

"The news creates much excitement. Reinforcements will in all probability be sent up from Toronto to quell the revolt. Prince Albert is on the west shore of Lake Scougog, near Port Ferry. A loop line railway runs close to the place."

I had always looked upon our Prince Albert as a very harmless little suburb, chiefly noticeable for having sent its business and business buildings down the new avenue to the Port, and for being a favorite resort for superannuated preachers.

But here, like a horrid nightmare, I learn that it is the centre of the half-breed and Indian insurrection, and as there is a band of Indians living down on the island reserve I am in daily terror of seeing a brace of them coming up for scalps or with—a load of baskets.

Chief Johnson was in the town on Saturday, but the old warrior was dressed in ordinary garb, and if he had the war paint and feathers on they were skilfully hidden from view like the circus costume of the fancy rider who used to play drunk, come into the tent dressed in old clothes, enter the ring, mount a horse and, doffing the old clothes, appear resplendent in circus habiliments.

Anyhow the spring weather got such a fright that it was scared out of a week's growth, and we had snow on Sunday and Monday.

Dear Grip, please let us know if troops are sent from Toronto to help P. A. people, as they will have to march over a (railway) trackless waste from the station to the village and may get their boots muddy if we have no warning to lay gravel or plank for them.

Yours in affright,
YOUNG S. ETLER.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

A gentleman, a resident of the village of Wurzelville, having complained to GRIP that too much space was devoted in this paper to the doings of the large cities whilst his own native place and several more were neglected, we immediately appointed special correspondents in those places, and the first copy has just arrived. Appended is a sample.

WURZELVILLE.

(From our own correspondent.)

We are glad to see that our respected fellow-citizen, James Plowpoint, Esquire, has had his fence newly whitewashed. We congratulate Mr. P. on this evidence of increasing prosperity.

Mine Host of the Hawbuck's Arms entertained a goodly company to a magnificent house-warming at his new hostelry on Thursday night. The tables fairly groaned with the choice viands so lavishly displayed, and the festivities were continued till "the wee sma' hour ayont the twal," when all dispersed, "happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again." We wish Ned success in his new venture.

We hear many surmises as to who is GRIP's special correspondent in Wurzelville. We wonder who it can be!

A little bird whispers to us that our young friend, Johnny Beanbin, is cut out for a humorist, and will make his mark as a disciple of Momus. Upon being asked for a match a day or two ago, he retorted like a flash, "It would be hard to find a match for you." Be careful, Johnny!

Our esteemed neighbor, Mr. Hodge, reports the snow all away from his seven acre field.

Some miscreant broke the latch of our worthy fellow-townsmen, Elijah Doolittle's, back gate the other night. It is such acts of vandalism as these which disgrace communities, and we trust the perpetrators of this outrage will be speedily brought to account. We hear

that our indefatigable constable has a clue to the ruffian's identity.

Dame Ramor has it that our enterprising young blacksmith, Ichabod Struggles, is about to lead a blushing bride to Hymen's altar in a few weeks. We think we are not far wrong when we say that her initials are K. L. Are we?

HUNK'S CORNERS.

(From our own correspondent.)

A serious runaway accident occurred here yesterday by which valuable human life was placed in jeopardy. Our enterprising dry goods merchant, John Hubble, Esquire, was stepping into his horse and cutter, when it took fright at some object, and dashed off at a furious rate, overturning him into the gutter, the shafts of which coming into contact with our respected barber's pole broke it off short, and it finally came to a standstill opposite the old church. We are happy to state that Mr. Hubble is recovering from the severe shock he sustained.

SAD MISHAP.—Our worthy pastor, the Rev. Jonas Longprose, accidentally tripped and fell down the cellar stairs last night, and is to-day confined to his bed. We cannot say that his chances of recovery are very bright, as the physician is still in attendance.

John Heavystern showed us a hen's egg measuring four inches in circumference yesterday. Next!!

Hunk's Corners is much exercised over the news from the Sudan, but we trust Gladstone will not flinch in his policy.

EXPERIENCES WITH A DUNNAGE BAG.

(A WARNING TO TRAVELLERS.)



"I SAY."

A certain master at a local college,
"Amongst other things had one peculiar way
Of saying as preface, (when imparting knowledge
Or when conversing,) the two words, "I say."

A waggy student, full of mirth and rattle,
Was wont to mimic him and cause much fun
Amongst his comrades: but some tittle-tattle
Told the old tutor what the youth had done.

Indignant then the master had the youth
Before him summoned on the self-same day,
Resolved to force him to confess the truth
About his mimicking those words, "I say."

(For he, like most folk, to his own defects
Was blind, and vowed he did not say, "I say.")

A man, in others, many faults detects,
(But to his own is blind as owls in day.)

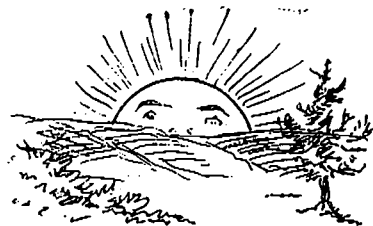
Straight to the lad the master then began
A speech, unthinking, in his usual way,
And thus his sentence, so the youth says, ran,
"I say, they say you say I say, 'I say.'"

Then, seeing how truly he'd himself committed,
And what a jumble did his words convey,
He tried once more; these words his mouth-piece
Quitted,

"I say, I said they said you said I said, 'I say.'"

This was too much, so bursting into laughter
He told the culprit to betake his way
From out his room: "Look here, young man, hereafter
Don't say I said you said I say, 'I say.'"

—S.



AN ESSAY ON SUNRISE.

If none of us had ever seen the sun rise, and it were suddenly to burst upon our vision, how strange and wonderful it would seem to us! How we would watch the pale yellow deepening into pink, and then, when suddenly from below the horizon the golden sun would appear, flooding everything with its yellow light, we would feel that we had been transported to fairy-land, the sun being the chief fairy, transforming even the common things of life with a touch of its magic wand! The saying that "familiarity breeds contempt" is quite true. We despise what is ordinary, however beautiful it may be.

There are many people to whom sunrise brings no pleasure. Nor is it surprising when we consider at what an inconvenient time the sun rises. To be truly artistic, one must also be poetic, and everything wears a most prosaic aspect before the sun rises. The fire is low; one feels cold and fagged out. If sunrise only came in the evening how much one would enjoy it. But now you are too much occupied with your own discomforts to be poetic or artistic. Nay, more—in the cold light of morning how silly, or worse than silly, seem the honeyed speeches you made the night before to the fair one whom you love better than any one in the world. (Or thought you did when you said so, but which you doubt now.) In view of all this, we feel that sunrise is not what it is said to be by the poets.

The poet says:—

"Sweet is the breath of morn,"

but he did not allude to a breath of air 20° below zero. Yes, even in summer it makes one chilly to rise so early. There is always a sort of dampness in the air which conduces to limpness.

It is all very well in the Arctic regions to get up and see the sun rise, for it only does so once or twice a year, so consequently is quite a little excitement, where there is so little else of a nature to interest or entertain one. In our latitude I cannot but think that ordinary people are better in bed taking their natural rest, and allowing the artists to depict on canvas the beautiful tints which most of us find more pleasure in looking at beside a glowing fire when the sun is well up than in viewing them *au naturel*.

There is one sunrise which a mother enjoys. That is to see her son rise and put on the kitchen fire. It is, however, such a rare spectacle that it has come to be regarded as phenomenal.

SUNFLOWER.