

## Intercepted Letters.

LETTER 1ST.

From T—s D—y M—G—e to Father B—y—e.

Dear Fathor, I hope you'll forgive this intrusion,  
Untimely on your penitential seclusion,  
But I feel so delighted I cannot forego,  
The immediate pleasure of letting you know,  
The striking successes that daily I meet,  
In bringing this dreadful G—e B—n at our feet.  
I knew I could make the rude rascal behave,  
But, before I go further, your blessings I crave;  
Your Rev'rence, no doubt, not a little will wonder,  
How I managed to make him so quickly knock under.  
To write it just now, would not show my discretion,  
So I'll tell you, the next time I go to confession;  
But I clapp'd on so tightly our Catholic screws,  
That I bought him entirely, coat, pants, hat and shoes;  
I never, indeed, saw a person so willing  
To swallow his nostrums, and grab at the shilling;  
I thought you and I loved mammon to follow,  
But he, I declare, beats both of us hollow.  
I hardly know where I could find such another,  
For to better himself he would sell his own brother.  
Your Rev'rence can now sleep with peace in your bed,  
Since this Protestant champion, our terror and dread,  
Is silenced completely from casting reflections  
On our mother Church, and her Popish connexions.  
I think you'll allow that my plan was the safest,  
To make him in all but the name, a real papist.  
His favorite hobby, the Protestant horse,  
Broken-winded and lame, has forsaken the course,  
To your pious horror, he once over-rode  
Like a merciless savage, our brethren roughshod.  
And the height of his joy was to spread devastation  
O'er us the poor objects of his detestation;  
But to mount him again, I don't think he will try,  
For they each other keep wonderful shy,  
Besides he's so tame since I managed to fit  
In his Protestant mouth, a Popish curb bit,  
And with having the rider tight under my thumb,  
He'll trouble us little for some time to come.  
Don't you think I've done well for a youthful beginner,  
To bind hand and foot this heretical sinner.  
I'll venture to say that before the next session  
Of Parliament sits, he'll be down to confession.  
And Catholic-like without murmurs or complaints,  
He'll kneel to the crucifix, Virgin and saints.  
However, I now must come to a conclusion,  
And crave your indulgence for this long intusion—  
Permit me to-morrow to call on your grace  
About three o'clock, at your own dwelling-place.

Till then—*au revoir*,

T—s D—y M—G—e.

LETTER 2ND.

FROM G—e B—n TO T—s D—y M—G—e.

(Now for the first time brought to light and reduced to  
to Rhyme by the finder.)

—st, A'gst, 185—.

Friend D'Arcy, I hasten to tell you the news,  
John A. is just out, and I've stept in his shoes.  
Sir Edmund's a brick—he sent for me to-day,  
My Ministry's formed, and we all are O.K.  
Our plans for the future are all cut and dried,  
And Dr—D.D.'s bamboozled to work on our side;  
I thought I would find him a hard nut to crack,  
For he always has been such a stubborn young hack?  
Those hard names he called me in sessions gone by,  
Made me doubtful if he were a man I could buy.  
But bless you its strange how the magical sounds  
When breathed in your ear, of a few thousand pounds,  
Brings a man to his senses when self is his aim,  
And the chances for pickings are good in the game;  
I tipp'd him a wink, and how could he refuse,  
When a million I pledged for seigniorial dues;  
He looked rather shy, but says I its a fac'  
If you doubt it I'll give it in white and in black,  
That last was a poser he could not withstand,—  
"You're a trump, George," says he, "give us hold of  
your hand,  
"I always had thought you a tough, crooked stick,  
"And never till now knew you were such a brick."  
However, I've got him as tight as a trivet,  
He's nailed to our craft with that one million rivet.  
Besides, I have listed as one of our crew  
No other than jolly old sleepy L—m—x,

I thought he would make such a capital rap,  
If bainted profusely with lots of our pag  
To catch any *moutons* who might make so bold  
As to stray from their late ministerial fold;—  
To buy them, you know, would be reckoned no oddity,  
They always have been a commercial commodity;  
Iaded the poor wretches are not over nice,  
And like you and I they have all got their price.  
But now that I'm in, with things looking so slick,  
I'll send "Representation" at once to old Nick,  
The Separate Schools we'll lay upon the shelf  
Until our arrangements for pocketing pelf,  
And filling our wallets with every fraction,  
And settled entirely to our satisfaction;  
We'll bring them out after when this we have done,  
For the present our motto must be "No. 1."  
I'll humbug the Orange a little while longer,  
Until our new faction has grown somewhat stronger,  
For between you and me I must not be too quick,  
Or hasty in giving these rascals the kick;  
I have a great knack, as the story now goes,  
Of leading those asses along by the nose,  
And whilst I can use them for a purpose or two,  
To send them adrift just at present won't do—  
But for fear of intruding, I must put an end,  
To this letter that I have thus hastily penned.  
The weather up this way looks charmingly fair—  
Please give my respects to good Father Bruyere,  
I must call and see him when next I go down,  
So good-bye for the present, Yours, &c.,

G—e B—n.

