

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

NO. 1.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in 'yur coats  
I rede you tent it;  
A chief's among you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

### PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS No. VII.

#### I. TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

Horé's villain, he has a book in his pocket.—*Jack Cade.*  
Put a tax of ten per cent on it.—*Galt.*

The only portion of the unfortunate tariff which it concerns us to notice, is the inexcusable imposition of ten per cent on books and periodicals. It is really monstrous that in a country which has no important literature of its own, and which is therefore almost wholly dependent on foreign countries for its knowledge, the cause of ignorance should find an advocate in a finance minister. No interest will be protected by the imposition; the trade unanimously oppose it, and all intelligent men regard it as a most injurious device. The mere amount of the tax is not so great, though the customs' charges and the extra profit booksellers will require for their trouble, will increase it; it is of the inconvenience and delay which will be caused, and the check it must necessarily give to the trade, we most complain. This attack on literature appears the more wanton as ten per cent has been taken of jewellery, and whiskey remains as before. The dandy's rings and chains are to be admitted free, foreign whiskey is to be poured upon us as before, but the means of elevating the masses and fostering a literary taste, are to be subjected to a duty. In addition to this, the postage on newspapers is to be re-imposed by that elegant *littérateur*, the P. M. General. It seems as if a general conspiracy against intelligence and education, had been entered into by the Government. Let Mr. Galt double the rates on spirits, if he pleases and do what he likes with paste rings and foppish trinkets, but we solemnly protest against a Cade and Dogberry crusade against the moral and intellectual culture of the people.

#### II. COL. PRINCE'S BILL.

We see that the *Leader* has made a gratuitous attack upon the Hon. Col. Prince for one of the most useful and necessary measures ever introduced in Parliament—that to prevent the carrying of deadly weapons. If interference was ever called for with any social evil, it is in this case.

The cowardly Spanish and American system of attack by knives and revolvers, is repugnant to our British feelings, and the importation of it within the last few years, is rapidly reducing our Province to the degrading state of New York, Washington and New Orleans. The Colonel has, with the true feelings of an Englishman, set his face against the treacherous practice. The *Leader* says that because

he is opposed to interfere with a man's right to eat and drink what he pleases, therefore he is not to shield himself and others from knives and pistols. We fail to see the logical connection between the cases, much less the inconsistency of the hon. gentleman. If he be inconsistent, the *Leader* is also. It is opposed to the Maine Law, but it would, we suppose, hardly sanction cruelty to animals. Yet if a man may drink and kill himself, he may surely set dogs to fight, and cut horse's tails off when he owns them. According to the *Leader's* own showing if you are not to prohibit the first, you have no right to interfere in the last. Who is consistent? "Try moral means" with the man who has a concealed weapon. That means, we suppose, say to every rough looking man you meet—"I don't know whether you carry a revolver, but if you do, it's very wrong." And when a man in anger or drink draws a pistol upon you, you are to request him to stop till you produce scripture authority against murder. The men who carry knives and firearms, are the very creatures who have flung off all moral restraint, and who in wearing them, *ipso facto* declare themselves moral out-laws. The objection that parties are precluded from carrying them when threatened, shows that the editor never read the bill he criticises.

#### III. PIECEMEAL LEGISLATION.

We can understand the position of men who advocate the Maine Law; they are opposed to the entire traffic in intoxicating liquors, and they have a perfect right to impress their opinions on the legislature. We fail, however, to see the sense of that four hours a week prohibition, which is never attempted in the legislature. We say four hours, because the Sunday liquor traffic is very properly forbidden already, and the only effect of the bill is to close taverns from seven to eleven on Saturday evenings. Now is not this wretched system of piecemeal morality absurd in the extreme? The mover of the bill in the House, said that he thought the liquor traffic should be stopped. Well then let us have an honest bill to abolish it; but where in the name of common sense is the utility of trying to keep men sober four hours out of 144? We suppose the next measures we shall have, will be these:—

An act to close taverns every other day so as to prevent sprees from being prolonged over 24 hours.

An act to prevent drinking after college or law society examinations.

An act to abolish quart pots and to substitute pint.

An act to limit the strength of hot whiskey toddies.

The whole thing is absurd, and as far as this act is concerned, it should be called "An act to prevent the labourer from getting a glass of beer after his week's work." It is purely a class measure, a poor man's four hours' Maine Law.

