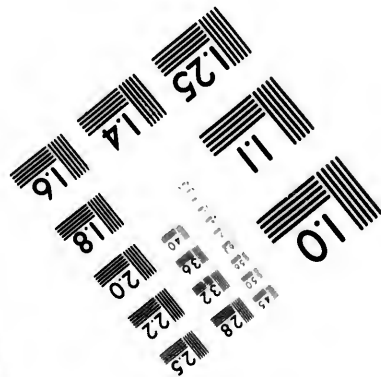
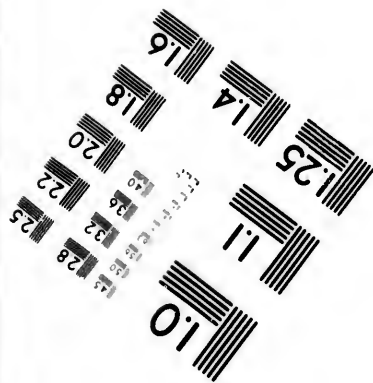
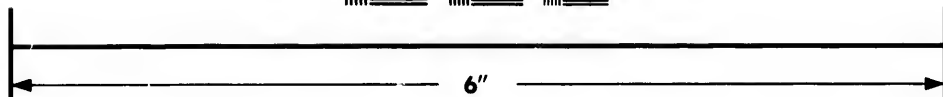
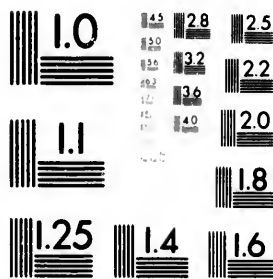


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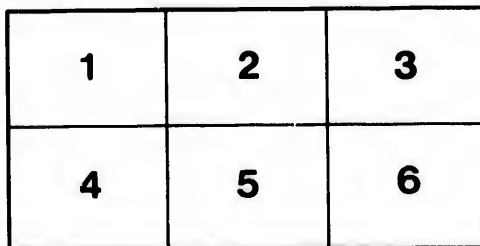
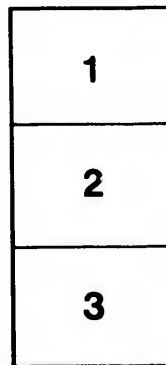
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— OF —

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN

CARLTON

— AND —

THE CLIQUE.

— ALSO —

THE BATTLE OF EPHEBUS

AN EPIC,

AFTER

CAMPBELL.

PRICE 10 CENTS.



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THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN

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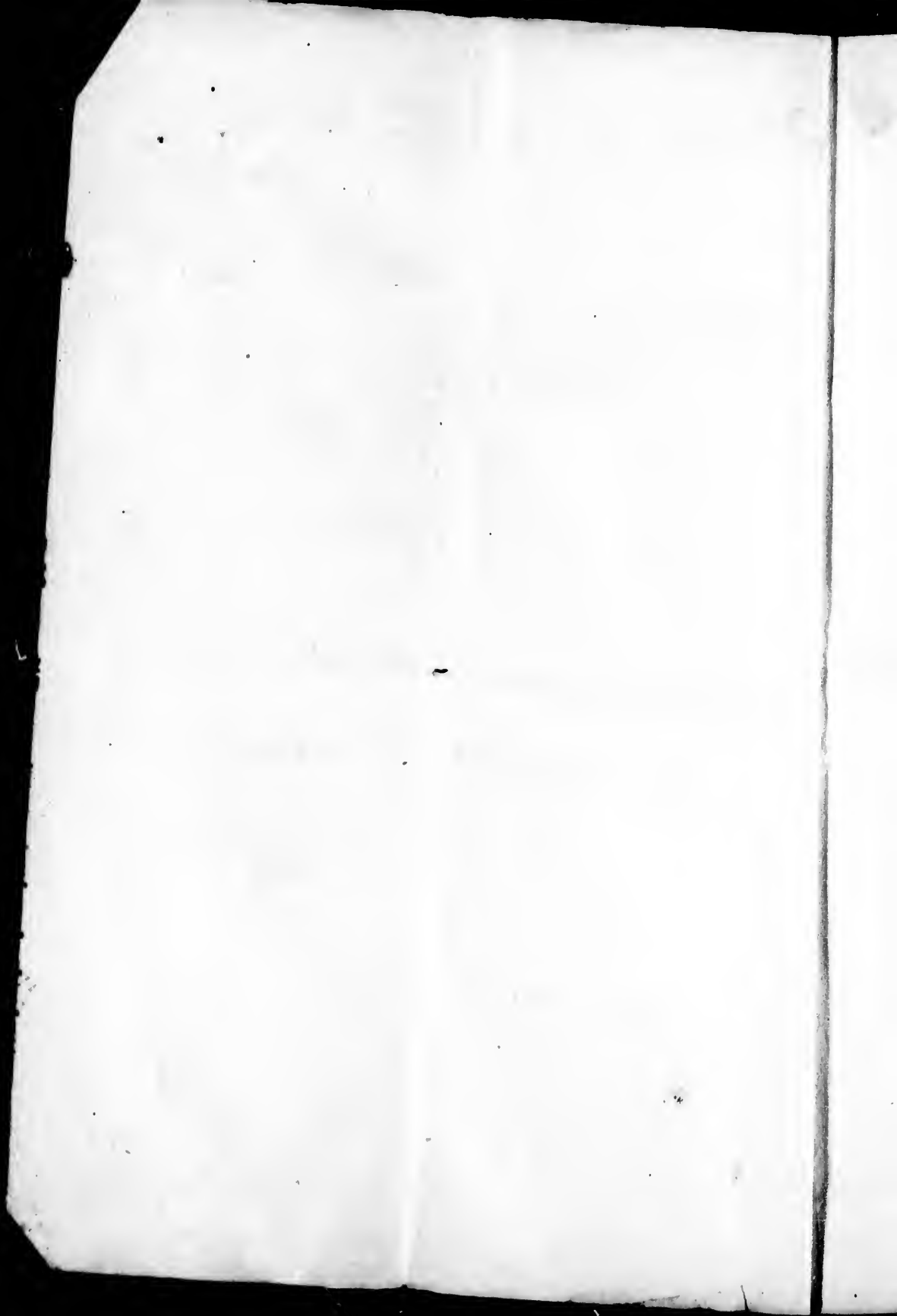
THE BATTLE OF EPHESUS

AN EPIC,

— AFTER —

CAMPBELL.

