

A BRIBE OR A NEW YEAR'S GIFT?

The following letter came to hand, marked "Private and Confidential," but as it treats upon matters civic, and that of an astounding quality, we came to the conclusion of giving it publicity.—The initials, "C. M." we conjecture to mean plain Charles Magill, and under that assumption we think we will be fully justified by our readers in its exposure. We are too well known in the community to be thought a party capable of doing any dirty work for Charlie. If he is in such straits as his letter intimates, we would advise him seriously to give up the contest, even at the eleventh hour. At any rate, he need not look for either encouragement or sympathy in the *Chronicles* :—

HAMILTON, Dec., 27, 1858.

DEAR TERRY:

At the close of a year, when all by-gones should be by-gones, and a fresh start taken, or a new leaf turned at the commencement of a fresh one, I wish to be the first to make advances, in expectation that I will be met in a similar spirit. You will better appreciate me when I say, that for the future I wish all personal animosity to be laid aside, all malicious feelings wantonly engendered, forgotten, and then I have no doubt, with a proper understanding between us, which such a state of things would naturally encourage, we could do much to further each other's social and political purposes.

Having briefly given you my views in addressing you at present, I must be excused if I inadvertently a little upon what I may call your estrangement towards myself personally. It is well known to our fellow citizens that we are old acquaintances, and that we have often gone to many summer picnics, and in winter, oyster suppers. During, as I say, a very lengthened period, we have been free with each other in sentiment, purse and politics; eye, even religion. Why is it, then, that you have lately taken it into your head to do me a manifest injury, by propagating, through some little paper that bears your name and authority, every species of ridicule and annoyance? Coming from any other quarter, I might have felt inclined to take high-handed measures, and continued to make the originator of such maliciousness pay dear for his whistle. As it is, although hard to bear, I must keep quiet, for I tread upon delicate ground,—ground so pulverised by your press, that if not cautious, I may be smothered by my very footsteps.

I have great reason, therefore, to believe, that you encourage in your paper, the enunciation of circumstances ruinous to my success and popularity, both as a man in business and mayhap in whatever official capacity I may attain. You should know me better than all this comes to, and I am troubled to think that you are lending a willing ear or pen to the defamation of an old enemy. Nobody, dear Terry, I thought more likely to take my part in this city than yourself. I must be either mistaken or deceived in you—I hope not the latter,—at least, I would fain not think so.

Having thus relieved my mind of the more immediate reasons for addressing you, I will next be more intimately candid with matters wherein we should be personally interested.

I cannot, I assure you, stop short of gaining the civic chair—this must be secured. I have left no stone unturned thus far to propitiate doubtful voters. In personally canvassing the different wards, I have done all that mortal man could do. I have met with some little encouragement certainly, yet not sufficiently flattering to make me particularly sanguine of success. An amusing incident happened to me last week, which I shall here give you, being one among many similar that I have experienced lately in my canvass. In going through a section of the eastern part of the city I called upon a certain family and

made enquiries if I could see Mr. — the occupant. I was told by the Mistress that he was not at home, and she requested me to say what I wanted with him so that she would acquaint him when he came home. I therefore gave her one of my electioneering tickets, saying at the same time that I would call again, and hoped he would vote according to the tenor of the card. She took the card, and after scanning it for a moment, cried out "Kitty, bring me the boiling water!" I understood what this meant, and made use of a rather hasty "good morning."

Somewhat doubtful, therefore, of carrying the day, I would be glad to have your co-operation. Your extensive influence brought to bear upon my interest would unquestionably turn the scale, and show me up triumphantly. You require to have a certain local interest yourself, and who would be better able or more willing to second your wishes than myself? It seems to me that we might be mutually benefitted, and, by adopting or siding with me in my views, something handsome may be made out of the year 1859.

Trusting that you will give the subject, in all its bearings, your particular consideration and entire acquiescence, I remain your old and very worthy friend. C. M.

THE "SECOND HORSE."

Well, the gentlemen have "made their game," and played the first horse, which has been won in fine style by McKinstry and his confreres. Magill, who has become more cautious since the commencement of the second horse, (which will, if gained by Paddy, be a Mayor) keeps his hand under the table, or in his brother Edward's hat, but Branigan's *Chronicles*, like

"A thousand lamps at one lone altar lighted, Turning the night of error into day,"

has discovered the only trump card in Charley's hand to be all knaves; while Paddy has a fist full of illegant kings and queens, a few diamonds, plenty of real true hearts, and a small sprinkling of clubs, backed up by the five fingers.

