

THE BUDGET.

BY D. V. NEWFELLOW.

O the long and dreary talking!
O this wild and useless talking!
Ever longer, longer, longer,
throw the speeches of the members;
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Fall their stupid slow orations—
Fall upon our ears with harshness,
Strike them almost into deafness.
Hardly through the assembled wisdom
Could the Budget force a passage,
With its Excise and its Taxes
Grown so large and grown so heavy;
Vainly sought it through the wigwam,
Sought for members, but it found none
To excuse its spendthrift clauses—
Saw no opposition member
By exclaiming in the lobby
By the promise of a railroad,
Or some other piece of jobbing,
Vain, by reason of his weakness,
For its deep and dark corruptions.
O the Taxes and the Budget!
O the paying of the Taxes!
O the fearing of the Budget!
O the wailing of the people!
O the anguish of the country!

PUBLIC OPINION IN CANADA.

We should like very much to know what public opinion in Canada is. Recent changes in the political world would seem to indicate that it is the *Colonist*, for as long as that paper declared that the Government of Canada was all right, public opinion took the matter for granted. But the moment the *Colonist* hoisted a hostile ensign, and poured in shot and shell upon their late allies, that moment some dozen of little western prints who had hitherto pronounced the ministry *par excellence*, suddenly found out their mistake, and bewailed the error of their ways with much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. And then the contrite confessions of these penitents are paraded in the proselyte journals; and it is solemnly given forth that Public Opinion is decidedly opposed to the present administration. Well, if that be public opinion, all we can say is, the Lord deliver us from public opinion. For it is more faithless than the gale; more fickle than the weather-cock, and more treacherous than the apples of Sodom.

East Wind.

—It has been a matter of serious speculation with many of our Quid nunes, whether if the wind of political favour were to blow from the other quarter, the vane of George Brown's eloquence would point in its present direction. It is somewhat of an anomaly, that while this gentleman is constantly heaving about to arrive at port, he seems so much opposed to take advantage of the Trade winds.

Another Conversation.

—Did any one observe how very lovingly a well known chemist and Captain Moody were walking along in the procession on Monday? A friend informs us that the chemist was trying to sell Bob some oil for the light-houses. Bob said he would give him the contract if he would completely turn his coat and go dead against the clear Grit Chief. It being such a slippery bargain, our informant was unable to catch the answer.

DEMI-OFFICIAL.

It is rumored in well-informed circles, that in consequence of the serious tax of time and labour imposed on Mr. Vaukoughnet in his capacity of Editor of the *Old Countryman*, Major Campbell will shortly assume the office of Minister of Agriculture—Mr. Vaukoughnet devoting himself exclusively to editorial work.

—The President of the Council is understood to have a volume nearly ready for the Press, illustrating the advantages of *guava*, as a manure for wheat crops and an antidote to the fly. Our agricultural friends should order copies in time.

—We have some authority to contradict the report that the Hon. Mr. Cartier has been appointed professor of Rhetoric in the University of Oxford. An effort, it is believed, was made some time ago to induce the honorable gentleman to accept a similar position in the Household of the Prince of Wales, subject to a medical reference as to the Prince's powers of physical endurance.

—The newspaper references, pointing to a certain attaché of the administration, as Mr. Cartier's successor, have too much *couleur de rose* to be considered reliable.

—The report that Sir Edmund Head has joined the tee-total Society, is utterly without foundation. His Excellency, on being urged by Mr. Malcolm Cameron to sign the pledge, pointed significantly to the Premier, who stood in the corner of the room; shook his head and observed that he had suffered quite enough from bad company already.

—It is well understood that His Excellency has expressed his inability to appreciate the jokes of his chief adviser, inasmuch as he has heard the better part of them so often before.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The last sitting of these gentlemen was not conspicuous for anything, save perhaps a little more than ordinary loquacity—a sure result when anything is presented to the Blowers they have little conception of. Another scheme of corruption was introduced, and advanced a certain stage, well disguised under the name of the city of Toronto Water Works. To confirm our suspicions, we might point to Ald. Brunel's solicitude in the matter; for whenever expenditure is contemplated or involved, that worthy Blower manifests a degree of restlessness in all cases, to be interpreted as a design on the pockets of the citizens, for the benefit of his individual one. For the present, however, we cannot forbode his doing much harm, as the sense of the Blowers, we mean a majority of them, do not seem to favor any present action, further than the procurement of a charter; and consequently Ald. Brunel's recent speculations in Water Works cannot be turned to account during the currency of 1858, with the expiration of which his lease of office terminates, and will again have to undergo a renewal—a matter which probably the electors of St. George's Ward will "burke," and compel him to seek some other quarters wherein to do his "blowing." The Mayor urged strongly the "expediency" of getting a charter. It would be interesting to the citizens to have, we fancy, a list of Mr. Boulton's political and domestic "expedients," so rapidly do they increase.

Councillor Sproutt opposed the whole matter, and gave evidence of more sagacity than we were inclined to credit him, in so quickly "smelling the rat." Ald. Smith denounced the scheme as "booby," the precise meaning of which we are not aware, but is no doubt intelligible to his constituents. Councillor Purdy was in favor of Water Works, and well he might be, if compelled to drink the filthy licensed nostrums from his own fountains. Ald. Dunn favored the building of new works, and advocated the Charter, on the ground that the city were not bound to act upon it. Councillor Ardagh supported the Charter, but not the building of the Works. Ald. Carly would not add to the debt of the city. Councillor Upton repeated almost accurately what Councillor Ardagh said, and promises well to become a spouter. He laboured under the embarrassment of a look from his master, and at the conclusion of his speech, seemed to regret his effort, sinking back languidly in his seat, and turning his eyes upon Ald. Brunel with a despair, after the manner of a duck in a thunder storm. Councilman Gorrie could not understand the Blowers, neither, he ought to have said, the intention of the Bill. He is not remarkable for perspicuity, and nobody will be uncharitable enough to expect it. Councillors Griffith and Ewart did something that compelled a report of progress. What it was we cannot tell, but we advise their constituents to look well after them. Councillor Craig made an abortive effort to do something, by proposing a resolution to disallow fire engines to run on the side-walk, but before he got far, poor man, he found himself in a disagreeable mare's nest, as a law to that effect already existed.

WHERE WILL IT STOP?

We hear that one of the last orders issued from our Ministerial "Horse Guards," is a polite request to Government officials to abstain from attending Political Meetings, and to avoid all Political conversation at their offices. We do not pretend to know the precise penalty attached to the violation of the order. It may be dismissal, it may be imprisonment. The Ministry will only do itself an injustice by such a piece of imprudence. They had better turn out all the present officials, and set to work a regiment of automata, moved by electric agency, branching primarily from the Attorney General's office to the head's of Department,—and secondarily from the latter to the individual clerks. To make the machines life-like, let a steam Calliopes sort of piano be constructed, which will enable the Premier, by merely playing on a few notes, to produce the most loyal conversation throughout all the offices, at a sufficiently loud pitch to be heard in the street, and contribute to the edification of the citizens. Popular feeling would thus be worked upon gradually, as "constant dropping wears the stone," and great results may be expected to show themselves at the next election.

OUR POSITION.

The *Hamilton Spectator* accuses us of being a Clear Grit sheet. This we deny in the most solemn manner. We repeat again that we are neither Ministerialist or Clear Grit; and if we did savor of Gritism, all we can say is, that such great changes are happening in the political world all round us, that we hardly know where Ministerialism ends and Clear Gritism commences.