The Weekly Colonist.

Tuesday, May 17, 1864.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Thursday, May 12.

MORE GARNETS.—M. Jean Lamon, of Cowichan, has brought to our office another large lump of rock thickly studded with garnets, some of which are very large and fine. The piece of rock is quite filled with the crystals.

DINNER TO THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.—Last night a number of friends entertained W. A. G. Young, Esq., Colonial Secretary, at a farewell dinner at the Colonial Hotel, on the occasion of his approaching departure for England.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY BALL.—The committee yesterday completed all the arrangements for the public ball on the Queen's birth-night, which is to take place in the Theatre. Mons. Driard is entrusted with the preparations.

Friday, May 13.

SUDDEN DEATH.

A colored man named Henry Grantom, who kept a restaurant at the lower end of Yates street, was yesterday occupied in grinding some knives at the side of Marvin's store, when he suddenly fell backwards and expired. Dr. Dickson was soon in attendance, but life was pronounced extinct.

VICTORIA RIFLES.—The first open air drill of the Rifle Company was held on the Church Reserve, last evening. Thirty-eight members including officers, mustered on the occasion, and, under the command of Capt. Lang, went through a variety of evolutions in a very creditable manner, showing very plainly that the most, if not all of them, were old hands at both "manual" and "platoon." The new uniform, in which all the members except two were equipped, looks remarkably well; although one cannot help noticing what a very conspicuous mark it would present to an enemy's sharpshooters. Should the services of the corps be required by His Excellency to punish the Indian murderers at Bute Inlet, it would be prudent to equip the men in a more sombre garb, and thus render them less likely to be picked off by the skulking savages.

CIVIC AFFAIRS.—Yesterday morning at ten o'clock the Mayor and members of the City Council met in the Council Chamber with closed doors, to deliberate upon the proper course to pursue in their present dilemma. During the forenoon the Mayor waited upon His Excellency the Governor, and explained to him the position in which civic matters now stood. Governor Kennedy sympathized with His Worship and the Councillors, and requested the Mayor to furnish him with a full statement of the liabilities and assets of the Corporation. The Council again met in the evening, when the Mayor reported the result of his interview with the Governor.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—At four o'clock yesterday afternoon, an inquest was held on the body of Wm. Henry Grantom, who died suddenly during the early part of the day. A *post mortem* examination had been held on the body by Dr. Ash, who stated that on opening the cavity of the chest he found the pericardium distended with fluid, which was composed of serum and clot. On taking out the heart the aorta was found to be affected with aneurism, the rupture of which had by the discharge of blood &c. distended the pericardium and caused death. The jury returned a verdict accordingly.

IN QUEST OF THE MURDERERS.—Mr. Waddington leaves this morning for New Westminster on the Enterprise, when he will see Governor Seymour, and place before him particulars of the murder at Bute Inlet. A report is current that a body of volunteers will be enrolled by the Government to proceed at once to the Inlet in a gunboat, in search of the murderers. It is more than probable that a second expedition will be fitted out in British Columbia, either for Alexantila or Bella Coola, so as to co-operate with the expedition from this Island.

THE BUTE INLET TRAGEDY.—Mr. Alfred Waddington sent up an express last evening, by the steamer Emily Harris, to Bute Inlet, to have the bodies of the unfortunate victims of the recent massacre decently buried. Instructions were given to identify the bodies, and describe the wounds, with a view to future enquiries. The party were also to make a strict search in case any of the men should still be alive. The express would arrive at Bute Inlet it is expected, in three days.

THE SCHOOL BILL.—By the action of the Committee of the House on the School question yesterday the bill is virtually killed for the session, the motion of Dr. Helmcken, "that the Chairman do now rise," having a similar effect to the "six months' hoist."

CHINESE INDUSTRY.—I saw a man who had a plot of ground in which he was going to plant out some cabbages. He knew there were beetles and other insects in the ground which would eat them, so, when it was all ready, he put bits of cabbage leaf, about two feet apart, all over the plot, placing a stone on each to keep it from being blown away. He left them for a time, and then visited them at intervals, finding insects at work on them each time. These he killed, removing carefully the remains for fear of their scaring away the brethren. At last, when he could catch no more, he planted out his cabbages. All this I saw with my own eyes, and the good man seemed to think there was nothing unusual in it, but that it was the most natural way in the world of securing the safety of his vegetables, at the cost of a few leaves.—*Fisher's Three Years' Service in China.*

GOING TO THE FRONT.