With such a hand in such hands, who can fail to anticipate the result as a glorious victory for the McKinstry party. That notorious son of *Æculæpia*, Dr. Tumblety, who carries as much brass in his face, as would make the Dodger a new helmet; he has, we learn, hung out his shingle in town, and received the appointment of surgeon to the Magill clique. Judging from the Dr's great skill and liberality, as evinced in his address, a portion of which reads:

"Advice given gratis, from ten until four, Teeth also extracted (for nothing, if poor). Prescriptions prepared with care and ability. And patients attended with skill and civility. Tonics, narcotics, and anti-splenetics, Anti-spasmodics, carotics, emetics, With cures for blue devils, by a clever pathologist."

And broken bumps mended by a first-chop phrenologist.

We need apprehend very little in the way of lasting remembrances of the first mayoralty election under the new law. To the wisdom and foresight of Mr. Edward Magill, who is one of the peace party, our citizens are deeply indebted for the excellent arrangements he has made for the preservation of public order, without having recourse to the riot act. He is to be master of ceremonies during the polling days, and will occupy a position on the market pump—shouting, "Go it, Charley, and I'll hold your hat!"

THE MAYORALTY.

SECOND NIGHT OF PERFORMANCE.

Dramatis Personæ.

CHARLES MAGILLIMUS, MAJOR DODGER, and FREELOVE MILLER-ITZ.

[MAGILLIMUS and DODGER seated in the Sanctum Sanctorum.]

MAGILLIMUS.

Well, Tom: What news to-night? What think'st thou?

Are prospects any better for me now Than when we met at morn of yesterday, And with good gin drove tyrant care away? Let's hear it now; leave me not in suspense, For fears are great and agony intense; And then would I from my good friends so dear,

Hear words of encouragement and good cheer.

DODGER.

Most noble Mayor—the mare that is to be— List for a moment, for I've news for thee; 'Tis of the meeting which was held last night, To which my "Friday" went to "spy" and write—

But here he comes, the self-conceited Greek. Enter MILLER-ITZ.

What of the meeting, Friday? Quickly speak. For night walks on with swift and solemn tread,

And I must hasten to my marriage bed!

MILLER-ITZ.

Most noble Master! and MAGILLIMUS the great!

I went unto the meeting, but, being late, Gained no admission, and was forced to lurk Outside the window like a trench'rous Turk; And though my long ears were ajar, no word Which fell from their good lips by me was heard!

This my report—I've nothing more to say— "I scented the morning air," and must away.

DODGER.

Thou idiot! fool! a pretty servant thou! More fit for valet to some sickly cow, Or porter to a market apple-wench, Than follower of Canadian press or hench! When first you came to me—a vagrant thou— With sullen look, and dissipated brow, And sunken eye, and grim and dirty face— A fitting portrait of the assine race— I took thee in a pupil in my school; But you have proved a self-important fool;— And when you walk the street you look so dull,

The people stare aghast at your thick skull, And swear 'tis twynip, that's'd with skin of cat, And that no power can tell how thick is that! Begone! nor come again on no pret'nce, Till you have bought a modicum of sense.

Go, mallet-head! and when your ears are long, you'll pass

Among the people for a short-horned ass! You've every requisite but ears! Begone!

I say, And stand upon the Market Square, and bray, and bray;

And visitors will wonder as they pass, To see a miller turned into an ass!

MILLER-ITZ.

And has it come to this! alas! that I Should leave the saw-horse for the Dodger's "spy."

I'm thrown adrift with nought to pay my board

At the Exchange Saloon, and can't afford To have a toddy-sprece on Christmas Day— I'll go and cast myself into the Bay!

[Rushes frantically from the room.]

DODGER.

Charlie, my boy, I earnestly believe That we can win, and our lost cause retrieve. St. Patriok's Ward is now our only hope— To h—ll with Orange, and extoll the Popel

Tell them your parent was a Catholic, And nobly handled the shillelah stick. This tale was my salvation when I ran, Some years ago, for city Alderman!

MAGILLIMUS.

Well thought of, Tom; and by the heathen gods, I'll beat McKinstry spite of all the odds;