

OUR LITTLE BILL.

Eleven Million, Four Hundred and Three Thousand, Five Hundred and Eighty-seven Dollars and Forty-four cents ! That is what it cost us in 1858, neither more nor less. That is the price per annum of working, regulating, manoeuvring, repairing, and lubricating the social and political machinery of Young Canada. Out of this sum our railroads are provided with steam and sent screaming and snorting through the Province to the pride and admiration of our green ambition ; canals and roads and bridges and light houses, are created and perpetuated to the glory of our names, albeit to the confusion of our pockets ; literary institutions exist, hospitals live, and Penitentiaries flourish. Out of this, justice and order are maintained, to say nothing of injustice and chaos ; by this the great world of officialdom, from the Assembly dwarf who does the messages on the floor of the House, to the high and mighty representative of loyalty itself, live, move and have their being, and very comfortable beings some of them are. In short, this is the price—eleven millions odd—of attendance, doctoring, medicine, and jobbing for the body-politic and social of Canada, for the term of one year. It is a long sum, no doubt ; and we can fancy we see the countenance of Young Canada as he cons it over and mumbles despondingly to himself, and wonders where it can all go to. This is the question, and this is the enquiry we want to come to ; so let us to it at once. Never mind where it comes or is to come from. That we can investigate as a secondary matter at our leisure. The old lady at home is amiable and rich—and there must be our refuge, prodigal though we be.

Whether the Inspector General in presenting us with our little account for the year, had it in his eye to horrify us at the outset, with a view to discouraging further investigation, we know not ; but certain it is that the most ugly of all the ugly items of which the bill is composed, is thrust vexatiously forward in the very first line—a line which it were not difficult to distort into a *rope* for our extravagant young neck. Here it is : “Interest on Public Debt, \$3,030,899,” or considerably over one fourth of the gross expenditure for the year. Sheridan with his tailor, and Canada with the brokers, are evidently analogous cases. It is obviously our “principle to pay the interest but not our interest to pay the principal.” This item speaks so voluminously for itself that it is neither necessary to trace it to its source nor to follow it to its outlet. The former may be scanty and well-wrought, but the latter is a broad, open, hungry ocean that must be filled. Neither is this all. Not only the next, but the next *five* items are merely appendages of the first. The comet has a tail ; and a trifle under three quarters of a