

The Weekly British Colonist AND CHRONICLE.

Tuesday September 17, 1867.

Spirit of the English Press.

The "Hounslow muddle"—as it is called by the press—which means the late marching of a battalion of men from Aldershot to Hounslow, a distance of twenty-three miles, and keeping them on the tramp from nine o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon with nothing to eat, has called down a torrent of censure upon the heads of the War Office, and Sir John Pakington has caused the removal of the Deputy-Commissioner, Mr De Fonblaque, from the district of Aldershot. The United Service Gazette appears to think that Mr De Fonblaque, like Messrs Begbie and Ball at Cariboo, has been made the scapegoat of somebody else's blunder, and thinks the General in command of the troops should have a "wiggling." Mr Lowe's great speech, delivered when the Reform Bill came up for a third reading, is spoken of as a masterly effort. The Edinburgh Courant, of July 16th, says of the speech: "Of course, Mr Lowe predicts that the present bill opens the doors of revolution. It is but the first of a series of steps towards the complete ascendancy of democracy. The county franchise is to be reduced to the level of the borough qualification, the lodger is to refuse to submit to be limited by a £10 barrier, a revolutionary redistribution scheme is immediately before us, and nothing can now save us from the complete enthronement of the demos! All this was what Mr Lowe was bound to say, what everybody expected he would say, but what nobody attaches very much importance to. The future is, of course, uncertain; but Mr Lowe will probably live to look back with feelings of astonishment on the strong language used by him against a measure which will broaden the basis of the Constitution, and, by giving play to all the varied elements that go to compose the British nation, will assuredly prevent that class ascendancy of the ten-pounders which has been found so favorable to the fortunes of Liberalism, but which at the same time will prove a measure of popular and national enfranchisement, and not one of democratic equality." Of the great Naval Review in honor of the Sultan, the Morning Post thus spiritedly discourses: "Those who saw the sight of yesterday will not soon forget it, nor will they have a mean opinion of the naval strength of England. As the Sultan approached the fleet, and the cannon from fifty of the finest and most powerful vessels in the world thundered forth their hoarse welcome, as the yards—and in one instance the very trucks of the masts—were manned by crews who knew how to cheer, many thoughts must have passed through the mind of Abdul Aziz. There he saw stretching as far as the eye could reach two lines, comprising the very first and finest examples of every kind of vessel that floats upon the waters. On his one hand the wooden three-decker dear to the old school, and still beloved of sailors beyond all others, with every spar trained with mathematical precision, every rope taut, and the standard of England floating aloft; on the other, the low, smooth, shining black hulls of the ironclads, which mark a more advanced era of our naval construction, and the fearful turret ships with monstrous guns, the latest advance of all, all assembled to do honor to him, and to show him that he has not only faithful but mighty allies in this remote people of the West. The remembrance, too, that many of these men and many of these same ships had last faced an actual enemy in defence of his throne and his dominions could not fail to be present, and he must have been strangely and strongly moved by the magnificent spectacle before him. Nor can it have less impressed the Viceroy of Egypt, who followed, and who, in the great future which is rising for his country, must to have felt that it will be no mean advantage to retain the friendship and support of a nation which can give such evidence of its power." The Daily News is moved by the intelligence of the death of Maximilian, but looks upon his execution as a mere retaliatory measure for the many executions of Liberal Generals made by his order. The truth is," continues the News, "there is nothing more barbarous in the history of this century than the measures to which Maximilian resorted to secure his power in a country in which he was a stranger and an invader. It is said that the blood of Maximilian will cling to Juarez. Be it so; but to whom will the blood of Generals Arteaga and Salazar cling? Let equal justice be done; Maximilian's decree was nothing less than a general license of assassination." The Times thinks that Lord Shaftesbury has done good service in raising a timely warning against so idle and mischievous a proceeding as consulting Convocation on the Ritual report.

