

TO OUR PATRONS.

Here we are again, despite the times, which are now admitted to be "harder than a horse can kick." Money is scarce, and truth and honesty are at a discount. That we are right in our allegations, every thing around us proves. Nothing but the most overwhelming desire to enlighten our fellow mortals, could ever induce us to purchase a copper's worth of oil, for our Lantern. We fear we shall ultimately become martyrs to our generous feelings, and philanthropic efforts, and probably be transported to one of the Boucherville Islands, for the free expression of our patriotic sentiments. We care not, the truth must and will be uttered of all, until Beelzebub himself becomes of a purple hue from mental agitation. We must chime in with the tone, and spirit of the times. This is the age of revelations and revolutions. It is the new Era. The downfall of Kingcraft, Priestcraft and Mobcraft is proclaimed and accomplished, throughout the civilized world. What the revolutions have done, and are effecting in the old world, the "hard times" are doing among us. Our Flour-ocracy and cod-fish nobility are crushed in their aspirations, and lofty insolence, by the tremendous pressure of the times. Men whose ancestry might be traced to a flour barrel, now flourish no longer, their harvest is over, and cod fish aristocrats have gone down *with a hook*.—Those who, in former days, went the whole figure, are now reduced to nothing. Nice young men, and purblind puppies, can now see clearly how their road lies, without the use of glasses. Proud toned demoiselles are now transformed into kitchen belles, and snobs have a faint recollection where their grand parents resided. These and many other facts we might relate, as the consequences of the bad times. It is painful to dwell on such sad lessons. All is however as it should be; it is a severe but useful caution to many, not to be carried away with sudden affluence, or to aim at that position, which nature, education, birth, and manners never intended they should occupy. Good people, leave gentility alone for a season, and stick to your counters and ledgers. Your fathers made their money by so doing, follow their good example, and real gentlemen will support you, and sustain you in your honest industry. Be frugal, and leave carriages and liveries to those who are able to support them. It is enough for you, to support yourselves. Take our advice, and the hard times will ere long disappear, so mote it be.

The intelligence from Ireland is of a ferocious character, and must be very gratifying to the military conductor of the *Courier*. We hope he was all his

accoutrements burnished and ready for action, in case the Repeal Brigade crosses our borders. We will subscribe handsomely for a new pair epaulettes, to grace the shoulders of our Hero, if he will only contract to do our share of the fighting; we being of a timid and peaceable nature. We hope no person will adopt the French system here, and free us from our bondage by shooting us through the gizzard. Nor do we think that Ireland would much benefit by the introduction of these French fashions. Big talk about big guns is all mighty fine, but we can assure our readers, that "small potatoes" are very abundant here this year, as well as in Ireland.

A very pleasant gentleman called at our office last week. He introduced himself as Mr. Gubee. His manners are exceedingly affable polite and gentlemanly. He complained much of the facetious gentleman of the *Transcript*, and considers that he is much injured by that witty Editor. He poured into our Ear all his grievances. He declared, among other things, that he was the last of his race, and wept bitterly at this affecting announcement. We thanked God for it, if they were all as sensitive as he appeared to be. We must say in justice to Mr. Gubee, that he enquired particularly after our family, but, being a bachelor, we saved him immense anxiety on this point. We will match him against Tony Lumpkin to wile a Bird from a tree.

COL. GUGY.—This distinguished individual, has again been unjustly used by the Press-gang of this Province. The *Pilot* having expressed some doubts of the loyalty of the valiant Colonel, he has very properly instituted an action against that journal, for Libel. Every one is sensible of the injustice of the accusation, for all acknowledge the attachment the Colonel on all occasions manifests for *his Sovereign*, and we venture to affirm that no one will stick longer to the *Crown* than he will. Why, the very boys in the market bear testimony to his love, even for *Coppers*. Of the result of the verdict we care little; to us it is like the fight between the raitlesnake and the skunk. We care not which wins.

We intended making some remarks on the incendiary meeting, lately held under the patronage of our sapient corporation, but our witty friend of the *Transcript* has forestalled our market. We may mention, that we have received several communications from our fair friends, respecting the annoyance they have suffered in their evening promenades, from sparks emanating from the garrets of our public offices. We hope that Alderman Guky will attend to this grewance.