"Going to the front" is no such easy matter for a newspaper correspondent at Washington. For any person connected with an English daily journal, independently conducted, it is all but impossible. Over and over again has the War Minister, Mr. Stanton, positively and rudely refused to grant any "facilities" to the representatives of the press who have penetrated so far as Washington, and have been desirous of visiting the head-quarters of the army. The few American reporters who are suffered to remain in camp are subjected to innumerable galling and degrading restrictions. Should they dare to comment on the probable plan of the next campaign, or should they presume to write anything which by any person in authority is held offensive, or even distasteful, they are liable to be summarily expelled the camp, and may consider themselves fortunate if they escape being arrested, sent under guard to Washington, and immured in the vermin infested cells of the Old Capital. So humiliating, indeed, are many of these "press laws" for the camp, that some of the more respectable of the New York papers decline to expose their correspondents to such petty tyranny. The New York *Herald* reporters, however, give all the required pledges, and bow to all the decrees which may be promulgated; and the consequence is that the *Herald* is better supplied with war news than any other paper in New York.

But my lines, as it turned out, had fallen in pleasant places. The Secretary of War, had I asked him, would probably have not met my suit with an unqualified refusal. I did not ask him for permission to visit the front at all. I was fortunate enough to know a gentleman who had extensive commercial transactions with the Government, and who, in pursuit of his business, had frequent occasion to go to head-quarters. On the present occasion he proposed to combine business with pleasure. He told me that he intended to go down to Brandy Station on Sunday morning, and have a "good time" of it. He was to take his wife and sister, who, on their part, and with a view to Amazonianism, were to take their side saddles and riding habits—Something in the way of ball-dresses were also to be included in the luggage; for on the Monday night a grand ball, given by the officers of the Third Corps, was to come off at General Gure's head-quarters. Nothing could be more delightful. My friend's partner was going, and he was to take his niece. Passes for all of us were to be procured from the Provost Marshal General's office, and a special train was to be provided at 10:45 on Monday morning to convey us, by way of Alexandria, to Brandy Station. Without a pass you are not permitted to stir a mile southward from Washington. A pass is required even to cross the Long Bridge over the Potomac; and the magic document, without which you are at best but a prisoner at large, is very difficult to obtain, and very reluctantly granted to persons unconnected with the military service of the Government. Civilians, unless they happen to be sutlers, or philanthropic gentlemen connected with the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, are kept carefully at bay. A few officers belonging to Her Majesty's Brigade of Guards in Canada have from time to time been allowed to stay a short time on the Potomac, or rather on the Rapidan, and great kindness and hospitality have been shown them by the officers in command—more especially by those high in position; but there is reason to believe that these amenities have been anything but pleasant to the authorities at the Washington War Department, and the visits of British officers to the Federal camp have long since ceased.—*Cor. London Telegraph, March 15.*

THE FLOOD AT SHEFFIELD.—A correspondent of the London *Telegraph* gives the following account:—"Perhaps the most distressing scene that could be witnessed in connection with this fearful catastrophe was displayed yesterday morning at the Sheffield Workhouse. About ten a.m., a crowd of persons assembled outside the building anxiously soliciting permission to view the bodies of the unfortunate victims there laid out, for the purpose of recognising, if possible, some missing friend or relative. Through the courtesy of one of the officials of the institution we are enabled to view the bodies, and to be present as various parties passed through the building on their mournful errand, which in many instances was but too successful. The scene was one that defies description, and will not readily be forgotten by anyone who witnessed it, for in five of the outbuildings no less than ninety-nine corpses were laid out, the majority of them retaining the position in which they were when death overtook them. The old man of fourscore years, the infant but a few days old, the powerful vigorous man in the prime of life, the weak delicate girl—there lay stretched side by side in ghastly rows. Water alone was not the agent of their destruction; for falling houses, trees and stones aided in the horrible work. Many of the bodies are terribly crushed and bruised, but on the whole the countenances of the sufferers wore a singularly placid expression, not one in any way indicating a violent death. Not more than one in ten exhibited the market symptom of asphyxia by drowning, as described by medical authors on the subject, viz., a livid color of the face, the tongue protruding and generally wounded by the teeth; a frothy discharge from the mouth and nose, the eyelids half closed and the pupils dilated. Quite the reverse seems to be the case with the majority of these poor sufferers, for the general appearance of the bodies is that of sound sleep, the lips and cheeks retaining all the rosy freshness of life, the mouth slightly opened, and a smile upon the face as though some pleasant dreams were passing through the mind. The children particularly seem as though they were quite unconscious of anything having occurred to disturb their repose, and convert the sleep of health and innocence into one of horror and death. In one room lay an aged couple whose lives were apparently cut short but a very little earlier than had nature run her appointed course. In one room lay stretched side by side a man and his wife, lying upon whose breast was their little one, but a few days old. In another place were three little children of one family, a most touching sight, lying as though buried in the soundest slumber, clasped in each other's arms. Such a soul-harrowing spectacle it has fortunately never been our lot to witness before, and the grief and tears of the friends on recognizing some lost loved one, added to the horror of the scene, and made us feel happy to leave a spot where such an incalculable amount of misery seemed concentrated.

