

The Weekly British Colonist
AND CHRONICLE.

Tuesday, April 7 1868.

Hon. Barnard wished to know if he was to be deprived of a mere technicality of his privileges as a member?

Hon. President, after some desultory talk different members, ruled in favor of the right of the hon. member in speaking on the main question.

The hon. Mr. Barnard then made the following speech:

To a certain extent, on the question of Capital, argument has been exhausted; but there is one feature of the question on which little has been said, and that is the justice or injustice of the removal. As a community we are proud of being British; and our pride in this respect has arisen from the fact that the nation of the earth look up to her as the arbiter of their destinies, and it is because she is ever recognized as the friend of the oppressed. So fully are the eyes of other nations turned on her, and such is her prestige for honesty and integrity of purpose that she never commits an injustice on a smaller or less powerful nation; and even in dealing with her more populous colonies she is careful that no act of injustice is done, or if committed she speedily repairs the injury; not so, however, in her dealing with her younger or more sparsely populated colonies, such as this.

Here, I am sorry to own, she has followed a course contrary to that which she would have followed with regard to the colonies of Australia or Canada. Now, sir, to my mind, a palpable act of injustice, if not of downright dishonesty, is about being perpetrated on a small and helpless class of our colonists. Whether this act is one of omission or one of commission, time will tell. It may be from want of thought on the matter, or it may be from utter apathy, as is too frequently the case, on the part of the Colonial Office, yet the effect on the community will be precisely the same. I contend, sir, that this question of location of Capital, which was to all intents and purposes, finally settled at the date of Governor Douglas's proclamation making Queensborough the Capital, ought never to have arisen, for it now resolves itself into a question of unsettling rather than otherwise under any circumstances it ought to have remained quiet at Downing Street. Not so, however, it is thrown from Downing Street on to the Governor of this Colony, and by him thrown (in all probability by instructions privately conveyed) on to the Council.

This of itself is a wrong, knowing, as the authorities do, that the Council did not feel that they represented the people, and knowing also that most hon. gentlemen had private interests to serve, which interests would have their weight even with the most conscientious. And now, sir, with your permission and the permission of this Council, we will look into this transaction from its inception to the present day. In looking over the Blue Book we find that the object of sending out Royal Engineers to the Colony was, (Aug. 3d, 1858): "To mark out allotments of land for public purposes, to suggest a site for the Seat of Government and for a seaport town."

Next we have Col. Moody's instructions:—(Oct. 23, 1858). "You will consult with the Governor as to the choice of sites for a maritime town, probably at the mouth of Fraser River and for any more inland Capital to which the circumstance of the territory will suggest the most appropriate site."

Then we have Governor Douglas's report recommending Col. Moody's choice:—(Feb. 4, '59). "Colonel Moody in his official report recommends a site for the Seat of Government in British Columbia, a position about ten miles below the new town of Langley, on the North bank of Fraser River," and adds:—"His (Col. Moody's) views generally coincide with my own impressions on the subject, and I am satisfied of the soundness of his conclusions. I have, therefore, authorized the immediate survey and subdivision of the site recommended in his report into building lots."

Next Governor Douglas proclaims, (Feb. 14, '59): "It is intended with all dispatch to lay out and settle the site of a city to be the Capital of British Columbia; on the right or north bank of Fraser River." Next we have what appears to me to be (when compared with the dispatch of the Duke of Buckingham now before this Council) the most iniquitous part of the whole transaction, viz., an appeal to the feeling of the intending settlers. It runs thus:—(Feb. 5, 1859). "Governor Douglas to Sir E. B. Lytton:—With reference to the site chosen for the Seat of Government of British Columbia, I have the honor to state to you that deeply appreciating the kind and grateful interest which Her Most Gracious Majesty has been pleased to manifest towards the development and prosperity of the Colony of British Columbia, we are extremely desirous of any meaning or not? Are they the words of truth and honesty? or is it only clever ruse to catch the unwary and induce him to spend his hard earnings under false pretences? If they were honestly intended at the time why is not public faith kept by the Government? Was there any contingency expressed, I could understand why His Grace should say, "But every land purchaser in New Westminster or any other locality must be considered to buy his land, subject to the possible changes which the varying political or commercial interests of the whole community may from time to time require?"