PRICE 10 CENTS.



A wild Boar standing by a tree
Whetted his tusks right carefully.
Just then a neighbor Fox drew near,
And said : " What's this you're doing here ?
Nor hunter fierce nor hound I see :
Pray then what can your motive be ? "
" Quite true, my friend," the Boar replies :
But if the danger should arise,
To whet my tools were then too late :
I'll have them sharp at any rate."

And thus a friend says unto me :
" Don't publish that until we see
What turn affairs will take—till when
You're ready to come out again."
Now though this seems quite orthodox,
I'm with the Boar and not the Fox.
For when the CLIQUE their swords unsheath
'Twill be too late to whet the teeth.

S. McSLOGAN.

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ELECTORS OF CARLETON.

GENTLEMEN,

Were the battle really over, I should not trouble you with any further reference to the late contest. But it is not. As I ventured to foretel on the hustings, nobody supposes that SIR JOHN MACDONALD will sit for Carleton. The CLIQUE knew this when they induced him to become a Candidate; and when soliciting your votes in his behalf. Thanks to this same CLIQUE, you have no Representative to-day. "No man can serve two masters." The House must meet; a Speaker be appointed; SIR JOHN resign; a Writ be issued; much time elapse; an Election be held, before you have a voice in the councils of the land. In a word, some of the most important legislation of the session may be begun, continued, and ended,—you gazing mute, voiceless, voteless! For which inglorious attitude you have to thank,—not JOHN MAY and his friends,—but the CLEMOW-POWELL CLIQUE.

I cannot but sympathize with and admire the spirit in which so many of you supported the Great Chief of our Party; but you will pardon me for surmising that not a few were misinformed, and so misled. Will you therefore allow me to give you a brief *resumé* of facts? I owe it to you and to myself that my position in the late contest should be clearly understood.

In 1878 I was defeated by a small majority: but, I NEVER LEFT THE FIELD. Repeatedly asked whether I should run again. I always answered "YES." During four years' constant contact with the people, my "YESSES" must have been somewhat multitudinous. The fact that I was still in the field, thus pledging myself, was well-known. In many instances, the question was so put to me that I was obliged to give a decided, positive, irrevocable, binding answer: and I did. To a member of the CLIQUE, as their conduct compels us to infer, a pledge of this nature, unless given by SIR JOHN MACDONALD, means nothing: with me it is an OATH.

Time rolls on. Parliament is prorogued. The murmur of the coming conflict begins to be heard, drawing nearer and nearer. I began to buckle on my armour, and make ready for the fray. I fondly thought that the battle would be left between MR. ROCHESTER and myself, as many people still think it ought to have been. To my surprise and disappointment, DR. CHURCH, who supported me in 1878, (although he now tells the people that I am a GRIT, and that *he then knew I was a GRIT!*) privately informed me of *his* intended candidature, and demanded my support. I told him that I expected *his*. He says he retired for me in 1878. Did he? Was he a candidate in 1878? He says I

promised to leave the course clear for him in 1882. I NEVER DID. I challenge proof. On the contrary, a very short period after my defeat, in a room in Richmond, DR. CHURCH being present, I declared in the ears of many witnesses still living, that I would not give up, but would run again next time. DR. CHURCH heard me.

I have devoted much space to this gentleman, because his conduct gave the final turn to the whole election. A slight canvass of the county having convinced even him of his utter weakness; and, being foiled and frustrated by "MAY's" perversity; he, "in his rage and fury," swore that that *infelix* individual "must be squelched!" Here is the key note of the late anomalous contest—"MAY MUST BE SQUELCHED!" Well aware how hopeless a task this squelching would prove without the swinging of a ponderous SLEDGE HAMMER, he called in the RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JOHN MACDONALD, K. C. M. G., first Minister of the Crown. The issue shewed his wisdom in bringing the strongest man in Canada to "squelch" a poor backwoods *unknown!* The willing CLIQUE, already in a state of tremulous agitation, fell in at once. ROCHESTER, whose canvass of the electorate had quenched in his bosom all certainty, if not all hope, of re-election, joined the ranks of the conspirators. A deputation was despatched to SIR JOHN to ask him to run.

Urgently pressed, he consented; on the understanding that *all the other Conservative Candidates should first leave the field.* All did, except myself. I COULD not without treading my honour under foot: I WOULD not to gratify the CLIQUE.

Their calculations went all "agley." Thus they reasoned:— "We have him now! For MAY to presume to stand in SIR JOHN's way would be sheer madness: for him to retire, after all his pledges, were sure social, moral, and political suicide. In either case he is done. We'll elect SIR JOHN who won't sit. MAY dead, the game is in our hands!" I preferred madness to suicide. I may be *mud*; but I am not *dead*.

I went on holding meetings, at every one of which I renewed my pledges to the people; and *I have kept them, every one.* I was first in the field. With the approval of my supporters, I *might*, at a very early period, have made way for SIR JOHN, were he really in danger in Lennox, as they hypocritically pretended; and had *he* asked me. This I would have done, if I did it at all, without fee or reward, on SIR JOHN's solicitation: NEVER, even for him, at the instigation of this odious RING, let the BAIT be what it would! Moreover, I publicly, and in writing, pledged myself to surrender the seat to SIR JOHN with the consent of my supporters, after election, should he be defeated in Lennox. What more could I do?