By law and precedent alike Convocation is destitute of the shadow of a claim to be consulted upon ecclesiastical legislation. But with regard to the present question, the pretension is peculiarly unreasonable. A Commission has been appointed, of which some of the leading members of the Episcopate, several learned clergy, and several influential laymen are members. Such a Commission is abundantly capable of giving due expression to the feelings of the clergy. Convocation, on the other hand, if it represents anybody or anything, represents only one of these various parties. What, then, can be more absurd than to refer back the decision of the Commission upon the points in dispute to one of the parties interested? If the clergy should have a voice in such matters for what purpose do the bishops sit in the House of Lords, except to give expression to that voice? When the report is presented, it must at once be taken into consideration by the Government, and if its recommendations appear satisfactory, no time should be lost in giving effect to them. At all events, the country will lose all patience if any further attempt is made to dally with this important but simple matter by reference to so obsolete and so utterly impracticable a body as Convocation.

Saturday, Sept 14th.

THE SHOOTING AT SAANICH.—Fep. Lind, of Saanich, was arraigned in the police court yesterday upon a charge of shooting, with felonious intent, John Smith, on Saturday last. Smith was not seriously wounded. The ball entered the left leg above the knee, and was extracted by Smith with a penknife. Mr. Bishop appeared for the defence. Officer McMillan made the arrest and preferred the charge against Lind. The officer deposed that Smith told him he was skylarking with Lind, and that he (Smith) was more to blame than the prisoner; that the shooting was "pure accident." The pistol with which Smith was shot is a Sharp's revolver, and is the same that Lind used in shooting an Indian a few months ago. The magistrate said it was a question, in that case, whether Lind did not use the weapon in self-defence. John Smith, being sworn, said he had no charge to make. The Magistrate—Your evidence is wanted, nevertheless. Smith then stated that he went over to Lind's on Saturday evening last; he had been drinking during the day; met Lind in the road, one hundred yards from his house, and commenced to skylark with him and the pistol went off; witness might have caught hold of the pistol himself and set it off; witness caught hold of him suddenly unaware; they were both joking; witness said 'hallo' to Lind, and for a joke, continued to skylark, then heard something go off and felt the ball in his leg; the whole thing was an accident; didn't see Lind pull out the pistol; didn't see the pistol in his hand; didn't see Lind's hand in his pocket; after the pistol went off Lind said the Indian dogs were tearing his hogs and that was why he had a pistol; didn't know that Lind made any explanation; he said I was foolish to come upon him so unawares; and I replied it was my own fault; he did not say that he fired a pistol; was on good terms with prisoner; the corner of the ball was downwards; prisoner did not show me a hole in his trousers where the ball had passed through; Lind was not with me when I was drinking; he was not drunk; there were two men at Lind's and they were drunk. At the conclusion of this witness' evidence the magistrate remanded the prisoner for eight days, and accepted light bail for his appearance.

A USEFUL HINT TO TOMATO RAIERS FOR NEXT YEAR.—The French raise tomatoes by the following method: As soon as the water of flowers is visible, the stem is topped down to the cluster, so that the flowers terminate the stem. The effect is, that the sap is immediately impelled into the two buds next below the cluster, which soon push strongly and produce another bunch of flowers each. When these are visible, the branch to which they belong is also topped down to their level; and this is done five times successively. By this means the plants become stout, dwarf bushes, not above 18 inches high. In order to prevent their falling over, strings or sticks are stretched horizontally along the rows, so as to keep the plants erect. In addition to this, all the laterals that have no flowers, and after the fifth topping, all laterals whatsoever are tipped off. In this way the ripe sap is directed into the fruit, which acquires a beauty, size and excellence unattainable by other means.

FIRE.—Yesterday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, a one-story house, on Pioneer street, inhabited by a colored man named Carter, and owned by a Mr White, took fire and was burned to the ground. Most of the furniture was removed. The furniture of a small house, situated a short distance east of the building destroyed, was in imminent peril for a time. The Deluge and Tiger Engine Companies, followed by the truck, were early on the spot and directed their efforts to pulling down and playing upon the remains of the building. The house was insured in the Royal for a small amount.

