

The Weekly British Colonist
AND CHRONICLE.

Tuesday, March 3 1868.

"The plot thickens!" The "irrepressible conflict" between President Johnson and his contumacious Congress is assuming a more serious and alarming shape. The President, refusing to recognize Stanton as Secretary of War, has appointed a General Thomas temporarily to perform the duties; but Stanton has been requested by the Senate not to "recognize" the President and to hold on to the office until otherwise advised by the Senate. This he has promised to do; and it is added that he has the sympathy of General Grant and may count upon his active support should an attempt be made to unseat him. On the 25th the Senate impeached the President, alleging that by his course in removing Stanton he was "guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors." Mr. Banks, in the House, has reported a bill which demands for naturalized citizens in their native country the same privileges as are accorded native born-American citizens; and in case any (naturalized) citizen shall have been arrested and detained, whose release upon demand shall have been unnecessarily delayed or refused, the President is empowered to order the arrest of any foreign citizens or subjects within the jurisdiction of the United States, and detain them in custody until the demand shall be complied with and the citizens released. This bill has a warlike tendency. It is intended to reach such cases as those of the Fenians convicted of treason and murder, who claimed to be naturalized American citizens, and demanded to be tried by a mixed jury of Americans and Englishmen. The demand was not acceded to—the English judges deciding that a British subject can never swear his allegiance. The Fenians were tried as British subjects and hanged or imprisoned. Whether Gen. Banks intends the bill shall have an *ex post facto* effect, and wishes the President to demand the release of Fenians convicted under the ruling of the English judges, is not stated; but we presume the object of the bill is to apply only to future cases, for how could the wretches lately hanged come in for their share of its benefits? The misunderstanding on this point is unfortunate; and the passage of the bill by Congress will scarcely induce Great Britain to recede from her position in this respect. The subject is one that would properly form the basis of a treaty between the two nations; but *ex parte* legislation will never settle the disputed point. The clause empowering the President to adopt retaliatory measures upon the persons of citizens of any country desiring to extend to naturalized citizens of the United States similar privileges to those it accords native-born citizens, points directly to the British Minister, for it is not to be supposed the President would pass over the Minister and "take up" a British subject of lesser note. Should this bill pass, and should a case of the nature complained of recur in Great Britain, and should the British Minister or any other subject of the Queen be imprisoned in retaliation, there will be sufficient cause for war—precisely what the Fenians are striving to bring about, and precisely what the Americans least desire. But we don't believe Mr. Banks' bill is anything more serious than a bid for the Irish vote at the approaching Presidential election—a straw intended to tickle the Emerald Islanders into good humor with the Radicals and secure the return of the candidates of that party. After election Paddy and his grievances will rest on the shelf until his vote is again required.

Friday, Feb 28th.

Did any of our lady friends and readers ever go through this terrible agony? A lady says the first time she was kissed she felt like a tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nardines and cranberries. She felt also as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids, in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows.

MINNER'S ANNEKATION RESOLUTIONS.
Here are the preamble and resolutions introduced by Mr. Minner, of the California Legislature, of which brief mention was made by the telegraph:

"WHEREAS, The highest prosperity of the Nation is intimately connected with the speedy development of the great and varied resources of the Pacific States and adjoining Territories; and whereas, it is contemplated by the Government of Great Britain to unite British Columbia with the new Dominion of Canada, thereby forming a Kingdom Empire along our entire northern border, and between us and our new possession of Alaska, which project, if carried out, will eventually result in establishing monarchical institutions upon one-half of the Continent of North America; in violation of our traditional policy; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Assembly, the Senate concurring, That it is of the greatest importance to the interest and welfare of the Pacific States, as well as of the whole Union, that British Columbia be annexed to the United States.

Resolved, That our Senators and Representatives in Congress are hereby instructed and requested to earnestly urge upon the Government at Washington to use all fair and honorable means to acquire said territory.

Resolved, That the Governor be instructed to communicate these resolutions, by telegraph, to the President of the United States and to the members of the Senate and House of Representatives from California and the other Pacific States.

A "Kingly Empire" is good; but a "Queenly Empire" would have sounded better.