NOMINATION DAY—the memorable THIRTEENTH of June—arrived. Twelve o'clock, noon. MR. BRONSON, Reformer, was the first nominated: an hour or so later, MAY, Conservative: later

still, SIR JOHN. The conspirators now deny the truth of this order; but I am certain it is correct. I *know* that when I handed in my Nomination papers I was convinced that only MR. BRUNSON had been nominated: I am still so convinced. The order of the names on the ballot paper is merely alphabetical. Can it be credited? These champions of the Party: those jealous guardians of SIR JOHN'S honour; these keepers of his conscience, nominate the Conservative CHIEF against as good a Conservative as himself, and in the very teeth of his command! Thenceforward MAY was a *Mule*, because he declined to move off, but still kicked against the CLIQUE. Well; whether he is a mule or not, he understands and values at least one mulish characteristic—the faculty of *standing stock still to the end*, despite such a storm of stones, gads, and handspikes as never before descended on Man or Mule. The hands of his belabourers hang weary by their sides: the *Mule* stands there still—*nothing the worse*.

That same evening a deputation consisting of JOHN DAWSON, Esq., of Bell's Corners, and W. V. BEAMAN, Esq., of North Gower, and bearing a petition signed on the spot by nearly three hundred leading conservatives asking SIR JOHN MACDONALD to retire from the contest, was despatched in quest of that gentleman. They found him at Napanee. They laid their errand before him. He was surprised—sorry. MAY was “a good man”—had “no objection to him:” but “too late now to retire with honour. Had it been the 13th instead of the 14th, might have managed it, &c.” And so, the Deputation returned; and the anomalous conflict went on: SIR JOHN and I, pitted one against the other, through no fault of either, *in direct favour of the Reformer's chances*,—and all this brought about by the local Tory Generals! I confess my heart quailed a little; but retreat was out of the question. Whether my vote should now be *three* or *three thousand* made no difference. One path there was, and I took it.

Time and Canvas would fail me to paint the scenes of the next seven days. My meetings were, like that on Nomination Day, very gratifying to me. I was welcomed every where: received with open arms by multitudes of solid electors,—not *hissed*, or *groaned*, or *PELTED*. Every body said my election was sure. Even MR. MORGROVE, who attended most of my meetings as SIR JOHN'S representative, returned to town exclaiming in despair: “May is as good as elected!” Many a *Cliquish* head drooped on a despairing bosom on that BLACK SATURDAY. Dismal visages enclosed speechless tongues for the most part: for the occasional garrulous exception, his “spirits” had been *bottled* up, and so mechanically preserved long ago! Signal triumph of ART! which can *distil* into the despondent human breast a jubilant CHEMICAL Hope!

Sunday dawned. The CONCLAVE had met. The *fat* went forth. The highways and byways of CARLETON rang and rattled and roared as men were on their knees in God's holy fanes! Not a horse, not a MULE, not a wheel was left in Ottawa. Twenty

dollars for a horse was laughed at! The eye of day was darkened with the dust! Night was made hideous with the unhallowed commotion! On Monday the shadows had vanished from the oblong visages of the CLIQUE, giving place to dashes of hopeful radiance and more placid *rumination*. Their hands ceased to droop. Speech returned to them. *Tobacco juice went up*. There was to be "a QUID *pro quo*."

Alas for ballot boxes and Election Laws! Alas for human frailty! On that mysterious MONDAY, so ominously silent after the "hurrahs" of a week, and the unhallowed din of the Sabbath, *the wind swung round! VENNOR was bribed! Boreas*, who for a month had chilled and *bored* the CLIQUE, retired to his Caves, and the South Wind blew. *Then it rained solid sovereigns*.

Tuesday came, and I was not elected. I get Credit for SIX HUNDRED AND TWENTY NINE votes. Whose votes are these? and whence came they? EVERY ONE OF THEM IS CONSERVATIVE, (not "*half-Grit*" as Mr. William Kidd has described them). MR. BRONSON took every Reform vote in Carleton, and more too. Six Hundred and twenty nine conservative votes, in Canada's Strongest Conservative County, given by none but Carleton's Staunchest Conservative men away from Canada's greatest Statesman, the illustrious Head of the great Conservative Party, at a Critical juncture, when on the very pinnacle of his fame popularity and glory,—given to a poor obscure man like myself, whose very existence the CLIQUE had long striven in vain to ignore,—THE SPECTACLE HAS A MEANING IN IT.

And these votes, whence came they, and how? From men immovable as the rock, through fire and water,—"through great tribulation!" Pure gold are these, tried in the fire; and they make me richer than my "SQUELCHERS!" Did a single one of them reach the ballot-box save through the fires of temptation? Eternal honour to their names!

"Cannon to right of them

Cannon to left of them

Cannon in front of them

Volley'd and thundered!"

"Oh! the wild charge they made!"

"Boldly they rode and well!"

"All the world wondered!"

Following my humble lead, they gallantly dashed through the serried ranks of the foe, like that other SIX HUNDRED!—not to victory, shall I say? *Not to victory*. And is it then defeat? Was it defeat when that immortal "LIGHT BRIGADE" rode into the "jaws of Death," the jaws of a monstrous, all-devouring Russian force? Who shall dare say that it was? Light Brigade against the hosts of the Czar indeed! What was that spectacle to this?

