

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

SEIZED FOR NON-PAYMENT OF POSTAGE, BY
JULIUS SEIZER.

To the Editor of the Mail:

SIR,—Will you kindly grant me space for a few words anent the "Marmion" controversy. I have watched with pleasure the manly and straightforward manner in which the *Mail* has conducted the discussion. You are certainly entitled to the thanks, not only of all Scotchmen, but also of all fair-minded and unprejudiced people. In marked contrast with the *Mail's* able and convincing articles in defence of Sir Walter Scott, has been the *Globe's* despicable attack upon the name of one whom every cultivated literary mind delights to honor. The *Globe's* action in this matter is contributing more to the success of your party at the coming elections than anything else.

Hoping that you will always preserve your independence, and that you will continue to champion the cause of right and justice,

I remain,
Yours, etc.,
REFORMER.

(Private.)

DEAR B-N-T-NO,—It is needless for me to state that I am no Grit. But the fact is we must get up some kind of a scare or the *Globe* will steal every Catholic vote in the Province. By inserting the enclosed under the head of "Letters from the People," I am convinced that it will serve a good purpose. It may cause the organ to reflect that possibly there are some of the Grits who do not altogether endorse its action.

In order to still further carry out the deception, you can write a similar letter or two every day, always being particular to sign them "Reformer."

Yours, etc.,
DAVID DEAN.

DEAR BLAKE,—And now I breathe more freely. Has not the result of the bye-elections surprised even you, who are usually so confident? I am now gaining my usual self-control and composure. I had been reading the *Mail* so closely of late that I began to regard myself as really defeated—actually "going," you know. But there is still one thing which I dread, and that is the *Globe*. You may not have forgotten how signally you were defeated at the Dominion elections, and mainly through the *Globe's* persistent and stubborn advocacy of certain principles which were distasteful to so many Grits. I have feared just such a result in the Provincial campaign. In view, therefore, of the feeling which the bye-elections indicate, would it not be well to bring on the general elections at once? This would be in a measure imitating the tactics of Sir John, and which you so severely denounced. But it can't be helped. "Self-reservation," you know. Let's hear from you at once.

Yours,
MOWAT.

DEAR BROWN,—It is a source of great annoyance to me to see that a number of Reformers are writing to the *Mail* criticizing your attitude on the "Marmion" question. To counteract the damage which these letters will assuredly do our cause, would it not be a wise expedient to prepare a number of letters censuring in severe terms the *Mail's* course. By placing the signature, "A Conservative," to such letters, the injurious effect of those appearing in the *Mail* will be very materially diminished.

Yours, anxiously,
A. KROOKS.



A SHOCK TO HIS NERVES.

(Old rev. gent. from country reads placard in window of Willard Tract Repository.)

Dear me! Works on the Sabbath, does he? Shocking! I must see Mr. Willard about this!

THE TRIALS OF A COOPER.

The Skurig sat on the parlor pump,
Where the Waglo sat also;
And he shook his head as he quaintly said,
"I'm flowed if it is so!"

"That they got hold of a Cooper bold,
And carried him off to be
The partner, O, of a Wacamo,
Is more than I can see.

"That they left his hat on the nor'-west flat,
And his stick from the Crudle tree,
And dand his eyes with tears the size
Of an average inland sea.

"That they struck his lug with a loaded slug,
And beat him unto death,
And gagged him tight, so he that night,
'Thank goodness!' held his breath."

Then the Waglo spoke in no loose joke,
For sternly then spake he;
And the Skurig saw how very raw
The Waglo chanced to be.

"O, they carried him off in the dead of night,
One hundred miles, I woen;
And then at noon they took a balloon
O'er Niagara all serene.

"And they brought him to the Wacamo,
With eyes of amorous flame,
As she lounged in ease where no chilling breeze
From the land of the Beaver came.

"And the horrid gag they tore like a rag,
But his watch they left to show
That a robber's mind is too refined
For anything so low.