The above sentence, accords but very poorly with what we have been led to expect. Indeed, with what we have always been taught regarding public faith and honor. To my mind the whole transaction savors very much of the Yankee land speculator's office, the proprietors of which are commonly known as "land sharks" and will go but a small way towards inducing settlement in this Colony. Without public faith and honor you destroy all confidence in the honesty and integrity of the Government. As far as the voice of the people in this matter is concerned, I claim that it is not properly represented. I hold a telegram from my constituency commanding me to cast my vote in favor of the retention of the capital where it is, and this from a constituency that expressed an adverse opinion last year, and I can assure the hon. member for Cariboo and the hon. member for Lillooet that they visited their

constituencies lately, they would have found that a change had come over the spirit of the people, and that there would to-day be a large majority cast in favor of non-removal and of public faith and honor as against possible expediency. As far as the constituency I represent is concerned, I know that they are justified in looking on the removal of the Capital with suspicion. They fear that let Victorians have the power, a power which must follow the removal of the Capital in the event of the construction of an overland road, their property would be completely cut off by the adoption of the Bute Inlet route. They remember full well the position taken by hon. members from Victoria against the abolishing of road tolls. They know also that the whole power of Victoria press has been brought to bear against Fraser River, and that it has succeeded in damming it so completely that not a ship can be got to pass the heads. As far as hon. members who have no particular interest in either place are concerned, and especially those holding official positions, I would in all earnestness say, cast your vote on the side of public faith and honor.

[The vote was here taken and resulted in favor of Victoria by a majority of 9, as reported by telegraph.]

Hon. Attorney General thought it his duty to deprecate the sentiments of the hon. member for Westminster, wherein he recommended a mark to be put on every vote cast. No personal feeling like this should exist or be permitted in a Legislative Assembly. He trusted the hon. member would be satisfied with the consciousness of having done his duty to his constituents and leave others the right to judge for themselves. To mark the vote of every member could do no good, and might do much harm. He trusted no such sentiments would be encouraged in this Council. He should regret to introduce the sorrow and weight that filled himself at the vote as it must go, but with its record he buried all personal feeling towards other members.

Letter from Alaska Territory.

SITKA, ALASKA TERRITORY, March 25th, 1868.

EDITOR BRITISH COLONIST:—The California brought us a very small mail, and as for newspapers, we were put on short allowance. We got the Bulletin up to the date of the 10th of March, and Collier up to the 15th.

Your correspondent wishes to return his thanks to T. J. Barnes, of your city, for a large file of Colonists and other interesting papers which he sent him.

Since you heard from here by the Fideliter, but very little has been found out as to the mineral resources of this Territory.

Two prospecting parties went out, were absent about three weeks and returned without finding the color. This is as I predicted from the first day we landed here, on this island, I am convinced there is no gold, nor will any be found in paying quantities until you go to Kodiak, on the mainland, immediately adjacent to Cook's Inlet. Gold will be found there in paying quantities.

Besides, there are coal seams close by Kodiak which, if properly worked, will pay, judging from accounts I have received.

Business in Sitka is very dull. There is little demand for labor, and will be less from now on, as the Quartermaster has orders to discharge all his hands, whose places are to be filled by soldiers. Some of the men discharged leave to-day on the steamer for below. The time has not yet arrived when it would be safe or even prudent for adventurers to turn their attention towards Alaska. I speak from what I know.

Martin, the wizard, arrived here by the California, and is to give us a few exhibitions in his line, and I expect he will do very well.

The crew of the Jamestown made up a purse of two hundred dollars and presented it last Monday to the Very Rev Father Mandart, who is here. When the soldiers get paid off it is expected that he will receive a very considerable sum, with which the Father intends to erect a Catholic Church in Sitka. The Father is quite a favorite with all classes here.

The climate during this winter has been exceedingly mild. During part of February and up to the 15th of March we had a good deal of rain, but now for the last ten days you would not look for finer weather at this season anywhere. April, May and June are the finest months of the year in Sitka.

We expect the Otter in here this evening and the Fideliter about Sunday in evening.

There are considerable improvements going on, such as building houses and fixing up rooms, which, by the way, are very much needed. Sidewalks are also being rebuilt.

