

The Weekly British Colonist,  
AND CHRONICLE.

Tuesday, November 26, 1867

The *British Columbian*, in its latest issue, has a labored and despairing article, in which it attempts to mislead its few readers by informing them that the memorial presented to her Majesty's Secretary for the Colonies on the subject of the Seat of Government was signed by only nine gentlemen. We do not wish our cotemporary to deceive itself or its subscribers, and therefore we may as well inform him and them that the memorial was signed by fifty-five other gentlemen, either the representatives of establishments in Vancouver Island or otherwise interested in the Colony by reason of their being property or bondholders, in addition to which several officers of her Majesty's Navy, who had been in the Colony, supported the prayer of the memorial. With its usual and habitual habit of misrepresentation, it charges the authors of the memorial with representing the Colony of British Columbia as "a very wilderness, in fact, encumbered with dense forests of enormous trees," when in truth those words only relate to the site of Westminster. We need not follow our cotemporary in his fanciful description of Fraser river. Suffice it to say that it is well known to be a comparatively useless stream, its value not being at all commensurate with the size of its mouth. Nature, indeed, seems to have designed it purposely to prevent either ingress to or egress from the interior of the Colony. The *Columbian* goes on to give Captain Richards' evidence as to the non-shifting character of the sands at its mouth and the straight but narrow channel running through those sands to the river. Since Captain Richards made his surveys it is well known that the channel has shifted annually and new shoals formed, the last being called the "Malacca Shoal," on account of H.M.S. *Malacca* grounding there. Even now the shoals do not point out the path to ships, and the channel resembles the letter "A," which is by no means straight. The *Columbian* will soon be made a little wiser on this score; and to add to its comfort, we may state that Captain Richards, whom it quotes so freely, and several officers of H.M. Navy, supported the prayer of the memorial, that the "Seat of Government" should be at Victoria, now that union of the Colonies had taken place. Having refuted the *Columbian* by its own witness, we may observe that it is not a little singular that the Naval officers, as well as those now here as those who sojourned at Esquimaux harbor heretofore, and other nautical men, should all unite in condemning New Westminster. We do not, however, consider the question of the Seat of Government to be a local one. The whole country is interested in the matter, and upon its determination the welfare of the whole Colony depends. The country must be considered first—lot-owners afterwards. We now turn to the *Examiner*. It admits that the local petitions appended to the memorial, and upon which the Resolutions of the Council, and indeed the Memorial itself, are based, may be of considerable weight, but attempts to show that the people of the interior were deceived into the act of signing those petitions. We believe the people of the interior to be possessed of quite as much intelligence and a greater desire for the welfare of the whole Colony than our cotemporary, and will see through its design, viz.: that its remarks are intended for the scissors of the Governor, to be sent to the Home Office—perhaps inspired for that very purpose. Let anyone look at the petitions, and then ask themselves whether any "trick" was practised upon the colonists in the interior who signed the memorial. However, we give credit to the cunning of the *Examiner* as being more refined than the observation of the member for Westminster, that the signatures were obtained by means of whisky! The voice of the people is apparently not

relished at all, and it is evidently desired to imbue his Grace the Duke of Buckingham with the false impression that the signatures have no value. We are next treated by the *Examiner* to the observation that the members who voted were personally interested. It is very well known, that after the vote had been given in the Council, efforts were made to find out how much the members were interested in Vancouver Island, or New Westminster. The result was unexpected, and such as could not be made use of by the Government. But what is this question of interest? Interest means many other things besides pecuniary interest in a particular spot. It means interest for the welfare of the country; its prosperity; the convenience of its people; the benefit of the greater number. The people are interested; they have spoken in favor of Victoria for the Seat of Government. The members of the Legislature have spoken in favor of Victoria. The interest of the people is the interest of the country—and the country says, let the Seat of Government be at Victoria. We cannot conceive that the Home authorities will act contrary to this well-understood and expressed wish of the people, unless some dishonest influence be brought to bear. There is but one who can exercise such influence, and if it be practised, he must be held responsible to the country; but we cannot do otherwise than believe that His Excellency will conform to the wishes of those over whom he is called to govern.

