

THE BARON OF SCHWABEMONPEN; OR,
RESPECT FOR THE REDSKIN.

PREFACE.

In presenting to the readers of GRIP the following free (and easy) translation of an exquisite but hitherto untranslated German legend, Titus A. Drum takes the sweet unction unto his bosom (his heart is on the Rhine), and he it said pathetically and parenthetically (too little rhino unto his pocket) that in it, if carefully read between the lines, will be found solutions to two of the leading questions of the day, viz.: the lofty, we might almost say thoroughbred, "What's in a name?" raised by an yeasterly fellow yeleft Shakespeare; and its equally momentous cousin-german: "What's in a German sausage?" Sages, from the learned to the green or so and so sage, have hitherto been baffled. From to-day we give them a rest. The head and front of the offending will be found in the leg-end which follows, or the translator's efforts have been footile and kneedless.

THE LEGEND.

The Castle Schwabemonpen stood upon the point of a very high hill whose foot was washed by the Rhine; which proved the Rhine a knowing old fellow, for that was just what the foot wanted, it was dirty enough.

From a window in the castle, overlooking its winding ascent, glowed the ruby proboscis of the Baron Von Cracken Schwabemonpen, giving the lie direct to the shameful rumor that he was a Scott Act supporter. Such a game was not worth the Baron's candle, his favorite was Hock-ey, he found more delight in it, and so heavy was his play he downed many "pints" daily.

The more the Baron looked out the casement, the more the ruby glowed and a bad case it meant for somebody. It was plain as A, B, C, the Baron was ill at ease. Muttering an oath he turned from the window, strode into his chair of state, and called for Herr Swigtdown, the Schwabemonpen majordomo. That gentleman appeared, wand of office in hand, bumped his head three times upon the floor in token of servitude, poised himself gracefully on his left foot and then looked anxiously at the Baron's nose.

"Herr Swigtdown," growled the Baron, "how is it that orders for our Extra Red are not shipped more promptly? Serious complaints have reached me from Canada. Care, mine herr, or ——" and the Baron drew his first finger across his throat and said "kwo-o-ih."

The majordomo dropped his wand at the sound of the cabalistic word.

"Baron, I have always done my duty, casings I have enough of, but the chopping machine stands idle for want of supplies."

"Wretch that thou art, it must be set to work. ———, ———, ———."

(The blanks represent sundry German swears indulged in by the Baron, for which the translator cannot find words adequate to do full justice to them.) "Where are the laborers that fell into the well last week?"

"Most noble Baron," replied the majordomo, "they are yet in pickle. I pledge me word, me liege, me lord, that not an animal, canine or feline, is to be found within a radius of six miles. And if my services are not appreciated I can give a week's ———"

"I am the only person around this establishment who does the kicking. Git!" roared the Baron Von Cracken as he booted the majordomo into the castle keep. "Can I or canine not? that is the question," muttered the Baron when he had refreshed himself with a pint of good Rhine wine, "it must be; our maranders shall be called out."

Leaving the Baron to his glass and its reflections, let us without dissent hie to the castle's winding ascent. Upon a boulder of rock sat a stranger. "By gosh!" he murmured, "I

wish I'd stayed in Toronto. Darn it! I can't get a glass of lager anywhere, and I'm as dry as a German—but what am I saying? I used once to sing "Rhine on the Rhine," and now I'm errin' on the Rhine myself. Ha! ha! The air on this hill is making me quite hilarious, I declare. If ever I reach yon castle I'll tell them I'm a Canadian knight; that ought to daze the Barons and Baronesses."

The stranger toiled on and had almost reached the summit, when he was surrounded by a band of fierce-looking men and carried before the Baron. Any other other man would have trembled for his safety, not so our stranger, he was a Toronto man.

"Yaw, mine herr," began he to the Baron, "bleased to make acquaintance mit you, this is von surprise barty——"

"Here, stow that," replied the Baron, throwing a wine flagon at the stranger, who adroitly dodged it, he was a Toronto man, "what is your name and where do you come from?"