## VOLUME II.

This day THE GRUMBLER dedicates the first number of the second year of his reign to his dear friend the public. This day twelve months we were born; and we had scarcely felt the throb of life within us ere we were hailed by the universal voice of Upper Canada as nothing more nor less than the real choice. This day twelve months we unfolded to the delighted gaze of the public of Canada a plan by which we hoped to work out many reforms, social and moral; and this day we confidently appeal to the public to bear us out in saying that so far we have not swerved from the task we then undertook.

How much of the labour of love has been accomplished it would take up too much space to tell the story if we were egotistical enough to do so. We will not, therefore, dwell on the good we have effected or attempted to do. We will not enumerate the many members of Parliament into whose hearts we have driven, if not a tiny spark of sense, at least a wholesome dread of talking nonsense; nor tell of the many empty babblers whom we have snuffed out of existence—or the many social evils we have exercised our wit upon. We have not brought about a millennium, we are aware; for there are many incorrigible wretches whom neither force of denunciation nor bitter irony will deter from, at all times, making fools of themselves; and there are many more so steeped in sin and bleached in iniquity that they are hardened beyond the power of our charming. We can only pass sentence upon their evil designs and wicked machinations, and leave the public to carry that sentence out.

Since our advent into life we have had to drop tears of regret on the untimely graves of many bantlings whom our success forced into existence. We believe that one or two weak-minded chickens of our herd still stagger along the highway of life. But generally speaking, lack of patronage has proved fatal to our progeny. For ourselves, we are happy to say that we are flourishing, and shall continue to flourish, and although the great lakes may be dried up, and the *Colonist* become a sensible paper, yet we shall exhibit no marks of decay. And when perhaps some traveller from New York shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of the Don Bridge, to sketch the ruins of Nordheimer's Buildings, we shall be found in a back cellar, under the ruins, writing editorials for THE GRUMBLER.

#### The Gowans Bills.

—The House occupies itself at intervals in throwing out the little bills introduced by "the bore" pre-eminent. To say that the rejected measures have proved entirely fruitless would be wrong in the face of the six dollars which the "independent" author has received for every day wasted in discussing them, to say nothing of the opportunity they have afforded for a glorious display of Gowan and buncumbe.

**YE INSPECTOR GENERAL HYS DREAM.**

BUAKEPEARE WRENCHED, TWISTED, AND JERKED OFF.

**DRAMATIC PERSONS.**—King *Alick* and his friends, Mr. A. T. Galt; Gritty George and his followers.

**SCENE I.—OPPOSITION BENCHES.**

*Gritty George.*—

Thus far into the bowels of the session,  
Havo we been pummeling without impression;  
Galt and his reckless soul and greedy crew,  
Havo kept their places, spite of me and you,  
Jobbing, corrupting, moving to Quebec,  
And making Canada a hopeless wreck;  
Yet now, not satisfied with all this rain,  
Ho's still, by Jove, some newer mischief brewing,  
And let me warn you, all our hopes he'll mar, if  
He can but pass that bad and odious tariff.  
He's put 100 upon brandy, gin, and whiskey;  
(Tolls from several hopefuls)  
I knew the thought of it would make you frisky;  
Tea, coffee, sugar, book, and o'er engraving  
Ho's been and taxed, 'twill surely set us raving;  
But now, Buchanan, that financial giant,  
Has made me gallant, hopeful, and defiant;  
Ho's an amendment, full of sagacious saws,  
Such as will help and animate our cause;  
So, go it, boys, we'll fill or make him yield,  
And render famous a new Bosworth field.

*Drummond.*—

'That's it, old boy, you'll set the Thames on fire,  
Our men disheartened erst, now will not tire,  
Stick to't, and spite the numbers of the foe,  
The entire animal I'm prepared to go.

*George.*—

A lig for numbers, Lewis, 'tis position,  
Thrice is he armed who sits in opposition,  
And he but feeble though well fed with rap,  
Who's got the debts to pay with no'er a rap.  
Isaac, at length, assistance golden lends,  
Who plays the vulgar game is sure of friends;  
Never give up, they'll speedily disgorge,  
And yield their places then to Gritty George.

[*Exeunt omnes*]

**SCENE II.—GOVERNMENT SIDE.**

*King Alick.*—

Here, pitch we once again into the Grits,  
And if you'll go it blind, we'll give 'em fits;  
Dubrod, your jukes and sneers though somewhat rough,  
Stand us in happy stead,—ou that, enough.  
Has any careful soul employed his wits  
On the Division list? how stand the Grits?