Friday, Nov 22

[BY AIR-LINE TELEGRAPH.]

## Great Excitement at New Westminster!

## Enthusiastic Public Meeting!

## THE PILOT BOARD DENOUNCED!

[FROM OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.]

At a late hour last evening we received by air-line telegraph from the Capital the following report of the proceedings at the meeting held on Wednesday evening in that city to consider the new regulations. The meeting was held in the City Hall. The room which will hold comfortably twenty-five persons was filled to overflowing. The Mayor, Hon. Mr. Oldbrook, occupied the chair, which was situated on a platform at the rear end of the hall. An empty floor barrel, "head-up," was used as a table. Over the platform hung a string of onions and a mammoth potato, remains of the late Agricultural Exhibition. Across the centre of the hall was extended a dingy white cloth, on which was painted, in large letters, "No Smoking Allowed!" Such of the audience, therefore, as smoked at all, did so in silence. An English and an American flag were affectionately suspended side by side over the platform. It was the intention of the committee to have placed a bouquet of roses on the floor barrel for the use of the Mayor; but having learned that the only bouquet in town came up in the *Enterprise* from Victoria, the intention was abandoned as impolitic, and a piece of dried salmon on a plate substituted for the roses. Our reporter concealed himself in the empty floor-barrel.

The chairman called the meeting to order. He said that he was proud to witness among the sea of upturned faces, the familiar countenances of some of the oldest and best citizens of New Westminster. This was an indignation meeting—called to protest against the infamous scale of charges sought to be imposed upon vessels visiting the city. The charges, if imposed, would drive away the shipping and ruin the commerce of the place. In order that his hearers might understand how important the preservation of that commerce was to the colony, he would state that he had gone to the trouble of searching the books kept by his honorable friend, Mr. Clamley, at the Custom-house, and he had ascertained that during the past eight months no less than two sailing vessels had crossed the sandheads and landed cargoes at his (the chairman's) wharf. (Applause.) The names of the two vessels, he felt proud to say, were the schooner *Industry*, laden with stone for the new church, and the sloop *Letitia*, which brought a cargo of grain and hay. (Renewed applause.) There was also a splendid canoe trade growing up which should be fostered. [A voice.—Provided the potatoes they bring don't come from the Highland. Applause.] With these few remarks he would retire and call upon the orator of the evening—Honorable John Wobson (cheers) to move the first resolution.

T. Hon John Wobson was introduced by Councillor Cule, and was received with a royal salute of twenty-one cheers. At the request of the distinguished gentleman, the "tiger" was dispensed with—he having been

informed that the horrid creatures at Victoria had recently captured a full grown Bengal tiger and were in the habit of trotting it out at every popular demonstration. (Groans and hisses.) Having cleared his throat and laid a file of the *British Columbian*, from the first down to the present issue, upon the barrel-head, the honorable gentleman said that he had not expected to be called upon for a speech, and was consequently unprepared (oh!) He would, however, do the best he could, and looked for the indulgence of his audience (cheers of encouragement.) The object of the meeting had been ably stated by the Chairman, who, although he differed with him considerably if not more so on most of the leading topics of the day, he was bound to say was sound on this question. "Three cheers for the Mayor," were proposed and responded to by the meeting. So far as the Mayor was concerned, he must say that he respected him—and who did not? (applause.) And although he had been "down on" him ever since he helped to start an opposition paper—a small, insignificant ephemeral whiff, for which, although not much more than half the size of the *Columbian*, the editors had the audacity to ask as much for—notwithstanding, he repeated, this base, unheard of outrage upon the part of the Chairman, he (the Hon. John Wobson) could lay his hand upon his heart of hearts and say that he bore him no ill will; but he was not sure that the Mayor did not bear him a grudge. It was well known that the Mayor and Mr. Hamström were aspirants for the honorable position which he (the Hon. John Wobson) had aspired to and attained, and which he alone was capable of filling with honor and dignity. [The honorable speaker was called to order by Mr. Hamström, who occupied a seat upon the left chime of the floor-barrel. He trusted there would be no personalities indulged in. He had come here to speak about the Pilot regulations, not to bear a political harangue from the Hon. John Wobson. Cheers, hisses and cat-calls.—"Go on, Wobson!" "Go in, Hamström!"

