

The Municipal Election.

The election on Saturday resulted in the return of Dr Trimble for Mayor over Mr Macdonald by a majority of 99 ; and that of Messrs Jefferies and Crump over Mr Hebbard, as Councillors for Johnson street Ward. The voting was viva voce. The number of votes polled for Mayor was 315. Had the contest been sharp, perhaps 100 votes more would have been recorded. The number of rate-payers exceeds 800. The Chinese vote numbered 28. The white foreign vote, as near as can be ascertained, was 145, leaving 142 votes deposited by British subjects. The foreign vote was, undoubtedly, illegally cast; but the seat will not, we hope, be contested on that account. The election, so far as the Chinese vote was concerned, proved a great farce. The John's were generally led up by a stalwart white elector. The polling clerk would ask, "Who do you vote for, John?" Some answered "Pimble," others "The Doctah," and some merely voted for "The Doc." Some fellows would mutter a

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name utterly incomprehensible to the white men standing about. The supporters of each candidate bawled out the name of their favorite, and the Chinamen would manage to stammer out something that sounded like one or the other name, when down would go a "square" Trimble or Macdonald vote. In one instance, Mr Chinaman could not tell for the life of him who he wanted to vote for. In vain the names of both candidates were thundered into his ear; John stood like an idiot, shaking his head and grinning horribly at the scene before him. At last the doctor hit upon an experiment. Placing himself in full view before the free and independent elector, he put the usual question, "Who do you vote for, John?" A sudden gleam of intelligence lighted up the previously opaque countenance of the intelligent Celestial, and pointing his long, skinny index finger at the burly figure before him, he splattered out, "ho, ho," ["him, him,"] and down went another vote for Trimble. Some of the Celestials voted through an interpreter; but the majority preferred to do their own talking and made a "mess" of it in consequence.

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In Johnson street Ward, some very amusing scenes occurred. We have only space for one. A Chinaman was conducted to the table and asked by the polling clerk, who had evidently been taking lessons in Chinese, "Who you votes for, John?" "One dollar hap one dozen," replied John, with his mouth agape and both eyes open for business. "What!" exclaimed the astonished clerk "Washee!" bawled John, "one dollar hap, one dozen?" The roar of laughter that followed shook the building, and it was some time before order could be restored and John brought to understand the difference between exercising the right of franchise and washing foul linen, when he voted for "Clump (Crump) and Jeppy" (Jeffries.) The greatest good humor was observed throughout the day by all parties. At the close of the poll the late contestants were called out, and after a few appropriate remarks, were favored with rounds of cheers. The result of the election was as follows:

FOR MAYOR.	
Trimble.....	207
Macdonald	108
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Trimble's Majority	99
JOHNSON STREET WARD.	
Crump	108
Jeffries	100
Hubbard	26

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