

THE PHYSIOG.

TO OUR READERS.

We have a few words for your ears. In appearing before you (like a bashful boy entering a drawing-room for the first time), we make an awkward bow, and shake hands in a friendly manner with ALL. Having, as yet, no enemies, the tongue of slander will not be pointed at us; and even if we had, as we write from our DEN, they will be shooting their arrows in the dark.

In the legitimate discharge of our duty, as a private journalist, we may come in contact with MEN, not as a such, but as characters, with which the public have a right to deal. Being a stranger to all, we will speak of men and things as we find them.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chiel's among you taking notes,
An', faith, he'll prent it."

And not being actuated by malice, we will not prevaricate, or pervert FACTS, though at the same time using our privilege of embellishment to any reasonable extent. Having the helm in our hands, we only ask the public to walk upright, else their portrait may appear in the **PHYSIOG**.

CHRISTMAS

Is always associated in our minds with sleighing, courting, "crawly" cakes, and cider. Of the first we have seen but little, we say nought of the second, but of the last,—oh, crackey! Talk of your wines, your brandy, your gin-cocktails, what are these compared to a glass of cider!—"Phancy" to yourselves, gentle reader, the editor of the **PHYSIOG**, sitting in his own cosy arm chair, before a huge fire-place, with a cord of wood in a blaze, with a glass of cider in one hand, and a piece of "crawly cake" in the other almost as large as himself, with two bright eyes watching his every movement, anticipating his every wish, and you have a picture of our idea of spending Christmas in fine old style.

Our readers must not suppose that we are married, for all that. We love to enjoy ourselves, and do so hugely, when we are free of care, which is very often. Mrs. **PHYSIOG**, expectant, wishes you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, in which we cordially join.

A WORD TO THE POLICE.—We will pass by the slight they put on our reporter, in refusing him a place on the stand at the nomination. If we are under the necessity of putting your portraits in the **Physiog**, it will not be very flattering, and still adhere to facts.

THE NOMINATION.

[FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.]

After a great flourish of trumpets, and rattling of shillalabs, the aspirants stood before the public. "It isn't in Ireland ye are now," said a brawny Hibernian at our side, "we have all a voat hear, and will icksercise our rights. Hoorra for Magill."

The City Clerk, being rather a good looking fellow, having come forward to state the object of the meeting—as if all didn't know what they were there for—was well received. After the various nominations were made the several candidates came forward, and in the following neat and beautiful speeches thus addressed the public, as we heard it from a distance, the fuglemen on each side marking the cheers and groans.

Mr. M——I said: Gentlemen, and fellow-citizens of this our noble city of Hamilton (hear, hear), I come before you to-day, not from any pride on my own part (hear, hear), but for your good. As Chief Magistrate of Hamilton, I will see that the sword of justice (here Major Gray offers his,) shall hang with perfect safety to all,—not even touching a single hair of your head.—(Hooray.) I'm a respectable man; no one but a dastard, a renegade, or a despicable man himself despises me. [Hear, hear.] I have made my fortune amongst you. I have no fallen fortunes to build up, no energies to resuscitate. [Here some persons thinking he was getting personal, cried out, "name;" whereupon the whole crowd cried out, "more, more."] I have never been beaten in this city yet, and I never will be. It can't be done. [Cheers and hisses.] Gentlemen, gentlemen, all I ask is fair play. [Read the riot Act.] I have friends here, I know I have. If I can't speak your candidate has a poor chance. [Cheers.] I have the ladies on my side. [Cries of "Look up to the City Hall."] Gentlemen, I respect your candidate. [Here he was interrupted by some person in the stand, a man with grey hair, who should have known better. After he was expelled from the stand the speaker went on.] Gentlemen, I have done. After this able and lucid explanation of my past life, I ask your vote and interest.—[Immense cheers, which lasted several hours.]

Mr. McK——y said: I am much more capable of FILLING the Mayor's chair than my opponent. Being an old bachelor, I ask the votes of all in a like position [loud cheers]; and being also on the look out for a partner to help me bear the honors you are about to thrust upon me, [cries of "No, no,"] I ask the votes of all who have daughters. It would be very pleasant to see one of your daughters the first Lady

Mayoress elect, [far to owld for my daughters]; but added he, modestly, I am not a very handsome man, else I should have been married long ago. [Hear, hear.] In fact my glass tells me that I am growing positively ugly. ["That's so," from the crowd] I hope you don't wish to make game of me. It isn't a handsome man ye want to fill the chair, but a man with a good capacity, [cries of, "for wine,"] and a jolly red nose; one who is able to make himself at home in any company, and able to drink his doz. of Champagne at a sitting. If you are afraid of my bursting the civic chair, why, vote for my opponent, there is no danger of him doing so. [Cheers.] And now, gentlemen, leaving you to decide between the merits of the respective candidates, I will give place to Mr. M——.

On getting from the form the reporter from the "Times" stepped on his corns, and he was borne almost lifeless to the side of the shanty.

Mr. M——, in coming forward, was greeted with such a storm of hisses and groans, that it was impossible for us outsiders to hear a word he said. Cries of "Bass wood," "four dollars a cord," "Eastern Market," "Gouger," "No More," &c. greeted him at every turn. Not hearing his speech, we could not admire it; but we did admire his eloquent gestures—making a speaking trumpet of his hand, wrapping himself in his shawl, and several other monkey shines, "too numerous to mention." After the brass in his face had entirely melted away by the heat of his passion, he consented to withdraw.

Ald. D——y then came forward, and seemed a general favorite with both parties, though we think he felt ashamed of his proposer and seconder. He acquitted himself in a very creditable manner. He said,—This is a great privilege ("one dollar, one dollar,") to be allowed to elect our Chief Magistrate. Neighbors must not be by the hair in bidding against one another. (A voice—"he thinks he's selling horses now.") Either will do very well; but if I was to stand an election, they would stand no chance. (Hear, hear.) As I am unaccustomed to public speaking, (a voice, "what a —") and having a bad cold, I must decline the honor. [Cheers.]

Now comes "the tug of war." The show of hands being called for the candidates, those who should have held up their right hands held up their left, and *visa versa*. The Clerk called for a show of hands, and after a while the division was declared for Mr. M'——y. Cheers and counter cheers being given for each candidate, they shouldered them both, and bore them in triumph to their WATERING places.