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No difficult task would it be to paint a picture of the terrific forces arrayed against me. I forbear. Suffice it to say that history furnishes no other instance of such a Contest. Imagine the Great Powers of Europe combined to "Squelch," say little Denmark; and you will catch a glimpse of the situation. Search the annals of the centuries; ransack the archives of the nations; catechise the records of the political world in ancient or modern times; and, I'll venture to predict that a parallel to this contest you will utterly fail to find! A poor, obscure, unknown man confronting the giants of the land,—the social, political, financial, nay, also the *diabolical* forces of the Dominion,—and coming out of battle *alive!*—yes *ALIVE!*—and stronger than he went into it, ready and eager for a recurrence of the fray!—such a spectacle, I say, has no parallel in this Country or any other! *Vivat Mulus!*

On the 29th day of June a Grand *Pic-Nic* was held at Bell's Corners in honor of SIR JOHN MACDONALD, and to celebrate the Conservative victory of the 20th. I was not invited. The affair was *really* intended for another purpose; and was the work of the Ottawa Conspirators; although many sound Carleton men lent a helping hand in honouring the chieftain. I should have been only too glad to do the same, even in company with the Clique; but they deemed it best to fence me off. However, at the request of my friends, and as a Conservative, I decided to attend, even on the outskirts of the crowd. I did so. I was not noticed, platformed, champagned, or programmed. The man whom 629 Staunch Carleton Conservatives had just shewn their delight in honouring, had no place at a (supposed) Carleton Conservative gathering. Please take a note of this, 629.

The speeches over, my name was loudly called by the people. This was the signal for the BAND which had been stationed hard by, to strike up—not the National Anthem—but some noisy tune, in order to drown my voice. Not being *pledged* to speak, I *retired*. Seldom has a higher compliment been unwittingly paid to a public man: the victors afraid to let the vanquished be heard! Of course it is nothing unusual for seditious and troublesome demagogues to be silenced by authority; but the 629 men who had just cast their votes for me, were hardly prepared to see me treated as a dangerous demagogue, and themselves by implication as an inflammable insurrectionary mob. All had manifestly been arranged before leaving Ottawa. I was not to be permitted to speak: should I, by any chance, get a hearing, MOSES INKERMAN was brought out to burlesque my performance. Surely never were a gang of conspirators driven to such straits before. Mr. E. C. Barber, of the Civil Service, paid by *you*, gentlemen, for different services, had charge of this part of the programme. Under his instructions, at the sound of the word *MAY*, the brass machines crashed forth in a horrid bray, the big drums thundered, and of course my words could not be heard! And this in face of the fact that one of the "programmed" speakers had been permitted to malign,

misrepresent, and *belie me ad libitum*. But if a thousand forces against one during election failed to bring a tinge of shame to the brazen cheeks of the conspirators, we shall look in vain for a blush over this cowardly and disgraceful spectacle. I have no little reason to be proud of the unwilling compliment;—proud that the JUNTO, delirious with a sudden access of power, should yet deem it prudent to *garotte* me;—proud that they dared not trust a high-souled and chivalrous people to listen to the sound of my voice! As for me, I am quite willing that *my* friends should, at any time, anywhere, give audience to the JUNTO orators. Some of them would fail to make their words audible; some, for their own sakes, had better not be heard; the rest would need interpreters. In the second class is the Hon James Skead, and in the third, W. MOSGROVE. Nor sounding brass nor tinkling cymbal, shall ever be employed by me to suppress the melodious cadences of these: with the aid of an interpreter who will render them into English, I hope in future to reply to their curious utterances. "Nevertheless," as these gentlemen *speaks* for themselves, I "does'nt" intend "for to" enlarge here; "yet," "still," "notwithstanding," "however," I am sorely tempted to do so, "whereas."

So much, gentlemen, for the respect entertained by the CLIQUE, for your feelings, your intelligence, and your sense of freedom and British fair play. But then, Carleton belongs to them, not to you. *You* don't stop speech in Ottawa: *they* do in Carleton. You don't manufacture M. P's for them: they do for you. Were you to interfere in Ottawa affairs as these plotters do in Carleton, you would be very properly hurled into the Chaudiere! How long, O Carleton, how long?

At the Pic-Nic, every speaker, I believe, save *one*, spoke to the purpose, and in the style of a gentleman. *The exception was MR. SKEAD!* In a gross personal attack, entirely uncalled for, unprovoked, and out of place, this honorable (?) gentleman, who had worn himself hoarse on election day in the base endeavour to cast doubt on my political integrity, characterised me as a "Masked Grit." How true the ancient proverb concerning the "silk purse" and the "sow's lug?" Brave senator! to belabour a man gagged and bound by the CLIQUE! Since that day he has been busily engaged catechising every one he meets as to "where I got the money" for the election: now covertly insinuating, now openly asserting that it came from the "GRITS." Long time did the CLIQUE chuckle and smack their lips over the idea that the \$200 deposit would effectually block my passage through NOMINATION GATE. That passed, the marvel arose, and now is: "Where *did* he get the money?" And he won't tell! How tantalizing? I haven't asked where the money came from on their side. Nor do I care where it came from, any more than where it comes from to enable certain bankrupts to live like princes! Should I ever grow rich and then make a timely

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"failure," I trust I may first have become a *real* Conservative—not a "masked" one: that is, one *who holds on to what is good and substantial*. A *Radical* lets things go "root" and branch: (*Radical* a root.) Hence it would never pay a wealthy *Radical* to "fail." I doubt whether Mr. Skead has the faintest conception of the true historical meaning of *Whig* or *Tory*, *Grit*, *Radical* or *Conservative*. Nor can he justly be blamed for such ignorance. There is much this gentleman does not know. I shall supplement his little stock with one item given *gratis*: *I am not a Grit*. I never was a Grit. I have received no Grit money for the election. I am a Conservative; and must, I suppose, continue to be one, in spite of the unsavoury presence in the camp, of *Ornithorynchi Mosgrovianni*, and political *ichthyosauri* of the Magee-Powell-Skead type!

