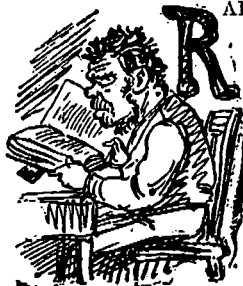


## BARNEY GOES IN FOR A NEW REVISION.

ERINGOBRAH TERRACE, July 20, 1882.

DEAR MISTHER GRIP,—



**R**ALEY an' truly it's meself musht shurely be afther the makin' a new an' revised addition, av that ancient an' literary work called the Bible. I want to be, afther seein' if meself can't thry me hand at doin' away wid or parin' down, or somehow bluntin' the keen edge av some shatements therein, that seem altogether too strict an' antiquated to suit this age av larnin', enlightenment an' murder. In thim owld an' savage days when the intellect av man was in a state av unsophistacy, it was all very well to shake the flamin' sword av justice in his face an' tell him that no murderers, nor adulterers, nor chates, thaves o' the world, or liars, nor nothing what-some-ever that desleth could enter into the blissid Kingdom Come. But anybody wid half an oye can see, that if such a rule was to howld good in these days, the censur av the Kingdom would mighty soon show a great falling off av the emigration returns. Why, sur, in these days all that a man has to do in order to read his tittle clear to mansions in the shkeyes, is to lie, chate, commit adultery, an' finally wind up wid a brutal cowl-blooded murther. Then begins the *magis operandi* av gettin' the heavenly gates pried ajar. This was beautifully an' graphically described some twenty years ago by the "pal" av a Cockney convict who was anxious to give his fellow villian the benefit av his expyrience through the pages av "Punch."

"You shakes yore 'ead, turnup yore eyes,  
And they takes that to be repentingce,  
Wich they in course believes 'as been  
The consequens av their exortience."

The prastes an' Layvites av our age never know the value av a man's sowl til he has tuk the life av wan better than himself. You may lie, chate, swindle, back-bite an' desthroy the karakter av yornighbour; you may covet his goods in general an' his wife in particular, an' run no risk av been prayed for specially, you aint had enough yet, but you plot an' scheme an' take away an innocent life just to suit yer own convyanience, or feed yer hungry spite, an' behowld yez, av how grate an importance yer sowl has become to the religious an' sentimental community. Ivry day the little byes read a bulletin in the papers av how yez are always readin' that Bible, av yer sorrow at bein' found out—Bedad what an I sayin'—I mane fur yer crime, an' how yer grate devotion is only aqualled by yer grate appetite for good victualls. It would never do at all, at all, fur a criminel like you to be towld to walk safely as became yer sitiwation, an' the sitiwation av the families yez have blasted wid yer devilish wickedness, no sur! No fear an' trumblin' for such as *you*. Doubt an' humility may become thim poor wake sows who darsh't but kiss the hem av Salvation's garment; and thanful fur strength to do that same, considerin' the nivir indin' warfare they're ingaged in wid the devil Self, but fur the man who has crowned a life av wickedness by a brutal an' unprovoked murther, it's off the scaffold yez must spring, straight into glory, and no mistake about it, aither. To join the grate cloud av witnesses, not "av saints an' martyrs, an' shpirits av just men made perfect," as we were taught to believe in thim owld savidge Bible times long ago, but into the grate company av liars, an' swindlers, an' adulterers, an' murderers;

