

should not be pursued instead of resorting to the strike with all its attendant evils. We find the subject growing in our hands, but we are obliged to stop at this point. We have given our opinions on the matter, this one phase of the question—namely, as to the Right and the Wrong—the many other phases we leave untouched. These opinions are our own; not inspired from any interested source—not submitted to any censorship. They may be wrong but they are at least honest and sincere.

## GOOD NIGHT.

“THIS night is my departing night,  
For here nae langer must I stay;  
There’s neither friend nor foe o’ mine  
But wishes me away.”

“What I have done thro’ lack o’ wit  
I never, never can recall;  
I hope ye’re a’ my friends as yet—  
Good night! and joy be wi’ ye all!”

So sang the poet long ago, so have sung thousands since. So sings the TRIP HAMMER as this our “departing night” has come round. It is scarcely correct, perhaps, to allow the bard to stigmatize our friends as all unfaithful, because we know there are one or two who do *not* wish us away. But when one invokes the spirits of the dead and gone it is not polite to cut and carve them to suit our fancies.

With this issue the TRIP HAMMER ceases to be. Its life has been a short, but on the whole not an unpleasant one. We have no regrets except perhaps that our career has closed so soon. When we first sent out our little journal we did so with the intention of keeping it alive for a year as an experiment. We have done so and have gained knowledge thereby. We have found, for instance, that when one has his hands full of business already, the management and editorship of even a miniature magazine are not pastimes so brimful of enjoyment and recreation as several other recreations we might name. This is our principal reason for discontinuing the publication of the TRIP HAMMER. We have been remonstrated with by some of our friends on account of our determination, and have received at least one kindly message from a brother of the press, (if we are not presumptuous in claiming such relationship), asking us to keep on and speaking words of encouragement. But

we feel that in present circumstances we cannot do justice to the enterprise, and rather than pursue it in a halting or uncertain manner we prefer to stop it altogether, and at once. We hope we have been able to do some good, even though so small that it is not now apparent, and we may perhaps be pardoned if we indulge the hope that some of our patrons and friends will miss us when our day comes round and we do not come. And so without further standing on the doorstep we say

FAREWELL.

## CONTRIBUTED.

## LETTERS FROM AN ESCAPED LUNATIC.

IT cannot be true—it can *not* be true—that you are about to retire, dear TRIP HAMMER, into “dumb forgetfulness”! I met a person—and I refer to him as a person with the utmost deliberation, and with a full knowledge of what the term implies—who stopped me on the street and with a manner saturated in coarseness and redolent of grossest indelicacy addressed me thus:

“I understand you’re the lunatic that’s been writing—he made use of a most abominable word which I refuse to repeat, and of the meaning of which I have not the most remote conception—“to that”—here he burst forth into a volley imprecations calculated to head off the current of the electric light and involve the city in a sulphurous haze—“impersonation of imbecility the TRIP HAMMER. Am I right?”

I endeavoured to pass him by with an expression of countenance indicative of such a lofty scorn that if he had been possessed of the slightest atom of refinement he must have withered where he stood. But instead of quailing before my glance of unutterable contempt, as he ought to have done, he proceeded to make use of language with respect to myself and my letters, and you, dear TRIP HAMMER, which would have caused your few remaining hairs ‘to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine.’ And he ended by informing me that he was ‘mighty glad’—another coarse phrase—to hear that the ‘thing was going up the spout.’”

“I asked him what he meant by ‘going up the spout.’ He gazed upon me with astonishment depicted in his face and raising both hands in a gesture of involuntary hopelessness he remarked ‘Great Scott,’ and plunging down a side street in the most furious manner was soon lost to view.

I was just returning from a visit to some friends, no matter who, in the country, no matter where, and had not yet seen your January number. I rushed for my ho—boarding house and found too soon that the news he told me was true. What do you mean by it? Why here am I only commenced to write! I have more than a year’s experience to give you gained among all sorts and conditions of men, and am I to be choked off in this manner just at the moment when the fire of genius, yet only a spark was about to illumine the pages of the TRIP HAMMER, and through them the