Alaska Herald is the name of a little paper which made its appearance here yesterday. It is published in San Francisco, under the management of Agapies Honechereka. If he ever realizes anything by publishing a paper devoted mainly to a country he never saw, and of which he must necessarily have a very limited knowledge, then he will do better than most men. In an article on this Territory the Herald says:—"We learn from reliable sources that the soldiers stationed at Alaska are guilty of various excesses against the natives of the place." I admit there are some very bad men amongst the soldiers stationed here, but also affirm that the natives and residents of Sitka are not all saints. Times in Sitka have changed. The rights of the natives, like those of all Americans, are protected and respected, and the horde of Indians here, whose *ipse dixit* was law, are now being taught to know their place; the salutary effect of which is quite perceptible.

The bark Fern arrived here on the 22d, and is still in the harbor. She is a whaler and is bound northward. The schooners Winged Arrow, the Growler and the Langley, are all expected to arrive at this port in a few days.

From information from the Secretary of the Interior received by hon. U. S. Dodge, the Collector of this port, no more liquors from foreign ports can be landed in Sitka, so that all importation must come from San Francisco or some American port.

Several sick soldiers have been transferred to other companies in California, and leave here on the steamer California, this climate not agreeing with them.

BARNEY ORAGAN.

We cannot see that as citizens of Victoria, we are called on to be excessively jubilant over the location of the Seat of Government at this place. The movement was one in which the whole country possessed a direct interest, and the whole country has equal cause to rejoice at its success. Local considerations never weighed a feather with us—never influenced our policy in the least. The question was one of simple expediency and economy. Common sense brought all to protest against a waste of public money by the continuance of the offices at a point so ill-adapted for them as New Westminster. It was not the selfish feeling engendered by a prospective rise in real estate, or a desire to profit by the yearly expenditure in our midst of a few thousand dollars by the officials that caused Victoria and her representatives to take so decided a stand in this respect. Victoria's opposition sprang entirely from a desire to have the Government efficiently and economically administered by the location of its seat at a point that could be easily reached at all seasons and at all times—where it could claim and receive, at a moment's warning, the support of Her Majesty's naval forces, and where it could have easy communication with every part of the world. Such are the motives which actuated Victoria in urging its claims upon the country, which claims are enhanced by her possession of the buildings necessary to the proper transaction of the public business. The same feeling actuated the hundreds in the Upper Country who signed the memorials praying for the location of the Capital at Victoria. It is a mistake to suppose the petitioners could have been actuated by any feeling of hostility to New Westminster; and, it is an equally fallacious idea that Victoria wished to sacrifice the country to secure her own prosperity. The movement, from first to last, was a patriotic one. The entire country is deeply interested in having its Government administered in the most economical manner consistent with efficiency. As proof of the correctness of this we have only to point to the vote taken upon the resolution on Thursday. Both mover and seconder are popular members representing interior constituencies; only two popular members voted for the retention of the Seat of Government at New Westminster; and the member for Big Bend who supported New Westminster's claims last session, declared in favor of Victoria on Thursday. The result proves that the agitation was not local and that it was not instituted for local aggrandizement or preference. The interests of the Upper Country were as much involved by the question at issue as those of the lower, and such being the case we cannot understand that Victoria alone is called on to go into hysterics of delight over the attainment of the long sought for object.

The Squadron Regatta.

Thursday proved the most delightful day of the season. The sun shone brightly and all nature seemed to smile upon the endeavors of the gentlemen connected with Her Majesty's Squadron on this station to contribute to the recreation and enjoyment of the colonists. In every respect the Regatta was an undoubted success—in the favoring state of the weather, in the kind manner in which Rear Admiral Hastings and his gallant officers received and entertained their guests and in the interesting and exciting aquatic contests which came off.

Not a circumstance occurred to mar the pleasures of the day. From an early hour in the morning Esquimalt harbor was dotted with boats of every size and shape, filled with spectators anxious to witness the sport. The vessels comprising H.M.'s Squadron, were gaily decked with flags and streamers, and every bit of bunting on shore was thrown to the breeze. On the flagships were assembled the ladies and gentlemen guests of the officers, who watched with absorbing interest the lively scenes passing around them, or, impelled by the seductive strains of the Zealons band, mingled in the merry dance. Boats of every class and model, towed by crews grotesquely attired, darted hither and thither over the surface of the water. An amateur negro minstrel band favored the spectators with an occasional melody. Old Neptune and Mrs. Neptune were represented by two sailors, one of whom held in his hand the identical trident that once possessed so many terrors for novices when making their initial trip "across the line." On all sides reigned mirth and joviality. "Dull care" was thrown to the winds, and all aimed to be as happy as possible themselves and to make everybody around them equally happy.