CONUNDRUMS.—Readers are reminded that the evening for the award of prizes for the best original conundrums is drawing near. Brains should be engorged and the bright scintillations of wit carefully committed to paper and sent to the Secretary of the Mechanics' Institute. There is no telling to what degree of eminence the successful competitor may not rise. Here is our contribution, presented *pro bono publico*:

What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

What can you not name without breaking it? Silence.

What class of women are most apt to give tone to society? The belles.

Why is the Mediterranean the dirtiest of seas? Because it is the least tidy.

Why is an old bureau sold at auction, like an errand boy? Because it'll go for what it'll fetch.

And now, why is Benjamin Disraeli like a red Indian, fond of toys? Why, because he's B.D. (Ready).

What is next to man? His shirt, of course.

When is a man not a man? When he's abed, when he's awake, when he's a blow in the nose, when he's a comb in his hair, when he's a pear in his nails, when he's a pick in his teeth, when he's a wink in his eye, when he's a button in his clothes, when he's a swallow in his hair, when he's a scratch in his ear, and last, but not least, when he's a bolt in the door.

THE MARMORA.—This fine bark commenced to discharge cargo yesterday at Dickson, Campbell & Co's wharf. The packages, so far as external evidence is presented, are in as good order as when taken aboard at London. In speaking some days ago of the late extraordinarily quick passage of the Marmora from London to this port, we stated the time (123 days) was the best ever made between the two ports, with one exception—that of the Strathallen in 1863. This statement, we find upon enquiry, was incorrect. The Strathallen's time was 127 days. With Capt Kidd, of the Marmora, therefore, rests the honor of having made the quickest trip from London to Victoria.

ARRIVAL OF H.M.S. REINDER.—H.M.S. Reinder, 7, Commander E. Nares, arrived yesterday morning, at 11 o'clock, from Panama, having left that port on the 14th of January. All hands are well. The Reinder is a corvette of 935 tons and 200 horse power. She brings a detachment of 53 marines to fill up the ranks of the company on San Juan Island, and 28 supernumeraries for H.M. fleet on this station. Fine weather was experienced on the passage up. Following is a list of the Reinder's officers:

Commander—E. Nares.

Lieutenant—H. C. St. Clair; Albert J. Roke.

Master—Charles Watton.

Surgeon—James C. Eastcott; Assistant Surgeon—Edward Dan.

Paymaster—Charles Barrs.

Sub-Lieutenant—Edward J. Wingfield; Allyn P. Pascoe; Count Fredk. C. Mexa.

Engineers—Mr. T. Scott; J. Lesson; Assistant Engineer—E. Tricha.

Midshipman—C. W. Last.

Navigating Midshipman—T. F. Thomas.

Clerk—A. F. Claydon.

THE ERA OF CHEAP FARE.—Passengers who arrived here by the *Golden City* were brought from New York at the following rates in Greenbacks: First cabin, outside staterooms, \$125; first cabin, inside, \$100; second cabin, \$80; steerage, \$40. Deduct 25 per cent. from these figures, to reduce them to gold rates, and it will be seen that travelling between here and New York is now cheaper than ever before, and less than half what it was a few years since.—S.F. Alta.

THE STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.—A performance for the purpose of raising funds for the purchase of a steam fire-engine for the use of the indomitable Tigers will be given at the Theatre in a few days. It will be well attended.

INTERNAL REVENUE.—Charles, a Port Rupert Indian, was assessed yesterday \$10 for having taken the liberty of assaulting Jenny, a Hydah, and testing her clothes. The money was paid into the treasury on demand.

DESPATCHES.—The Reinder brought dispatches from the Colonial Office to the Governor, which were put aboard at Panama, and H.M.S. Sparrowhawk will carry them to New Westminster to-day.

The Enterprise, with passengers and freight, sailed for Fraser river yesterday morning at 9.

The Fideliter will start for Portland to-day.

The Russian bark Menechikov sailed yesterday morning for Sitka. She is coal-laden.

The Virgin Islands.

(From the N. Y. Tribune of January 29th.)

