



INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

We are permitted to give to the world the following correspondence, which cannot fail to prove interesting to Canadian readers.

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN PARTY,
NEW YORK, JAN. 1883.

Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B.

DEAR COLONEL,—Having observed in a recent issue of the *N. Y. Sun* that you are the greatest statesman on earth, with the exception of Bismarck only—now that Gambetta and Beaconsfield are dead—and knowing that the Republican Party of this country is at present desperately in need of such a leader, I write to ask you what your terms would be to take hold of our machine and run her for a few years. We are prepared to deal liberally on a cash basis with a first-class man, but if you are not what the *Sun* has represented, you needn't bother answering this letter, as we are in such an all-fired mess at the present time that nothing short of first-class ability would be equal to the task. Awaiting your reply,

I remain, Yours anxiously,
ROSCOE CONKLING.
Ex-Boss Rep. Party.

OTTAWA, JAN., 1883.

R. Conkling, Esq.

SIR,—Yours to hand. Would like further particulars before giving definite answer. As I have unfortunately lived most of my life in Canada, it is but natural that I should be in utter ignorance of your political affairs. I may say that the *Sun* has described me correctly. As to a cash basis, I am not particularly given to money grubbing, but if you think there's a good chance of getting into office and staying there that's all I want.

Yours with esteem,
JOHN A. M.—D.

N. Y., Jan., 1883.

Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.
DEAR GENERAL,—I send by express a bundle of American newspapers from which you may learn something of our form of government, &c. What we want just now, however, does not call for any particular knowledge of political principles—we simply want to get into office again. I may state that we have just been kicked out most ignominiously, and unless we can get up a good cry we are done for. From what I hear, you are the very man for us, having a special genius for getting up plausible gulls to catch the voters. What is that N.P. of yours we hear so much about? Do you think you could work that racket here? Awaiting your reply,

Yours, &c.,
R. CONKLING.

OTTAWA, JAN., 1883.

DEAR CONK,—Yours rec'd. Sorry I can't possibly arrange to take the leadership of the Republican Party. Have had a tempting offer from the Democracy, through Mr. John

Kelly, which I must also decline. Would go without hesitation if it were not for the fact that the instant I withdraw my party here goes to pieces. The N.P. is the very thing you want, and what I would at once introduce were I leader—only it would be an N. P. of Free Trade instead of Protection. I can't go myself, but send you my talisman. Here it is—to for the people's heart by way of their pockets. It never fails.

Yours with much esteem,
J. A. MACDONALD.

Telegram.

Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald:
Free Trade's our lay. Thanks. Sorry you couldn't come.

R. CONKLING.

OUR FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Library matters are moving. The great institution is destined to become a *fait accompli*, and that before long—measuring time according to the City Hall calendar. Names are being suggested for the post of Librarian—the most popular as yet being those of Mr. C. Haight and Mr. Mercer Adam. Although an essential quality in a public Librarian is a loving disposition, few better men could be found than *Haight*; on the other hand Mr. Adam has certainly the advantage of ancient lineage on his side, being descended directly from the Adam of Eden. We do not mean to intimate that there is rivalry for the position between these gentlemen; so far as we are aware Mr. Adam has made no sign of his feelings on the subject. It should be borne in mind by all who would aspire to the office of Public Librarian, that in addition to an exhaustive knowledge of books and the sweet disposition aforesaid, such incumbent should possess

A profound hatred of party politics.
A keen scent for book-thieves.
A Faun-like deportment.
A thorough knowledge of book-keeping.
A passion for everything novel, and several other mental and moral attributes.

In connection with this subject we have much pleasure in noting that the following valuable presentations have been or are about to be made to our Free Library:

I. Blue Books and Sessional Papers of Ontario, 1883. Departmental Reports, Ontario. (These latter documents are musty with age, having been brought down some years behind time, but are of interest to the antiquarian.) Donated by Mr. Mowat.

II. "The Pleasures of Hope," and "A Midsummer's Night's Dream." Donated by Hon. E. Blake.

III. "Atmospheric Architecture: or, How to build Castles in the Air," by E. Chamberlain. Presented by Mr. J. C. Commer.

IV. Copy of a Bill to abolish Dry Rot, or for the suppression of Government speeches in the Local House. Donated by Mr. Creighton, M.P.P.

