

GALT AND THE TARIFF.

Cheer boys cheer, don't dream of lile sorrow,
Galt and his tariff shall guide us on our way;
If you've no cash, why hang you can't you borrow,
And quite forget, as a thing of course, to pay.
Ye cheer boys cheer, though taxes grind and crush, yet
Some things are left us cheaper than before;
Brandy, for instance, no please the pigs, we'll lush yet,
And hurrah! for Galt and his tariff evermore.

Then cheer boys cheer for brandy, cheaper brandy;
Cheer boys cheer for the luscious eau de vie;
Cheer boys cheer for cigars and wines to favour,
Cheaper and better each jolly, roaring bravo.

Cheer boys cheer, though ancient ladies splutter,
Over new taxes on sugar, coffee, tea,
Though grasping merchants froit and fume and flutter,
And all books are taxed ten per cent, hah what care wo?
We've long bled for our horns, boys, pretty smartly,
But good times are coming, for Galt's a jolly soul;
Ho make the poor man pay high for books and sugar,
Whilst on the drink, why ho lovers lads, the toll.

Then cheer boys cheer for brandy cheaper brandy;
Cheer boys cheer for the luscious eau de vie;
Cheer boys cheer, and toast Galt right and left too,
Whene'er you meet for a jolly roaring spree.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The agony is over Mr. Poll and his Walks and Gardens have triumphed by a majority of one, and the eastern people are to have a park, notwithstanding the selfish opposition of western members. We understand that Mr. Poll,—whose efforts are really praise-worthy in this matter—has slept soundly ever since, and that he has pledged himself not to mention the "Walks and Gardens" in the council more than twenty times during the next two meetings. Beyond the settlement of this question no business was transacted at the first meeting.

On Thursday night, however, considerable progress was accomplished, in the course of which developments of rather an extraordinary nature, were made, through the instrumentality of that ever-vigilant sentinel of the city interests, Mr. Councilman Finch. A piece of corruption on the part of the police committee of the last council had been perpetrated, by which Mr. W. Hopkins, the oratorical tailor, was benefited to the extent of \$400. The job consisted of an order for sixty over-coats for the policemen at \$17 each, amounting in all to over \$1,000, which coats although made according to the pattern coat, were to ally unfit for the purpose, and not worth half the amount paid for them. The parties who awarded Hopkins the contract, (notwithstanding a lower tender from Hughes Bros.) were four of the most immaculate members of the old council, viz., Messrs. Strachan, Carr, Fox, and Boulton. It did not matter to them whether the cloth was rotten or not; it was but of slight importance whether the coats would last a month, or whether they would drop to pieces if held at arms length. It was sufficient for them to know that Mr. Hopkins was an Orangeman, and that his competitor for the contract was a Catholic, to award the job to the former. It wasn't the cloth that came into question at all, it was "Brother" William Hopkins. A few will be disposed to blame Hopkins, but beyond the fact that he was tempted by the opportunity to make a haul,—the committee,—the four of "glorious and immortal memory" are the parties who really perpetrated the robbery,—and if

there is anything like a punishment for such a want of common honesty in the transaction of public business, it is surely found in the fact that every one of these gentlemen were deprived of their seats at the Council Board, although all but Alderman Carr were up for re-election.

The most mysterious part of the business is how Hopkins over got his money, before the matter came before the council, and that just in time to allow that gentleman to display his loyalty and eloquence at the Orange meeting in the St Lawrence Hall. Can it be possible that there is yet corruption in the council? By what jugglery Alderman Brunel and the Chamberlain, the latter especially, could pay the account, we can't understand, except one or the other had some share in the plunder. It may be that through some misunderstanding the money was thus illegally paid, but the thing looks mighty like the nether part of a very nefarious job.

It was a sight good for diseased optics to watch the countenances of the members of the council during these developments. Finch was full of importance; Taylor's expressive features became still more radiant; Brunel nervously hitched in his chair; Sterling underwent a process of perspiration, while Winan in his delight at something against Hopkins, (who gave him such a tongue-lashing at the Orange meeting), absolutely bounced from his chair, and was hardly sane during the remainder of the evening.

