this character of exports, was stuck on Front street, below Ash, and a part of the load was transferred to another dray. Almost the entire amount of treasure shipped on Saturday, including the silver, was from but one of the many districts of the Northern mines—Owyhee. Wonder if the "Bay city" press will make a note of that, in order that "enterprising" Californians may have a chance of knowing the truth of the statement.

MAGNETISM.—An extraordinary and unprecedented case has just been tried at the Assize Court of the Var. A young man of 24, named Castellan, presented himself at the house of a respectable farmer named Hughes and pretending to be deaf and dumb, obtained supper and a night's lodging. In the morning he persuaded the farmer's daughter, a modest girl of 26, to run away with him, and an indictment alleged that he obtained an irresistible influence over her entirely by means of magnetism. The moment she came to her senses she was filled with remorse, but whenever he magnetised her she was a mere instrument in his hands, and submitted to whatever he told her. Three doctors of Toulon gave their opinion in accordance with that of Dr. Tardieu, of Paris, and many other medical men of the highest reputation, that it is possible by means of what is called magnetism to obtain such influence over a young girl as to completely annihilate her will. Castellan boasted of his magnetic power while standing at the bar, and offered to magnetise the presiding judge. He actually tried to magnetise the Procureur Imperial, and frightened him so much that he angrily ordered the prisoner to lower his eyes. Being found guilty by the jury, he was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment with hard labor.

THE MINING RETURNS of the United Kingdom have just been issued, and from them it appears that the production of coal in Great Britain amounts to no less than 39,000,000 tons. This is the product of 3268 collieries. Of coal last year a total of 10,064,890 tons were obtained. The total value of minerals for 1864, bought at the place of production, was £31,605,047. The value of the metal smelted from the metalliferous ores was £15,281,869. If to this amount be added the value of the coals at the pit's mouth, £23,197,968, and £1,500,000 for the minerals, the total value of the minerals of the kingdom will be found to be £39,979,837.

PROSPECTING IN MONTANA

A Tale of Fearful Suffering.
Mr. James Grant, who arrived yesterday by the Active from Portland, has favored us with the following graphic account of the painful sufferings of a prospecting party of which he was a member, in the wilds of Montana Territory. The story will convey some idea of the hardships and trials to which gold-seekers are sometimes subjected.

On the 10th day of January last Joseph De Shields, Jeremiah Cross, Joseph Woods, Alexander Dorrell and our informant started from the town of Cottonwood—the County Seat of Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory; and after prospecting Carpenter's Bar they crossed the Rocky Mountains to Helena, where they procured the services of an old Frenchman to act as guide, and proceeded to explore the country about the headwaters of the Mariah—one of the tributaries of the Missouri river. The company were provisioned with six months' supplies and carried with them all the necessary arms, tools, and utensils the miner's camp and vocation requires. On the 19th they reached the base of the mountains, and not expecting Indians in a section of country so remote, they turned their animals loose to graze, and after the usual repast, and resting and smoking round their camp fire—feeling every security—they lay down to enjoy that refreshing sleep vouchsafed only to the hardy miner and mountaineer. On the following morning their horses were not to be found; presuming they had strayed, the party—after breakfast—started to find them; and after hours of fruitless search they returned from their several directions to find their camp stripped of everything they had possessed save their buffalo robes. Realizing their situation, that their horses and supplies had been stolen by some wandering band of hostile Indians, they started on the morning of the 21st to retrace their steps. They were then 80 miles above the Mariah among its tributaries. Weary, hungry, and stripped of horses and provisions they began their march—through a drizzling snow, back to the Big Bend of the Mariah. The storm became more severe and violent as the destitute men plodded on their way. On the 28th they reached the Big Bend, where they found wood and built a fire. Thoughts of home crowded upon the mind of Ross, and as the prospect of death at such a place, and under such circumstances appeared inevitable, he wept aloud. De Shields observed that they were "all in the same fix," that there was "no use crying about it," that they would "all die together," and flung an "end to their troubles." The whole company, with the exception of Grant, were helpless. Directed by the old Frenchman, Grant—though badly frozen—started from their camp, determined to find succor and assistance for the party or perish alone in the attempt. He dragged his frozen feet over a distance of thirty-five miles in four days and reached an Indian trading post on the Mariah. One Mexican, accompanied by eleven Indians with horses and supplies started from the post the following day after Grant's arrival there, to relieve the frozen and starving men. Nine days elapsed from the time the Indians stole their horses and supplies to the time of the arrival of the rescuing party, and during the interim one prairie chicken, shot by De Shields, was all the food partaken of by the party. None of them were able to walk a step, and had it not been for the unquenchable resolution and perseverance of Ross they must all have perished. Ross would crawl upon his hands and knees and break and gather twigs and sticks, which he would tie together, and taking the string between his teeth would drag them to the fire, which kept warm and life in his helpless companions. Stormy weather continued from the 25th of January to the 8th of April, and exposed to the severity of the weather, the party were compelled to remain in camp at the Big Bend. On the 6th of April the frozen men were placed upon travois and hauled to St. Peters, or Blackfoot Mission, on the Missouri river, where they were received by Father Jurdey and Father Emenada—Italian priests—who extended to them more than hospitality, and more than humanity. Some groceries, buffalo meat and flour constituted their stock of supplies. They were on allowances of bread, but denied themselves and gave their portion to the invalids. Cross, Woods, Dorrell, the French guide, and De Shields all lost their feet. De Shields sharpened his "butcher knife" on a cobble stone, and cut off his own feet; the feet of the balance of the party were amputated by the Mexican and the Indians. Grant's feet were badly frozen, and although some bones came out of them he expects in the course of time to be able to wear boots again. His feet look as if they had been burned, wounded and crisped with hot iron. De Shields and Grant were pioneers in the Cariboo country, and are well known in British Columbia. The good priests refused all remuneration, but the unfortunate adventurers—liberal as they were fearless and brave—compelled them to accept the sum of \$600, and long as those men live—Grant says—they will never cease to feel thankful and grateful to the priests of St. Peter's Mission for extending to them the hospitality which preserved their lives and who exhibited such ennobling evidence that all men are brothers. The week after Grant left, the same Indians who had assisted them massacred a party of nine Americans and one negro, engaged at surveying a town site at the mouth of the Mariah.