*Rose.*—

All is serene, my liege, were sure of three,  
At least, and perhaps four of a unjurious;  
Besides they're certainly a senec-crow act,  
And wo may haply wretched some into our net.

*K. Alick.*—

Now, by the Dugot, sir, and that's an oath  
Not to be sneezed at, I am very loth  
To let a week in idle parody go  
Before I hoist them with official toe.

*Smith.*—

My onal friend—

*K. Alick.*—

Well, Yankee Sidney, say,  
How may I serve your noble soul to-day?

*Smith.*—

Wal, you want nothing do for me, I guess,  
Dat praps I'll keep you from a tarml mous.  
Yield in committee, proustes go alick,  
And you can gain by this hero bloodless trick.

*K. Alick.*—

No you dont, Sidney, that was John A.'s way,  
Dat I am up to snuff, old popajay;  
I'll be Inspector General in men's spite;  
And knock the Grits up higher than a kilo.

[*Exeunt*]

**SCENE III.—OPPOSITION SIDE.**

*Gritty George.*—

The weary sun is getting late to bed,  
The clouds, like curtains, hang around his head;  
His night cap's on, the light be 's putting out;  
I hope he'll rise benigly when we rout  
Those wretched fools, King Alick and his boys,  
And end forever their official joys.

You, Foley, keep them going for an hour,  
McGee, my boy, exert your mighty power;  
Walbridge and Connor, Dorion go in,  
And add your voices to the general din.

*Enter Buchanan and other malcontents.*

My darling Isaac and thou banking John,  
And thou dear honest Malcolm Cameron,  
I know your gentle spirits could not brook  
Their foulness more; and nobly you forsook  
Corruption's boat; do not at trifles stieking,  
And we'll administer a final licking.  
True from the *Globe* you've got some lassy wiper,  
And oft been pilloried with blackest types;  
But now sits Conscience on her former throne,  
And with your help, the fluid is all our own.

*Malcolm Cameron.*—

Well, be it so, I'm sure I'd just as soon,  
Although you surely cut me as the Coon;  
But time and tide are in a horrid hurry  
Of this again, when we are through the skurry.

[*Exit*].

*George.*—

Meanwhile I'll walk in person through the ranks,  
And set the lesser lights upon their sninks.

[*Exeunt omnes*].

**SCENE IV.—BOSWORTH FIELD NUMBER TWO.**

*K. Alick.*—

Rose, where the dickens are you?

*Rose.*—

Here I my lord,

*K. Alick.*

Put some fresh brick-dust on my royal sword;  
Say, is my beaver easier than before,  
Since it was stretched at Knappman's flashy store?  
If not, go back and purchase me another,  
And give that to Van Coccoa Nut, my brother.  
Old Isaac wavers, Rose, I think you said;  
If he persists in that, off with his head,  
So much for Old Buchanan; 'nominous fly  
That the two Camerons and McChickon sly,  
Try them, good blunkey, with the money test,  
Promise great changes—ah I you know the rest.  
Of all the independent men, we're sure,  
But honest party men wo wust nature;  
Gowaa and Robinson are safely loaned,  
But men of conscience must be ably coaxed.  
I'll go to bed, I think, yet, ere I strip,  
I'll just step down to Lamb's and get a nip.

[*Exit*].

*Rose.*—

McChickon the King inclines to pipe his eye,  
He has not got that blessed alacrity,  
That jolly laugh that he crowlike possessed,  
His cheerful temper seems a bit distressed.

*Smith.*—

Pooh! pooh, you'll see when he gits into Brown,  
His blubberchops are anything but down;  
You'd less your temper, too, old Rose, 'oo fulgite it,  
If you had got the making of a budget.

[*Exeunt*].

**SCENE V.—A STREET IN TORONTO.**

*K. Alick.*—

'Tis now half-past eleven, the saloons  
Are closely barred, at least they ought to be,  
If the new law and now police are worth  
A rap; and I can't get a single horn,  
Though carefully I've tried; nor can I sleep,  
Though Mars grows tired of bustling, and the moon  
Will tumble snoring soon from her white throne;  
I'll dawdle round the block—and bark the roar  
Of Merril's state canals and Brown's reproaches  
Ring in my ear; and then McGee's sharp wit,  
And Hogan's silences sorely touch my heart;  
How languid wink the stars, and the gas lamps  
Degrease the company; 'tis deuced dark.  
How dumb this stillness; ooo can even catch  
The faintest hiccup of the straggler's home;  
Would that the bells would bellow "ere,"  
I'd case my mugs depending soul with shouts,  
And break this cursed silence, hauling the machine.  
Where is my latch key? curse it, here it is!  
I'll strip and bribe old Morpheus for a slight repose.

