

when Ben tries to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; or, what is nearly the same thing—make an efficient School Trustees out of "The Dodger." We think Ben's idea was to get Tom to school in some other capacity than an ordinary day scholar. But, "the school-master's broad," and the trick was discovered. Tom got seventeen votes in all!—just four more than he polled when he last tried for an Aldermanic seat in this same ward.

Since the death of "Doctor," Tom's dog-star has been on the wane; and when he left the polling-place, one could see in his lengthened visage that he was thinking of—

"— the long, long tail, that glorified  
That glorious animal's hinder side!"

CIVIC.

The onerous duties of the first Chief Magistrate elected by the people commences next Monday, and we can assure his Honor that it is easier to be elected for that office than to dispense its responsibilities properly. However, we have not the least doubt but that Mr. McKinstry (with a little aid he may receive from his worthy predecessor) will perform the important task to the best of his ability. There is one thing that must be managed with good generalship, or it will cause a good deal of trouble, and that is, relief to the destitute poor of this city. We would suggest that a member from each Ward, in turn, devote his attention to this matter. It can be done by spending a number of days in each week with the Mayor, and see that no charity is given but to the deserving. We know that some people will apply who have "the ready" in the "Great Savings' Bank, that is secured by the States of Michigan and Minnesota, and one-half of Upper Canada, including 100 acres of land in Garafraze,"—so we hope that a "wink is as good as a nod," for a Mayor as well as a blind horse.

A LADY MAYORESS FOR HAMILTON.

A respected and intelligent correspondent suggests the propriety of calling a meeting of our lady friends—spinsters and widows—for the laudable purpose of selecting one of themselves to be lady Mayoress. The idea is not only a good but a benovolent one, inasmuch as it, besides placing us on an equal footing with the other cities of the world, in having a Mayoress, will give our Mayor a help-mate to assist in governing that fairer portion of our citizens with which he is very slightly acquainted. If such a meeting be held, we hope no jealous feelings will be permitted to interfere with the selection of a better half, who will be something more than a sleeping partner for our new Mayor. Let her be

"Chaste as the icicle  
That hangs on Dian's fane,"  
"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath."

Our correspondent also proffers to furnish the new Lady-Mayoress, that is to be, with a BEAUTIFUL SILVER CRADLE (a la Napoleon) at his own expense;

Provided always, that such an article shall be required in the Mayor's household, during his term of office.

"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The preparations being made by the Burns' Club, for the celebration of the approaching anniversary of the birth-day of Scotland's bard, reminds us that the time for holding the annual festival in honor of the tutelar saint of our own country—*ould Ireland*, is near at hand; but we regret that nothing seems likely to be done in this city, to commemorate the anniversary of our renowned saint, whose memory is mnemonized by the *Shamrock*. Can it be, that the Irishmen of this city have renewed the discussion as to the proper time of holding this festival, and thus neglect to honor it at all. The compromise made by the priest in settling the difficulty, as to whether it should be the eighth or the ninth, ought to be satisfactory now, having been respected for the last 1400 years:—

Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for eight or for nine,

Don't be always dividing, but sometimes combine.

Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark—

So let it be his birthday." "Amen," says the clerk.

So they all got blind drunk, which completed their bias,

And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

Shall the seventeenth day of the approaching month of March be allowed to pass in this city, without the smallest demonstration being made to mark a day so fraught with interest to all the sons of Hibernia. If the spirit of Maenyn, better known as St. Patrick, is cognisant of sublunary events, notwithstanding his supposed Scotch origin, we think he must feel keenly the apathy of his Hamilton sons. Let us make an effort to instill new life into the slumbering embers of our national patriotism, and usher in the coming anniversary, so welcome to our fatherland, in an enthusiastic and becoming spirit. Let us awaken our fellow citizens with the noble and soul-inspiring notes of "St. Patrick's day in the morning," and tell our country-men on the other side of the broad Atlantic, that the land of our birth has not been forgotten, but that we still sigh for the friends we left behind us, and cherish a warm feeling for the happy days we spent in Erin's isle, amongst true and warm hearts. No society here exists, for the relief of our suffering fellow-countrymen; but they are left to the cold charity of the stranger.

"Oft have I seen the sympathetic tear,  
Steal from their eyes to see their friend's distress;

And if they could not cure, they yet could share,

And, by dividing, make the burden less."

Should our *Chronicles* be the means of cementing a bond of union between Irishmen, apart from creed or party, our labor will have been well requited, and our suffering country people benefited.

We will hope that these suggestions may be welcomed by our countrymen, in this neighborhood with a *caed mulla faltha*.

A "WET NURSE" WANTED.

The *Times* advertises in its last issue for a wet nurse for that office! Has the corps editorial got the mullygrubs since the election? or has the Dodger already sucked his aspiring patrons dry? Dry time since the election, very!

Poor Tommy, and his own dear "Mill,"  
Sought medical advice;  
For, sooth to say, they both were ill,  
And wanted something nice.

"It's asses' milk" Tumblety cried out—  
"Must instantly be taken,  
Or else they both will go to pot,  
"And nothing save their bacon."

A listening wag in haste replied,  
"How lucky for each brother,  
"That they so soon may be supplied  
"By suckling one another!"

For the *Chronicles and Curiosities*.

MAJOR GRAY HORS DE COMBAT.

DEAR SIR,—In this morning's *Times* I was surprised to see an article relating to the School Trustees, that Tom is not a Roman Catholic. I do not wish to say that the Dodger's organ "lies;" but I must, in justice to all parties say, that Dodger Gray's family are Catholics; that he held a pew in St. Mary's Church and attended regularly, in company with his family; and last, though by no means least, that his family burying ground is in the Catholics' consecrated burying place, where, I am informed, the bodies of none but Catholics are allowed to repose. The Major may, when he thinks proper, *dodge* the question; but he is really a Roman Catholic, and this last attempt to pull the wool over the eyes of Protestants is but a confirmation of the character which he has for *dodging*. If Tom would take advice, I would recommend to him the fellowship of one church, and thereby he may retrieve his faded character and fame, which, I fear, is now about 40 degrees below zero.

A PROTESTANT.

[Editor's Note.—"A Protestant" is very nearly correct in his assertions. As for Mr. Gray being now, or at any other time, "really a Roman Catholic," no one connected with that Church is willing to believe. It is true, he was baptised by the Very Rev. Father Campion, of Dundas, and his wife and family, more recently, by the Very Rev. Father Gordon of this city. It is also true, that he sought admission into the Church when he expected to gain something by it; and it is equally undeniable, that his deceased children lie interred in the consecrated ground of St. Mary's cemetery, where their resting-place is marked by a handsome head-stone, bearing such devices as generally characterise the monuments of a Catholic burying ground. We never heard him spoken of in the Church as any thing else than a dodging loose-fish, who would swim in any stream if it contained good bait. The unblushing effrontery of the man, who dares to contradict such stubborn facts as these, is of a piece with the Dodger's usual obtuseness and imbecility. "Let the galled jade wince."] ]

[To the Editor.

MR. BRANIGAN,

SIR,—Could any of your correspondents give me a little information on the following: Qy., Is a black woman of the fair sex? What difference is there between the Highland pipes and the Scotch pipes? as I think the Hamiltonians will have soon to pay the piper with a vengeance—there are some who seem to think the Scotch pipes which only play one tune will be the most expensive. What is the meaning of a Hydraulic Engineer? or, where is one to be got? or, is it any relation to a man-mermaid. Yours truly,

JACK AT A PENCE.