

THE CHINESE VOTE.—A friend of one of the candidates for the Mayoralty, a few days ago, called on his Chinese washerman and solicited his vote and his influence with the Celestial voters for his favorite. "I want," said the gentleman, "you to bring all your friends to vote for —. Shabbee?"

"Yes," replied John, "heap me shabbee. Belly good! How many floods you wantee?"

"Oh hiyou," replied our friend, whose knowledge of Chinese is somewhat limited. "I wantee allee you can bringee; shabbee?"

"You wantee ten men?" queried John.

"Yee, twenty men—fifty mao, all comee votes for —." "All right, John, me come to-moller," and the voter and canvasser separated, each fully impressed with the idea that he had fully comprehended the other's meaning. Yesterday the place of business of the canvasser was surrounded—literally besieged by Chinamen, some with short tails, some with long tails, and some with no tails at all. At the head of the besiegers appeared the washerman, tail erect, proudly leading the Celestial troop into the canvasser's office. "Hallo, John," screamed our friend, "what's the matter?" "Heap man he come workee for you," replied John.

"Workee for me! I no wantee man to workee for me." "What," said John, starting back, "You speakee me bring heap, hiyou Chinaman come workee for you." "No, I didn't, John," was the apologetic reply, "I wantee them to come votee." "Workee?" asked John. "No," replied our friend, "Votee, votee—all the same King George man—votee for Mayor—shabbee?" The Chinaman eyed the canvasser for a moment, and then turning to his brethren who stood naturally expecting an engagement, addressed them a few words in their native lingo, and muttering "me no shabbee," the delegation slowly withdrew, leaving our friend considerably choplfallen at the result of his first day's canvassing for votes among our Chinese population.

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"The Chinese Vote", *Daily Colonist*, November 1, 1867

"The Chinese Vote" *Daily Colonist*, November 1, 1867 Print