

HON. GEORGE TO REP. BY POP.

Remind me not, remind me not
Of those beloved, those vanished hours,
When all my soul was given to thee;
Hours that may never be forgot,
Till time unweaves our vital powers,
And those and I shall cease to be.

I dreamt last night our love returned,
And, sooth to say, that very dream
Was sweeter in his phantasy
Than if for other cries I burned,
For smiles that ne'er like thine could beam
In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not
Of times which, tho' forever gone,
Can still a pleasing dream restore,
Till thou and I shall be forgot,
And senseless as the mouldering stone
Which tells that we shall be no more.

CORRUPTION! ARSON! MURDER!!!

The Quebec correspondent of the *Globe* has just telegraphed that voracious and disinterested journal that, just before the recent re-election of the Hon. John A. Macdonald, that vile and infamous rebel—that murderer, sorcerer, robber and Thug—that partner of the assassins, incendiaries, and highwaymen McGee and Foley, absolutely broke open the public chest and stole three millions sterling, which he divided between Dr. Barker of the *Whig*, and the proprietor of the *Kingston News*. Guardians of the Commonwealth, John Sandfield and Macdougall, where are you? Stalworth Brown, with your invincible body guard—McKellar, the two McKenzies and the Chartist of Elgin—are you asleep? Don't be afraid if your followers, like the famous men in buckram, have dwindled down, thus, to a mere mouse's tail—step forward and rescue the country from absolute annihilation. Nail your colours to the mast!—Charge down upon them, whose afraid? "Come on again, you bloody army! as the woman said to the one soger."

Extreme Piety.

— We understand that the new Cathedral store, of Mr. John Macdonald, M.P.P., and wholesale Dry Goods man, Wellington Street, is to be opened and closed morning and evening with singing and prayer. We learn also that the proprietor being convinced that 33½ on cottons is rather more than is warranted by Scripture, has decided to take off the third; but at the same time, to allow but thirty-four inches to the yard—quite a complicated affair, to be sure; but then John has been recently studying politics and sees his way through it. We are not aware as to whether the Dry Goods Conventicle is so have a steeple or otherwise.

Low indeed.

— At a public meeting held in Waterloo, a few days since, McKellar stated that he was stumping the county at the request of the Reform party. How the mighty have fallen! What would the Hon. Robert Baldwin have thought if he had been told that such a man as McKellar would represent the Reform party in Upper Canada.

THE SIDE-WALKS OF OUR CITY.

Verily our facetious Corporation deserves no end of thanks for the magnificent side-walks they have provided for our good citizens. In truth, an amount of ingenuity has lately been displayed in regard to them that is highly creditable. At various intervals in King Street nails have been placed which catch the skirts of the fair pedestrians, jerking them back to an angle of forty-five degrees. It frequently happens that serious damage is done to the hoop and that the wearer is obliged to put into the nearest port or door, to rest. These nails are admirably adapted also for penetrating the soles of thin boots and tearing the upper leather. Then there are sundry elevations of one plank above another which constantly catch the toes, especially if fast walkers, and jerk them violently forward considerably out of the perpendicular. There are also sundry small holes distributed with great tact for entrapping the soles and heels of boots and wrenching them out of the proper position. The most ingenious contrivance, however, is the "tilting" board, which being stopped on at one end rises suddenly up at the other, bringing the foot passengers to mother earth with a great fall and hitting him violently in the descent. There are, besides, a quantity of pit-falls and precipices which are placed with much judgment in the darkest streets and at long distances from any lamp. Into this the unwary are sure to tumble. We sincerely trust that our good citizens will not fail to bear these pleasing little circumstances in mind at the next election.

THE HAMILTON ELECTION.

We hope the friends of Mr. Buchanan will spare no effort to secure the return of that gentleman and sign the death warrant for ever of Grit-ism in Hamilton. It is true that Mr. McElroy, from his position as Mayor, will receive no luke-warm support, but we hope to see him in such a position on the second days polling, that he may be led to exclaim with the poet—

"Ah! who can tell how hard a thing it is
To climb the steep where fame's proud temple
shines afar."

Especially when slander, blackguardism and bribery are made the stepping-stones on the which "to mount the higher spheres." Let Hamilton follow the example of West Northumberland, and, notwithstanding the disreputable means which the enemy are resorting to in order to elect their *pro-lege*, return the President of the Council by, at any rate, a respectable majority.

Hon. Wm. McDougall.

— We hear Mr. Wm. McDougall has finally made up his mind to go into the vinegar business. McKellar and McKenzie are likely to join him in his new enterprise. We wish them success.

Lightfoot Superseded.

— We regret to find that our fat friend Baxter has allowed Lightfoot to be superseded and has bought a new pacer by the name of "fat Jack," who, it is said, has made good time on the Brampton race track.

Vox Populi v. Closing the Whiskey Shops at 7 on Saturday Nights.

The *Prince* of Proclamations has been and done it again. Another, and yet another, of his sickly posters adorn the walls and fences of the "Queen City"; this last, by the way, being a far more "disgusting exhibition" of weak-mindedness than the last offensive placard we were compelled to notice editorially, relating more particularly to the much persecuted individuals of the canine persuasion. The fat has gone forth; but "*Fiat justitua ruat cælum*," which being interpreted, is, "Just fight it, Soels will rue it," and so will many other respectable saloon-keepers if their remunerative Saturday night business, be wrested from them in this high-handed manner. Now will some of our civic authorities see what a mistake they have made in trying to deprive our illustrious chief of his evening potations. He has, indeed, adroitly turned the tables on them. They can now no longer have a comfortable Saturday night booze away from their palatial residences and their better halves, but will have to carry their tangle-leg home in their pockets, and get miserably drunk by their own firesides. Served the beggars right! But we know and you know, O! discriminative reader, what is coming to pass. Picture to yourself the corner of Yonge and King Street at six p.m. on Saturday, waiting thereat a street car, labelled "Temperance!" Early closing movement! The conductor, a "heavy" gentleman with red whiskers and moustache, wearing sky-blue kids, a blue coat with much braid, and a cloth cap with more gold lace, whom, we think, you will recognise his photograph, and pouring into the car a stream of self-satisfied looking individuals, some with black bottle necks peeping from their pockets; some with parcels done up to represent dry goods, but looking far more like wet goods; and others with nothing on their persons, but having demijohns on the roof, and a strong smell of the Curse of Canada pervading the vehicle. This is what will be the matter. What shall we erect to the memory of the men who have brought things to this whiskey pass? Let us have a statue of Prince, Nasmith, and Medical, in the attitude and generally accepted dress of the Moses; a dismounted Bacchus and dand dogs in the background, and the pedestal inscribed with the names of the saloon-keepers become bankrupt in consequence of their philanthropic proclamation. Will not this be a fitting tribute to their pious and immortal memory?

City Brevities.

— In view of the fact that under the above heading our contemporary of the *Leader* crowds subjects of the peculiar character of elopements, crimes, accidents, the proclamations of Captain Prince, &c., we would beg to suggest that "City Levities" would be a much more appropriate caption.

"Indulgence" for the City Clerk.

— Our new City Clerk, ex-aiderman Carr, has been looking about for "indulgence" during the past week, and, eventually, has applied to the Council for the same. We beg to inform him that it is to be found in the *Dictionary*.