

## THE OLD WOMAN AND HER GRAND-DAUGHTER.

An old lonely woman who lived in the suburb of a city had a nice little garden which she cultivated with her grand daughter, a very handsome, beautiful young woman, and extremely comely to look at. All what the woman seemed to have left to her in this world, and upon which she bestowed the greatest attention was this garden, and next to which her grand-daughter who in return for her grand-mother's kindness paid her the greatest respect and obedience and in the cultivation of the garden she gave her modicum of labour and assistance. Beautiful fruits were the products of this garden the sale of which supplied them with every thing they stood in need of. I have said that this old lady was lonely. Strictly speaking she was not, for where beauty resides there would congregate aspirants, both young and old men, for her hand, or to bask in her sweet sunny smiles and lovely companionship. Young men of all grades and position in life especially resorted there for no other purpose but that of ingratiating themselves in her favour, and enlisting themselves in her love and affections.

Many were the demands made by several of them for her hand in marriage but which proved unsuccessful owing to a very cogent reason. It is true that the old lady was happy in the possession of that garden, but there was something connected with it which she very much wanted to eradicate; it had noxious visitors, but of what shape or form she did not know, which destroyed a goodly quantity of her fruits. These she wanted very much to get rid of, and in order to achieve that end she promised the girl in marriage to any one who would be fortunate enough to expiate them. Numbers of young men tried but failed until one day a young man of propensities of gentleness and extraordinary stature appeared before the old lady in full confidence of success. He was one of those kind of men who could with justice say "I came, I saw, I conquered;" for the beautiful daughter loved him at first sight, and the old lady's favourable opinion was enlisted in his favour. If he could but succeed in ridding her of those pests she would go to her grave in peace and quietness we having provided her grand daughter a worthy husband and who would take care of her after she was gone to her eternal rest.

During the night the gallant young man was conducted to the garden fully prepared to meet any foe or number of foes, either biped or quadruped, who would have the hardihood of meeting him, and to overcome them too.

Next morning the young ACHILLES appeared before his mother-in-law, and wife, in prospect I mean, carrying signs of a desperate fight about him, and presented a parcel, neatly made up as a trophy or evidence of the victory he achieved during the night, to them. "Know dear ladies," related the man, "that last night as soon as I entered the garden two voracious animals came in and when they saw me they at once showed a bold front and attacked me. The fight that ensued was desperate, for in a struggle in which one man had to contend with two wild animals it could not be otherwise. To make a long story short I at length overpowered them and succeeded in driving them away from the field but before they decamped one of them voluted this piece which I would not have dared to bring before you but only as a trophy of my victory."

To this really reasonable request the cunning young man replied, "Madam, I must inform you that whilst in the act of fighting, and in the mortal struggle that took place all of us three fell down together, our dorsal regions falling in one direction, so that I am not sure or able to make out who of the three of us can claim the contents of this parcel as his."

"Your words," returned the woman indignantly, "prove to me that you are the party to whom the contents of this parcel belong; take your vile property and be out of my sight instantly." The gallant and brave young man had to carry his own compost colons volens away with him instead of the young woman.

MORAL.—Honesty is the best policy, and there's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip. If the hero of this tale had been led by honesty and had stated the real truth there was every probability that he would have obtained that for which he told those wicked lies—namely, the hand of the young lady in marriage.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

There's none ever fear'd.  
That the truth should be heard.  
But they whom the truth was indite—

BURNS.

## LET JUSTICE BE DONE.

To the Editor "Western Echo."

Dear Mr Editor,—Do for good cause's sake permit me in your valuable columns to have a little say today.

Whilst perusing your "General News" in your last issue I perceived that Mr Peter A. Renner, Barrister at Law, was almost disbarred for misconduct through a petition Mr Barnett Elliott had filed; but he was forgiven owing to the leniency of the Appellate Court.—Now, Mr Editor, allow me to ask, why should Mr Renner be forgiven if he has conscientiously done something which according to Law ought to deprive him of his Certificate as a Barrister? What is justice? Is it not this, a course of justice? And why should justice be so then dispens'd? If it is truly a fact that Mr Renner evidently misconducted himself and if the Law so requires his entire deprivation of his position as a Lawyer, I don't see the reason why the Law should not be allowed to have its course. Is it because there is a brother-in-law to Mr Justice Smith and therefore if he has improperly conducted himself that he should be allowed still to practice? If so, then farewell to justice.

Do you think, Mr Editor, that Mr G. A. Williams, Barrister-at-Law, would be identically favoured if he did the same thing which Mr Renner has done? I think not. And why? Because Mr Williams as far as I can see has no backstay in the court as Mr Renner has, who is our judge Mr Smith. I dare say Mr Editor that if such a system of Law (justice) prevailed in England, that Barristers were allowed the privilege to practice if they misconducted themselves, surely there would be thousands and thousands of Lawyers in the world practising.

At this critical juncture Mr Renner may throw himself under the protecting axis of his brother-in-law Mr Justice Smith, or in other words, may shelter himself under the lee of him, and may therefore have a clean bill of health or fresh lease of life, but I do not peremptorily assure him that he will one of these days see his cards badly in the near and not distant future. It is high time that one learned to clap spurs to his own horse, and if our Judges do not take a just view of the matter and if they mean to let Mr Renner go scot free without any ostensible motives but merely to take a lenient view of the matter they will undoubtedly find themselves to blame. A great care must be taken of the matter. But what can I say Mr Editor that justice should be done.

Yours truly,

SAM THE NEGRO.

Cape Coast, Nov. 27.

LOOK HERE AGAIN.

The Western Echo.

