

TO OUR DEAR FRIENDS, THE PUBLIC.

Oh! time, dear Public, with its ceaseless tramp,
Has plodded through a sad and merry year,
Since first with smile and bow,
We clapt our shell and sought your loving ear;
"To chase dark shadows from the clouded brow,"
Our mission we proclaimed to be, and now,
Dear friends your verdict; — has no cheerful sally,
Lightened your pathway through this troublous valley,
No single gleam of Grumbling merriment
To life's dull scenes a brighter lustre lent;
No foible laughed at, "void of hard intent,"
Closed for a moment, "hard time" gloom away,
And bade the clouded brow look bright and gay?

You smile dear friend, you take us by the hand,
With frank good will,
And bid us still!

Pursue our pleasant labours white we stand,
The steady foe of dull conceit and folly,
The merry chaser of dull melancholy,
The friend of innocence, the scourge of those
Who prating loud, the cloven foot disclose,

We too are cheered—your generous smile has lit
Our path with hope,—lest point to humble wit—
Acted as stimulant to urge our pen,
Yes now and then,

When all unknown, unseen, we heard good men
Our self-appointed task approve—the bright
Reward has made our weekly labour light.

The past beloved, dear Friends, we still bespeak
Your smile to cheer us as from week to week;
"We laugh at follies innocently strange,
And frown on follies brought within our range;
To praise where due still make our willing task,
Still probe conceit, or dull pretence unmask,
And last, not least, still prove no carping iniser.
In aims to make our friends the "Public" wiser.

DEBATE ON THE TARIFF.

YE INSPECTOR GENERAL OPENETH.

Mr. Speaker:—

All countries where customs are collected may be said to have revenues, revenues are profits, gains benefits; Finance Ministers regulate the amount of benefits by Tariffs, therefore all pecuniary benefits of a country come from its Finance Minister. I am Sir, placed in an unfortunate position; my predecessors have played the deuce with everything the country had. No money—treasury empty—head over ears in debt—interest—Grand Trunk—debentures—consols—funds—ruin. The only way, sir, by which the difficulty can be met is by a retrenchment—lowering, fund-increasing, consolidated federation tariff bill, such as I now introduce, which must work retrogressively as well as progressively, so as to secure double advantages. Thus—the expenditure last year was nine million, two million of this should be saved by retrenchment, by the same means two millions more can be saved during the present year, and we then have to place to the country's credit the gross sum of four millions; further, the revenue of last year fell short of the expenditure, say a million, which amount, by the introduction of the principles of my bill, can be saved, and the same for this and future years; we have by this means, Mr. Speaker, a net revenue equivalent to our expenditure, our debts are paid, interest is saved, taxes reduced, whiskey's cheap, Grand Trunk goes up, and the country rejoices.

Hon. Mr. Brown.—What about the increase on salt?

Mr. Buchanan.—And the reduction on starch?

Hon. Mr. Brown.—The introduction of the *ad valorem* system?

Mr. Buchanan.—The revival of the specific duties?

Hon. Mr. Brown.—The abandonment of free trade?

Mr. Buchanan.—The neglect of Protection?

Insp. Gen.—The explanations are all in the bill!

Hon. Mr. Brown.—Is it possible the hon. gentleman refuses to give one explanation, who ever *hard* of such a thing before?

Mr. Dunkin.—The hon. gentleman is in error—there is no duty on *lard*.

Hon. Mr. Brown.—I say, Mr. Speaker, the grand crisis has arrived, and unless the Ministers are prepared to lay the grappling irons on it, the sooner they let competent men take their places the better.

Mr. Jno. Cameron.—Opined that the whole budget was an unprincipled humbug; and as the interests of his constituency could not be satisfied by a tariff without principle, he would vote against it.

Mr. Buchanan.—Would like to know whether the hon. the Inspector General's bill gave sufficient protection to maple sugar manufacturers.

Hon. Mr. Malcolm Cameron.—Would oppose the Tariff on moral grounds. Did it not give a premium to foreign manufactures of wines and brandies, and totally ignore the numerous distilleries of K. K. (Komon Kanadian) whiskey that ought to be protected? He, as a Temperance man, could not consistently vote for such a measure, and he thought he was doing his duty by *pitching* it and the Ministry overboard.