Strange facts concerning the Saviour of Mankind.

Of the many interesting relics and fragments of antiquity which have been brought to light by the persevering researches of modern philosophy, none could have more interest for the philanthropist and the believer than the one which we copy below. "Chance," says the *Courier des Etat Unis* of New York City, "has put into our hands the most interesting judicial document to all Christians: that is the identical death warrant of Jesus Christ." The document was faithfully transcribed by the editor, and is in *haec verba*:

SENTENCE RENDERED BY PONTIUS PILATE, ACTING GOVERNOR OF LOWER GALLILEE STATING THAT JESUS OF NAZARETH SHOULD SUFFER DEATH ON THE CROSS.

In the year seventeen of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, and on the 25th of March, the city of the holy Jerusalem, Anna and Caiphas being priests sacrificators of the people of God, Pontius Pilate, Governor of Lower Gallilee, sitting on the presidential chair of the Praetory, condemned Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves—the great and notorious evidence of the people saying: 1. Jesus is a seducer. 2. He is seditious. 3. He is an enemy to the law. 4. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel. 5. He calls himself falsely the son of God. 6. He entered into the temple followed by a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands—ordered the first centurion, Quilius Cornelius, to lead him to the place of execution. Forbid any person whatsoever to oppose the death of Jesus.

The witnesses who signed the condemnation of Jesus are, viz: Daniel Robani, a Pharisee, Joannus Borabable, Raphael Robani, and Capini, a citizen. Jesus shall go out of the city of Jerusalem by the gate of Strenius.

The above sentence is engraved on a copper plate; on one side are written the words, "A similar plate is sent to each tribe." It was found in an antique vase of white marble while excavating in the ancient city of Abutila, in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1820, and was discovered by the Commission of Art attached to the French armies. At the expedition of Naples it was found closed in a box of ebony in the sacristy of Chartrem.—The vase is in the chapel of Caserta. The French translation was made by the members of the Commission of Arts. The original is in the Hebrew language. The chartrem requesting earnestly that the plate should not be taken away from them, the request was granted as a reward for the sacrifice they had made for the army. M. Denon, one of the savans, caused a plate to be made of the same model, on which he had engraved the above sentence. At the sale of his antiquities, etc., it was bought by Lord Howard for 2 800 francs. Its extrinsic value and interest are much greater.

A few years ago there was found at Catskill, in New York, a "Sketch of Israel," at the time of Jesus. On the one side was the representation of a palm leaf, on the other a picture of the temple, with the words underneath, "Holy Jerusalem," in the Hebrew language.

The following epistle was taken by Napoleon from the public records of Rome, when he deprived the city of so many valuable manuscripts. It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus commenced his career, by Publius Lentulus, the Governor of Judea, to the Senate at Rome—Cæsar, Emperor. It was the custom in those days for the Governor to write down any event of importance which transpired while he held office:

Conscript Fathers:—There appeared in these days a man named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of great truth; but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He hath raised the dead and cured all manner of diseases. He is of a man's stature, somewhat tall and comely, with a very ruddy countenance, such as a beholder would both love and fear. His hair is the color of the filbert, when fully ripe, plain to the ears, whence downward it is more orient in color, curling and waving about his shoulders; in the middle of his head is a seam or partition of long hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful, with a comely red; his nose and mouth are exactly formed; his beard is exactly the same color of his hair, and thick—not of any great height, but comely. In reproving, he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise; in proportion of body, well shaped.—None have ever seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man, for his surpassing beauty, excelling the children of men.—*Am. Paper.*

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The following is the reply of the Secretary of State for the Colonies to the memorial of the settlers in that colony:—

"Downing-street, Feb. 24, 1864.

"Gentlemen,—I am directed by the Duke of Newcastle to acknowledge the receipt of the memorial, dated the 16th of February, signed by yourselves and by numerous other gentlemen connected with Western Australia, expressive of your hope that Her Majesty's Government will not abandon the present system of transportation to that colony.