That they have upon the  
and in after many

to be on a par with other civilized centres. But dear Mr Editor, when I turn round to the mingled with abasement. It is said that this Colony was the first lighted with the torch of civilization. But, alas! how dark that light has been since Sirr Leone stands before her on the list of civilizations—the Gold Coast has lost its honor. It now occupies a very low position in the scale of civilization. And why? Is it because there are no people in the Gold Coast who can boast of manly? Nay, but the contrary, although the riches of Croesus is enough to lift this—this impression that our people are under the impression that selfishness—self-interest is the cause of all their progress. But, ah, Mr Editor, is that all? Nay, because if such a policy would hold Sirr Leone, could not have robbed us, the Gold Coast people of our title of place.

Of the four Settlements in Western Africa, the Gold Coast is the last, and the worst off. And why? The answer is, that the lines on which our well-to-do walk have a contrary on the object they have in view. So that if we do not put on better spectacles and look into the source of the present state of affairs and that immediately, we shall, one fine morning, rise to find the Gold Coast on a final point of extinction.

To bring an illustration to bear upon what I have been saying as to the selfishness of our moneyed fathers I will refer you to the Deposition Scheme. When that noble movement was set afoot the majority of the big men in the Colony thought that it would be a sort of extravagance if they accorded any pecuniary support to it, because the bane of the Colony was such an unrelenting taking would be one of a very ubiquitous nature, meaning thereby that the whole Gold Coast would be recipients of them. What a nice idea to be sure! Yes, an idea rustic and antiquated.

Now, Mr Editor, allow me to address my self once more to the natives of the Gold Coast on the Deposition Scheme. That noble movement, my fellow negroes, had as its laudable object the setting of this colony on a better footing. And in my humble and juvenile opinion, I think that the sooner we regain our feet and put an impetus to that Scheme the better it would be. We should endeavour to prove to our well-wishers in England that we have canons of reason and that it is high time that we had hands in the affairs of the Colony, that our white masters who are awayed by their own prejudices and predilections at Head-Quarters may not have the chance of tyrannising over us. The case of King Ja Ja who is now in stocks as a political prisoner speaks much of itself. When one sits and ponders on the whole of our situation which has led to the detention of King Ja Ja as a prisoner, he will be left nothing to say but that judgment has fled to British basins and men have lost their reason. Now bear in mind the fact that as King Ja Ja has been thus treated today, we also shall be treated tomorrow. As it is done to one, so will it be to another. Therefore we must try and put spurs to the Deposition Scheme and set it on its way to Downing Street; otherwise, by and by a stick of more than ordinary dimensions will be forced into our nostrils that we may not be able to give vent to our grievances.

Now, Mr Editor, I turn to you again. The Echo is in need of new types as the present ones are verging towards the brink of old age. It would be an act of love and patriotism if one or a couple of the men whose names are on the High List, undertook the expense of ordering new types for the Echo. Such a donor's name will never be forgotten. Thus far for the present. You shall hear from me again.

Yours very truly,  
TOM THE NIGGER.

## THE GOLD FIELD OF APOLONIA MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

A Company, called the Goldfield of Apollonia Mining Company, Limited, has just been formed to purchase and work the gold mines of Inyoko, in the Kingdom of Attakpa or Eastern Apollonia, in the British dependency of the Gold Coast, West Africa. The share capital is stated at £20,000, and the mortgage debentures at £25,000. The subscription list will be closed on Monday next.—*The Liverpool Mercury*, Oct. 14.

## THE BRITISH PROTECTORATE OF THE NIGER DISTRICT.

sent date, and by other lawful means the territories in West Africa, hereinafter referred to as the Niger Districts, are under the Protectorate of Her Majesty the Queen.

The British Protectorate of the Niger Districts comprises the territories on the line of coast between the British Protectorates of Lagos and the right or western river bank of the mouth of the Rio del Rey. It further comprises all territories in the basin of the Niger and its affluents, which are, or may be for the time being, subject to the Government of the National African Government, Limited (now called the Royal Niger Company), in accordance with the provisions of the charter of the said Company, dated the 10th July, 1886.

The measures in course of preparation for the administration of justice and the maintenance of peace and good order in the Niger Districts will be duly notified and published.—*The Times*, Oct. 21.

## MARITA:

OR

## THE FOLLY OF LOVE.

A NOVEL.

BY A NATIVE.

## CHAPTER XII.

"Thank you Mr Quibus, I think my health will keep well, as I have been to many of the West India Islands and stayed some years. You know the climate there is not very different from this."

"This is your first visit to Africa I suppose?" inquired Mr Brandebault.

"In this part, yes; but I have been to other parts. I have been to the Cape, Madagascar, Egypt, and other places; Sierra Leone was my last station."

"Not having been long here you can not form of course an opinion of the place!" returned Mr Brandebault.

"So far as I have seen of it," replied he, "I think I shall like it better than many places I have been to. But of course there is no place like home."

"Mr Crankbrook, we have exceeded the time we intended to have stayed here," cried Mr Langley, "and we have many places to call. Had we not better take our departure?"

"Tempus fugit," exclaimed he.

"I really did not think that we had stayed so long; what a pleasant time we have spent though. I must say good bye to you Mr Quibus; I am glad to hear that you are one of us. You must try to induce your husband to join us."

"I have already done that," replied she proudly. "I have got his and Mr Brandebault's promise to attend places of worship regularly in future."

"Have you really done so?" exclaimed Mr Langley looking very astonished and pleased. "Then I must congratulate you Mrs Quibus on your success."

"Are you two gentlemen such desperate characters," demanded Mr Crankbrook, in jesting manner, "that Mrs Quibus's achievement should ex-