The boats in the first race started shortly after one o'clock. The course rowed was from the gunboat Forward, anchored just within the mouth of Esquimalt harbor, around a boat anchored off Magazine Island and back to the stern of the flagship Zealons.

It was originally intended that five boats should contest for this first prize, but in consequence of some misunderstanding the Zealons' two cutters did not get off, so the Admiral's barge and the first and second cutters of the Camelson went it alone. The three boats dashed off at the boom of a gun from the Forward, and proceeded swiftly up the harbor. At the start the first cutter was the favorite; but soon after rounding the boat off Magazine Island it became evident that the barge must win, which she did, passing under the stern of the Zealons far in advance of her competitors, and receiving the hearty plaudits of the spectators as she rounded to. For the second race the Reindeer's first and second cutters and the Sparrowhawk's first cutter started. The boats kept well together until their noses were pointed homeward, when the Reindeer's first cutter rapidly increased the distance between herself and the other boats and reached the winning-post nearly half a minute ahead of the Sparrowhawk's cutter, the third boat being nowhere. The third race—the contest of the day—was between the Zealons' launch, pinnace and life-boat, and Nos. 3 and 4 harbor pinnaces. The boats were off at the sound of the cannon. No. 3 pinnace, leading the van, the launch, bringing up the rear, at least seven lengths behind the boat in advance. Away the boats dashed past the Forward and Camelson as they lay at anchor, the small craft that dotted the surface of the harbor hastening to "clear the track" and afford the contestants a "fair field."

The boats passed swiftly into the narrow neck towards Magazine Island, the crews straining every nerve.

The launch rapidly overtook the life-boat and No. 3 pinnace, and the boats passed on of sight behind a hill of rocks. When next they shot into view the launch occupied the second position in the race—the first pinnace still well ahead, and No. 4 pinnace several lengths behind. In rounding the stakepost the first pinnace led. On the homeward stretch the interest manifested was intense. The contest had narrowed down to a struggle between the launch and the first pinnace. Every glass was levelled at the swiftly-advancing boats. The spray at each dip of the oars gleamed in the bright sunlight like a shower of pearls—the rowers keeping time with rapid, yet methodical strokes as the craft rose and fell beneath the influence of the brawny arms that propelled them. On came the two boats—the first pinnace twenty lengths ahead; the launch gaining ground slowly but surely, and her men exerting every muscle to win the day. Past the last point that cuts them off from the anxious gaze of the multitude, and out come the boats into full view of all. A cheer arises. The pinnace is ten lengths ahead, but the launch is gaining—surely gaining. "Pull, boys, pull! One more dash!" scream the coxswains, and the "boys" apply themselves with redoubled energy to their work, the stout ash blades, bending with the force of the Herculean strokes. On and on they come—the waters seething beneath the bows and hissing as if in resentment at being thus disturbed. Scarce 200 yards remain to be rowed; if victory be achieved by the launch it must be within the next half minute. Only six lengths behind—and the pinnace crew exhausted! "One more dash, boys, and victory is yours!" On comes the great launch, closing rapidly the gap. Victory seems assured, when the pinnace crew suddenly rouse themselves for a final struggle bend again to their work, and with a few well-directed strokes run under the stern of the Zealons, gaining the day by four boats' length. Three hearty cheers for the gallant crew ring out from the big ship, the fired men drop their oars, and the boats, which a moment before seemed endowed with life, float idly as logs on the glassy surface of the harbor. The fourth race—between the Zealons' Reindeer, Sparrowhawk and Camelson's second gigs—was won by the Sparrowhawk's gig, with apparent ease. For the fifth race the Admiral's galley, Beaver's whaler and Camelson's first gig were entered—the Camelson winning with scarcely an effort. The sixth race was between the Reindeer's pinnace and the Camelson's pinnace—the former winning. This race was well contested throughout—the Reindeer's only winning by about two boats' length. In the seventh race—cutters piloted by Marines—the Zealons' boat carried off the prize. The eighth (or digby) race was won by the Reindeer. The ninth race—in which four-sailed gigs were rowed respectively by officers from the Reindeer and Zealons—was won by the crew of the former. The tenth race was between the copper punia of the Zealons, Sparrowhawk and Reindeer, each propelled by five or six men armed with stokers' shovels. These puns are queer looking specimens of Naval architecture. They resemble an octagonal box and are used, while cleaning the ship's copper. The race was in the highest sense grotesque and amusing. The punts were instructed to start from the bow of the flagship, row around the Reindeer and back to the point of departure. The Sparrow-