THE NEW DISCOVERIES AT KOOTENAY.—A letter in an Oregon paper says: "It is pretty good evidence of the truth in regard to the richness of these new mines, that the rest of the men are going back as soon as they can get a party that they think will be safe. The location will no longer be kept a secret. The fireman and watchman of the Mary Moody both started for the new mines on the 26th. Six men crossed over to Kootenay on Sunday morning. There is nobody left on the Spokane scarcely. Fifteen men started out on Tuesday to look for Herring and party. The Indian alarm is increasing."

SAN FRANCISCO.—Wm B Wheaton, Assessor for the city and county of San Francisco, has sent in his annual report to the Board of Supervisors. He has not as yet made up his real estate roll, but he estimates the aggregate at about \$38,000,000. The assessment roll of personal property, sums up a total of \$28,566,806 66. This is exclusive of solvent debts secured by mortgage; which alone will amount to \$18,000,000.

HEAVY SUIT.—The U. S. authorities have commenced suit against the owners of the schooner Sarah, to recover \$64,000 on a bond given for the exportation of the schooner's cargo out of the United States to the Amor river, but which was illegally and fraudulently reloaded within the limits of California. The cargo was valued at \$32,000 and was found hid away in a cave near the point of land where the steamer Labouche was wrecked a year and a half ago. Brown and Johnson, the two young men who brought the Flyaway yacht to this port, were the captain and mate of the Sarah.

BENEFIT NIGHT.—The benefit tendered to Signorina Bellini, by our citizens, will come off this evening. Seats may be secured from 10 a. m. till 4 p. m. to-day. The performance will be under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor; and as the troupe will make but one more appearance here prior to taking their departure for California, none should miss this opportunity. The bill is the best that has been yet offered.

TRADES LICENSE DEFAULTERS.—Notice is given, through our advertising columns, to trades license defaulters—that is, traders who should have paid licenses on the first day of July last, but have neglected to do so. The magistrate threatens to enforce a penalty of \$250 if the amounts be not paid—and the few persons who have failed to pay should do so to-day or Monday.

METHODIST MISSION TO SIKA.—The Washington correspondent of the Christian Advocate says that the excellent Bishop of the Methodist Church, who is now visiting the Pacific coast, will lose no time in exploring the new Territory, with reference to a Christian mission there without delay.

THE MILITARY GOVERNOR.—Gen. Rouseau, the eminent Kansan who has been appointed Military Governor of Sika, has sailed from New York. It is hoped the General will visit Victoria on his way North.

MYERS F. TRUETT, formerly a merchant of San Francisco, and a '68 pioneer of Victoria, has been nominated for Probate Judge by the Democrats of Missouri county, Montana Territory.

THE CALIFORNIA.—A private telegram, received yesterday from San Francisco, states that the steamship California will leave on the 17th inst.—Tuesday next—for Victoria direct.

THE OREGON.—A private telegram was received here yesterday announcing the sailing of the steamship Oregon for Victoria via Portland, on Thursday.

Hawaiian Islands.

We have Hawaiian dates of July 20th. The schooner Nettie Merrill brought from Nihaou some 6,500 pounds and the steamer Kona Packet some 4,000 pounds from Hawaii, of the very choicest Sea Island cotton. That from Hawaii was raised by a native, who received \$355 for cotton brought down this week, including a premium of \$100, which he had earned, and who has been paid nearly \$1,000 for cotton delivered by him during the past 12 months.

A correspondent writing from Kona says: The volcano is just now very active, and parties lately in from Kilauea report it very full, almost overflowing. They also state that the old crater on the summit of Maunaloa has broken out again and is quite active. The atmosphere has been unusually smoky for several days, so that we have been unable to see the steamer or schooners passing.

