

The Ottawa *charivari* homicide has been investigated by a coroner's jury, and the result is a verdict of manslaughter against several of the persons arrested. The latest murder, that of Richardson, near Kingston, has caused unusual excitement. The murderer, one Elijah Vanloughnet, has been arrested, and is now lying in Kingston jail awaiting trial. The *Globe*, with its usual enterprise, has secured his "likeness" and given it to the world in the form of a wood-cut, fearfully and wonderfully made as usual.

The *Globe* ought to find some better use for its space than this. The effect of its "cuts" of murderers is not only to bring one of the fine arts into contempt, but to debase the public mind. Providing the ends of justice are served, the less said about murders and murderers in the public press the better, and nobody knows this better than the editor of the *Globe*. If the leading dailies of Toronto were to take a stand on this subject, and exclude all sensational accounts of such affairs, it could not but have a salutary effect upon the press of the whole Dominion.

Otto Bendix, late Court pianist to the King of Denmark, who recently arrived in Boston, is likely to be in Toronto on 1st September, and we learn that Octavius Newcombe & Co. are arranging a complimentary recital, so that the musical people of Toronto may be favored with an opportunity of hearing this distinguished pianist. Herr Bendix for several years held the position of chief instructor in the Conservatory of Music at the Danish capital, and is considered a master of his art. The recital will take place in St. James' School-room.

To Correspondents.

- G. M., Cohocok.—Thanks; will be pleased to hear from you at any time.
- Geo. J. Holyoke.—All right; fire away.
- A. J. McN.—Very good; but might be briefer with advantage.
- Subscriber, London.—We have attended to that small matter in this issue.

SLASHBUSH ON OUR MANIFEST DESTINY.



"Manifest destiny! Why manifest? eh, Almira?" said Gustavus Slashbush one evening last week, as he had finished reading some comments on General Sherman's visit to Canada.

"I give it up," said Almira, who of late had grown quite jocose and somewhat slangy—it is feared from her association with a noble youth from Toronto, who, in company with others, had carried his fishing tackle to and had temporarily located on the outskirts of the Slashbush estate.

"And so do I 'give it up,'" said Gustavus severely, not liking the flippant style of his sister's answer. "Here's Gen. Bill Sherman who cut a swathe forty miles wide from 'Atlanta to the Sea,' through his own glorious republic, and didn't leave a bridge, fence, or house on his devastating track, is of the opinion that we ought to belong to the States. That's the word, Almira—"belong." Of course this was "war

time," and the people were "rebels," but if we joined the Union we might repent of our bargain, and want to secede too, and then look out for squalls. Now, in British Columbia, or elsewhere, people can talk of secession or anything else, and leave the Dominion, too, I suppose, if the critters want to, without a couple of hundred thousand bunnies going through the land and making ducks and drakes of everything. If we'd only think so we are all right. We can a seuss confederation of the empire, or no empire, or anything else here. The newspapers may pitch into each other, and the politicians air their mouths in long speeches, but there's no blood spilt and no particular harm done. We have no Secretary of State to pull his little bell and consign us to Governor's Island, or some other military prison, as Mr. Seward used to boast of being able to do. Manifest destiny! Why it makes me lugh! Ha! ha! It makes me—"

"Ded darn ye!" interrupted old Slashbush, who had just come home from the trout stream near the beech bush; "what in thunder are ye luffin' at? Go and order them city fellers off the farm. And you Almira, if I catch you speakin' agin to that long legged critter with the short trousers agin I'll break every bone in your body."



Barney's Trip on the "Southern Belle."

BRIDGEBURGH TERRACE,
August 15th, 1861.

ME DEAR FRIEND GRIP.—

Whin yer shtomach gets out av order, an' yer aftter feelin' quare all over; whin, what wid the durt, an' dusht, an' hate, its gaspin' all the toime ye are fur a breath av the blissid fresh air—thin sm, be thim same tokens, its a thrip on the *Southern Belle* an' a whiff av the shkoy blue brayzes av Ontario that will do yez more good than all the physics av the apothecary. Shure, an't I just aftter havin' a thrip meself. Well, sir, "the morn was fair, the shkoy was clear," whin Nora, she says to me, says she, "Barney," says she, "is it the consumption yez have, I dunno, yez are aftter lukin' so bad all the toime? Musha, Barney!" says she, "luk at the foine bowl av salts an' senna wid a rizin in it I'm aftter makin' yez, an' yez musht drink it down fashin'." "All right," says I, "Nora, but get me white shirt an' me green toie ready to-night, for its off to Hamilton an' out av this I'll be this blissid avenin'." "An' won't yez take the good physic, asthere?" "Av coorse," says I, an' wid that, unbeknownst to me, me unfortunate elow pokes the beautiful bowl av physic clear onto the flure. "Quite accidentally," says I. "Oh, yes, I believe yez," says she kind av dry loike.