The Mayor here pounded upon the head of the floor-barrel for order; such allusions as the Hon. John Wobson had indulged in were superfluous, in-de-cent and un-gentlemanly. Hon. John Wobson—Mr. Mayor! Several voices—"Chair! Chair!" and great confusion. The Chairman—Gentlemen, will you sustain the chair? A further, still in a "chair" pair of gentlemen, Mr. Hamström and Mr. Wobson, entered in a tone meant to be humorous, that as the Mayor had the honor at that moment of sustaining the Mayor, he did not see how he could be sustained until the Mayor had vacated it. A rash was made for the unhappy joker, and but for the exertion of a friend, he would have fared badly; as it was, he did not escape "Scott free"—being deprived of his shirt and boots before he was rescued and ejected.

Order having been restored, the Hon. John Wobson resumed his remarks. He said he was about to say, when he was interrupted by Mr. Hamström, (who he had reason to believe was one of the nest of vipers), (cries of "question," order, etc.)—one of the vipers who brooded at the *Examiner* office and stung him twice a week. (Hisses and confusion)—one of the "abandoned clique" (treacherous cheering) who had the barefaced assurance to ask two bits a week for the vile excretions of their ill-balanced brains, when the *Columbian* which had been endorsed by their "esteemed Governor" in the Blue Book, 1867—only two copies of which had come to Victoria, one of which might be read at the *Columbian* Office upon payment of a small fee—when the *Columbian*, he repeated, which had been endorsed by his Excellency "as a paper of no small influence," was sold for the same price. He saw whence this last act of villainy emanated. (Hear, hear.) Victoria whiskey had bought signatures to the Capital petition; how did his hearers know but it had bought the Pilot Board? (Great cheering.) Victoria had sapped the lifeblood of Westminster! It was not for Victoria, New Westminster would have 50,000 people to-day. Victoria was an abomination—a curse—a cesspool—a sink of iniquity—a sponge! But there was a "Birch" rod in pickle for Victoria in London! Here the audience, evidently greatly excited by the forensic eloquence of the speaker, burst out in one long, loud continuous roar of applause, which shook the Hyack Hall to its foundations, and as the Hon. John Wobson suggested, had the wind been blowing in the right direction it must have been heard in Victoria, and would have carried terror to the craven hearts of their foes there. But he would not digress further. He would proceed to the point. The question was, had the Pilot Board acted rightly? He answered unhesitatingly, no—a thousand times, no! As had been shown by the chairman, the commerce of the place was in danger. Their two regular sailing packets, if this law went into effect, would be withdrawn, and the canoes, too, must be hauled up to rot. He had just come from Government House (cheers). He had dined there that day (renewed cheering). He knew the Governor's mind (prolonged cheering). Justice—even

handed justice would be done to New Westminster (great applause). The foul imputation cast upon the security of the harbor of New Westminster by the Board would be removed. He spoke by the "card." [The enthusiasm of the audience here became unbounded, and one of the citizens (Mr. Clarkspapa) carried away by his feelings, invited the audience to walk down to his store and partake of as many apples as they could eat or carry home at the rate of \$2.50 per box, which generous and disinterested offer, strange to say, was not accepted.]

Order having been somewhat restored, Mr. Hamström wanted to know how long the Hon. John Wobson intended to speak. The evening was wearing away and the candles were waxing dim. He had come prepared to speak; but now, owing to the length of the Hon. John Wobson's remarks, the audience would be deprived of the pleasure of hearing him.

The Chairman said that Hon. John Wobson's remarks were too verbose. He had said a good deal, but there wasn't nothink in it.

Hon. John Wobson—I call the chairman to order. He is trying to "muzzle the press" (sensation.)

Mr. Seader—You have thrown the meeting into hot water.