[*Lies down, a groan is heard.*]

Ha I wint the dozeage that? 'Tis not the cat,  
For the last perished yestereon by my hand;

And yet if cats havo ghosts, as said Pythagoras,  
He praps may treat me to a ghostly scratch,  
Ishaw I 'tis my fancy or the wind beneath  
That curreed door, I'll close my peepers,  
And get myself enrolled among the sleepers.

(Ghosts of Brandy, Tea, Coffee, Books, &c. rise.)

*Brandy.*—(*A Chorus of diluted spirits dancing round.*)

Oh! thou base traitor who hast boldly lid  
With double forces thy red and crimson hand  
On our defenceless head, who to a crew  
Of smugglers fierce and rudo has banished me;—  
Sleep on, while I at midnight 'tis ghostly hour,  
With dreams of horror wako thy guilty soul.  
Now gather up thy thoughts—let 'em behold  
Me tossed and tumbled on the pobby beach,  
Whilst all around a band of ruffians foust  
Their lawless eyes, and clutch me in my arms.  
This is thy work!—let conscience sorely gnaw  
Thy heart, and terribly rovenge my wrongs.

*King Alick matters in his sleep.*—

What bodes this dream? are those fierce spirits which  
At instance of the wator drinkers I  
Against my better judgment raised, now littler come  
To torment me?  
Gigantic chests of tea and bags of coffee advance.

*Tea and Coffee.*—

Dream on and see the spirits innocet,  
Which thou with malice treacherous has wronged,  
Could not our gentle innocet persuade  
Thy cruel heart to pass us harmless by?  
Oh! turns a cruel deed, a most foul deed;  
Therefore unarmour unpittied thou shalt fall.

*K. Alick.*—

More horrors still! wboon will this hideous night  
Give place to morn, that I may lunolate  
Both tea and coffee at my main meal?

[*Whole libraries of books stalk in.*]

*Books.*—

'Think on our wrongs, thou wretched monster, think  
I had not thee not taxed our life's blood for thy greed?  
'Taxed knowledge, taxed the poor man's oldest friend?  
Thy father loved and cherished us, but thou  
Hast recant proved, then fall, despair, and die.  
Now wako, thou traitor, raise! let bolts of guilt  
Prey on thy waking hours; let thy dark fall  
To guilty minds a fearful warning run.

*K. Alick.*—(awakening.)—

Give me a cocktail—Biddy, hold, my head I  
Have morn—stay I ha I soft 't was but a dream;  
But then so terrible it shakes any soul  
Wboon I but think on't, still I cant retreat.

*Grits.*—

Do your worst; come on—Brown, Cameron, all;  
I'll still press on my lariff though I fall.  
Who's there?

*Enter Smith.*

*Smith.*—

'Tis I, my lord, a little Cobourg rooster,  
Come to salute you early in the morn;  
Guess now, I'm here, I'll better buckle on  
Your Lordship's armour.

*K. Alick.*—

Oh! scissors, Sidney, haven't I been scared?  
I've had such dreams, such visions, by Jove,  
Such mocking spirits—falth thy ghostly browns  
Appal me more than twenty thousand Browns.

*Smith.*—

Do not get skeered at dreams, your Majesty,  
I had a maiden aunt who had a donkey,  
Once in the dark I took it for a spirit,  
Ghosts is humbug, Alick don't believe 'em,  
George Brown 'ud split himself with laughing if  
Ho heard that you were stawampumped thus.

*K. Alick.*—(galvanically.)

George Brown be blown, it never shall be said  
That anything can turn this weighty head;  
Hewco books and brandy, you are but a trick  
You vainly threaten me, the Great Alick,  
Rose, Smith and Cayley wako the banners o'er our  
We'll conquer, live or die for ad valorem;  
Cease, spirits, cease that taunting strain,  
Yo ghosts annuit! Galt is himself again.

*Exit tragically.*

N. B.—The Clear Grit Richmond has been not so successful as  
his namesake; King Alick has triumphed, and the whole  
"six Richmonds" ho slaughtered at his feet.

