

THE TRIP HAMMER.

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The Trip Hammer.

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GREETING.

We call ourselves "THE TRIP-HAMMER." Doubtless a striking name. We intend that the name shall not be an inappropriate one. TRIP-HAMMERS are of various powers and sizes; ours, as you see, is small. If our capacity were commensurate with our will, we should erect a five thousand horse Corliss engine and harness it to a hammer so powerful, that nothing we wished to break in pieces should withstand its

force. But just at present this is impracticable, and perhaps it is better so. We are young, unsophisticated, inexperienced—whatever word you please that shall convey the idea of callowness and tender youth; and perhaps if we were, all at once, entrusted with the running of an engine as mighty as the one into which we intend—some five or ten years hence—this shall grow, there might be trouble. Therefore we begin small.

A TRIP-HAMMER has various uses. It is not only an instrument of disintegration, but of formation. It should be able to strike so hard as to shiver or crush all opposing objects, and so gently as to form the finest point with delicate precision. We believe there is an opening for a TRIP-HAMMER in the workshop of Journalism. There are a thousand and one evils rampant within its world-wide walls which deserve to be smitten by an engine so powerful that they shall be shattered forever; broken into pieces so small, that the most cunning hand shall fail to re-unite them. They might be. If all the power of the press were put in requisition against evil and on the side of good, how mighty an impetus would be given to the wheels of progress in the direction of the Millenium—wheels that are now impeded at every turn by obstacles wilfully cast down before them by vicious hands. True, we hear about us many echoes of blows which fall in honest fashion; here and there strong arms are swinging sledge-hammers, before whose mighty sweep long-tolerated abuses are going down—whose ringing strokes are sounding through the world. But for every one such, there are a thousand weaklings. For every good, honest, arm's-length, whole-handle striker, there are a thousand going about with tack-hammers, gently tapping at the scaly sides of the monsters which bar the way, or tickling them into more baneful action by their puny blows. And even the sledges sometimes strike feebly. The crowd about them is so great. Self-interest, party—a hundred restraining, entramelling influences are continually in the way to check the weapon's descent or cause it to swerve from its object.

Clearly the hour of the "TRIP-HAMMER" has come.