"Name, Solomon John Jinks, K.C.B.; home, Toronto, Canada."

"Ah! Toronto! I have business relations with gentlemen in Toronto. We must treat you well. What, ho, there! Spread the table for two, the stranger is our guest."

Soon the feast was ready and the Baron and Solomon John sat down to enjoy it. As Solomon John's eyes wandered over the dishes they twinkled with delight until they rested upon one near the Baron; then his cheeks blanched and his limbs trembled. Rising from his seat, in heart-rending tones he said: "Baron, what is that?" pointing to the dish.

"That is a sausage from our own works."

"Take it from my sight, Baron," screamed Solomon John.

"Varlet," roared the Baron, beside himself with rage, "thou connivest at thy own destruction. Thou eatest it, or to the chopping machine thou goest."

"I cannot conknife to forket the past, Baron. I cannot eat of it."

"Why, stranger, why?" asked the Baron, somewhat pacified with the sight of Solomon John's grief, "why wilt thou not eat?"

"Hark ye, Baron," replied our hero, fixing his eye upon the Baron. "I am a pork butcher."

The Baron quailed before the dreadful words and toast off a pint of wine to cheer his spirits.

"Further, I am employed by Greasem & Porker, the celebrated Toronto firm."

"Greasem & Porker," groaned the Baron.

"I supply them with German sausage. I know it, Baron, as soon as I heard your name. Now, can you blame me for not partaking of the dish?"

"I cannot, I cannot," replied the Baron, his eyes filling with tears, "your fine discrimination and respect for the contents of the German sausage hath touched me to the quick. You shall have our daughter Gertrude for a wife."

The Baron kept his word. Solomon John Jinks and the fair Gertrude were duly married, and after staying many days, during which time Solomon John was taught the secrets of German sausage making, they departed for Toronto, and to-day, in a certain street in that city, (the name being withheld for obvious reasons,) our hero and the Baron's daughter deal out German sausage as innocently as the heathen Chinese.

(The end of the Legend.)

THE PENCIL.

The caricaturists are responsible for endowing the peculiarities of public men with immortality. But for them, politicians might make fools of themselves one day and their folly be forgotten the next. Their potent pencils make the wicked tremble and the foolish quake. Nicknames, peculiarities man-

nerisms, mistakes, and idiocies, are embalmed by the art of caricature in a manner that defies oblivion and makes the subjects thereof "sommel wakeful o' nights."

The cartoonist seems to have been created for the purpose of administering reproof to public offenders in a way they despise and remember. "Seathing editorials" have no terrors for political sinners. They well know that the public will forg-t them in a week, if, indeed, they are read at all. But when a master of the pencil impales a man he impresses his unhallowed inspiration on the general mind forever. When genius and ridicule combine to make a man uncomfortable and absurd, the man gets the worst of it.—*Washington Hatchet.*



COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING.

Father McCoy, P.P.—Michael, I am pained to see this black eye. It looks very bad indeed. I am afraid you have been——

Michael (interrupting).—Sure, yer reverence, if ye cud on'y see the oye Patsy Doolin has, ye'd think there was nothin' at all the matter wid moine!

A SLICK ROAD.

Having occasion to visit New York recently, Mr. GRIP patronized the West Shore Railway between that metropolis and the Bridge, and by way of contrast with what he too frequently finds in connection with home roads, he thinks it proper to make a note of the civility and urbanity of the officials and the business-like despatch which characterized everybody concerned in the important work of conveying him to and fro on this occasion. No doubt the consciousness on the part of conductors, brakemen, ticket sellers, and other officials, that they had in charge an exceedingly distinguished foreigner may have spurred them to extra efforts, but it is well known that the American railways, and this road in particular, are noted for these business graces. Some of our railway employees ought to be sent over to take a few lessons in "how to do it."

ANSWERED.

Quoth the Bishop: "I really would like to know why our Church is thus dwindling down. Our membership roll is awfully low, and our funds are utterly gone. Considering our straight apostolic descent, this is surely a puzzling predicament." "The roll is too low," was the quick reply, "because the Church is a deal too High."