hawk's punt took the lead and maintained it throughout, the Reindeer followed next in order and the Zealons far behind. The appearance of the men (who were attired in fancy costumes) and the strange appearance of the craft reminded one forcibly of the story of the "three wise men of Gotham who put to sea in a bowl." And a wash-bowl the Reindeer's punt in truth proved, for midway between the Zealons and Reindeer a shout and a splash were heard; the Reindeer's punt went down, head foremost, and in less time than it takes to tell it half-a-dozen brave fellows were struggling for dear life in the cool waters of the harbor. They were all rescued by boats that went to their assistance, Victory rested with the Sparrowhawk, amid the cheers and laughter of the spectators. For the sailing race a large number of boats started—but after rounding the stake-boat, the breeze, which had been light all day, fell to a dead calm, and the boats remained lazily floating with the tide until the crew in the Zealons pinnace hit upon the novel device of attaching a line to the stern of the boat and hauling on it with all their strength, the coxswain, meanwhile, working the rudder violently. The device imparted a rocking motion to the boat and by it she was finally enabled to come in, winner.

With this race the day's sport ended and the guests retired early in the evening, having passed one of the pleasantest days it had been their lot to enjoy for many years. Admiral and Mrs. Hastings were assiduous in attention to their guests, who were also courteously received and entertained on board the noble iron-clad by Capt. Dawkins, Commander Liddell, Flg. Lieut. Brooke, and the other gentlemen connected with the Committee of Management.

DEPARTURE OF THE CALIFORNIA.—The mail steamer California sailed for San Francisco at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, having on board 78 passengers and a full freight of coals, furniture and merchandises. Col. Buckley and Mr. Chappell, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Rev. Dr. Evans, Mrs. Evans and daughter, C. C. Pandergast, J. H. Turner, Mr. Lawson, H. Fowler, A. T. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Fiddell, John Glassy, Mrs. Erskine, J. S. Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. Brodick and Mrs. Zeller, were among the passengers. The number of people that assembled on the wharf to say good bye to friends was large, and the scene animated and affecting.

ARRIVAL FROM SAN FRANCISCO.—The American brig Hallie Jackson, Captain Poole, arrived yesterday morning from San Francisco. She has a full cargo of goods, and is on a trading voyage to the Asiatic coast, for which territory she sails in a day or two. We are under obligations to Captain Poole for a full file of late papers. The vessel is consigned to Millard & Beedy.

A PARZA HUNT, under the auspices of officers of the Squadron, has been arranged for to-day. The horses—Flag-Lieutenant Brooks and Mr. K. McKenzie, jr.—will start from the Naval Clubhouse at 1½ o'clock p.m. It is hoped there will be a full attendance from the city.

THE steamer Enterprise sailed for New Westminster yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. Among her passengers were Chief Justice Needham, Rev. E. White, J. Palmer, R. Holloway and a large number of miners bound for Cariboo.

TREASURY SHIPMENT.—Wells, Fargo & Co., yesterday shipped \$147,179 in treasure, as follows: Bank of British Columbia, \$80,746; Bank of British North America, 37,432; Wells, Fargo & Co, \$29,000.

"Too much ditto."—In a small village in New England lived an old chap who, though very wealthy, did not possess a good education, as also did not his wife. He purchased much of his household goods at a dry goods and grocery store in the village, and at the end of the year the bill was presented for payment. On one occasion, in looking it over, he observed that the word "ditto" occurred frequently. On reaching home, he said to his wife: "What have you been doing with so much ditto this year?" showing her how it stood on the bill. "I haven't bought any, and what have you been doing with so much?" she replied.

"You must have had it," she replied.

"For M. always deals honestly by me, and here it is on the bill. You can see for yourself."

"I don't care if it is; I haven't had any, and M. has cheated you," he always said he would.

"Well, then, I must see about it," he replied. So he tramped back to the store.

"Look here, M. what do you mean by charging me with so much ditto? I haven't had any, and my wife says she hasn't."

M. bit his lips and politely explained. When the old gentleman returned home his wife inquired if he had found out about the ditto.

"Yes," said he; "I have found out that I was a great fool, and you was a ditto."

A Western poet is the author of these epigrammatic lines:

The old dog Tray is very faithful, but my dog Bess is faithful can never be Tray.

The boats in the first race started shortly