Meanwhile many honest people are curious to know how, in the face of the statute thereunto "made and provided," the same individual can occupy at one and the same time, the two distinguished positions of Bankrupt and Senator? Does the qualification come from the GRITS in this case also?

Lower still than the late behaviour of MR. SKEAD, if indeed deeper depth be possible, is the vile attempt of the CLIQUE when all is over, to persuade the people that I never was offered a bribe to retire in favour of Sir John MacDonald. This is the last and basest act in a filthy drama. Not enough to ignore my existence and sneer at my Candidature; not enough, later on, to insult my honour and spit upon my manhood; the conspirators now turn round and say: "He was never offered anything." Let their helpless, hopeless, shattered, crest-fallen estate be their excuse. Like *Adam*, having sinned, in burning shame they would fain find a hiding place in the shrubbery of falsehood. Fain would they dislodge me from my strong position in the esteem of all honourable men. My friends, I know my word with you is enough; you will receive it—you have reason to receive it—I *was offered something*; and that no little something, not once, nor twice, nor thrice! Ask the gate-post at the rear of Mr. John Reilly's hotel. Ask the table in his parlour. Ask the bed room at the end of the corridor up stairs. Ask the pillars of O'Grady's shed. Ask the gate-posts at JOHN HEADLEY's farm, Torbolton. Finally, ask the gentlemen who were present in MR. HUGH REILLY's office on the evening of Friday the 16th of June, four days before election day. These gentlemen saw and heard the last Deputation—sent from Ottawa—consisting of Thos. Clark Esq., Reeve of Nepean, and Robert Moodie Esq., of Ottawa. To all that then transpired, I have witnesses, for I declined any further private conferences. For the present I forbear entering more explicitly into particulars. It will take but little additional provocation to cause me to give facts and *names* in full.

I shall not pollute these pages with even an attempted description of the dishonourable tactics resorted to by some who were against me, during the campaign. I have spent sixteen

years of my life in Carleton. I have been eleven years in "that fierce light" which beats on one who oversees annually about *ten thousand* children. I have passed through two fierce election contests, unparalleled in their bitterness. "Whose ox have I taken? Whose ass have I taken?" Whom have I defrauded? Whom have I slandered? What unfair means have I taken to win? To what low trick have I resorted? I challenge my enemies to *point out a solitary word or deed of mine in either contest unworthy of a man or a gentleman.* I challenge Carleton to detect, if she can, the faintest trace of falsehood left by me as I traversed her from end to end addressing her sons in more than forty different gatherings! I despatched no emissaries ahead of an opponent to say that he was "not coming": to say that he *could* not come, for certain reasons: to say that he had failed to keep appointments; to say 'twere better that he had: to say "he has retired:" to say "he has been bought" at last: to say "he *will* be bought:" to say he is "such an infernal villain that no decent man would vote for him." No, my friends. In my first contest in 1878, in my second contest in 1882, I resolved to win like a gentleman, or suffer defeat like a man. How was I met? By rivers of Falsehood. The sluices of slander were opened up, and a very deluge of moral filth was vomited on my head. I decline to corrode my pen, or make this sweet page malodorous with the names of even my *professional* vilifiers. The Arch MARCH back-biter, whose breast seems to be a turbid perennial fountain of moral putrescence, his tongue the main sewer of the land, so eloquently advertises his own unsavoriness, that I am here most effectually relieved of the unfragrant duty. The village of Burritt's Rapids, otherwise clean and respectable, is infested with two of these professional detractors; one of whom is a notorious sheep-stealer, money-purloiner, and election corruption agent; the other, an exploded pedagogue, turned *pedlar!* In another village you will find the congenial head-quarters of it all. In one establishment, several brothers, who monopolize the current creeds, and the patents for slander! Fathers! would you set your sons up in business! See that there be as many religions in the firm as there are members. It pays well. But laugh! The very ink grows foetid, and the pen refuses to write!

Well, I told no fibs; I invented no tricks; I went alone to the people; I came unhurt from battle; and here I am. Not hanging a lugubrious countenance like the chiefs of the JUNTO, but happy, hearty, and *proud.* There is something amiss in the camp: despair hangs in dark folds around it. They are, however, very attentive and kind to me. This you will be glad to hear. Day after day have I had messages from the *Clique*, enquiring after my health and spirits, with cordial offers for the promotion of both. This is very kind and truly christian; but Virgil says: "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" And King Solomon says: "In vain is the net set in the *sight* of any bird."

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Yes, here I am. And, although some of you have been already informed that I have declared my intention of not coming again into the field, it is not so. *It is my intention to be again a Candidate* for your suffrages, on the very first opportunity. I am not ashamed of my defeat: I am proud of the vote, and proud of my friends. Remember this, and note it well: I SHALL BE IN THE FIELD NEXT ELECTION.

I do not believe that SIR JOHN MACDONALD was ever in any danger in Lennox; that he ever thought of Carleton till the word was put into his mouth; that he ever asked for it even then; that he will sit for it, or ever intended to do so; that CHURCH, POWELL, CLEMOV, &c., will ever sit for Carleton or any where else, save by the way-side of life, waiting, hoping a hopeless hope.

I do believe that DR. CHURCH started the SIR JOHN game, not to save Carleton from the Grits, but to "squelch" me; that the CLIQUE had one object, and only one, in view; namely, to kill me and so clear the field for themselves—fondly supposing that for me to face Sir John or flee before him, would prove but a choice of deaths; that then it would be plain sailing for *second-rate* candidates.

All has gone right but *one thing*. But then, alas! that one thing happens to be *everything*. It is this: I AM NOT DEAD. I am aware of the pain it gives me to stand between a virtuous ambition and the sweet fruition of its object. It grieves me to be the unwilling means of blighting the high hopes of DR. CHURCH, and depriving the Legislative Halls of his distinguished presence. *Me piget* to intercept Mr. CLEMOV's passage to the House of Commons, where spell-bound galleries would hang on his impassioned, though jerky, bumpy, oratory. Woe is me! that a sense of duty to my native land and my adopted county impels me to look on whilst the POWELL Light goes out in darkness; whilst his genius for State-craft and for Clique-craft, as well as his spotless example, are lost to this hapless Dominion. I can only say with the butcher in *The Fatal Boots*, "it's painful, but it must be done!"

