



A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF CASSIAR.

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### THE DEFEAT.

Long before the business of the House had commenced, on Tuesday last, the galleries were filled to such an extent that standing room was scarcely to be had. The members of the Government had already taken their seats, when silently, one by one, with the stealthy tread of a band of avenging scalp-hunters, the Opposition filed in and glided noiselessly to their respective desks. An ominous silence, like the calm before the dreaded storm, pervaded the House. The honorable leader of the Government, assuming an air of stoical indifference, sat pouring over the pages of the last novel—"No Chance,"—and occasionally casting furtive glances at the ungainly figure which loomed up, in the seat opposite, as the leader of the Opposition. The Chief Commissioner with his arms folded across his breast, his eyes turned towards the crowded galleries, seemed busily employed in taking a careful inventory of the different styles of hats now in fashion. The Hon. Provincial Secretary, with one leg resting over the knee of the other, was carefully burnishing four years' rust from the blade of a small lancet, by rubbing it over the toe of his boot. The Minister of Finance and Agriculture, after vainly endeavoring to obtain a look of encouragement from his two colleagues from the "City of Stumps," picked up his pen and wrote the following lines on the fly-leaf of the "Public Ac-

counts Report:" "Oh for a tongue to curse the slaves whose treason, like a deadly blight, comes o'er the councils of the brave, and blasts them in their hour of might." He then settled back in his chair, and dosed off into a sort of semi-conscious trance, from which he was only aroused some three hours after by the solemn words of the Chairman, "are you ready for the question?" The dreaded moment had arrived. The "three Graces" from the bunch grass country who, up to this time, had sat mute and silent, coyishly twisting the corners of their moustaches, prepared their right arms for the upright movement. The Owl, which had taken its perch on the grand chandelier, in the centre of the House, uttered an almost inaudible "hoot," and spreading its wings, swooped down over the Treasury Benches, and reached a place of safety behind the canopy with the Speaker. There, in perfect security, those two most important members of this community, listened breathlessly to the Clerk as he announced the result of the vote which sent the second Ministry, under the form of Responsible Government in British Columbia "to the right about face." The Government is defeated, and whatever difference of opinion may exist as regards their general policy, and although we claim for ourselves the position of independence in politics, yet we cannot refrain from expressing our regret—and we believe it to be the echo of the majority of the people of this Province—that that Government which has fought the battles of the country—not wisely perhaps—but too well, is now numbered with the things of the past.