Mr. Simpleman (solemnly)—A free press is the palladium of our liberties. I understand that the Hon. John Wobson is about to read several of his celebrated lectures on the "science of hatching chickens by steam," but as the hour is late, I move that the articles be taken as read.

Hon. John Wobson—I was about—

The Chairman—It is moved and seconded that the articles from the *Columbian* be taken as read. All those in favor of the motion say—"Aye." Carried, unanimously.

Hon. John Wobson—Mr. Chairman: sir, I protest. You shall not gag the Fourth Estate with impunity. I'll appeal to the Governor. The *Colonist* shall hear of this outrage—the country shall ring with it.

At the mention of the name of the *Colonist*, a shout of execration was uttered by the audience, and

Mr. Wm. Piscator, the Mayor's factotum, drawing a copy of the condemned sheet from his pocket, lighted it at one of the candles and suffered it to consume amid the yells of the spectators.

The Hon. John Wobson essayed again to speak, but his popularity had waned. The unfortunate allusion to the *Colonist* had quite turned the audience against him; and, gathering up his pile of *Columbians* and clapping his hat on his head, he withdrew, first advising the assembled multitude to look out for the next issue of the *Columbian*—a price two bits per week, payable invariably in advance.

The withdrawal of the honorable gentleman gave Mr. Hamström a chance to offer the following resolution:—"Resolved, that this meeting, viewing with horror and dismay the attempt to limit this port in the eyes of the world, injure its commerce and damage its prospects, hereby deprecates the Governor to allow the *Columbian* to enter the harbor of New Westminster, of postage dues, and that in order to compensate the pilots for the loss thus sustained, they be allowed to charge double rates on all vessels bound for Victoria, Burren's Quay, Nanaimo or other ports." Mr. Hamström, Mr. Simpleman and Mr. Clarkspapa, severely claimed the credit of seconding the resolution, and a warm dispute arose between the aspirants for the distinguished honor. The Chairman was finally asked to decide the knotty point. He declined, for the reason that he was not a lawyer, and appealed to Hon. Mr. Grease, who he saw eating an apple near the door.

Mr. Grease said this was a question of great importance, which he hardly felt competent to decide. He thought his chief, Hon. Mr. Bigbug—the proper person to decide so momentous a question; but inasmuch as he had been appealed to by the Chairman he felt he would be "wanting in his duty, as law adviser of the Crown" not to answer it frankly, freely and deliberately, and allow the contestants the right of appeal to a higher authority. Having been an attentive observer of what had passed, candor compelled him to say that Mr. Wm. Piscator and Mr. Simpleman were out of order, and that Mr. Clarkspapa, by reason of his being the eldest of the three, was the proper person to second the resolution. But as the latter gentleman, in the heat of the moment, had indulged in some rather warm remarks, he had sacrificed all claim he might have previously had to the distinguished honor, and he (Mr. Grease) would decide that the Chairman must appoint another seconder.

The Chairman, after examining the audience through his eye-glass, discovered that the only persons left in the room besides himself and the mover, were Messrs. Grease, Piscator, Simpleman and Clarkspapa; whereupon, Mr. Grease suggested that the Chairman second the resolution himself, which was done, and the resolution carried nem. con., Messrs. Simpleman, Piscator and Clarkspapa giving notice of an appeal.

The large and enthusiastic meeting then dissolved, with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, three cheers for the Governor and seven groans for the Pilot Board and Victoria.

A SEVERE CHARGE.—A highly respectable business man, from Big Bend, yesterday surrendered himself to the Police Magistrate to undergo an examination upon a charge of having committed a heinous offence upon the person of a girl, aged seven years, the adopted child of Richard Stege, of French Creek, Big Bend. A partial examination was had yesterday, at the conclusion of which the magistrate said there was not the slightest case against the accused. He would, therefore, retain him on nominal bail to appear in a week to undergo further examination. The friends of the accused say that the charge is entirely false, and that two other persons were accused of a similar offence by the same girl, one of whom was tried last week at Yale and triumphantly acquitted.

