



A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF CASSIAR.

VOL. I.

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No. 2

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.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

After the defeat of the late Administration, His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, no doubt in the exercise of his wisdom, called upon the chief editor of the OWL to form a new Ministry.

Having given the proposition ample consideration, and doubtless under some inspiration, we accepted the onerous task, and after mature reflection, the outline of a policy dawned on our imagination, that is in itself at once unique and original, and in its results will be far-reaching and most beneficial to our Province.

We are not permitted by our colleagues to give more than a synopsis of the scheme till after its full maturity, but it will be no breach of Ministerial etiquette to give a faint outline of it.

Our financial policy is so constructed that our vaults can only be compared to a "bonanza" for all future time; and particular care shall be taken that not only shall we refuse to accept any future payments, either as loans or on account of subsidy, from Canada; but we will have no difficulty in offering her sufficient money to construct the railway from ocean to ocean, on terms and at a rate of interest that would send the Governor of the Bank of England insane.

Our own public works will be on a scale that can only be expressed as colossal. The harbor of Victoria shall no longer labour under the stigma of a herring pond. We intend to amalgamate it with that of Esquimalt, close up the entrance to the latter, widen the whole so as to give it a uniformity of two miles and a half by seventeen.

In our fertile brain we project a succession of wharves the whole length, with warehouses, where in a few short years ships of every flag will be unloading the wealth of the world.

To, as far as possible, anticipate the glorious results of our railway, and with this special purpose in view having created a portfolio under the Hon. Mr. Trumphreys, we have

projected a daily line of balloons from Victoria to Halifax, so that at all times, and under all circumstances we will actually hold the key to practical Confederation.

Our Ministry shall consist of eighteen with portfolios, and the leader of the Government.

Ourself (whose income from journalism is sufficient for all our wants,) without a salary. The salaries proposed to be paid to Ministers will be estimated by the amount of work they *have capacity to perform*. Keeping in view at the same time the undoubted success of our financial scheme.

We have much pleasure in announcing that the following gentlemen have consented to form part of our Cabinet and they have graciously accepted the various portfolios set opposite their names:—

MR. MAY—Chief Inspector of Clam Beds. Salary, \$14,735 374 per annum, with the privilege of manufacturing lime out of the shells, for railway purposes.

THE BIG GUN OF ATHLONE—Ambassador to Drumsnag, the coldest and bleakest part of Ireland. Salary, \$20,761, with one keg of *Eunisshone*, and two creels of *Lumpjers* per annum.

MR. TRUMPHREYS—Chief Comptroller of Political Hydrogen. This being the most important office, the salary will be commensurate with the task of generating, and to be fixed after an examination of the public till.

THE REV. MR. DISHER—Minister of Public Worship and Grand Chaplain to the House. Salary to be paid by McKenzie.

ALFISTER McFOLLOW-ME—Minister of Edicashun and Chief Dialectician to the House. Salary, \$15,376 48, and one new box (with a hole in it) per annum.

MR. RAREY—Master of the Horse. Salary, \$16,831 50 per annum, with hay, oats and liniment.

MR. STICKINSON—Chief Weathercock. Salary, \$9,651 30 per annum. As the honorable gentleman is likely to be much exposed to atmospheric changes, an overcoat and woollen comforter will also be allowed him.

NEBUCHADNEZER WHITE—Immigration Agent to Birkenhead. Salary \$12,500 50, and travelling expenses.

WM. FROWN—Chief Musician and Leader of the Orchestra. Salary, \$7,000—and rosin.

W. A. TOWELL—Chief Attitudinizer and Minister of Department. As this office entails a heavy outlay for personal embellishments, the salary will be \$26,301 25, paid weekly in advance, with combs and brushes free.

MR. TARA—Chief Commissary and Purveyor General. Salary, \$12,160 12, and pic—, no perquisites.

MR. O'KANAGAN—Master of the Buck Hounds. Salary, \$14,380 62.

MR. LIMBERRY—Colonel of Pemberton's Regulars. As this office requires no administrative ability, there will be no salary attached.

PROFESSOR THIMBLERIGER, N.Y.H.M., N.Y. H., Chief Medium. Salary, \$18,761 50 per session. The duties of this office will be to give sciences and practical illustrations of the force of MATTER OVER MIND. He will also do the "Devonport trick" on every close vote.

The gentlemen filling the above offices are well known, and we feel assured fully qualified to *conduct them with the requisite dignity*, but with the four minor portfolios to complete our Cabinet, viz., the Attorney General, Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, Provincial Secretary, and Minister of Finance, we must confess we are at a loss to find any one condescending enough to accept them with the paltry \$3,500 per annum. In time, however, as our grand financial scheme develops, we may be able to fill them with becoming dignity (intellect is not wanted) from some of our public schools.

We may safely say that we come before the public with a strong Ministry, but should we still require more strength, we will give every member in the House a portfolio—and quietly abscond the Opposition.

OBITUARY.