V. "Adventures in the North-West Shares," by the Duke of Manchester, 3 vols. Donated by Mr. O. B. Sheppard.

Other presentations we shall have pleasure in announcing from time to time.

"I want to improve my mind," said a rustic as he walked into a King-street bookstore, and accosted a clerk. "Have ye got any mind fertilizers?" "Yes sir; here's Hogg's Biography of Fryer Bacon; and Young's Night Thoughts, and—" "Oh! bosh, what's that over there with the greenery yaller cover?" interrupted Haw-buck. "That; oh! that's *Grip's ALMANAC* for 1883." "That's the stuff, hand her over," and he planked down his shin plaster and went out with an anticipatory smile on his countenance that was only prevented from decapitating him by the size of his auriculars.

YE DOOK AND HYS COMPANIE.

Hys Grace ye Dook came o'er ye sea
And started a goodlie companie.

A goodlie gang they were I ween
As erst in Canada had been seen.

They came in droves and eke in mobs
To join ye companie of ye mobs.

Men of much wealth and tight of fist
Did write their names down on the list.

They bought ye stock and they bought ye shares.
Gad Dooks! they thought them millionaires;
They bought them coats of heaver fur,
Just like Hys Grace of Manchester.

They bought them canes with ivory crooks,
And they fancied themselves so many Dooks.

And thought of the large prospective gains
They'd make from their "spec" on the prairie plains.

Here times were slow and they couldn't wait,
Each wanted to make his fortune straight.

And many a flagon of wine they took,
And drank to the health of the noble Dook.

For "fiz" and Hock they loud did cry,
And voted vulgar good old rye;

They wore kid gloves and silken hats,
Just like A-1 aristocrats.

Or swells with blood of the deepest blue,
Like Robert Strogo Montague.

They proud and prouder grew, until
Each thought himself a Mandeville.

Their notions rose up high and higher,
Till a cablegram came over the wire.

From England's shore across the sea,
To Canada in America.

They from that cablegram did learn
The Dook had shook the whole concern;

And they all had the honor of being shook
By the hand of My Lord Hys Grace the Dook.

A WAIL FROM THE BANK:

OR,

I CANNOT LIE; THE COLD SNAP DID IT.

Oh! I sigh for that ulster I "spouted" in summer!
There's no heat in celluloid collars and cuffs,
And I envy the warmly clad dry-goods house drummer,
I envy the ladies their tippets and muffs.
Oh! the wind pierces so,
As bankwards I go,
All ulsterless, shivery, oh! oh! oh!

Ah! Clara, 'tis thou that I blame for my sufferings.
You hinted at ice-cream and candies suggested,
You knew that my salary could ne'er pay for my offerings,
And I trust that those candies were badly digested.
For the wind pierces so,
As bankwards I go,
All coatless and shivering, ugh, ugh, oh!

Oh! lend me two dollars to get out my top coat,
Take up a subscription, ye cashiers and tellers:
And, whatever you pawn in the summer, don't pop coat,
Or in winter you'll rank with those heartrending fellers
Whom the wind pierces so,
As bankwards they go,
All ulsterless, shivery, ugh, oh! oh!

—ASS'T TELLER.

[This poem is not excruciatingly funny, nor clever. When we consider who and what the writer is, we are not surprised at the fact. We are truly sorry for his misfortunes, and shall be happy to receive contributions to assist him to redeem his ulster. Let him take comfort in this fact, however: the ulster is all right and only awaiting the coming of its owner, for when we went, last Saturday, to return the ticket on our own, the tails of Assistant Teller's, which we recognized by the peculiar cut of its reef point, were wildly flapping in the breezes of Queen St. East.

If with rollicking fun
You would never have done,
And with laughter your sides you would crack.
Just open the door
Of the nearest bookstore,
And ask for a *GRIP'S ALMANAC*.
And the date of the one with which most pleased you'll be
Is one thousand, eight hundred and fourscore and three,