BEY ISLAND, Nov. 30.—When I wrote you by the last mail and told you all about the dreadful hurricane of the 29th of October, little did I think that by this mail I would have to tell you of another fearful affliction. On Monday last, the 18th, we experienced the most awful series of earthquakes ever known in this or any other part of the world, so far as the number and duration went. I was down in the creek with some people, cutting wood to make a lime-kilo; the weather was extremely hot and very oppressive till about two o'clock. I left, and was on my way home. Just as I got by the great gate I heard a tremendous report as if a heavy cannon had been fired some distance off; then came a loud rumbling noise like a number of iron carriages drawn over a rough road by hundreds of wild horses. I stopped my horse, for I well knew what was coming, when the shock came. I never shall forget it. I had never seen or felt anything half so dreadful in all my life. The hurricane was bad enough, but the earthquake was ten times worse. It was a very long shock, and I thought the land would sink under me. I did not dismount; but as soon as it ceased I started off, expecting to see my home, already shattered by the hurricane, in a heap of ruins; but, thank God, there it was, apparently uninjured. I saw every one about the place hurrying down the hill. By the time I reached where they were, then commenced the most trying time of all. Earthquake after earthquake for nearly an hour; and such dreadful shocks. It makes me nervous to think of them. By and by, we heard a great noise, and I left them, and went up the hill a little. When I got up high enough to see the sea, what a sight! The sea had approached, and the noise we heard was from the power of the water running back again. It continued to run off until the rocks and reef were all dry; and it seemed to suck away the water out of the bay and leave everything dry—(this was on the Bluff side.)

My attention was roused by a similar noise on the other side of "Taylor's Bay," and there, too, the same thing was going on. As soon as the water would come in on the south side, it would go off on the north; and so it continued for a length of time. During the whole time we had earthquakes after earthquakes. Three hours had now elapsed since the first shock, and night coming on—what a night had we before us to be sure. Not an eye was closed. We were all frightened half to death, and expected momentarily to be swallowed up. It was a truly awful night, and never to be forgotten. We must have had over two hundred shocks during the night, and some hours there were over twenty. Daylight came at last, and never was it more welcomed by miserable creatures; we were completely worn out. Of course the day before our dinner was forgotten; we wanted food, sleep, and everything else to make us comfortable. They had just made bread at the house where the first shock came, and there it lay all the next day, and it finally became rotten. When I found the shocks continued, I got some boat sails and made a mat, but a little distance from the house, for the walls were cracked and we were afraid to remain in the house, not knowing at what moment a shock more severe might come and bring it down. Since last Tuesday morning we have lived in the tent. Fortunately for us there has not been much rain. Severe and frequent shocks continued up to Friday; they are now subsiding, but even now and then we hear the reports, but very little vibration. We have had a week of earthquakes. For eight days I have not had my clothes off. Of course we have to lie down prepared to get up at any moment's warning, but where to go, that is the question. In a hurricane you can hide in the cellar, if the house is blown away; but the cellar is the last place thought of in a case like this. I sent to Pleasant Valley on Wednesday. Road Town was completely inundated, but the houses being in ruin already from the hurricane, the only damage done was the loss of the lumber which the poor people had gathered to rebuild their houses.

Just fancy, large fish, snappers and other fish, were left on the road to Little Mountain; the sea brought them up, and when going off left them entangled in the grass and bushes. This I saw first opposite the creek. Must it not have been something dreadful to do this. I cannot tell you half what we saw and suffered. Some of the boys are clean gone, the sea running on the sandy bay 30 to 40 feet wide. Everything looks changed. Such a hurricane, and such earthquakes, all within three weeks! Hundreds of poor unfortunate sent to their last home, and hundreds more have lost their all. Since last

Sunday, the 17th, all we have had to live upon has been a piece of Johnny-cake in the morning with our coffee, and the same in the evening with a little soup. We have been getting fever, since we have been living in the tent; all the rest are well. 26th.—The weather has changed, and the cold weather has driven us out of the tent. On Guano Island everything is swept away to the bare walls of the house. This calamity has finished Tortola and all belonging to it. It is painful to contemplate the state of affairs. On the 27th we had a very unpleasant night of it, having had four shocks during the night.

How to Take a Whipping.

The *Western Morning Sun*, an English journal, has the following fresh version of an old story:

Mr. Dickens in one of his books on American journalism, represents them as turning every incident into a point with a sensational header, so that when the editor got thrashed for personalities, he at once brought out a special edition with the flaming announcement: "The Editor Cowhided again." It is not, I think, generally known that Mr. Dickens was referring to an actual case, which is tolerably notorious in America and is told with great glee by the person most deeply interested.

