



THE MOWAT YOUNG MAN.

(From designs by the Mail Editor.)

"The (hic) traitor's haa' is on thy throat, On-tay-ree-o!" (hic).
(Suspended animation.)

THE TRIALS OF GENIUS.

CHAP. I.

I am beginning to think that, perhaps, after all, I am not so clever as I imagined I was. From my earliest infancy, or rather from the period as far back as I can remember, I had been encouraged by my fond mother and relations in the belief that I was a prodigy of genius—with the exception of a crusty old bachelor uncle, who declared that I was a something stronger than confoundedly precocious, forward young brat. Sober reflection in later years has forced me to confess that my avuncular relative may have had good foundations for his assertion.

I was constantly reminded by my dear mother that poets usually commenced to write—to try their pinions—at an early age, and I resolved to take a few experimental flights myself. I read Byron, Shelley, Keats and others. I read their biographies and was rather astonished, not to say alarmed, at finding that death claimed those bards for his own whilst they were yet young. I hoped that I should not be, likewise, cut off in my prime though I have since discovered that many of those professing to be my friends, the crusty old uncle amongst the lot, were ever devoutly praying for such a consummation. At any

rate I did not wish to die before I had made a name for myself, and accordingly I set about its manufacture at once. I was then thirteen. I still have the faded, yellow manuscript of my first effusion. It began thus:

"ODE TO THE MOON.

Oh! moon how pale thou art: how high
Thou gleamest in the brite nocturnle sky.
Oh! moon tell me art thou but a moon,
Or shall we find in thee another world soon.
Shining up yonder, thou great orb of night,
Aid thy bard in his poetic flight."

And so on, and so on, and so on. My mother embraced me as she read these beautiful lines, and called me "her budding genius," "her inspired philosopher." My uncle called me "a confounded young fool." I am inclined to think, now, that my uncle must have been inspired in his selection of epithets.

As time passed on I continued to tempt Providence by writing poetry, and was referred to by the editor of the country town paper to which I contributed as "our talented young fellow townsman, whose graceful strains in these columns have so often held enthralled the senses of our appreciative readers." I wrote on all subjects, and I remember I alluded to the blacksmith of the town—in a poem of some four hundred lines, descriptive of my

native place—as "The dusky Vulcan, Scroggins him we call." Mr. Scroggins, whose mythological education would appear to have been overlooked, chose to take offence, and swore roundly that he "wasn't going to be insulted by that—scribbling young whelp, and called no such blackguard names," and as he was a man of huge biocipital development, and Herculean size, I was, for several weeks, compelled to make a detour of nearly two miles through the fields to get past his smithy, for he had been heard to avow that if he got hold of me he would surely wring my neck, which threat my uncle applauded to the skies. The belle of the town, Miss Soplly Tarbutt, of course came in for a share of my attention. I referred to her as the "fairy nymph who trips the cowslipped mead," but the intelligent compositor brought her out as "the fiery nymph who sips the cowslipped mead," (mead being a very popular beverage in which cowslips were often used to give a delicate flavor) and consequently I was subjected to a terrible thrashing and subsequent ducking in the horse pond by her lover, the young man who acted as shopman at the haberdashery, and his friends, who determined in their bemuddled minds that a fiery and mead-swilling nymph was a lady who was no better than she should be. This unfortunate affair drove me from the home of my ancestors, and I determined to court fortune and the Muscs in a neighboring city, the people of which would, I felt, recognize me as I deserved, and hail me as the genius I imagined myself to be.

(To be continued.)

OUR SECRET SERVICE CABLE.

By secret telegraph GRIP's ambassador to Warsaw sends the following, for which it is claimed that it has the merit of being as true as many other wirings from the same quarter: "WARSAW, Sept. 18th.—The self-constituted triumvirate of Russia, Austria and Germany, while indulging in liberal potatoes of muddle-weller, a compound of vodka, lager and acid-sick, forgot their usual caution and spoke loud enough to be overheard. The subject of their discussion was the recently created Canadian standing army. This was voted to be a menace to the world's peace; another British outrage, one more proof of the all-absorbing policy of the hated England, whose persistent defiance in colonizing every available spot of earth, and crowding every sea with her keels, must be at any cost opposed. He of Austria was particularly lugubrious. "Our history," said he, "has been one of misfortune; thrashed by the Turks; chastised by other folks (here he bowed twice), and wholopped again by the French whenever opportunity offered, what should we do in the event of a collision with that Canada? Fancy her troops battering at the gates of Vienna!" "Peace, my brother," gently whispered the conciliatory Kaiser, "we have nothing to fear from these colonists. Should they threaten, make an ally of the United States, and Uncle Sam's fleet will prove sufficiently potent to keep the Canucks at home."

"Bravo!" shouted the Czar excitedly, "we have emptied our glasses, and in the words of the old song,

"I think there is a good reason why
We should fill and drink again."

GRIP's ambassador may not be extra clever, but judging all parties by their antecedents, the raven's caput is equal to half a dozen eagle's heads, though mounted on imperial shoulders.

A Gorman newspaper contains the following advertisement: "If Charles Frankerber will either call on or write to Karl Schmidt, on the Kaiser Strasse, No. 26, he will hear something to his advantage. His wife is dead."
—Texas Siflings.