WHO IS HE?

The other day the *Leader* published a very extraordinary article about the Chief of Police; headed "Who is he?" The writer evidently intended to be witty, or humorous. He says he met a friend on King St. This friend, it appears, was a congenial spirit; and like pleasant souls they began to discourse. The following the writer tells us is its substance. We shall call the writer Tom, and his friend Dick, for the sake of perspicuity:—

"We are a fast people," says Tom.
"Everything denotes it," says Dick.
"Bankruptcies are sudden," says Tom.
"Fast young men wear peg tops," says Dick.
"Murders are looking up," says Tom.
"Custom Duties are looking down," says Dick.
Suddenly the Chief of Police appears in the distance:

"Who's him?" says Tom.
"Him's not known to we," says Dick.
"What whiskers," says Tom.
"What moustache," says Dick.
"What breeks," says Tom.
"What hauteur," says Dick.
"What, who," says Tom.
"O tempora," says Dick.
"O mores," says Tom.

The conversation does not appear to go any further, but we think we have given enough of it to present a tolerably good picture of the wits of the town.

Conundrum for a Parson.

—Why are the new twenty-cent pieces like the majority of the people who were present at the recent executions?

Because their "impressions" will soon wear away!

SPENDTHRIFTS.

We observe from the votes and proceedings of Wednesday last, that Mr. McKellar introduced a Bill "for the protection of spendthrifts, and for the management of their estates for the benefit of their families." The Hon. gentlemen has entered upon a new field of legislation, and we confess we are rather curious to know how large he intends to make that field, or rather where he is disposed to draw the line of demarcation between the spendthrift and the ordinary denizen of this lower sphere. Does he mean to take under his special care every lucky youngster whose Grandmama presents him with a dollar, which said dollar may of course be squandered within the hour for "lollipop" and marbles? There's the spendthrift in embryo, and legislation should always strike at the root of an evil. Or will he leave the youngster unchecked, and throw his fatherly care around the thoughtless clerk, whose quarter's salary disappears like the snow drift in the river, "One moment his, then gone for ever?" If not,—where does he mean to begin? How decide, who is a spendthrift and who not? How determine how far Mr. So and So's estate will bear the annual expenditure of the Proprietor before it shall be landed over to the tender mercies of a Commissioner, to be "managed for the benefit of the family?" We don't profess to possess too large a share of worldly wisdom ourselves, and we may possibly become obnoxious to the provisions of Mr. McKellar's bill. But fortunately in our case, as the future Mrs. GRUMBER has not been led, all blushing, to the altar; our family happens to be remarkably small, and as for our estate, why—we shall resist all intermeddling with it, as an unwarrentable interference with the liberty of the subject. But seriously—if the title is a proper index to the contents of Mr. McKellar's Bill it must be a very funny one. Had Gowan introduced it, we should have supposed at once that he was fishing for a permanent "commission" to enquire into other people's business, and have a finger in the "management of other people's estates." Possibly Mr. McKellar is only desirous of building for himself an enviable reputation as a philanthropist *par excellence*, and as a first step undertakes the management of half the estates in Canada, for that we take it, will be the result if every spendthrift amongst us is to be looked after.

THE THEATRE.

We are glad to see that the Royal Lyceum is about to be re-opened, under the management of Mr. Marlow, this evening. A new company is to be brought from New York, and in the meantime the public taste for theatricals is to be occasionally indulged. After the long fast which our theatre-going community have had from the drama, the present opportunity will be eagerly seized on, and a crowded house may be expected to-night. The pieces to be performed are good.

Mr. Marlow's ability as a manager has been already tested, with a favorable result, and we have no doubt of his success. We hope, however, that he will prove himself skilled in choosing a company. Our theatrical taste has grown nice, and we shall expect something very good.