into the society av beatified suicides, and good-bye-meet-me-in-Heaven shpirits, who shew that the aisiest way ov bearin' the cross is to get rid av it by walkin' into glory unannounced, or widout ivir sayin' to the blissid St Peter, "by yer lave, sur." I'm in despair, Misther Grip, the owld theory av faith an' howly life as the strait road to eternal peace an' safety, is exploded; a poor humble sarvint av Christianity, like meself, has no earthly chance, alongside av such brilliant an' shinin' examples of devotion, but I make howld to say that Heaven would scarcely be an equivalent reward fur the sublimity and grandeur av their impidence. I would go further still an' be bowld enough to risk me own chance on Heaven, to see wan av these glorified blatent murderers have the halter taken from his neck, just as he was gaspin' the lasht "glory!" an' turn him adrift unbeknowest to the public, for the next ten years, to test the truth av his protestations by a life becomin' them. I'd like to kape me weather oye on that chap outwardly an' inwardly fur just half ov that time, an' if he kept anything like wan per cent. up to the mark, it's meself would be sorry he wasn't hung at the proper time seein' the cruyther was too good to live. There musht surely be some mistake about that quare shatement about the narrow way an' the strate gate. Whin I'm afther takin' a turn in the cimitary av a Sunday, to meditate among the toorns, as Misther Harvey recommends fur the sowl's health, an' there read the names on marble tombstones, recorded as havin' "entered into rest," an' a grate many more such expressions too sacred fur meself to be afther quotin' here, an' then call to remembrance the lives I reconimber them to have led, the victims they ruined, the hearts they broke, the earthly animals they were all through, so airthy that they had no bands in their death, but marched bowldly, an' widout winkin' an' oie, into the valley av the shadow. I'm sthrukk wid a suspicion that it's me oyesight I'm afther losin', an' surely I can't see straight. But nary a mishtake more's the pity, there it is cut in indelible marble, the virtues av the Christian villains, who were churched, an' buried wid no end av pomp and ceremony, an' a couple av hundred dollars worth av marble shoutin' all over the cimitary about their safe advint on the heavenly shore. Now it shtrikes me the owld Book musht have got out av date, because if these people are in Heaven, what can we make av these shatements that no such truck intirs there. Ould John Bunyan gets out av this scrape, by tellin' how the boatman, Mr. Vain-Hope, ferry's all sich karakters over. Mr. Bunyan cud see through a tombstone very clarely, indade, but he was too strict fur the age he lived in, so bedad! they landed him in jail. There was a bowld an' accomodatin' shtroke made whin they clapt a few boords over the roavin' mouth av hell, by the revision av the Testamint, but I'm av opinion that if all thim karakters that were formerly supposed to gravitate to that place, naturally by the law av cause an' effect (to say nothing of justice to the unpunished here), have gone straight to Heaven as it is declared they do; thin I rayther think they'll find they've only turned that blissid place into a rival institution. Sayrionly, sur, though there may be no limit to the cheek av a converted criminal, there is, I know by expyriance, a limit to human credulity. Aither we musht have a new an' revised addition av certain statements in this Book, or this blatent road to glory must be guarded wid the flamin' sword av truth. I can ever an' always believe in mercy extended to the broken an' contrite in heart, but the broken an' contrite style av man don't go through the valley whoopin' an' whoorayin' like mad, nor if he lives, sets up for a teacher of others on the strength of being the biggest scoundrel and the man av durtiest expyri-

ance. In the owld savidge days, the man who ministored in holy things had to be clane outside an' inside, but the devil's masher shtroke was his engineerin' av his agents into the service av religion.

Yours, out av breath,  
BARNEY O'HEA.



A startling summons—the breakfast bell at 6:30 a.m.

A company manufacturing weak soap should be a limited *lye-ability* concern.

Even the least quarrelsome men occasionally show their teeth to a dentist.

Is a man who thinks all the time about whiskey in any danger of having *water* on the brain?

No one ever shows any ill temper towards money, yet some old coins are the only ones ever "struck."

In speaking of the publishing business our Funny Contributor says that there is no doubt about there being big money in a newspaper. The trouble is to get any of it out.

There was a young man named Slimmin,  
Who was exceedingly fond of the wimmint;  
He went out to propose,  
But a rain storm arose,  
'Till his shoes full of water were brimmin.

Our funny contributor learns with dismay that, owing to the Egyptian difficulty, gum arabic has risen in price six to eight cents a pound. As our contributor uses a great deal of the article in making scrap books, etc., this news necessitates a still further delay for his creditors.

"Mariah, will you light the fish?"  
"No, Hezekiah! but Josiah, he  
Will light the fish, as he is  
Somewhat highah, can draw  
Niah, and wont so easily tiah."

Men and watches don't amount to much when they are run down.—*Boston Star*. And a man in the hands of a lynching (Viligance) Committee doesn't amount to much when he is run up.

A sensational novel is called "Jack Cade, or the Bondsman's Struggle." The struggles of certain bondsmen to avoid paying securities for defaulting bank officials throw Mr. Cade's little affair entirely into the shade.

### WHY SNIFFLE VOTES GRIT.

"Yer see," said Perkins, "he allers did vote right up ter '72, but the post-office bizness fixed the old cuss."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Well, yer see, the post office didn't allers be in the village; it wuz out ter Jake Dickerses, 'bout half-a-mile from here. When the village hed growed a bit, we considered it ought ter be moved, so we agertated the matter an' the rulin' powers agreed ter it. There wuz jist