The town clock was aftter shtrikin' seven whin, behowld your sarvint waitin' on the wharf; the last golden shmoile av the sunset on me face as much as to say, "Good night, an' good luck to yez, Barney!" Ye se, Misther Garr, I had heard so much av the beauty av Hamilton, an' the way thim Tonawandians prised it up, that, says I, "Begorra I'll have a couple av dollars worth av it anyway, an' it will be asier to take than the physic." The moment I set feet on board, the captain he comes up to me an' says, he shakin' me hand, "Happy to see you, Misther O'Hea, an' its proud I am to see yez on the *Belle*." Thin he axed aftter Nora an' Tim, an' says he, "I hope, Misther O'Hea," says he, "yez will enjoy your thrip to Hamilton as much as I do readin' Grip every Saturday. I suppose," says he, "you'll be glad to see that the Land Bill has passed aftter

all; it will do a power av good to your country." "Captain," says I, "I'm a Canadian these twenty years, an' Canada is me country, an' where will yez find wid fit to hold the candle to her as a home country. But whispur its another thrip I take wid yez, when we'll be aftter passin' the great Canadian Land Bill av 1883, an' thin, I'll luck for yer congratulations on the abolition av absolute landlordism in the North-West." Be this toime the wind sprung up an' the byes and girls began to promenade up an' down the deck, buffin' an' sparkin', an' gollivantin' generally, an' becomin' a kind av in the way, I says, "We'll go down stairs, Barney," an' I sauntered down to where there's a little place forinist the dure av the ladies' saloon, an' I could see they war all women folks an' childer there, barrin' two min wid black coats an' white toies, sittin' away at the far ind, an' another young man sittin' on a sofa, doi' himself the honor av kapin' a couple av gossoons av girls gigglin' at his second hand wit. By an' bye do in comes a weary lakin' woman wid a big heavy baby ashlep in her arms, an' she goes up to the dure av the saloon an' lugs all around, an' then she lukt the second toime at the min wid they lazy legs crossed over ouch other, an' turned away wid a heavy sigh, for in this wuruld paple sigh with achin' backs as often as wid achin' hearts. Then a white faced craythur, as sick as death, she comes in, an' aftter her another mother, a young craythur wid a suckin' baby, an' they walked all round in front av thim min there, an' wud yez believe it, Misther Garr, they sat still an' just lukt at the poor craythurs, an' thim lakin' like to dirap. At last a big woman she reaches over an' she says right in the ear av the fool on the sofa, "Pity poor sick woman can't get a sent, an' so many min layin' around." Bedad, sur! the way that young fellow flew out av that was a trate to see; he nivir wanst said good night. All the same the weary woman got a sent at last. Thin a tall young woman wid a face loike a June rose, an' hair loike spun gowld, she cum sailin' in, an' a gentleman he lade her up to the pianny, an', begorra, she played till I cum near dancin' an' makin' an owld fool av meself! By an' bye in shteps a dapper, jolly owld Frenchman wid his cane, an' he goes saftly up to the pianny, an' he keekin' under her hat he says, wid a shly shmoile, "Ha! ha! I thought it was you." "Oh! Dr. Filigiano," says she, "you musht sing for us." "Wid plensure," says he, puttin' his hat on the tap av the pianny, an' he shtroked his grey head an' cleared his throat, for the owld man has the heart av a bye in him yet. Then the folks all crowded in, meself among the rest, an' he sang the "Marscellaise" in foine shtyle. Aftter that the lady she played awhile. Thin he sang the "Low Backed Car," an' the way he sat wid his arum round Peggy's waist as they drove to Father Maher's made the girls luff till yez couldn't heer the music. "Do," says I, "docther, sing us just another wan." So he straitened himself up, an' puttin' his hand on his left soide, he signed an' sung "The Datin' av Me own Heart," till you'd think the owld man hadn't grown his first whiskers. Well, now, what wid the music, an' the chatin', an' the fun, me thrip came to an ind too soon intoirely. There were two mosht beautiful strate cars, loike churches widout walls, waitin' to receive us. I got in an' drove to the Royal Hotel, where I slept. Next mornin' I went out to luk at the city, an' I'll nivir think av it agin widout three C's,—clane, cool, an' comfortable. I haven't room here to shpake av its beauties, but the Tonawandians paid a grute compliment to Naples whin they compared it to Hamilton, for Naples is just as dirty as Hamilton is clane. An' how could they ivir, for a moment, compare the filthy, grasey, black-browed Nuyapitonus wid the clane-skinned, rose-tinted, bright-eyed lads and lassies that I saw rowin' their beanie boats over the crystal, clear waters av Hamilton Bay?

BARNEY O'HEA.