That person is no other than the notorious James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, and it is thus he tells the story to his friends. The Herald had for some time violently attacked a certain actress. One day the lady's husband, himself an actor, came to the Herald office, walked into Mr. Bennett's room, and said, "Are you Mr. Bennett?" "I am," was the reply, "take a seat." No, sir, I will not take a seat; you have insulted my wife! "Who is your wife?" Name mentioned. "Never heard of her." But your dramatic critic has insulted her. "This is his affair." "But I hold you responsible." And thereupon the angry husband took the proprietor of the Herald from off his chair and flung him on the floor and kicked him in the rear, rolling him over and over and kicked him again, clutched hold of his throat and left the office.

What did the victim do? He called upon one of his employees, wrote out an account of the affair, caused sensation cards to be struck off—Fourth Edition—Atrocious Assault upon the Editor: Fifth Edition—Further Particulars of the Cowardly Assault upon the Editor—and soon all New York was buying the Herald. "But," said Bennett, "I added a little garnish which was not strictly true. I said, 'We would have pardoned this unmanly, cowardly assault upon an unarmed man, but for one circumstance. This despicable wretch, not content with ferocious violence, had the unspeakable meanness to take up a quarter piece which was lying on the table and pocket it.'"

The next day when the actor appeared upon the stage, he was greeted with cries of "Who stole Bennett's quarter?" and whenever he appeared the same cry greeted him until he and his wife were driven off the stage and rained. "That," adds Bennett, "was my revenge."

Smuggling as a Fine Art.

HOW IT IS PRACTICED IN NEW YORK—SOME INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

The New York Tribune publishes an extended report of frauds on the customs at that port, and specifies some instances which have occurred within a few weeks. When a foreign steamer arrives and the baggage of the passengers is all on the wharf, the following scenes usually take place:

The inspectors detailed for the vessel while in port take charge, and seal the hatches. The passengers descend to the pier, and the inspection begins. Each passenger, before the examination, fills out a blank form, in which he enumerates the contents of his trunk. If there is nothing but his own wearing apparel, he certifies that there are no new or dutiable articles within. They commence the luggage scenes. They are requested to unlock their trunks. The ready, easy manner with which many open them, without being called upon, produces a good effect, convincing the officer that they have travelled, and therefore undemand the form. He gently passes his hand down the inner side and under a few articles of clothing, shuts the lid, and chalks a mark. Keen grey eyes are watching you from a distance, and noting if there is any expression of exultation. If one is nervous or irritable, he goes through another ordeal. He is suspected. His trunk is measured inside and out, the sides and the top sounded, and a general manipulation takes place. If anything dutiable or new is found, it is immediately confiscated, and becomes the property of Uncle Samuel. In the meantime the Deputy Surveyor and his aids are taking a general survey of the scene of operations.

One of the aids has his eye on a large, heavy looking man, who is wrapped up in a great coat. He walks like an invalid, and is attended by a friend who has met him on the pier. The aid thinks his garments fit him too "mucky," he takes the Inspector him too and informs him that after he (the officer) has examined his baggage he will stumble over his valise or bag. Of course the large man with so much clothing on will stoop to pick up his baggage, which has been so suddenly and clumsily misplaced, at which time the Inspector must watch his back.

The ruse succeeds; the back of his coat appears as if it covered a pan full of biscuits. Trembling with fear the passenger is taken inside the small office and from under his coat is drawn a well padded vest containing fifty gold watches. He is now subjected to a thorough examination; his boot legs and heels do not escape their scrutiny. The heel of one boot is found to be hollow—off it goes and inside is found snugly encoined in cotton two brilliant worth \$2,000. When entirely stripped of his superfluous garments he appears like a second "Calvin Kibson."