For two weeks past the weather in Honolulu has been extremely warm, even for this time of the year, the sun on the Esplanade and about the wharves being hot enough at certain hours of the day to cook eggs—soft boiled—almost as well as Sam Loller.

The Hawaiian Gazette of July 17th says: The assignees in the estate of Messrs. Walker, Allen & Co., have declared their first dividend, payable at the bank of Bishop & Co., on and after the 15th inst. The debts proven amount to \$415,126 37, and the amount of money secured is \$70,571 48, making a dividend 17 per cent. to the creditors. The assets from the sale of which this money has been derived, were merchandise, vessels, outstanding accounts, sugars already shipped abroad, and interests in various plantations. These have been turned into cash with reasonable despatch, so that within five months after the failure, the assignees are ready with the first dividend.

CELTIC WIT.—An Irish councillor having lost his cause, which had been tried by three judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, though the other two were very indifferent, some of the other barristers were merry on the occasion. "Well, now," said one, 'who could help it, when there are a hundred judges on the bench?' "A hundred," said a bystander, 'there were but three.' "By St. Patrick!" replied he, 'there were one and two ciphers.'

ARRIVAL OF THE FIDELITY.—The steamer Fidelity, with a cargo of Oregon produce, arrived last evening. She crossed the bar on Thursday morning, and had light baffling winds on the passage up. We are indebted to Captain Erskine for files of late papers.

Mrs. JULIA DEANE HAYNE is playing as plain Julia Deane, at the Broadway Theatre New York.

THE Alexandra sailed for New Westminster at 9 o'clock yesterday with 24 passengers and 70 tons of freight.

Mr. CHAR. KEAN, the eminent tragedian, is better; but will never again appear on the stage.

A DUEL BETWEEN TWO RIVALS.

A correspondent of the Louisiana Courier, writing from Welby, Kentucky, gives the following particulars of a fatal occurrence in that village: Littleton Wells and Sanford B. Roberts were both young men of unexceptionable character and occupying enviable positions in our society. Wells is about 22 years old, and Roberts was probably two years his senior. The former was our Deputy Postmaster, while the latter was clerk in the store of Robert Strother. For some time both had been paying marked attention to an amiable and beautiful young lady of the neighborhood whose name I withhold for obvious reasons, and until within a month past were generous rivals, their relations towards each other being upon the most friendly footing. Some three or four weeks ago Wells visited the young lady and made a formal proposal for her hand. His proposition was firmly but respectfully declined, and upon his pressing her for her reason for her declination, she indiscreetly informed him that she had already accepted a similar proposal from young Roberts. Wells left the house, mounted his horse, and returned to the village. He first went to the post-office and armed himself with a pistol, and then sought his successful rival at the store. Here an altercation ensued, which would have had a bloody termination had not bystanders interfered and put an end to the difficulty. From that time until Saturday they were as strangers to each other. On that day they both attended a picnic, Roberts being accompanied by his fiancée. As soon as Wells saw them together he seemed to be imbued with the very spirit of insanity. Approaching them, he grossly insulted Roberts in the presence of the whole assembly. The insulted man sprang to his feet and started towards his insulted rival, evidently to resent the insult, when gentlemen present prevented a collision. Roberts and his fair companion, at the earnest solicitation of the latter, immediately left the ground and returned to the store, where she, fearing a difficulty between the parties, endeavored to persuade him to spend the night. In that she failed, but succeeded in extracting a promise from him that he would not return to the picnic ground. Reaching the village, and brooding over the gross outrage that had been put upon him, he went to his room and penned a challenge to mortal combat, which he entrusted to a friend to be delivered into the hands of Wells. The mission was accomplished that night. Next morning a friend of the challenged party called upon the bearer of Roberts' challenge on purpose to arrange the preliminaries. This was soon accomplished. The arrangement was that the fight was to come off in a meadow about one mile east of town, at daylight on Monday, the weapons to be Colt's revolvers. At the appointed time the principals and seconds were on the chosen ground. The principals were placed ten feet apart, with instructions "fire between the words "one" and "three"; and this advance, firing as they advanced, such being the terms insisted upon by the challenges and not rejected by the challenger. At the word both parties fired, and so accurate was their aim, that Wells fell dead, pierced through the brain by his adversary's ball. Roberts received his opponent's bullet in the centre of the breast, passing through his body and lodging under the skin, just to the left of the spine. At the moment I write he is not dead, though sinking so rapidly that the physicians say he cannot live possibly more than an hour.