SUPREME COURT.—In the Supreme Court yesterday, a rather important case was tried before Chief Justice Needham. Suit was brought by the Bank of British Columbia against E. Marvin and F. Tarel, owners of the steamer *Enterprise* on the Upper Fraser, to recover the sum of \$35, being the amount charged by defendants, at the rate of one-sixteenth of one per cent, on gold dust belonging to plaintiffs and conveyed by defendants on their steamer from Quesslemouth to Soda Creek. The suit was brought to test the validity of the charge. Mr. McCreight, instructed by Drake & Jackson, for plaintiffs, Mr. Wood, instructed by Mr. Green, for defendants. The Chief Justice held that there was extra risks involved in the carriage of the dust, and that the percentage charged by defendants was valid and reasonable. Judgement accordingly.

Mrs. Stowe's Lecture.—The lecture on Spiritualism by Mrs. Stowe, last evening, at the St. George Hotel, was largely attended; the audience being composed, principally of males. The lecturer commenced by reciting a poem, and then closing her eyes, proceeded, with remarkable rapidity and fluency, to explain the Phenomena of Spiritualism, which she did to the evident satisfaction of the audience, who frequently interrupted with applause. At the close of her remarks, Mrs. Stowe announced that she would lecture again this evening, and that during her stay in Victoria she would practice as a clairvoyant physician.

BALL.—We understand that a number of gentlemen of this city are about to give a subscription ball, to which it is proposed to invite the Admiral and officers of the Squadron.

THE RACES.—The programme of the hurdle races appears this morning. They are set for the 4th proximo, at Beacon Hill.

ROBBERY FROM THE PERSON.—Peter Thomson, accused of robbing Vincent Gilcox of \$100, was yesterday committed for trial.

## The Artist and His Too Attentive "Model."

At the Lambeth Police Court, Mary Gallin (52), described as a needlewoman, was charged with annoying M. Victor Boutellier, an artist, residing at 12 Marlborough road, Peckham. Prosecutor, a Frenchman, said he had been subjected to all sorts of annoyances from prisoner, and the previous day she came to his residence, collected a crowd of some 150 persons, and insisted upon sweeping the doorsteps, and for that purpose brought a broom with her. [Laughter.] The Magistrate.—But what's the cause of all this? Witness.—Well, some six or seven years ago she sat as a model to a picture I was painting, and after that she would follow me. A few days ago she walked by my side more than a mile, and insisted upon holding her parasol over my head and face, so as I should not be scorched by the sun or inconvenienced by the dust. [Loud laughter.] I told her to go, but she would not. Defendant (looking tenderly towards the witness)—You know I felt uncomfortable at seeing you without a wife or housekeeper, and offered to aid you. You know it was my tender feelings towards you. (Roars of laughter, in which the worthy magistrate joined.) The Magistrate.—But you must eradicate those tender feelings, especially when you see the gentleman does not admire your attentions. The only reason given for your conduct is that at one time you sat as a model. Defendant (with a burst of indignation)—I did, but I wish your worship to understand it was not as a nude figure, for I was attired in a black silk. Magistrate.—Will you promise not to annoy complainant again. Defendant.—Yes, if he does not want me. Complainant—I want you! I should think not. Defendant having entered into the required promise, was discharged, and left the court with a smile of mingled love, pity, and revenge towards complainant, and amidst considerable laughter from a crowded court.

JENNY LIND A FAILURE.—The London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt: Jenny Lind left many friends and admirers in America who will be sorry to hear that her latest appearance in public has been a failure. That the freshness of her voice should be gone was inevitable, but it seems to be agreed that its splendour and strength are also gone. "In plain truth," writes one correspondent, "it is now little better than a beautiful wreck, which the frequent ardor of the still aspiring artist only makes the more apparent." The reappearance of Madame Goldschmidt was at the Hereford Musical Festival, and the occasion of her consent was that she might assist in bringing out "Ruth," the new oratorio of her husband. One does not like to repeat harsh things of Jenny Lind's husband, but the oratorio gets no good word said for it anywhere, and not even the Nightingale, in the enthusiasm of her first triumph, could have made it a success.

Froude, the historian, has returned from Spain to England, with a great mass of material obtained among the records of the Spanish inquisition and government.