Another victim has been selected and he is called aside for corporeal examination. He is very portly and tries to be jolly. He laughs boisterously, and informs the officers that he supposes he must do his duty. Underneath

his shirt are hundreds of yards of costly lace neatly wound around his waist. After the officers have detented him of his smuggled under garments he looks more like a plucked fowl than a human being. Another man has passed the inspection, and his trunks are strapped to the rack of the carriage. He seems very much elated and is in a great hurry. On his arms he carries a lap rug, of which he seems to be very careful. As he is about to step into the carriage the aid taps him on the shoulder and accosts him familiarly. He asks him if he enjoyed his trip, and gives him a friendly poke in the ribs, by which he detects a rather spongy something about the waist. Of course an examination follows, and he turns out to be another "lace reel." The lap rug is ripped open and found to contain more of the same precious material, point applique and Valenciennes lace, appraised at \$12,000. These three men are professional smugglers, who in all probability have made several successful trips. After being detected and stripped of their valuables they are set at liberty.

DAMASCUS THE ETERNAL.—Damascus dates back anterior to the days of Abraham, and is the oldest city in the world. It was founded by Uz, the grandson of Noah. "The early history of Damascus is shrouded in the hoary mists of antiquity." Leave the matters written of in the first eleven chapters of the Old Testament out, and no recorded event has occurred in the world but Damascus was in existence to receive it. Go back as far as you will into the vague Past, there was always a Damascus. In the writings of every century for more than four thousand years, its name has been mentioned, and its praises sung. To Damascus, years are only moments, decades are only flitting trifles of time. She measures time, not by days and months and years, but by the empires she has seen rise, and prosper, and crumble to ruin. She is a type of immortality. She saw the foundations of Babel, and Thebes, and Ephesus laid; she saw them grow into mighty cities, and amaze the world with their grandeur—and she has lived to see them desolate, deserted, and given over to the owls and the bats. She saw the Israelitish empire exalted, and she saw it annihilated. She saw Greece rise and flourish two thousand years, and die. In her old age she saw Rome built; she saw it overshadow the world with its power; she saw it perish. The few hundreds of years of Genoese and Venetian might and splendor were, to grave old Damascus, only a trifling scintillation hardly worth remembering. Damascus has seen all that has ever occurred on earth, and still she lives. She has looked upon the dry bones of a thousand empires, and will see the tombs of a thousand more before she dies. Though another claims the name, old Damascus is by right the Eternal City.

ANECDOTE OF CHOATE. In 1841 Mr. Choate was engaged in a divorce suit on the part of the husband to procure a bill of separation from his wife. The principal witness for his client was a woman named Abigail Bell. On the cross-examination Mr. Sumner, the opposing counsel, asked her:

"Are you married?" "No, I am not." "Have you children?" "No, I have none." "Have you a child?" "No, I have none."

Then there was a long and distressing pause. At last the monosyllabic "Yes," was feebly uttered by the witness. Instantly the counsel ceased the cross-examination. Of course her evidence, where there was a conflict of testimony, was immensely damaged in the eyes of the jury by this fact: confessed by the maiden mother. Choate did not ask any question in reply or explanation, and she stepped down from the witness stand, a blackened woman.

When he came, in the course of his argument, to reply to that part of his case which rested on her evidence, he took her character in hand. The Court-room hushed the moment he said, "Abigail Bell's evidence, gentlemen, is before you. Raising himself up with firmness, he went on: 'I solemnly assert there is not the dream of a shadow of a shade of doubt or of suspicion on that evidence, or on her character.'"

Everybody looked stupefied with astonishment at these words.

Solemnly he proceeded: "What, though, in an unguarded moment, she may have trusted too far to the young man to whom she was to have been wedded on the next Lord's day, and who was suddenly struck dead at her feet by a shock of lightning out of the heavens!"

Then he made another of his tremendous pauses, snuffing the air, and his strange, dark eyes lowered over the jury while they took in this romantic and extraordinary explanation. The whole Court-room felt its force, and lighted up as if a feeling of relief had been experienced by every one present. There was a buzz, a stir, a universal sensation, and then again Choate rolled along under full headway. He won his case, and the tragic story, to save the character of the fair witness, was the off-putting of his fertile fancy.—*Bench and Bar.*

NAVAL SUPPLIES.—In a few days Messrs. Wilson & Co. will open the premises at Esquimaux, lately occupied by Mr. S. Nesbitt, as a depot and bread and biscuit bakery for the supply of Navy Messes, Merchant Shipping and residents generally, at Victoria prices.