Traces of the War.

I know of no more saddening spectacle than that which is presented to the voyager who sails down Mississippi river from Memphis to New Orleans. He passes through the best cotton and sugar country of the entire South—a region that once blossomed as the rose. He beholds a desert, a land desolated by war, stricken by famine, and inhabited by a broken-hearted and broken spirited people. When the war ended, the owners of the vast and rich plantations that line the shores of this great river on either side returned to the homes from which they had been expelled, and endeavored to rebuild their waste places. Their houses, barns and mills had been in many cases burned, and their negroes had dispersed, but their land was left to them, and they hoped to raise from it enough to feed their families, and to enable them to live until better times. But they were penniless. The negroes, mistrusting their good faith, were unwilling to work for them, and wait until the sale of the crops should enable the proprietors to pay them their wages. With great difficulty a scanty and ill-managed crop was planted late in the season. It failed to produce anything, and the first year was lost. This season, the river, swollen by heavy rains, swept away the embankment raised to retain it in its channel, and which had been suffered to remain unrepaired during the whole of the war, and poured its waters over a thousand plantations, driving the people from their homes, and putting an end to all hopes of a crop this year. Starvation stares these unhappy people in the face. The few steamboats that now come down the river are laden with corn and pork, brought from the North to this impoverished land, which once laughed with fatness, and sold at exorbitant prices to those who can buy, or doled out as charity to those who can ask for it. The government, which paid 7,000,000 dollars for Russian America, refused to appropriate the one million which would have repaired the levee along the river, and enabled the people to raise their crops, and is now compelled to expend more than that sum in supplying them with food. But little cotton and less sugar can be raised in all this river region this year, and its people, driven from their plantations and compelled to enforced idleness, have little better to do than to brood over their sorrows and their real or fancied wrongs, and add fresh fuel to the fire beneath the political cauldron that is now bubbling fiercely all over the South.—Correspondent of the Morning Post.

Why should painters never allow children to go into their studios?

Because of them easels (the measles) which are there.

The Clergyman's Engagement Ring.

Strange stories have been from time to time related of jewels, rings and even watches, found in fishes when caught and opened, and subsequently returned to their owner. Whether or not these stories be true I of course cannot say, but I vouch for the entire truth of the following, related by a clergyman, himself the hero of the story, to a wondering circle of listeners. Though expectant of something strange as a finale, they were by no means prepared for the actual denouement: "It was one summer twilight, said he, that standing on a rustic bridge which spanned a well known trout stream near my father's house, I won from the girl I had long loved the promise to be my wife. She was something of a coquette, and I had a rival in the field, so, to make the matter sure to myself, and evident to him and others, I drew from her hand a ring, which she had often declared she would give only to her betrothed lover, and transferred it to my own finger. "It was my mother's engagement ring," said she, half in earnest and half playfully, "and there is a superstition connected with it. So long as you keep and wear it we are engaged; but if you lose or part with it in any way, the engagement is broken. So take care."

Some weeks after she went away on a visit, and then my great consolation was to hunt that favorite spot on the bridge which had been our trysting place. Once, leaning over the railing and thinking over our betrothal, I took from my finger the treasured ring, and gazed fondly on the initials—here as well as her mother's—engraved within in attempting to replace it, the golden circle fell from my grasp and disappeared in the water below.

Only a lover under similar circumstances can imagine how I felt. Day and night I mourned, disconsolate, my lost treasure; and my great dread was her returning and finding the ring missing. Yet, strange to say, I had a singular presentiment or intuition that I should some day recover it—though by what means I had no idea.