We are pained to state that one of our pressmen, who it appears was engaged in a game of "shinny on the ice," was, on last Monday evening, packed home to us in a gummie sack. We have only the evidence of some parties acquainted with the facts, that the unshapely mass before us is all that is left of the young man who but a few hours before, and in the prime and vigor of life, left our office with a pair of skates under his arm. In consideration for the feelings of the young man's relations—who were all, in one way or another, connected with the press, and in order that no break shall exist in our editorial staff, we have decided to boil him down and make rollers of him.

It is proposed that the Indians receive from the Indian Commissioner all the land they require, i.e., two feet by three and a half, "nuff sed."

COLD TEA is good for this weather.

THE OWL.

It has been hinted that the present political crisis may affect the future prosperity of the OWL. We can assure our readers that those hints are groundless. That the OWL shall continue to flourish, though a whole army of Blakes and Mackenzies were to sweep over the Island, leaving naught but desolation in their track, and even then, when some speculating photographer,—a Maynard or a Spencer,—shall place his camera on a pile of rusty steel rails, to "take" the surrounding ruins, we shall be found in the foreground of the picture, writing an editorial for our next issue.

SUSPICIOUS.

On China New-Year's day, one of our local reporters in search of items on free Bourbon, strayed down Cormorant street, and saw a sight at once suspicious and strange.

First, the Big Gun of Athlone in close and familiar confab with a party evidently genealogically descended from the Biblical character of bull-rush fame.

Next, the Hon. Tom, with some other familiars, both parties evidently interviewing the various Celestial establishments.

The question naturally presented itself to the mind of our unsophisticated reporter—What are these "cusses" after? Free Bourbon, or Celestial moral support? Or what?

THE next *direct* steamer of the P. M. S. Co.'s line will land at Alburni. Passengers and freight have the option of coming or being forwarded to Victoria on foot, by railway or by telegraph, as they choose. The dangers of the sea, only, being excepted.

OUR STAFF.—Thanks to Editor of the *Adelphi Bulletin* for a full box of "Teamsters" Regalias, Cormorant make: they ended in smoke.

SLIPPERY GROUND—Douglas' Swamp—Some Trimble and some don't.

After a careful consideration of the whole of the (what now is) Government party, we fail to perceive enough of individual ability in any four of them to fill the various Portfolios. Consequently, we strongly press upon the public the advisability of boiling down the whole thirteen, together (for seasoning) with Professor Thimble-rigger, and then we doubt whether or not enough of the essence of sense would be obtained for our purpose.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Four youths of established character, who have lately been thrown out of employment, are desirous of obtaining situations:—salary chief object.

They are up to all the ins and outs of political and other manœuvres. To all the quirks and turns of finance.

They can interpolate legal and other documents, can construct Coffers, Dry Docks, Roads, Streets and Bridges; can diagnose diseases, and phlebotomize the public generally. Having served for a long period in the same establishment, they would prefer employment where their combined talent could be utilized.

Application to be made at once to Messrs. Traveler, Strongarm & Co.

For reference as to character and ability, apply to

HON. T. B. HUMPHREYS, M.P.P.

W. SMITHE, “

WM. FISHER, “

or To the Editor of *Colonist*.

QUESTIONS FOR THE SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION—TO BE SUBMITTED AT THE NEXT EXAMINATION.

If it takes the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works three weeks to make out a report, how long will it tak the Legislative Assembly to understand it?—REV. MR. DISLER.

If it takes a scared wolf two minutes and twenty seconds to run one mile and ten chains, how long will it take an Indian to outrun a steamboat
OWL.

JOSS HOUSE.

The benighted reporter of the *Colonist* gives, under the above heading, a most gorgeous description of what he calls a “Joss House situate on Government street.”

Our great aim at all times is a *joke*, provided it is a good one; but in the present instance we fail to “see the point,” and refuse to be a party in gulling the confiding citizens of Victoria in such a most outrageous manner.

The facts of the case are these: meeting the said reporter on the street one day, we mos magnanimously invited him to visit our establishment, intimating that our Bourbon was first-class, and our Cogniac three star.

The gentleman, too liable to be influenced by such most weighty arguments, readily consented to accept our invitation.

After entering our outer sanctuary (for precautionary measures) we blindfolded our friend before conducting him to our sanctum sanctorum, where we spent a pleasant hour.

We need not tell the public that the beautiful Joss House, so graphically described, is only the conception of his imaginative brain superinduced by Bourbon and Three Star, and the deities set up by him were our printer's devil and two friends, laughing at our innocent friend as he meandered his way from our office.

PEOPLE of British Columbia! do not forget that the Hon. T. Humphreys, in the debate resulting in the defeat of the Government, asserted “That he had no doubt but that sixty or seventy thousand dollars had been given to the people in the galleries, who were cheering the Government.” Seventeen of our reporters who were in the House at the time, have been looking for Mr. Humphreys ever since.

LETTERS at the P. O. are delivered a day or two after their arrival; they will keep this weather.