Truly a singular combination. Men who detest and despise one another, joined hand in hand against me. "On that day Herod and Pilate were made friends together." This Coalition was the child of a common despair. Carleton would have none of them. Then they combined against her CHOICE. Each of them worked for the bare life. At all hazards MAY must be defeated, destroyed. "Whence a hostility so envenomed?" you will ask. "And why *so many* combined? What offence did you give them?" I cannot tell. I can only *guess*. I "guess" every man of them *wanted the seat for himself*. I got the start of them: crime No *one*. Between themselves as rivals the contest will always be mild; because each knows that the winner will not hold the seat long. But each fears that, once seated in it, I might sit there till his day was past. This is my Crime No. *two*.

Again: *I am not a rich man.* For such a one to presume to aspire to any honour, is a direct injury inflicted on the Fraternity of Dollars; an impudent invasion of a place possible to them without which they feel themselves to be, with all their gold paupers in social status as well as intellectual endowment; casting longing looks through the bars behind which pasture the thoroughbred "Blue-bloods" of the land. I dare say that I have sinned against this view of matters; and so given *Plutus* mortal offence. Too bad: first to smite *Dives* with a wanton wound, and then leave him to pay the costs of prosecution! Behold here, crimes Nos. *three, four, and five.*

But the catalogue of my iniquities is not yet exhausted. MR. ROCHESTER charges me with *having the Teachers on my side.* This is crime No. *six.* Disgraceful surely! After eleven years intimate intercourse with an educated, intelligent, and honourable class of men, I find them warm friends and supporters: what a shame! Had it lain within the very outermost limits of an impossible possibility that any one of the CLIQUE M. Ps., in embryo could have obtained and filled the office whose duties I have discharged so long, is it certain that love and fealty to him would be charged against the Teachers? or that the children and their parents would not be cheering on the other side? Some men know little of the Schoolmaster, if we are to judge by their spoken and written deliverances.

But, worse than an army of Teachers at your back is a University badge of distinction on it. M. A. POWELL sees my chief crime in the *M. A.*, which it is my privilege to affix to my signature. Well; I am a "Master of Arts;" yet do I not know every thing. I know nothing of the *Arts* of the horse-racer, or the gambler. Many are the *Arts*, of which I am not master;—*Arts* not taught where I learned mine, in Queen's University, Kingston;—*Arts* in which degrees are conferred in another institution in that City; though not conferred even on the deserving who shirk the usual period of "residence." How cruel! that a scholar should enter the lists with men who can neither speak nor spell their mother tongue. This is my Crime No. *Seven.*

Finally and seriously: My crowning misdemeanor, my culminating disqualification is this: *I can't be used as a Tool.* Carleton's member must be the property of the CLIQUE. He must be altogether such as themselves. He must be as putty to the Glazier, or clay in the hands of the Potter. Then will the Arch-Potter on Ashbarnham Hill smile some fateful smile; and chew the cud of design; and ruminare whether to make a pot of Carleton or a teacup. They know I am neither clay nor putty: therefore I must be cast out.

Hinc illae lachrymae.

In conclusion it is unnecessary to say that had Sir John MacDonald been in the field before me, I should never have thought of being a Candidate. I am not an opponent of his: he

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was made an opponent of mine. Some of those who retired in his
 favour claim credit for so doing. Far be it from me to wish to
 arrogate from their claim. But facts are facts. A thorough
 canvass of the county convinced MR. ROCHESTER of the poverty of
 his chances. A very slight canvass sufficed, and more than sufficed,
 to convince DR. CHURCH with regard to his. As for MR. POWELL
 he, having made a most extraordinary and ir-“egg”-ular tour,
 in which he never called a meeting so far as I know, returned to
 Ottawa sick at heart. These are the gentlemen who would make
 capital out of resigning. *They had nothing to resign.* They
 surrendered what was not theirs. SIR JOHN was elected THROUGH
 HIS OWN GREAT NAME; and owes them nothing. I believed from
 the first, and I believe now, that under fair and ordinary
 circumstances, you would return me to Parliament. I blame no
 elector for casting his vote for Sir John MacDonaid. Under
 other circumstances he would of course have polled every
 conservative vote in Carleton. For his not having done so, he has
 only the CLIQUE to blame.

I am,

Yours truly,

J. MAY.

OTTAWA, 13th July, 1882.



THE BATTLE OF EPHEBUS.

I.

Of CLEMOW and the CLIQUE
 Sing the glory and renown !
 When they knew they were too weak
 To put one poor fellow down,
 Then they marshalled all the forces of the land !
 They blew the bugle loud,—
 And a needy City Crowd
 Were at hand !

II.

“ Away ! away ! away ! ”—
 And the country, far and near
 They scoured in chase of May
 As the hounds pursue a deer !
 And their baying rang through village, plain & wood.
 DR. CHURCH upon the Right
 Bore on him in the fight
 Like a flood.

III.

And on the Left JOHN R——
 Led on in dread array
 His forces in the war,
 (A puny lot, they say :)
 The Centre was in charge of GEN. POWELL :
 Egg'd on by other men
 He charged and glowr'd again
 Like a ghoul !

IV.

All o'er the battle field
 The guns of Hades belch'd ;
 For, MAY's doom must be seal'd
 And MAY himself be “ *squelch'd*.”
 O, the thunder of their squadrons shook the ground !
 But, after many a charge,
 They found MAY still at large
 Safe and sound !

