

ters in a public capacity, but with bad effect. The dirty things they prepare for him to give to others he is beginning to have to eat himself. The dose which is prescribed for him in one of your city papers of to-day, he has been obliged to take, and he has not yet recovered from the cholera morbus which it produced.

We had a Horticultural Exhibition in the Town Hall on the day on which our Mayor was nominated, on which occasion he showed only four of his cabbage plants. The first, "Bunkum," imported from England, and since improved by a cross with the *Reinhardt* kind. It was remarkable for a large undergrowth of leaves. When slightly pressed it emitted a quantity of gas, then a collapse ensued.

2nd. *News Boy*. A very peculiar kind;—unlike the other, it had a bad undergrowth, and was noted for being shallow in the head. Its greatest peculiarity, however, was its *crooked stem*. It was not at all liked by the spectators; still it is asserted it will throw out shoots, which the *gardener* will sell so cheap that it may be used with skim-milk for the riff-raff.

3rd. *Ransom*. A specimen with a large head; from bad cultivation it ran to waste last year; (if the *gardener* had not been able to supply its place by the *News-Boy*, he would have lost a great many of his customers) this year it was transplanted into another plot, and begins to look like itself again; still, notwithstanding its large upper growth, the judges did not award it a prize, for, on examining its head, it was found quite hollow.

4th. *Right or Wrong*. This specimen was tall and slim, as if it had grown in a stove-pipe. The judges found it disqualified; still the *gardener* is going to try to propagate it for his own especial use, as it is very easily cooked.

On Monday next there is to be another exhibition, after which you shall hear from me. Till then, believe me yours truly,

CODFISH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg again to solicit the forbearance of a number of correspondents, whose letters we cannot possibly make room for in this number. We are even obliged to leave over some articles of our own—the Post Office, for instance. "There is a time for all things."

BRANIGAN'S Chronicles and Curiosities.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down ought in malice."
—SHAKESPEARE.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, Jan. 1st, 1859.

THE DODGER'S ADDRESS TO ST. PATRICK'S ELECTORS.

By particular and very urgent request, we give insertion to the following address, which is as delivered by the "Dodger" to the electors of St. Patrick's Ward last night. It could not appear in the *Times* before Monday next; therefore do we give it a place in our extensively read columns. After the meeting had been called to order the "Dodger" read the following remarks:—

Gentlemen: You all know me. [A voice "That's thure for ye, and the devil a haparth we know that's good ov ye."] I come before you asking your votes to put me again in the Council. [A voice, Yes, to spend our money for fire-crackers and the like; bad luck to the omadhaun that'll be after giving you a vote.] Boys, you know in me you always had a friend; and when I sold whiskey