LETTER 3RD.

FROM D—c—y M—G—e TO G—e B—n.

—nd, A'gst., 185—.

You're *last* of the 1st, dearest Geordie, my buck,  
Is to hand, and I'm happy to hear of your luck,  
I hope you'll excuse the bold pardon I take,  
But, "George," I call you for friendship's own sake,  
E'en though you are premier, I cannot forget  
The caucus on Church street, the first place we met,  
To practice the art of cabinet making,  
For which you and I have a natural taking.  
We then were so jolly, so jovial and free,  
Don't you mind how you styled me, your "darling  
M—G—e."

But now you are in, and Macdonald is out,  
So cautious to work, and mind what you're about,  
For Mac is a Tartar, not easily caught,  
And might manage to sell where you think you have  
bought;

For your former mad pranks you must now make amends  
By having an eye to my catholic friends.

To begin I think the least thing you can do  
Is to send on at once a stray thousand or two,  
The receipts are so small from forgiving of sin,  
That our priests stand in need of some Protestant tin;  
Besides it will prove to us all the sincerity

Of your future regard for our church's prosperity.  
The next thing's myself and my humble petition,

You know what I mean—that Irish Commission—  
The schools and the people may both go to blazes,

For aught that I care all I want is the wages;  
We'll manage to humbug, and both cut a dash,

But at present I'm badly in want of some cash;  
So I don't care how soon you send to me here

The papers that bring me a thousand a year,  
To tell you the truth, though I dread going back

To the land that so recently gave me the sack,  
But you know what a stunner I am at the blarney,

So I'll make it all right with Pat, Mick and Barney.  
Excuse this rough letter—I write in a hurry,

Like myself, I dare say you are all in a flurry;  
Bruyere's at this moment a sinner confessing,

But the sisters and brethren send you their blessing,  
With your time I suppose, I must not make too free,

So believe me, yours, faithfully,  
D—c—y M—G—e.

To the Hon. G—e B—n.

## Appointments to Office.

His Excellency the Governor General has  
been pleased to appoint the Honourable H. H.  
Killally porter of lager beer on vice-regal  
fishing excursions.

## Doctors Differ.

It is an old but cant saying, that "opposition  
is the life of trade." It is equally true  
when the trade is that of killing, and the op-  
ponents are root or herb doctors. True, the  
apothegm requires a little alteration to suit it  
to its altered circumstances. This we propose  
to make. Let it be "Opposition is the life of  
the death trade." An opponent of the re-  
nowned Dr. Humbuggery has turned up in the  
shape of "a German doctor." He, too, of  
course is "celebrated;" for all German doctors  
are celebrated. Being a "German doctor," of  
course like all other Germans he comes from  
"the State of Ohio." He is a true philanthrop-  
ist, for in the exuberance of good Samaritan-  
ism he announces that "invalids and their  
friends may consult him free." A straw-  
splitting old foggy may construe this to mean  
that invalids and their friends are free to con-  
sult the doctor, who will then take the free-  
dom of charging them pretty well for his  
trouble. But this would be a malicious libel  
upon his benevolence. The meaning is, and  
we desire men of understanding to note it,  
that consultations are free, but drugs, the  
sure sequiturs of consultations, are charged  
so as to include enough to cover consultations.  
This will be of course purely accidental, and  
a further manifestation of real benevolence.  
The doctor in his consultation gives sound  
advice. He certiorates the long-eared million  
that "all diseases are curable, but all stages  
are not; therefore delays are danger-  
ous." We endorse this advice. We  
remember an old stage of our old friend  
Weller that was so incurably rickety, that we  
never entered it without being delayed in our  
journey, and never took a journey in it that  
was not dangerous.

P.S. Dr. Humbuggery, to whom we sub-  
mitted the foregoing, dissents. He says a  
rickety stage is not incurable; for as a rickety  
stage must be affected with rickets, (rachitis,)  
his treatment would be hygienic,—pure air, a  
healthy situation, nourishing diet, exercise,  
tonics, &c., would afford a certain cure.

P.S., *bis*. As it is only right, proper, and  
natural for doctors to differ, the *Poker* declines  
to insert any correspondence from the learned  
gentlemen in support of their respective  
dogmas. In the opinion of the *Poker*, preven-  
tion is better than cure; and to this opinion  
he intends to stick, though liable, therefore, to  
be called a stickler, stick in the mud, &c.

## The Mayoralty.

Lines composed "extempore" by Mayer  
Boulton on hearing the result of the Con-  
vention last week:—

My reign is o'er! what a graceless feat!  
They've snubbed me 'neath my nose;  
They'll ne'er restore my Mayor's nest,  
They'd rather vote for Bowles!

My yearly hundreds from my hold  
Escape, Wilson's paws to fill;  
They might have voted as of old,  
And kept me Mayor still!

GABACTACUS.