V.

“ Oh ! this'll never do ! ”
 Roared out the CLEMOW CLIQUE,
 Sitting, looking sad and blue
 On that last day of the week :—

“Ho! Mosgrove!—Fellow, tell us what’s the news?”
 “News! MAY is going in
 Unless you’ve loads of “tin”
 “For to use!”

VI.

Before the break of day
 On the Blessed Morn of rest,
 Three hundred men, they say,
 Streamed out East, South and West!
 The highways and the byways roared and rattled!
 Soon ’twasn’t hard to see
 That MAY was lost!—though he
 Had so battled.

VII.

O, ’twas a novel sight
 To see one little man
 Beget such wild affright
 In the army, rear and van!
 E’en Senators and Members lost their wits!
 And all lest MR. MAY
 Should over-score JOHN A.—
 Not the Grits!

VIII.

You’ve seen the wild commotion
 Among the hens and cocks,
 When a hawk with silent motion
 Slips downward from the rocks:
 How they scream, and cackle, strut and run away!
 So quail’d the JUNTO fowl
 Around the Rooster Powell
 On that day.

IX.

And many a Lumber King,
 With a Pine for walking-stick,
 United with the Ring
 To give poor MAY a “lick,”—
 Officials, Medicos, and Pettifoggers
 Contrived to give a hit!
 Yet he didn’t have a fit
 At a *Grogger’s!*

X.

You’ve seen the Stag at bay
 Face hound and horse and gun!
 If so, you know how MAY
 The battle lost, and,—won!—

For, battles lost are sometimes more than won.—

JOHN R.—*has lost his seat!*
 And CHURCH is *dead complete!*
 And POWELL'S *done!*

XI.

And MONK will have a fight
 He little seems to guess!
 And MOSGROVE needn't try't,
 "Though" "yet" "still" "nevertheless."
 And others, such as "ARCHIE" and "MCLEOD,"
 May rest content to rot
 In their unnoted lot
 With the Crowd.

XII.

Grand Victory! Eheu!
 It must be won again!—
 SIX HUNDRED tried and true
 Of CARLETON'S best men,
 Each one of them devoted to 'JOHN A,'
 Refused to bow the knee,
 Or swell the victory
 Over MAY!!!

XIII.

And, when the trumpet note
 Of WAR is heard again,
 Once more the FLAG will float
 O'er these SIX HUNDRED MEN,
 With many another Briton leal and true,—
 Who'll make the hated CLIQUE
 Squat down and "eat their leek,"
 Sick and blue.

 PART II.

XIV.

But hark! the roll of drums!
 The clang of pipe and brass!
 The conq'ring hero comes
 To *pic-nic* at "THE GRASS!"
 Lo! at the head 'turf' BARBER, and MAGEE;
 And MOSES INKERMAN
 In the POWELL-CLEWOW 'van,'
 Making *three!*

XV.

Now speeches, toasts, and 'sich,'
 Made by SIR THIS or THAT;
 With Champagne for the rich,
 Or favour'd city-sprat,—
 'The yeomanry of Carleton look on!'—
 Oh! that a hungry belly
 Should see them gulp the jelly
 Round SIR JOHN!

XVI.

Men sometimes go to Church
 To mock, yet stay to pray:
 But, from my secret perch
 I saw men go that day
 Without a 'bit' or 'sup,' or "how-d'ye-do!"—
 And angry men they were;
 And not a few did swear
 At "THE CREW!"

XVII.

The SPEAKERS bellow'd out—
 The wind swept all away!
 When lo! a mighty shout
 Went up for "MAY!"—for "MAY!"—
 Out crash'd the pipes and cymbals, and the DRUM!
 For, Barber, near at hand
 With a mercenary Band,
 Smote him dumb!

XVIII.

O great and glorious DAY!
 O Carleton! thy pride!
 Still, I suspect, JOHN A.
 Didn't enjoy his ride
 Attended by a cloud of dirt and dust!
 O! pity t'was to see!—
 But sometimes such as he
 Even *must*.

XIX.

The Battle day is past
 As every day must pass;
 We'll have *our* day at last,
 And *pic nic* at the "Crass!"
 And ALL may eat, and drink, and SPEAK that day!
 And we'll ask e'en MR. BARBER
 To drink at last, in harbour,
 Toasts to MAY.

THE POLL.

	<i>Bronson.</i>	<i>McDonald.</i>	<i>May.</i>
Bell's Corners.....	45	40	26
Fallowfield.....	53	22	20
Merivale	15	85	25
Birchton.....	36	69	9
Rochesterville	83	58	33
Stewarton.....	35	70	1
Mt. Sherwood.....	45	55	9
Archville	30	39	1
Mechanicsville	15	34	3
Byer's (near Richmond).....	33	34	27
Total (Nepean)	390	506	153

	<i>Bronson.</i>	<i>McDonald.</i>	<i>May.</i>
March.....	19	79	49
Torbolton.....	59	48	26
Goulbourn.....	47	215	173
North Gower.....	85	167	110
Marlborough.....	9	151	96
Total	219	660	454

	<i>Bronson.</i>	<i>McDonald.</i>	<i>May.</i>
Richmond Village	9	19	22
Grand Total.....	617	1185	629

CURIOUS FACTS.

ASHTON gave May 54, Sir John 56. Remotest Village from Ottawa. Division strongly conservative. Only *two* behind. Chiefly independent farmers.

STITTSVILLE gave May 75, Sir John 76. Remote from O. Strongly Conservative. Only *one* behind the Chieftain. Independent farmers.

RICHMOND Village (Incorporated) gave May 22, Sir John 19. Strongly Conservative. Twenty miles from Ottawa, *three* ahead.

FALLOWFIELD. Fifteen miles from Ottawa gave May 20, Sir John 22. Only *two* behind the Chief. Independent farmers.