"I am desired to assure you that His Grace has perused your memorial with the attention due to the position and character of the gentlemen by whom it is signed, and to the ability with which their opinions are enforced.

"For the decision of Her Majesty's Government on the subject of the memorial his Grace can only refer to his despatches to the Governor of Western Australia and to the Governors of the other Australian colonies, dated the 26th of January, which are included in the paper just laid before Parliament upon convict discipline and transportation.

"From that communication it will be seen that, while the proposal for a large increase of transportation will not be adopted, no change is contemplated in the number of convicts which has for some years been annually sent to Western Australia.

"I am to request that you will make the contents of this letter known to the other gentlemen whose names are appended after yours to the memorial addressed to the Duke of Newcastle.

"I am, Gentlemen,
"Your obedient servant,
"C. FORTESCUE.

"Henry A. Sanford, Esq.
"Theodore Fawcett, Esq.
"Ross D. Mangles, Esq."

HOW SHREWD MEN ACQUIRE A FORTUNE. There is always good fortune in store for those who know how to avail themselves of the proper means to secure it. It does not generally follow that the man who makes the greatest noise is the individual who corrals the dollars. On the contrary, the fickle goddess Fortunia often turns from these, and showers her favors on the unpretending individual who, although his tongue is still, has an active brain, and woos her in a way that the more blatant and pretentious disregard as unworthy of their time and trouble. The misjudging world thinks, of course, the bold and dashing business man is carrying the golden palace by storm; but while his foot is yet on the lowest round of the scaling-ladder, lo! his quiet and apparently unobtrusive rival is in the citadel, has laid his hand on the topmost spoke of the revolving wheel, and gained possession of the glittering prize. One means of accomplishing this desirable result—and one, too, foolishly neglected except by the shrewd few—is that of advertising, extensively. "Ah," says the aristocrat in trade of professional business, with his nose curled up in contempt, "Nobody of any account advertises." But almost before his olfactory organ has resumed its normal shape, the despised advertiser is on the Assessor's book for a quarter of a million, and the pompous non-advertiser, is trembling on the verge of bankruptcy and doing any amount of shinning to keep his head above water. The history of the present century is full of illustrations of the truth of what we state. England—where the non-advertising prejudice is hard to combat—and America, boast their millionaires whose way to wealth was first pointed out by the index to a newspaper paragraph. Moffatt, Swain, Holloway, Townsend, Ayer, Simmonds, and many others are cases in point. In our own community we can cite the instance of Dr. L. J. Czapkay, who, after some ten years of professional practice in San Francisco, now retires the owner of a princely fortune. He made this by a judicious system of advertising. Had he listened to the advice of his professional brethren he would have refrained from making his business known through the columns of the newspapers, and been at this time a struggling practitioner, depending upon his practice for his daily bread, instead of the possessor of wealth compared by figures that astonish ticklers for etiquette. Every one knows how extensively the Doctor advertised, and what large sums he spent in so doing. Journals from Siskiyou to Los Angeles contained his column, and when the tide of emigration rolled off into the Territories, north or south, the first number of a newspaper in the principal town, told the people of the fact that this healer of ills that flesh is heir to, was resident in San Francisco. Some persons laughed at the enormous trouble and expense to which the Doctor subjected himself, and considered it time and money wasted, but he was sure of his game, waited patiently, and his reward came at last. His investment in printer's ink and paper, like the bread cast upon the waters, returned to him after many days; and now, blessed with abundant means, he retires while in the prime of life, to enjoy in elegant leisure the fruits of his business sagacity, and, what is still more to be desired, with the reputation of a fair dealing and an honorable man.—*S. F. Call.*

ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.—The question ever seeking solution, and finding none, as to whether the leaders of public opinion, through the press, should be known or unknown, has been lately brought into unusual prominence by the Cobden controversy. Much of what has been penned by the great Free-Trader appears to us unlatinable. If men sign their own names to leading articles, those articles would have less public weight. *Omne ignotum, pro magnifico*, and Mr. Jones of Thavies Inn may be set down by the reverent reader as somebody in Downing street. The nose of journalism would undoubtedly smell less sweet if it bore a name. It is very well to say that the strength of a "leader" lies in its truth and wisdom, and that whether a signature be affixed or not, is of no consequence; but Jones of Thavies Inn would be totally unable to put New York into a flurry, or give Richmond hope, if he put his name to his political lucubrations; and still more, his address. We wonder Mr. Cobden does not contend for the *address* of the gentlemen connected with the press, as well as their names; he should also require that it be distinctly stated whether they lived in lodgings or occupied a dwelling-house of their own. An arrangement of this kind would doubtless prevent persons from indulging their private pique by slanders and exaggerations; but it would also produce at least as much evil as good. It would make the vast world of readers clique-ish in their opinions—a thing chief to be especially avoided. They would pin their faith to this and that man, rather than to what is right; and forsake principles for pets—as a certain section of the religious public has done to its own great damage. The system of signatures to articles has already done much harm to our periodical literature. Circulations are attempted to be got up for magazines by the medium, not of good writing, but of good names. It is better for a rising author to be a great writer's cousin, if he bears the same name, than to be himself skilled in the art of writing; and we almost wonder that a magazine is not started at a moderate price, and avowedly of second-rate pretentions, to parvey papers written by the relatives of distinguished novelists, essayists, and poets. A still lower class of periodical might be supplied by their domestic servants—the fact of their being actually their relatives being vouched for upon the editor's affidavit. One argument in favor of the signature system seems to have some weight; namely, that it is hard that literary men should labor unacknowledged to whom an individual reputation is all important, but this complaint in reality arises from mere vanity, for if a man writes anything of real worth in an anonymous periodical, it is certain to get republished, when he may, of course, append his signature in full.—*Chambers's Journal.*

MARRIAGE A LA MODE IN POLAND.—One day a cousin of Count S——arrived; he and his wife were hardly seated when another couple were announced. They seemed all to be on most friendly terms. In the evening, one of the gentlemen played at cards with the two ladies, and a third, who was staying at Ostrowski. When he arrived, Countess S——said to me, "Is it not curious to see my cousin Alexander playing cards with his three wives?"

"His three wives!" I exclaimed; "surely you jest."

"Not at all," she answered. "Nothing is more common here. He now regrets having divorced from the first; he liked her best; but she has also married again. They are all very friendly and agreeable to one another." Countess S——continued: "You will hardly meet a person in the country who has not been married more than once. The Russians reproach us on our facility for divorce as they marry for life; we, for as long as we please. It is better than living together on ill terms."

This seemed very startling to me; but it is a fact of which I was convinced from personal observation. One bitterly cold day, when the aspect outdoors was enough to make one shudder, Countess S——, Fraulein Muller, and I were making artificial flowers; Anna, who braved I know not how many degrees of cold, was gone on a sledging excursion with her father. As we were seated by the window, we saw a sledge drawn by six horses coming up the avenue. We were wondering who the courageous visitor could be, when the beautiful Countess Z——, a near neighbor, was announced.

On entering, she said to Countess S——, "I have not a moment to stay, and have something very important to say: my husband intends proposing for your daughter; he is an excellent man, so I beg of you not to let any delicacy of sentiment on my account be an obstacle to their union. I have already obtained my divorce, and am on the eve of contracting a second marriage. I leave for Varsovie this evening. Adieu, dear friend." So saying, she disappeared as quickly as she had entered.

I own that if a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet, I could not have been more surprised. Fraulein Muller and I who had stood up to leave the room, had not time to gain the door ere the communication was made. Countess S——begged of us to remain, and, as soon as her friend left, observed without seeming the least amazed at what she heard that Count A——was too old for Anna. Undoubtedly, he has a very large fortune; but added she, "we have almost given our word to another person." She evidently was nowise shocked at the strange announcement.

Accordingly Count A——did come next day, and made a formal demand, and was refused, Anna's opinion coinciding with that of her parents.—*Chambers's Journal.*

It is feared now that Dr. Livingstone is no more. He is known to have been wounded in a skirmish between the Mangaeja and Ajawa tribes, the Englishmen taking the side of the former against the Ajawas, who are slave-dealers. From the effects of his wounds and the want of proper medicines, food, and treatment, this great missionary, it is feared, has succumbed. No more, of course, will now be heard of the Central African mission. The collision with the natives was much to be deplored, and we fear that it was a mistaken policy to back up one tribe at the expense of another—the more so as the Mission very soon discovered that the tribe they had befriended, and for whom they fought, were no better in principle and intention than their neighbors.—*Cor. Budget.*

☞ The ball to take place in the theatre on the Queen's birth-night gives promise of being the largest and grandest public ball that has ever been given in the colony. The list of stewards is given in our advertising columns.

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JULY 4th, 1864

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ALL OTHER OCCASIONS.

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