"The Wacamo spat on the Cooper's hat,
In the land of the brave and free—
Not the broken hat that he left on the flat,
With his cane from the cradle tree.

"They sang in praise of a lover's days,
And spoke of a peace to be;
While the watchers brought from the room below
A slice of diluted tea.

"Then he rubbed his chin—'I'm getting thin
On this meagre fare,' said he;
So he floated out through some hole, no doubt,
And alighted airily."

Then the Skurig quaffed his beer and laughed
As soft as soft can be
At the Waglo's tale, o'er that mug of ale,
And therefore thus spake he:

"I've heard of the log of Miss Kilmansegg
And the rhyme of Iwerdledee;
How the Walrus and the Carpenter
Gulled Oysters from the sea

"I've left my grub for 'The tale of a tub,'
And—as everybody has—
Been cheered all night, and found delight
In the 'Wagtail and the Ass.'

"I've read of ghosts, of goblins, hosts
Of mermaids and mermen;
I've cried, 'Tut! tut!' o'er Lilliput
And the wondrous little men.

"I've heard of the tale of the mighty whale,
When Jonah let his home;
I've heard of the fight of wrong and right,
When Horatius fought for Rome.

"But never, I wis, has a tale like this
Been told for two thousand years:
O, it's far too big for a plane Skurig
As hasn't a donkey's ears."

T.

ENQUIRERS' COLUMN.

(SWIZ, EDITOR.)

"I have made a lot of money," writes Toad-spool, "in the tallow line, and want you to initiate me into the manner in which I ought to conduct myself. My parents were poor, but so confoundedly honest that I had to start in the world poor also. Please direct me, as I don't wish to be a laughing stock."

Well, sir, you've about as nearly got us this time as anyone ever did get us. We can hardly lay down any rules for you, but we can tell you just how a good many of your class do conduct themselves, and it may be, probably is, the correct way. In the first place build a house, in the appearance of which all taste and decency must be outraged. Then get into it. Furnish it just as your notion of elegance suggests, taking care to have as many different colors in the curtains, sofas, &c., as you can manage to procure. Always sit in your most flashy room in the evenings with blinds drawn up, and the whole interior exposed to the view of passers by. This will let them see what wealth you are possessed of, and they will be envious. Be sure and do not neglect to have spittoons in this room. No gentleman spits on his drawing-room carpet. When you give a dinner party always expatiate on the prices of the edibles and liquors you set before your guests, and remark to some humble individual, such as an editor or an artist or some such fellow, whom you may be patronizing, that "he don't get such a glass of wine as that at home, eh?" This is not only the height of good breeding, but it is very facetious also. Be studiously arrogant and overbearing in your treatment of your domestics. You pay them, and have a right to treat them as they deserve. They are only menials. Do not, however, proceed to too great lengths with your six foot slunkies; some of them kick harder than army mules. If you engage a governess for your children, do not fail to remind her constantly of her position, which is one on a level with that of your cook. Get perfect in these few rules and we will give you a few more.

"I am going to accept a position as a dry goods clerk. Will you kindly tell me what I should do to succeed in that line.—TAPE." Well, Tape, if you want to be one of the lah-de-dah, lay-me-down-easy, die-away-scented kind, we don't think you will do, for we know who you are and believe nature gave you a brain or two. We will, however, give you a few hints as to what things might be deemed superfluous on your part by your employer. In the first place, if a lady with a wart on her nose enters the store, you need not call the attention of your fellow counterskippers to the fact in an audible voice, nor are you imperatively called upon to snicker in the lady's face. If a middle aged gentleman comes in and asks to look at some silk stockings, it would be out of place on your part to say, "You're a nice old gander to want silk stockings, ain't you? What dy'e want 'em for? Goin' to see the gurls?" This would be facetious, of course, but there is a place for everything, and GRIP's pages are the proper place for facetiousness; it is not called for, luckily, in dry goods stores. If a young lady