

THE COMING ELECTION.

"I do beseech you, give me your sweet voices."—*Coriolanus*.

THE working of the "whole Bill" has long since ceased to excite the concern of the "unwashed,"—a majority of that class having found out another "whole Bill," to which they are doing as much honour as they did to John Russell's "whole bill" 10 years ago. In fact, the spouting now-a-days for the Charter is amazingly like, in manner, to the spouting which prefaced the "glorious magna charta" of 1232. John Legge is substituted for old John Cant (who, honest man, is now cobbling shoes in Dundee in a very quiet and patriotic manner), and Archibald M'Donald has arisen to fill the shoes of the weatherbeaten Charles Logan (who, like a good old Whig, has retreated to his heckling business, and has now as great a horror of mob-show as the Duke of Buckingham), while the venerable James Miller of Loch'e (who used to "oxter" the ladle of Whiggery, and gather up the pence at the doors when Sandy Bannerman, and Willie Philip, and David Maiden, and the mob orators of those days, used to sup pies and gravy with spoons and spout for the whole Bill), has found it a more profitable matter to attend to the making of pipes for other people, than to the stretching of his own pipe after ill-paying popularity, and has given place and power to a lot of upstart Radical babes, who have neither the jollity, nor the wisdom, nor the worth of the spouters of the olden time!

Again is an election-day approaching; but there is so little to congratulate one's-self upon in the choice of representatives, that the issue is of little importance.

FOR THE FIRST WARD

Our friend Treasurer Webster and Mr. George Thompson, jun., the late Dean, will go in—there being nobody to keep them out; so the electors can't help returning them. The old advocate meditates a hitch in the direction of the Provost's chair, we believe. Provost Webster! The title would sound in the public ear like the music which juvenile soldiers extract from a "cloored" rooster by an old poker! Treasurer he has been—and we could even submit to a Bailiesship; but Provost—never! while one stone stands above another in the walls of the Town-house, or the cock wags on the Towbeeth steeple!

For the

SECOND WARD

we have five candidates—Baillie Clark, Isaac Machray, Lauchlan M'Kinnon, John Mitchell, and George King. The first we would send to the wall, and allow him to devote his undivided "talents" to the management of his "saut howff" and his whisky-shop.—We would not have him, upon any account. He is a despiser of fast days; and he hates the popular voice in the election of pastors for the people, while he seeks the same sweet voices to send him to the Town Council! If there is wisdom enough in the multitude to make him a Bailie, there is surely as much *rum-gumption* in them as select a minister for themselves. Besides, the Bailie is a useless trunk—he cannot, or will not, speak one mouthful of sense. Were a'l his speeches since he sat in the Council put together and riddled, a man, half-dead in the asthma, could blow the left wisdom to the winds! Good electors, have none of him.

Isaac Machray seeks a Councilorship. How now, friend Isaac? This has been, we shrewdly suspect, a drunken "go." The retired tavern-keeper has been settled as a candidate by a few friendly wags over a blow-out! Give us one of his old hostlers rather. Faugh! hear him not, electors.

Lauchlan M'Kinnon comes next.—O yes, send Lauchy! Let us by all means have the young man. He is fit for nothing else, therefore, make a Town Councilor of him. Give us a City-wisdom of old lawyers and their desk-boys—let us have plenty of *law*, and we will not be troubled with much *justice*. Fye, Mr. Lauchlan M'Kinnon! Mind your work—be a good lad—and do your respectable old father's bidding. By the by, "Does your mother know *you're out*?"

Then we have John Mitchell and George King. These gentlemen we should sooner have than any of the others—the more so, because that apostate, the *Herald*, has tried to damp their success, though they are strongly wedded to his party. In fact, they are the very men put forward by his own Association. Rat him! he is an addle-headed man that Adam—he is hanging his certificates to Bailie Clark's tail, but the Bailie should shake him off, if he be a friend to himself. Does the Editor remember the rhyme which speaks of

"The worthless Scot.

Who sold his conscience for a groat!"

THE THIRD WARD

will put in David Chalmers and Captain Fordyce. Mr. John M'Pherson has spoken out as a candidate, but we believe he does not think of success. He is far superior in integrity to the wily Journalist; and we believe him, though unpolished, to be a shrewd, sensible man. He might have shaken the Bailie's majority considerably had he come out sooner.

Prophecy is anticipated by certainty in all but the second ward. There is something like wheels within wheels in the contest for this ward. Liberals they all are, excepting, upon the *Herald's* data, Isaac Machray, who is nothing at all, a capital qualification for a representative, certainly. Although we should lament the return in the first instance, yet we think Bailie Clark and John Mitchell are the likely men. The Bailie has his own and the Provost's influence, and Mr. Mitchell has *pledges*, at least, which should secure his return. Isaac Machray is put forward to keep out the latter, no doubt; and he will make a good many votes by private *boring*. It is quite probable that Lauchlan M'Kinnon may be a reserve, either for Bailie Clark or Machray, and that he may withdraw, and throw his influence, and, if possible, his votes, into either scale, as the case may be, to carry these gentlemen. Nevertheless, we think we are right in ourestimate, and that Clark and Mitchell will be the men. It is difficult to divine, however, in these degenerate days, for principle is no more paramount now in an election than it is in the fulfilment of the duties of representatives. We shall have occasion to speak of the issue of the election in our Supplementary Number.