## SNOOKS WRITES TO HIS DARLING ANTOINETTE.

Sweetest and best—my charming Antoinette,  
 My heart's own love, my honey, darling pet;  
 Your Snooks,—your faithful Snooks, your humble valet,  
 Feels love's fierce million fires now thrill his brain;  
 Now scorch his heart, now singe his leather boots,  
 While still remorseless little Cupid shoots  
 All tipped with flame, new phosphoric darts,  
 To stick and quiver in my heart of hearts.  
 Thick—thick, the wicked archer's arrows fly,  
 Each time he shoots he hits my heart's ball's-eye,  
 Each time he hits the arrow sticks in further,  
 Was ever such a regular case of murder?  
 Oh, heal, sweet Notty, woudstou storely cleft,  
 Before your faithful Snooks has no heart left.  
 Oh! smile and heal,—the antidote apply,  
 Equit but one loving glance of your gray eye;  
 Smile, but don't open love, your mouth too wide,  
 You might disclose what perhaps 'twere best to hide,  
 Forgive me, sweet,—who cares for penny lumps?  
 Smile as you please, I love those blackened stumps  
 Which once were teeth, I love your one cross eye,  
 Smile, glance and love, don't leave poor Snooks to die,  
 Don't prove unkind, but dearest let me share  
 To your sweet lips—inhale the breath you breathe,  
 But lovely Nettle charmer, may it be  
 When you're not taken whiskey for tea?  
 My Notty, sweet, how oft my love has fed  
 On your rapturous curls of flaming red;  
 Oh! I may our locks then mingle and combine;  
 Your fair cheeks rest in tenderness on mine,  
 Then breathe the fond words, to ease my anxious mind,  
 But dearest—don't leave too much meat behind.  
 Nay love, I would not spoil one single grace,  
 Paint as you please, for I can wash my face;  
 Such rosy trifles shall not mar our pleasure,  
 My Antoinette, my heart's own choicest treasure,  
 Do kind then sweet, oh, let my willing arms  
 Receive for eye, your fair transcendent charms;  
 They cannot span your waist, but what of that?  
 Your twoelo stone weight will stay my heart's pit pat,  
 Your love shall cheer me, in my greatest need,  
 And make your faithful Snooks feel blest indeed.

## FIRE! FIRE!

A modern fire partakes more perhaps than any other public calamity of the character of a melodramatic comedy. When the night is far advanced, the incendiary lights his torch and then seeks the comforts of a bed after his onerous task is fulfilled. Presently the flame grows brighter and larger and shines in upon the wearied sleepers of fashionable hours. The terrible discovery is soon made—the alarm is sounded—the bells are rung, and the affrighted citizens guided to the scene of disaster by the deadly pillar of fire, flock around the burning buildings. As yet the fire is confined to the combustible outhouses and wooden sheds; and, happily relief is at hand. The citizens burning with ardour rush to save the furniture, while the firemen inflamed with heroic enthusiasm prepare to cut off the devouring element from further prey. The fire, however, is rapidly making headway. All is uproar and confusion. In the first place, the furniture must be saved. The persevering citizens swarm up the burning staircase, and penetrate the burning drawing room. That mirror! How shall that noble mirror be saved? A dozen enthusiastic men rush to the rescue regardless of their lives. It is soon displaced. There is no time to carry it down stairs,—but it must be saved at any risk. The window is soon reached, and down it goes into the street below in a thousand atoms, but it is saved, thank heaven, from the devouring element. That beautifully embroidered pillow! How is it to escape? Devoted souls rush again to the rescue;

and the precious article is carried down stairs by a dozen hands. Splendid carpets are conveyed by careful hands to places of safety, while bookcase, books, all are sent flying from the upper windows. Woe heads below! Bang it's only a picture—clear the road! and allow this precious feather bed to be carefully carried out. What caused that crash? Oh, it is only a stove thrown down from the garret. Make way for this bundle of bed clothing to be carried out.

The scene outside the house is equally animating and amusing. The courageous firemen risk their lives in a thousand ways. See that man labouring like a Hercules under that tottering wall for what purpose, to chop down a dog house. But here come the invincible Hook-and-ladders. Sixteen of them have in their arms the terrible hook and manfully struggle through the flames, like so many salamanders, to get a good grip with it in some burning shed. The feat is accomplished after a severe scorching, and the enthusiastic populace lay hold of the appendant rope with a will. Now boys, steady! Heigh! one tremendous pull, sufficient, one would think, to drag the moon from its orbit, and—a chip is suddenly displaced from the burning pile, while the energetic rope-pullers are immediately spilled into a promiscuous heap several yards in the rear.

