

They are an ignorant set, and love their glass,
Though mixed it may be with election gas;
Besides, you know the ladies—pretty doers—
Have private reasons—so friend Moore avers—
For loving me—for when I am the Mayor,
I'll take them all beneath my special care,
And render to each one *spirit-ual* aid,
Whether grass-widow, wife, or pretty maid!

DODDER.

Go thence, MAGILLIUS, and work away,
And drum up votes for the election-day;
And with your strength alarm the *hard-ware*
man

With Scottish Slogan and the Orange clan,
So he'll knock under and vanoose the track;
And when you are our mare I'll ride bare-back
On you, into the City Council seat,
While city funds shall bear expense of treat!

MAGILLIUS.

The plan's a good one, and I'll do it brown—
Good morning, Tom, I'll off to fair Corktown;
But, ere I go, here take these *rotten dimes*,
And puff me in the next birth of the *Times*!

[Exit MAGILLIUS.]

Written for Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To-morrow will be new year's day,
And lads and lasses blithe and gay,
Will dash around with horse and buggy,
And mayhap get both wet and muddy—
But I, alone, must while away
The livelong, merry, new year day,
These festive times.

Nought have I to cheer my downcast soul,
Or make my wounded spirits whole;
No house, or wife, or lovely child,
No garden-plot, or farm, or field,
No cattle lowing in my yard,
No faithful dog my place to guard—
While I am out.

Nought that can joyous feelings give;
In fact, it's not worth while to live—
The girls, they seem to hate me more,
Than if my age were quite four score,
And yet I'm sure I've nothing done
To bring such woeful hatred down—
Upon my head.

I've sometimes thought of keeping house,
And yet, I think it is no use;
My work I'd have to do alone,
Nor hear the voice of any one;
Saying—"Your toils with you I'd gladly share
And half with you your joys and care—
"While keeping house."

I've sometimes thought I'd like to marry,
But then for that there is no hurry;
For, should I think of living double,
I would bring an awful deal of trouble,
Just think of children's cries and wife's com-
plaint,
Of kitchen scenes, and close restraint,
Upon me brought!

But if I should make up my mind,
A fair young helpmate e'er to find,
I would not want a flippant flirt,
With twenty yards of flowing skirt,
To fly around and spend my money,
And then come home and call me "Honey,"
In order to get more!

I want a wife with honest heart,
Of mine the real counterpart;
To whom I could my thoughts confide,
From whom no power could me divide;
With whom life's remnant I could spend,
In nuptial love, and cherish, and defend,
Through life's bright day.

Hamilton, Dec. 31, 1858.

Alderman "Curb and Bit" Davidson has retired from the labours of office, he has issued a very pathetic poetical valedictory to the electors of his ward. It is placarded on all the street corners, and a copy of it will be found in our columns. We think the ward is well rid of such a "Simon Pure."

GREAT REJOICING IN FREELTON.

We hasten to lay before our numerous readers the important intelligence, that the first introduction of the new law, whereby Majors are to be elected by the people, has eventuated in the raising of Patrick Freel, Esq., to the dignity of Chief Magistrate for that populous and rapidly progressing district, known as Freelton. Mr. T. E. Niven, the tailor, nominated the successful candidate, and Mr. T. Ducklow, lime-burner and mason, seconded the nomination. There being no opposition, the happy mayor-elect was borne to his mansion on the shoulders of the crowd. In the evening, bonfires were lighted and fire-works set off. A military band from this city, headed by a gentleman with a silver speaking-trumpet pet in his hand, the same, we are told, through which Captain Gray addressed the *Roman Catholic Convention* held at Buffalo some three years ago. This elegant trumpet bore an inscription, which read as follows.—"I resented to Captain Thomas Gray, of the Royal Canadian Rifles, by his affectionate friend and brother, Patrick Freel, for his services in connection with, and devotion to, the Roman Catholic Church and her interests in these North American Colonies." We regret to record the occurrence of a strange accident during a sham fight, which was intended as a *finale* to the day's proceedings. The "Mayjer" had just *drawn*—a champagne cork, and was about to *charge*—his glass, when his friend Paddy fell under the table badly shot—*in the neck!* The "Mayjer" swooned away, and, in falling, put out the lights, and bruised his Catholic trumpet out of shape. At this stage of the doings our Reporter left.

THE RIVALS.—[NOR SHERIDAN'S.]

Air—THE MINSTREL BOY.

McKinstry, with the friends of right,
On the Hustings soon you'll see them;
His cause is *raza*, his honor bright,
And his supporters are free-men.
"If I'm your choice," says McKinstry good,
I will expose the knavery,
Maintain your laws, defend your rights,
But never join in jobbery.

McGill has, with his *shadow* true,
On Hustings sure you'll find 'em,
The dog was not, but a precious crew,
That he called his *tail* behind them.
I was your *Mayor*, said the spruce Magull,
My citizens and brothers;
I'll be your *Mayor*, for I can rule
Without the aid of others.

His windpipe's hoarse, but what in voice,
With finger so elastic,
Aldermen and Councillors not required—
The digit so emphatic,
Point to the North at Depot stand,
The West a Palace Crystal,
The East a Market, oh! so grand,
The South a new Cathedral.

Men will think of Debentures signed,
And broken pledges of honor,
Riot Act read, and more combined,
Which don't become a Major.
Then vote for a man that is found
Without one speck on history,
The votes we'll record for a man of this kind,
And the man will be Henry McKinstry.

ON DR.—Mr. Magill took the character of "Jack Falstaff" at the Old Folks Concert.

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE?

At length the auspicious day is at hand for our annual struggle for civic laurels of a doubtful hue, and the excited contestants and expectants are each imagining now, that Monday next will be an epoch in his individual biography from which the bright particular star of his own particular house must shine forever after with uncommon lustre and brilliancy. And yet, how many of these sweet-tongued, grinning-faced candidates may at the close of the polls be taught that

"The wretch concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unused."

The day is big with fate to others than the numerous oily-tongued aspirants—yea, is it an opportune moment for the oppressed and badly treated electors of a city once proudly designated "the ambitious," to rise in their might and discard those hungry leeches who would suck blood out of the very beaver that adorns her city arms, if such a thing were possible. There are a few notoriously bad characters asking seats in our diminutive City Hall; some of these have neither the intelligence nor the honesty of purpose to benefit a constituency, while there are others to whom dame nature has just given them enough brains to enable them to be dishonest, and to put money in their own purse, out of that belonging to the public. There are others, we are proud to say, before the electors, who are deserving of confidence and trust.—Let the interested see that they select such men, and thus take an initiatory step in bringing about a better state of things in our midst. Let us send all log-rolling, dodging, interloping, worthless, blood-sucking, sneaking cravers for pelf, to their native obscurity, with a *flea in their ear*, and we will be doing ourselves and our families simple justice, and relieving our Corporation Legislature from the voracious maws of a greedy pack of vultures.

A CONTRAST OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

—On Christmas evening, as a friend, who is an observer of nature, was passing along the street, he met three sons of the Green Isle in their cups. They were rollicking and rattling in boisterous hilarity. Further along he saw three canny Scots, who had more than "a wee drap in their e'e." They were marching with the quiet solemnity of a funeral procession, disturbed only by an occasional "stacher," and an abortive effort to sing "Saft the wastlin' breezes blaw." Who had the most "licker" aboard? We pause for a reply.

GIN COCKTAILS, are supposed to be the cause of making the side walks so slippery a few evenings ago, near the Anglo, as we noticed several notables noticing what the crossings were made off.

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