

THE TRIP HAMMER.

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The Trip Hammer.

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CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL	173
CONTRIBUTED	176
SELECTED	179
WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASSOCIATION	180
MUSICAL	181
HISTORICAL DIARY	181
LETTERS AND QUESTIONS	182
PERSONAL MENTION	182
NOTICES	182

THE TRIP HAMMER.

OUR February issue will complete the first year of the Trip Hammer. It is not yet decided whether the enterprise shall be carried on another year, or evaporate in a rose colored tableau to slow music next month. The Trip Hammer was not launched as a money making adventure, but "to do good and impart pleasure." We are not quite sure that it has succeeded in either attempt, and in the absence of evidence on these points, there is some uncertainty in the editorial and managerial minds as to the future. Financially we may claim a

success, having been able to make ends meet, and have a few cents over. But have we been of any use? that is the question. If we have, although the labor has been considerable and outward marks of appreciation not overwhelming in their intensity, we shall be glad to go on for another year, hoping to improve and become more useful as our experience enlarges. We did not expect, of course, to exert any great influence on the world outside our own circle, but we confess we had cherished the hope of doing more than is now apparent within it. We have endeavored to live up to our promises. We have done our best to kindle a desire for improvement in the minds of our readers. We have eschewed everything doubtful in our selections of literary matter, and have strongly desired to foster a taste for useful and elevating reading, for innocent amusements as opposed to those of a contrary character, and for those purer pleasures which leave no sting behind. If we have benefitted even one person in this particular during our brief career, our work has not been altogether fruitless, and we would be willing, as we have said, to go on a twelvemonth longer, if we could be sure of even one more. But if there is none the better for our coming, and no likelihood of of any being the better for our staying, we propose to purchase a through ticket for Oblivion, by the first March train. This has been the fate of countless amateur ventures and will be the fate of many more, therefore we shall not attempt to claim the merit of being singular. Hosts of people are to-day mounting chariots of high anticipation, which will be found tomorrow by the road side, crippled and deserted. Not that our equipage has yet come to grief. Not at all. Our steeds are fresh as ever; our charioteer lavish in his descriptions of the good things yet to come—but—what a terrible word that "but" is—if we are not going to arrive anywhere—if our journey is going to be fruitless, we had better dismiss the establishment at the next post house, and travel by regular accommodation train. In our next issue we shall make our decision known.