many's the good glass I gave you, besides, when I was in the Board of Works I used to give some of you nice little jobs. [An elector—Faix did you, and you used to pay yourself divilish well out of our custhom for that same.] Gentlemen, I'm not-a-going to make you any promises to-night, but if you'll elect me and keep Johnny Patterson out, you'll then have two good Roman Catholic Aldermen—that's *myself* and Mr. Tracey. [Great laughter.] Yes, gentlemen, I've gone the rounds of all the churches, and after giving each one a separate trial I've come to the conclusion that *ours* is the true church. [A voice—Oh ye decaiver, the devil 'ill get you before your feat are cowl, if ye aint saved by a miracle.] I'm not an election convert, for I stood by the church in her hour of peril; yes, gentlemen, I attended the Buffalo Convention, and though Terry Branigan said I could not get into that Convention because I did not know how to bless myself, he told a d—d lie. [John Brick, skip the hard words, Tom.] Yes, gentlemen, I say it boldly, Terry Branigan was the man who said so; and he did it out of spite against me, because I print a paper in opposition to his. But my friends will spread confusion and dismay, on Monday next, though the vile horde of foul and corrupt miscreants, traitors to their country and God-forsaken wretches who attempt to stop my pathway to the Council Chamber. [Hisses and groans from the Patterson party, and general confusion.] Their hopes are prostrated, for there is every certainty of my being triumphantly returned.—The *Times* shall next week herald the glorious result of the contest to the friends of liberty everywhere, that Corktown is regenerated and disenthralled, erect, and sound to the core! *Liberty or death!* has been her war-cry; it will prevail and she must conquer. The "Dodger" is the man for Galway. Come boys, let us drink! [Great excitement, during which the speaker fell from his perch into a barrel partially full of pickle, in which had been herrings. Soon as the "man for Galway" was taken out of salt, a hard looking customer approached Mr. Brick, who was quietly taking a tumbler of whisky punch by the fire, and attempted to pull that individual's proboscis, but Alderman Patterson interfered and Mr. Brick disdained to retaliate on his opponent. Order having been in a measure restored, Alderman Patterson complied with the almost unanimously expressed wish of the meeting by delivering himself of a speech, which was well received, and left a good impression.] The meeting, after giving three cheers for Patterson and three groans for the double-dyed turn-coat, broke up.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We can afford to exercise considerable magnanimity towards the poor fellow who, assassin-like, stabs at us in the dark; but we caution the editor of the *Thunderer* against overstepping that point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, else will we speak of him as he deserves. We have refrained from doing so before, knowing that the fellow would even feel honored by our scorn. Argument, not personality, is our battle-axe. A word is a sufficiency, and we have done.

ST. MARY'S WARD.

The electors of this locality held a meeting in the Napier Street engine-house last Tuesday night. Mr. Best was called to the chair. The nominations for Aldermen included the names of the present Aldermen—Messrs. Roach and Holton—together with that of Mr. Edgar. Messrs. Waugh, Walker, Richardson, Peter Reid, and John Pettigrew, were the nominees of the meeting for Councilmen. Aldermen Roach and Holton will most unquestionably be returned. They have worked well and faithfully during the past year, and merit the confidence of their constituents. Mr. Waugh is a strong man, too, and will no doubt go back to the Council Board for 1859. His colleague, Mr. Councillor Walker, is in very bad odor, and has no chance of re-election. Indeed, the electors would hardly give him a hearing, so much are they incensed against him. We advise him to stay from the polls, Mr. Reid is unknown to us, but looks a well-meaning man: he is nothing of a speaker. Mr. Pettigrew is an active business man, and would make a useful member in the Council. He has a great many friends in the Ward, and we think his chances of election are next to those of Mr. Waugh.

ST. LAWRENCE WARD.

Here the conflict is waxing fiercer as the days of polling approach. Mr. Moore, we are told, has left the track to Messrs. McGivern, Ford, and Cochrane, who are all contending for Aldermanic seats. Mr. McGivern has attended well to his duties in the Council—he is an excellent committee man, and has ever been jealous of the rights of his constituency. We anticipate his return by a large majority over either of his opponents. Messrs. James Mathews and Way will probably be the successful aspirants to Councilmanic seats. They are opposed by Mr. Lyman Moore and Robert Mathews.

ST. ANDREW'S WARD.

Nowlan is *hors de combat*—he has been done *δ* as an Aldermanic candidate by Mr. Wilson Browne, who is again in the civic arena, alongside of his old and fearless ally, Mr. L. Devaney. So, of course, Mr. Nowlan can't come in; he has therefore, very wisely, fallen back on his old position, and seeks to be returned as Councillor. There are other candidates spoken of in this Ward.

ST. GEORGE'S WARD.

Nothing short of a juvenile earthquake would disturb the wonted quiet of this staid locality. The old members will probably be returned, with the exception of the present Mayor, who does not seek the favor of a nomination. Messrs. Anthony Copp and George B. Spencer are said to be out for this Ward. They are both new but good men, and either would reflect credit on the Ward; as also Alderman Law, who is a tried and faithful servant.