Another attempt must be made. The unfeeling, salamanders again penetrate the flames, and after several ineffectual attempts succeed in again gripping the hook to the burning building. The appendant rope is again seized on, and the citizens go at it once more with a will. Steady's the word 'hoys. One, two, three—Heigh! ho! heigh. With a mighty wrench a latch is displaced at the last suspiration, and the pullers are instantaneously jerked about the street.

Meanwhile, the most strenuous efforts are being made elsewhere to save the building from destruction by fire. The windows must not be left to perish,—therefore, they are demolished by axes, and the pieces triumphantly carried off. The door steps and area-railings are in danger—therefore, they must be chopped to pieces, and the remains removed from the scene of the disaster. The fire-crow work on the eave of the burning house may be consumed—therefore the front walls of the house must be laid low like the walls of another Jericho. At last there is nothing left to pull down or chop down. The fire has licked up everything except the bricks and mortar; and the citizens and firemen go home to sleep after the toils of the night.

A little water promptly supplied might have saved an immense amount of property; but although there was plenty of water, it was too far off to be of any essential service. Ald. Smith, the chairman of Fire, Water, and Gas, would not erect hydrants in the district in which the fire broke out; therefore, that place was chosen by the incendiary to display his zeal for the public good. Ald. Smith is a very nice man; and those families who were burned out through his negligence should subscribe and present him with a valuable service of plate!

## The Two Independent Members.

—Dr. Connor, who never votes against the opposition; and Mr. Gowan, who always votes with the Ministry.

## THE DONKEY BEAYS.

We have neglected our old friend J. B. Donkey alias Robinson for some time past. We owe him amends for this, and, to make all square, will devote a little space to his performance on Tuesday night. The tariff is under discussion—Donkey starts off at a gallop—rattles over to the United States in no time,—kicks and plunges for about five minutes through the mazes of protection—suddenly hesitates—looks scared—blushes—and finally sits down refusing to move another step. Bunches of carrots are powerful stimulants to the animal, and the Government hold out their bunch in the shape of a few encouraging cheers. The bait takes—J. B. starts to his feet and scampers off helter skelter at a two-forty gallop—takes everything that comes in his way for the space of half an hour, and finally pulls up blown and heated. But though J. B. got through his gallop at a rattling pace, the first check apparently disconcerted him. We noted a few evidences of this at the time, but suppress them in order that we may hasten to take a peep at the Donkey in an irascible mood. Mr. McGoo asks J. B. a question—J. B. replied by asking another—Mr. McGoo remarks that he would have been better pleased with a straightforward answer, a direct yea or nay, not that he wished, however, to hear the Hon. member say, "neigh," (bray would have been better.)

This shy lit at the character in which J. B. generally appears was a little hard perhaps, but he did not mend his position in the least by losing his temper and calling his interrogator a monkey. Such displays look bad in Parliament, and only serve to mark the junior member's proclivities more strongly. If he wishes to demonstrate that we, and the public generally, are unjust in our estimate of the genus to which he belongs, let him in future preserve a little more dignity and speak on subjects he understands. True, his voice might then be but seldom heard within the walls of the Assembly; but at all events he would escape placing himself in the ridiculous position he occupied on Tuesday night.

## THE OPPOSITION.

The *Globe* now calls Mr. Brown by the modest and unassuming name of the "opposition." On Monday we were told in that paper that that evening the "opposition" would reply to Mr. Gall's tariff. The "opposition" turned out to be composed of the Hon. Geo. Brown, the ex-Inspector General, the Premier of the Short Parliament, the Editor-in-chief of the *Globe*, and Mr. Brown, the senior member for the city. As the attention of the public was never since drawn to the fact that the "opposition" would speak on the tariff, we are forced to conclude that those gentlemen may be looked upon as forming the "opposition" of the House. We are the more confirmed in this opinion from the fact that whenever any of those gentlemen ask a question in the House—of course they never ask nonsensical ones—they are styled the "opposition" next day in the *Globe*. Notwithstanding the utility of policy inferred by the term "opposition," we are forced to admit that the gentlemen we have named above have been known to hold very opposite principles.

## 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 while 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, you 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.