Mr. Dunkin.—If the hon. gentlemen will take the trouble to read the bill he will see that the duty on *pitch* has been considerably reduced.

Mr. Buchanan.—Who said it was'n't. The hon. gentleman must be *daft*.

Mr. Dunkin.—I distinctly understood you to mention *pitch*, and took a note of it. My hearing, however, is not very good.

Mr. McGee.—By borrowing the ears of the junior member for Toronto your (*h*) *curing* would be considerably increased.

Mr. Robinson.—The junior member for Toronto is as good as the member for Griffintown any day.

Mr. McGee.—Did you make a remark?

Mr. Robinson.—Find out.

Mr. McGee.—The junior member is becoming facetious. Did you make a remark? Say either *ya* or *neigh*, you galvanized donkey.

Mr. Robinson.—Sir, you are a resurrectionised monkey. That was my remark. How do you like it?

Mr. McGee.—Oh, you be blowed.

Mr. Robinson.—You be blasted.

Mr. McGee.—You be —

Mr. Robinson.—You're a —

Mr. McGee.—And you're another.

Mr. Speaker.—Order, order. Mr. Sergeant-at-Arms, turn out the reporters.

PROCESSIONS.

Processions produce prejudices, and we are glad that the St. Patrick's association had the good taste to give up their usual promenade through our streets on the anniversary of St. Patrick's day. As it turned out the day was unusually fine, but the rule for the past few years has been the reverse; and a procession a mile long, walking through the mud of our streets was not a sight calculated to excite respect or admiration; nor do we think that St. Patrick himself would approve of the cheerful martyrdom, endured by his sons on that occasion in the shape of sneers and colds.

MALCOLM CAMERON'S APPEAL

To certain members of the reform party in the House who have hitherto supported the Government.

Reformers, up I arise!
Scatter your enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate his knavish tricks,
On me new hopes fix,
My bully boys.

Down on the shuffling crew,
Down without more ado,
Like heaps of bricks;
No more victories yours,
Swelling and glorious,
Let John A. reign over us,
Turn him out, boys.

Then raise your voices soon,
For Sicotte and the Coon,
The coming men;
For I'll defend your laws,
And over give your cause,
To shut with heart and voice,
Long live the Coon.

IRISHMEN MALIGNED.

That dullest and stupidest of all newspapers under the sun, *Old Double*, had the impertinence to publish a paragraph in its Thursday's miscarriage in which slander and nonsense strive with each other for the mastery. After shaking her empty noddle, and venturing a feeble aspiration that St. Patrick's day might pass quietly off, and after lying through five or six lines, the dirty old creature ejects the following stuff:—

"We are informed that quite a large number of 'navvies' and others of a rough stamp came into the city by railway yesterday afternoon and last night, probably with a view of indulging in a 'prece', and taking a part in any row that might offer."

What call had the silly wench to imagine that "navvies" and people of a rough stamp can come into town for no other purpose than that of "indulging in a spree," and looking for "rows." If these "navvies" and "men of rough stamp" had their morals corrupted by a perusal of *Old Double* there would be room to fear the worst consequences, but as the result has shown that they never heard of such a paper, it is to be hoped that our ancient crows has recovered from the fright she was thrown into by the rumour that the "navvies" and men of "rough stamp" were coming to town. The silly, contemptible trash of this nature that is published in the *Colonist* is past belief; while the dullness and want of common sense ever displayed in its columns, is only equalled by the ease with which the veriest fool outside bedlam can impose upon it.

VOLUME II.

We beg to remind our subscribers who commenced with our first issue, that the term of their subscription has expired with the last number, and that to secure a continuance of the paper, they must remit without delay.

While we have abundant confidence in the ability and willingness of our subscribers to pay their debts, we desire to intimate to them that their wit and humour, our capital is exceedingly limited, and we consequently are necessitated to give them timely notice of their delinquencies.

We shall, during the current year, if we receive sufficient encouragement, increase the size and attractions of our little sheet, and introduce illustrations; in the meantime we rely upon our friends exerting themselves to increase our circulation and extend the sphere of our usefulness.