ABANDONMENT OF THE NEW AUSTRALIAN SETTLEMENT.

Our latest newspapers from Western Australia contain disheartening accounts from Camden Harbor. The place is to be abandoned as early as possible, on account of the want of fresh water and the coarseness of the pasturage. The subjoined extract from the report of the Government resident will show the state of things which he found there:—"The grass was coarse and parched, the country stony and rocky to an extraordinary degree, and the heat of the rocks was so great that the feet of animals feeding in the country became affected." As to the settlers, he says—"All were masters—there were no servants. Every man's business was no man's business; the sheep and stock were neglected, allowed to wander, scorched to death by the tropical heats, chilled to death by the tropical rains, lamed by the sharp burning stones, starved on the nutritious grass, killed by the native dogs, or lost for ever in the bush. Hay, bran, biscuit and bacon were carried away by the high tides and left rotting on the seashore." But the worst part of the matter is that three explorers (Messrs. Panter, Harding and Goldwyler) have been murdered by the aborigines. The following statement as to their death was received from a native who knew the murderers:—"The natives followed them (the explorers) keeping out of sight, and then watched them until all fell asleep; when, with increased numbers they stole upon them, stuck spears through them all, and tried to keep them pinned to the ground, but without success, as they got on their feet, in spite of their wounds and all the efforts made to prevent them, and killed fifteen of the natives, and succeeded in driving the rest away." These, knowing the white men to be mortally wounded collected more natives, who were all through the night gathering from all quarters, and returned before daylight, this time overpowering the white men, who were then unable to offer much resistance, by rushing upon them with spears and club sticks. They next killed the horses with clubs.—They have not touched an article belonging to the white men." This information is believed by the authorities to be too true. Thus, another chapter is added to the long list of disasters incurred by Australian explorers.—*South Australian Register*.

THAT WAS SAID to be an awfully funny scene at Cape May, recently, when the shander storm surprised the ladies while they were in bathing, and they were forced to hurry back in their bathing dresses. Some three thousand queerly clad beauties ran the gauntlet of the piazza amid the jeers and laughter of the brutes in patent leather boots, who carefully noted the feminine demerit and rudely commented upon it.—It was wicked.

MISS BRADDON, the prolific English novelist, has red hair, and is over 30. She has made over \$200,000 with her pen in the last four years.

A SNARE AND A DELUSION.

To appreciate the enormity of the Fenian delusion it is merely necessary to observe a few facts. The American half of the conspirators firmly believe that an army of 200,000 men exists in Ireland, enrolled, organized, and effective in all respects, saving officers and arms. The Irish half believes that officers and arms sufficient for 200,000 men are on their way from America on board a fleet of ironclads, and will soon arrive. Out of these two notions the reality of the plot has to be constructed. We have already fathomed the depth of one of them, and we can take a pretty fair measure for the other. It is just possible that some thousands of Irish shopboys, artisans and laborers, have taken a Fenian oath, and not impossible that a few hundreds of them have as much drill as could be given by a discharged militiaman on a moonlight night, two or three times a week. That, however, is the amount and quality of the "organization" at home. Abroad, we have no doubt that a vast number of Irishmen in various parts of the United States have become nominal members of the "Brotherhood," but to suppose that they will venture their persons in a descent upon the British Isles, or that they will provide the Fenians in Ireland with either money or munitions for a single day's parade, would be a complete hallucination. Perhaps a case or two of arms may have been dispatched to Cork; indeed, it seems from the movements of our cruisers on the coast that they have actually been instructed to look out for some political smuggler; but of the two shams we believe even the Fenian army to have more substance than its armory.

The more completely the scheme is revealed, the more supremely absurd does it appear. The Irish recruits must have thought that scattered companies of hair brained lads trained just to keep step and know their facings could suddenly coalesce into an effective army under officers which they had never seen, and with weapons which they had never handled. The Fenians in America must have fancied that they could transport from that country and disembark on the shores of Ireland the leaders and the material required for a force of 200,000 troops without difficulty or hindrance. Yet both these parties knew and understood, as far as they were capable of understanding, the strength of the power against which their operations were to be directed. By all Irishmen except Fenians this point has been very clearly seen, and insisted upon with a plainness very remarkable. The Irish journals ask the Fenians what they could possibly expect to do with all the strength and intelligence even of Ireland itself against them, and the power of the British Empire behind. As to the maturity of the plot we have learnt from the public statement of the American Fenians that the organization in Ireland, such as we have found it, was actually complete. The preparations were finished, the army was enrolled, and the "day of provisional government" was established. The tailors, plasterers and railway porters now in prison represent the approved heads of a ripe conspiracy. In fact, the contemptuous indifference of the government led to greater openness on the part of the conspirators than was originally designed. In the beginning, and in device, the Fenian Brotherhood was a very secret society, but its members at last grew so bold and threw disguise aside so generally that they left us little to learn.—*London Times*.

The Weekly

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