Not long after, fishing in the same stream, some distance below the bridge, I fell to thinking of my lost ring. If I could only fish it up—and just then there was a quiver, a tug, a pull, and a struggle at my line, and after some time I drew out a fine large trout. At the sight of him the thought suddenly and unaccountably flashed into my mind that the ring—my lost ring—was to be found within his body.

I cannot account for the feeling, but I know that I was heightened into almost a conviction when, upon grasping the victim, I perceived on a portion of his body a singular protuberance, and felt there beneath the skin something like a hard foreign substance.

I seized my large pocket clasp-knife. Eagerness made me cruel—yet not more so than if I had left my victim to die a slow and lingering death. I cut off his head, and then, with a trembling hand, ripped open his body and explored the suspicious protuberance. My knife grated against something hard and—yes, I caught the glitter of some shining substance! Imagine my feelings when, with a beating heart and trembling hand, I drew forth—

"The ring, uncle?" breathlessly inquired Nellie.

"No, my dear. Only a piece of green glass."

The general consternation and indignation may be imagined.

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The Plot Thickens.

The Grouse Creek "plot" of the Canadian Company no to submit their case to a and demand a "new trial" they claim, was promised the Governor, and they will be with nothing less. As for they snub him and flout his and their conduct is not to dered after the publication judicious letter of the Acting Secretary. It is a difficult please a weak-minded superior Ball is to be sacrificed because too much. On the other hand Begbie, who sought to keep difficulty by deciding that t no appeal from the decision Gold Commissioner, may be into disgrace because he did Mr Begbie is on his way do reached Lyton last evening, meet the Governor at New V ator on Monday. It is said Judge was recalled and susped telegraph; whether this be true or false, we know the Justice Needham has gone times fully clothed by court with power to hold a Court and Terminer and Assize, transact generally the duties have heretofore devolved on bie. Things are in a delightful we do confess. It is quite that the Governor is annoyed failure of his mission to Car wants to shift the responsibility the shoulders of Mr Begbie Ball. We await with impatient denouement, which cannot long ponded.

A Common-sense American of Confederation.

The Newburyport Herald, and influential journal, (publishing the State of Massachusetts, in reference to Mr Banks' resolutions against Confederation of the British American provinces, makes the following able comments: It is very indeed that we should carry for years to maintain the these States, that we should mend Union to the South A States, should approve the e Italy and Germany for their and then should declare, in and eyes of our action against the Confederation. British provinces. Those pr extending from ocean to ce inhabited by three millions of having as much a common language, religion, and nation ing and interest as we have; th a territory as large as all B Europe, and capable of supp freedom and happiness a million people,—now why sho not unite for a common d There is not a sane man in th try who does not know that very thing they need for pr and freedom. There is not a of common sense who wou for that Union if he lived in those provinces. Why, then, we object? Some say that forced Union. It is no more the Union of these States—the of Italy, Switzerland, German aria, Russia, or Sweden and N Some say it is the beginni monarchy. It cannot be the ning of a monarchy unless the desire it should be; and if t what business is it to us? We in self-government for ourselves should we not for other people

The Burden of Taxation

The heavy taxation that the of the United States are now upon to bear, is causing much tent and misery. The America the heaviest taxed people world, and when we learn f respectable and loyal a source per's Weekly, that the "public under the simultaneous bur heavy taxation and expensive we may be sure the load will carried any longer than the can help. The Weekly discou follows: "He (the taxpayer) paying tax at the rate of sev cent. more than is paid by the heavily taxed people of Euro; at the same time he is payin commodities of all kinds, and fifty-five and one hundred and per cent. more than any other in the world. In England the are heavy, no doubt, but food and clothing are cheap. In living is expensive, but the tax light; but here in the United the public groans under the tancous burden of heavy tax expensive living. We have a that, sooner or later, he will against this load, and that the that laid it on his shoulders will be laid pretty low."