

OUR readers this week, we doubt not, will discern (we were going to say *see*, but we got enough of that) an improvement in our ideas. Let us again, William, *tell* our advertisers that our object is to make *something* out of Baby NEW ERA, and that it is impossible to do so unless the *milk* flows spontaneously. We only want a single *quilt* of advertisements to make Baby comfortable until winter is over, and we wager *it* will be a pride and pattern to the rising generation, and a joy and comfort to the old folks' declining days?

The Carriers are allowed to sell the *Baby*.

THAT many of the *Press*, through ignorance, prejudice, or their own selfish interests, have done, and are still doing an immense amount of damage to our glorious country, by insane ravings about raids, Fenians, and annexation, may be seen from many a stand-point, and its fruit be partaken of by future generations. In fostering such a *Press*, the people are preparing rods for their own scourging. From an affection to our friends and to our country we naturally contract an affection for that form of Government under which we live; and unless it be particularly oppressive to ourselves, we come as naturally to prefer it to all other modes, whether it deserve that preference or not. Were the multitude, who are wholly incapable of estimating the excellencies or defects of the various modes of government, to become dissatisfied with their own, and rise in a mass to change it for the better, the most horrible consequences would be the result. Of this truth the late American war affords too melancholy and convincing a proof. The man, therefore, who, under the pretence of enlightening the public mind by painting to the illiterate, in aggravated colors, the abuse of the Government which has hitherto protected them in the enjoyment of our present unsurpassed liberties, is one of the greatest criminals if his views be selfish, and one of the worst reasoners if disinterested, that our imagination can conceive. This reasoning should apply equally to our City government, and had the lines commencing this article not applied to *our* press in a twofold manner (hiding the sins of their friends, and multiplying those of their foes), the subject following would not have been brought forward by us. Some day Kingston will possess a *Press* worthy of "The Art preservative of all Arts," but it is not yet—*by leagues*.

TAXES!—O! horrid word. Take away the T and you have the nabob's play-things! TAXATION interests every body, but none more so than the hard-fisted, ill-paid working man. His lot is a hard, hard one, and shows forth with horrid nakedness the fearful curse pronounced on Adam, and rivited through Cain, his son. The rich have oppressed him from time immemorial, and nature heaps up his burdens in multiplying his offspring. Philanthropists now and again stretch out a helping hand for his regeneration, but soon retire discomfited. It is also observable, that when any of these "hewers of wood and drawers of water" chance to float over the head of an unfortunate brother, through some subtle agency, the reins of oppression are clutched with twofold energy, and the lash is applied with manifold force.

We have been led into this train through a tax-gatherer (or *two*), whose work we fearlessly call in question. They receive a large percentage for collecting the taxes, and, instead of acting as worthy servants of the people should, they sit on their throne like some nabob in Eastern story, and issue their warrants—taking another dollar out of the poor man's hard-earned pittance, and putting it into a pocket, the mouth of which is without conscience. Now a question or two: are the taxes at the present time all collected?—will they be collected next month?—or next?—Then why is fish made of one and flesh of another? If the tax-gatherer's office was *invented* for such a purpose, why could the Chamberlain not issue warrants, and save *your* pay and the *poor* man's dollar to the city?

FOLKS (that's a good old word)—here's a Q, and here's U, and the next is to bed (my ery), but before I do so (you will notice I am talking personal) I will put *them* to bed: QUERY.

One of our subscribers does not appreciate sardines in a tin-box! We wonder if he can appreciate a *Finnin haddie* or a *Broomielaw partan*. Queer stom-aches some folks have!

Some of our articles last week had so many *pints* that they have not been *digested* yet! Hope they will get an *eye-opener* this time!

QUERY—Did Kingston build its *Press*, or did its *Press* build Kingston?—or did both put their heads together to build ———? the NEW ERA—a physical representative!