

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Jaſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

A REFORMER.—You are wrong. The new novel of "The wreck of the Chancellor" is a sea-story, and is not intended as a personal satire on Mr. MOWAT.

HAMILTONIAN.—We are much obliged to you for your interesting account of the devouring of a cow by a garter-snake, but it is hardly suited for our columns. Send it to the *Spectator*.

Awful Outrage.

In the year of grace 1869, Campbellford was a small but thriving village. (Our *Ontario Gazetteer* is dated 1869.) The average price of land was \$16 to \$24 per acre. From more recent sources we gather that it has increased in importance. It possesses a bridge over the river Trent, a lodge of Orange Young Britons, and an amiable and devoted man publishes a newspaper there, entitled the *Campbellford Herald*, which illuminates the minds of the inhabitants of the surrounding section. His path has been peaceful and all was happiness around the office. From the sanctum of the inspired editor words of wit and wisdom weekly flowed through the village, and true inwardness prevailed. The exterior of the office was decorated by a magnificent sign, at once the pride of the editor and the admiration of his neighbors. Whether envy had crept into the hearts of some who saw the happy and contented condition of the editor, or whiskey had entered the heads of some other people, we know not. Suffice it to say, that on Sunday the 15th of August, 1875 "while the inhabitants were in quiet repose, some rowdies (nay that is too mild a name for them) entered the Trent block and gaining access to the roof through the lodge room of the *Orange Young Britons*. (!) defaced our printing sign." That beautiful emblem of the inward condition of the office was hideously disfigured. And the editor, what of him? He, we are glad to say, escaped personal damage. But the wound to his noble spirit was none the less severe. Noble as that spirit evidently is, he confesses to having been struck with a sensation approaching fear "that there is a regular gang or society of them in this section," and "that it extends to this our village." He piteously asks the reader "does not your courage fail you when you know you may be struck down at any moment?" Only for one instant did the sensation of fear pervade his frame. He tore the scissors from the table and dashed in frantic pursuit of the wretches who had done the damage. Pursuit was hopeless and he returned. Suddenly he remembered to have read in his childhood that "the pen is mightier than the sword," and, taking a deep draught from his accustomed Hippocrene, he commenced one of those philippics at which the proudest monarch would tremble, let alone a Campbellford rowdy. "A vile ignominious despicable set of villains" was the first outburst of his injured soul. Looking up through the window at the martyred sign board, he sighed deeply, and his grief sadly vented itself in the touching words "would that we had a different story to publish." So he might, if they had carried it away bodily. Nerving himself once more with a mighty effort he appealed to his readers. He warned them that "we have villains of the lowest grade in our midst." (Whom did he suspect?) He warned them to "be careful lest these blackguards rob your household" and as a precautionary measure suggested to "brand them with the dye of demons and forever crush them to the lowest depths it is possible for beasts to attain. Obliterate their names, and set them up as a scourge to society, as beings of shame, degradation and immorality." The whole of these somewhat contradictory instructions are, we understand, about to be carried into effect.

With that commendable love for the young which marks true goodness, the injured editor draws a fine moral for children from the affair. He pictures to himself a mother warning her child against associating with the miscreants who spoiled his sign-board.

After this he darkly hints that he knows all about it, that he is collecting evidence and will have the law of them. He no longer wonders that at large and people may "dread crossing the bridge on a dark night while such contemptible, diabolical rascals are in our midst." He asks in a spirit reminding us of CICERO's terrible denunciation of CATILINE if there is "no way to get rid of such rascals, monsters of evil and promoters of devilry." Is the village to be insulted by their cowardly, dastardly presence forever? His next suggestion is rather an unfair one. He wants to send these "infamous outlaws" somewhere else and proposes a public subscription for the purpose. Where, he does not inform us, but the place is to be one where "they can perpetrate their hideous

"there are so many panes of glass broken in the shop windows." Life and property are alike insecure in Campbellford while these men remain and hellish practices in league with his satanic majesty." But what place deserves such a fate? We do not think Mr. BROWN in his worst mood would send such people into Yorkville in cold blood. His next idea, for the utter extermination of such a blot on society, is more feasible. More evidence has apparently reached him by this time, as he speaks of the "sneak thief walk" and "scornful and degraded deportment" of the villainous wretches, whose "names are sufficient to cast a gloom of discontent over all with whom they have dealings," especially in the sign board business, we should suspect. As "not a spark of humanity can be discovered in the veins of such brutes in human guise" we suspect he has killed and anatomized some of them.

We don't see how Campbellfordians are to "shun them like an adder" if they are to "bring such heathenish barbarians to justice." The latter course would seem preferable, as their language appears to be very improper, being "worse than a two-edged sword for corruption." He does not want "contempt to be poured on our law and people by their presence in this place." After writing this and tearing round the office for a time, physical exhaustion somewhat calmed him. He resolved on one of those noble revenges known only to the truly philosophic mind. If, says he, we "cannot get rid of them then this we are determined on doing: We will let the sign remain as it is and thus let the public and the stranger know that we have such blackhearted rowdies in our neighborhood." We believe that after this admirable resolution he became calmer and that a telegram, which had been sent to the Toronto Asylum for aid, was counter-ordered. But Campbellford will never be the same again. The Trent flows calmly on its appointed course, but the broken windows and mutilated sign are monuments of indelible disgrace to the once happy village.

"Tell Me Ye Winged Winds!"

Tell me ye winged winds
Which round my pathway blow,
Some banking firm, or such
Like persons, do ye know?
Some Baring, Coutts, or Glyn,
To whom I now a lot
Can sell for ready tin
Of debentures I've got?
The wild winds said—"We don't—but up you stairs
You'll find some chaps who'll work the thing on shares!"

Know'st thou stupendous main
Whose billows round me play—
That shilling if the Mail
To me intends to pay?
And, should I get it, can
You indicate how best
In some good premium thing
The cash I can invest?
The rolling deep replied in accents hoarse—
"Twixt oil and copper it is just a toss!"

And thou serenest moon
Whose soft and silv'ry spell
Sets lunatics agog—
At least so people tell.
Hast thou no glamour beam
When budgets I prepare,
To make the public deem
My surplus is not air?
Behind a passing cloud the moon did cloke
Her face, and lo! a voice said "What a goak!"

Tell me my weary soul—
Oh! tell me Faith and Hope,
In wanderings wild and weird
Why thusly do I grope!
Is there no resting place?
No single spot in town
Or country, where awhile
A fellow can sit down?
Ah! Faith and Hope replied:—"For thee my son!
Save on the 'ragged edge,' we fear there's none."

Tell me creation all,
Heaven, earth, and down below,
Is there no mortal means
To me you now can show,
By which a wretch who still
Pursues me like a fate
("Which Sun-Skit is his name")
I can annihilate?
I listened—but alas! upon the gale
No sound save laughter did my ears assail.