BYER'S Seventeen miles from Ottawa gave May 27, Sir John 34.
Only *seven* behind the *Premier*. Independent farmers.

BIRCHTON; Stewarton, Mt. Sherwood, Archville, and Mechanicsville gave May 23, Sir John 267.—These villages (except B.) *touch* Ottawa. Few farmers, if any, in them. May, average under 5; Sir John, over 50. Too near the *Clique*. MAY 556 behind in whole county: 244 of this majority made in these little places. Without them, Sir John's majority would have been only 312.

Total Number of Electors in Carleton 3649.

Total do polled, 20th June 1882, 2431.

An average of about 60 in each Division not polled.

N. B.—Sir John beat Mr. May 20 to 1 in the little Suburbs; but only 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in the whole County; and only 1 to 1 $\frac{2}{3}$ outside these Suburbs! Such is the *Clique* triumph!

“Oh, that I cannot tell,” quoth he;
But 'twas a glorious victory!”



665-
6660

THE CONCLAVE.

CHURCH, in rage and fury, said :
 " We can't live till MAY is dead ;
 Let us knock him on the head ! "

Answer'd CLEW : " That is it !
 Who'll you get to make the hit ? "
 And he spat a yellow spit.

" We can't, beat him—devil a one !
 So you may as well bring on
 Strongest man you have—STR JOHN. "

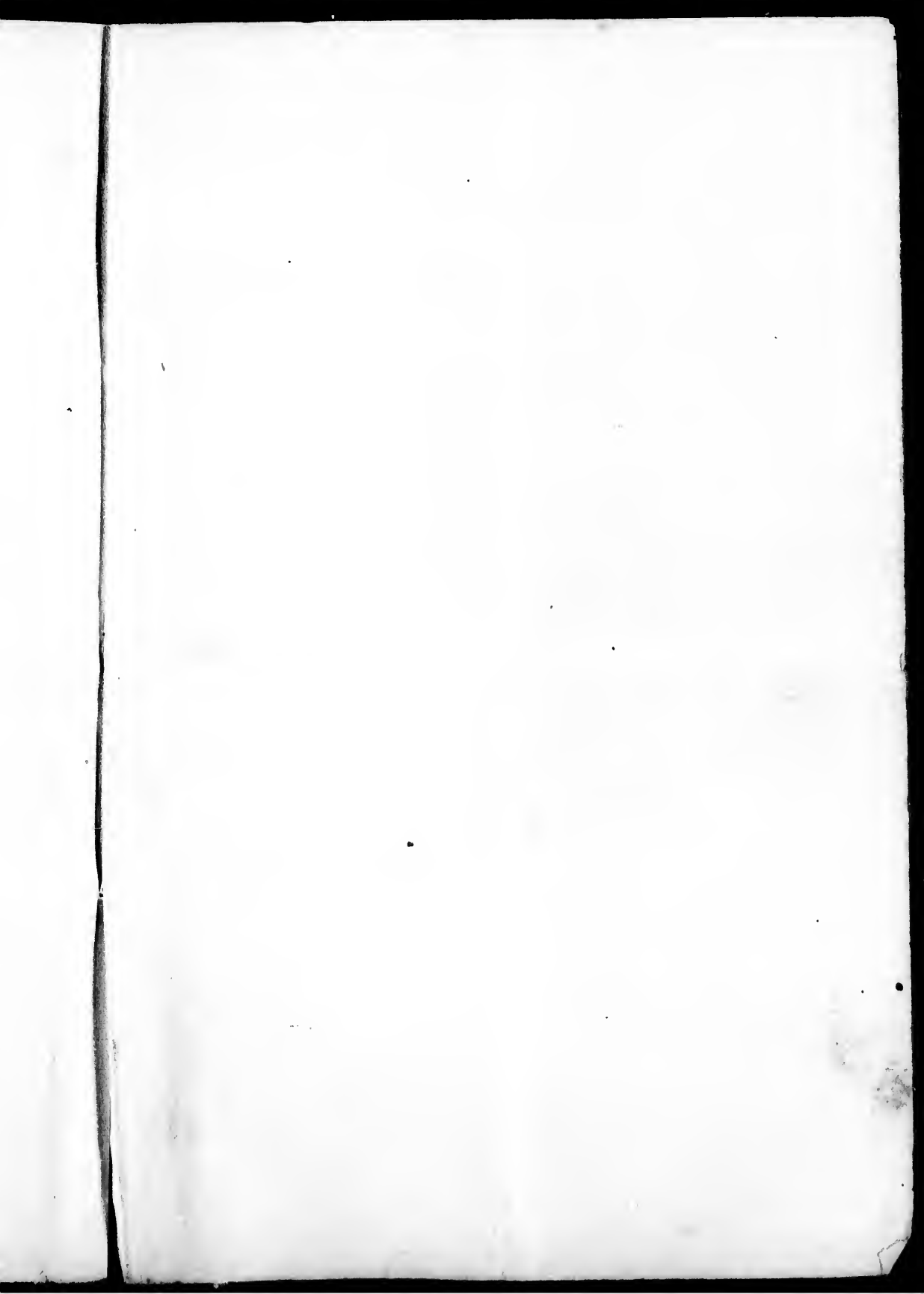
Thus spake ROCHESTER : for he
 Had been out, but could'nt see
 Any chance of victory.

" Now you have it ! " shouted POWELL ;
 Now you have MAY by the jowl ;
 This'll end him, 'pon my sowl !

Run or not, you all can see
 He is dead ! " And C. MAGEE
 Sang out : " Then our course is free !

If we should elect JOHN A.,
 He won't sit ; and so the day
 Will be ours without this MAY. "

All has gone just as they said ;
 All save one minutest shred ;
 It is this : MAY ISN'T DEAD !



I think perhaps
you would like to
see this book

