

CHRISTMAS.

Hail I to thee, merry Christmas,
Right jovialst thou,
With thy beaming smile of gladness
And thy holly-wreathed brow;
Ten thousand welcomes greet thee—
Ten thousand voices sing,
From palace and from cot, all hail I
Thou goodly Christmas King.

Hail I to thee, merry Christmas,
For eighteen centuries, ourin
Has sung with joy and gladness
Her tribute to thy birth:
Since first o'er Bethlehem's Valley
The clear angelic shout,
Of "highest glory unto God,
Good will to man," carry out.

Hail I to thee, merry Christmas,
At each returning tide
We hear those voices swelling—
That shout still by our side:
"Peace," on thy banner reareth,
Thy mission is "good will"
Ten thousand welcomes greet thee
Thou hoary Christmas still.

Brightly the yule log blazeth,
And sheds its ruddy light
On smiling faces gathered
To grace the Christmas night.

Hail I to thee, merry Christmas—
Hail to thy goodly cheer;
Thou fairest of our golden days—
Thou monarch of the year.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

All honour to the Ontario Literary Society for bringing such a great man amongst us. Shades of public dinners and complimentary breakfasts where, were ye, that ye allowed Emerson to depart without visiting him? However, as they say that "eaten bread is soon forgotten," we will not scold any more on this score.

Of the man himself we could write a volume if we had the room and time. But as we have not, all we can say is, that he approached nearest to the perfect lecturer of any one we ever saw. Of his short-comings we will not say a word, dazzled, as we are, with the superior brilliancy of his talents. Who did not feel the desire strong upon him to become a genius as the lecturer expounded, "The Law of Success?" Nobody, we are sure, but a dull lump of clay, and those had no business to go there. Talking of dullness, reminds us of Mr. Giekie's insane attempt at popularity, in calling the lecturer to order in his own broad Scotch. If we were in the chair we should certainly have snubbed such impertinence. But it is comforting to know that the audience—that is the sensible portion of them—repudiated this man's abominable rudeness.

The Lossees.

—We cannot understand why two such doughty heroes as John Nickisson and William Petrie could not settle their little differences behind the scenes without going to the Police Court. Or, if they needs must fight, let them do it *a la* "Macbeth," or "Richard III."—three up and three down, and "damned be he who first cries hold, enough," &c. This would be far better than porambulating King Street enquiring at each saloon if "the old Beggar was there!"

MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

Wilson, Boulton, and Bowes, met at the City Hall on Monday last, to claim the suffrages of the people for the office of Mayor. What did they say? Wilson abused Boulton, Boulton abused Bowes, and Bowes abused Boulton and Wilson. What the people learned from this display is beyond our power of comprehension. In what manner Wilson showed his fitness for the civic chair, by proving that Boulton acted wrongly in the Chief of Police business, we cannot understand. How Mr. Boulton showed his qualification for the coveted office, by attacking Mr. Wilson's legal capacity, is a mystery which we cannot solve. Why Mr. Bowes should be Mayor, because he had assailed the conduct of Mr. Boulton, and the intentions of Mr. Wilson, we have yet to find out. We are puzzled to find out what object the candidates had in following such a line of conduct, and perhaps, to this day, we should not have got the right sow by the ear, if the subjoined correspondence had not fallen into our hands. We do not think it is necessary to state how we came by it; but we can vouch for its accuracy.

Toronto, Dec. 16, 1858.

—BOULTON, Esq.—

I always forget your confounded christian name when I want to say anything particular. But—sans ceremony, as the devil said when he came for the gauger—if you really mean to go to the polls, by the God of Law you shall have it strong and heavy. All you can say in reply will go for nothing.

Yours, in a hurry,

A. WILSON.

P. S.—Who the devil was the God of Law! Lex, I suppose.

A. W.

Toronto, Dec. 17, 1858.

ADAM WILSON, Esq.—

Sir,—The first man, Adam, was by far the greatest fool out. I can vouch that his namesake, Adam Wilson is by no means a chip of the old block. I mean to oppose you, and, by the blood of the Boultons, I shall go in. To show you that you have no chance, I may mention that I have already moved in the "truck" business, and every man in the city will vote for me.

Yours in indignation,

W. H. BOULTON.

—P. S.—I'll give you fifty cents and let you off the scorching if you retire in my favour.

W. B.

Toronto, Dec., 1858.

Messrs, BOULTON and WILSON,—

Brother Beggars—As neither of you have a ghost of a chance, now that you're in the field, you had better both retire. If not, I shall pull the Police about Boulton's ears, and the Esplanade about Wilson's. So take warning in time.

Yours truly,

J. G. BOWES.

P. S. Honor among thieves.

The Lie.

—A City Father's interpretation of L.L.B.: "Lio Liko Blazes." Melancholy, but true.

THE STATE TRIALS.

God help us! And are Canadian politics in such a demoralized condition, that honesty cannot be found either in the Bench above, or in the Court below, or in the people that are out of the Court. We do not believe it. The *Globe* may say what it likes—and more shame for it; we shall still cling to the belief that the purity of our Bench is as unscullied—that our Judges are as learned—that they are as honourable as any in the three kingdoms, or America to boot. What do the public generally care whether the Brown-Dorion Administration is knocked into an untimely cocked hat, or whether the Cartier-MacDonald Government is made a bloody pancake of. Plunder and personal ambition is all that either of them care about. But the public do care that the purity of the Bench shall be unspotted. Unspotted it is, and unspotted, we have no doubt, it will remain, and unspotted it is all our interests to keep it. Therefore, we protest against the rabid attack made upon it by the *Globe*. Use your reason, ye gentlemen that do the editorials in that paper; reason logically; put your heads under a pump when inclined to say anything rash; follow the example of the *Colonist*, and write nothing that is worth reading—but do not attempt to make us believe that we are worse than we really are. Do not degrade yourselves—do not asperse the Bench.

TELEGRAPH AT FAULT.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

The New York *Herald* understands that the Atlantic Telegraph is again at work, and that a despatch was received from Europe of which the word "Henley," was all that could be made out. Did not every one who heard the above information "smell a rat?" We did, and our surmises are now indisputable facts. The matter lies in a nut-shell.—Moved by the importunities of the *Globe*, the Colonial Secretary at once sent a dispatch by the Atlantic Telegraph, ordering the Governor General's recall. The line being out of repair, the tail of the dispatch, was altogether indistinct, and all that was legible was the word "Head," which the operator, who, we understand, is one of the "Family Compact," had the assurance to transform into "Henley"

This is another instance of the venality of the Governor, who we are sure is at the bottom of it. Such disgraceful trickery must not go unpunished. The Yorkville Cavalry should be at once called out to have him expelled—the hydra-headed monster. Hurrah for fun!

The Four Johns.

- Sugar-John (Wilson).
- Lemon-John (Ice Cream).
- Whiskey-John (not the Premier).
- Hot-water-John (J. G. Bowes).

Which being duly mixed together produce Punch—

That's THE GAUMBLER.

Scene in City Council.

- 1st. Father—You're a liar.
- 2nd. Father—You're another.
- 3rd. Father—The whole Council lies.
- 4th. Father—That's a stretcher.
- And so on—*ad libitum*.