

The City Bells.

Hear the everlasting bells—
City bells!
What a bedlam of ding-dongs
Each striking hour foretells.
First a crazy sort of rhyme
From St. James' costly chime.

Then an idiotic, multitudinous clang
Of bells both great and small,
In steeple, and on hall;
Of bells both cracked and sound
Through all the region round,
Announce the hour in wild discordant bang.

And it may be three or seven,
Or perchance it may be eleven,
For the tantalizing clatter,
So obscures the trivial matter
Of the hour;
So absurdly they express it
That you've got to merely guess it,
For to accurately count it
Defies all human power.

Shocking Atrocities.

Basking in the calm philosophic sunshine of the Nineteenth century, nurtured in the lap of luxurious Toronto, surrounded by policemen, fire-escapes, water-carts, and other adjuncts of civilization, living under the religious superintendence of the orthodox and logical McCORD, and surrounded by the soft and pleasing influences permeated through the atmosphere by the soothing publications of the saint-like GRIP, it is difficult to believe that, in any portion of the world, the fearful scenes depicted by our correspondent are actually becoming matters of daily occurrence. GRIP sympathizes, he grieves—he can do no more—yes, he can; he publishes:—

To the Editor of Grip;

SIR:—You have heard of the terrible atrocities perpetrated—nay, daily continuing to be perpetrated—by the cruel and remorseless Turks on the unhappy natives of Bulgaria, writhing in agony under their yoke. Your pitying nature must sympathize with them—with all the afflicted and trodden down in this too often inhuman earth. Remote from you as we are, we yet implore your powerful assistance. Think of what we endure. Think of the agony with which I, who, though of an oppressed race, yet possess filial affection, saw the corpse of my father exposed to the insult of the brutal populace, and lying cold and pallid in the public street, close by the threshold which in life he loved. Retreating in terror to my humble habitation, in a remote part of the city, what fresh horrors met my palsied view! There, in that secluded spot, which I all too fondly hoped secure, beside the seldom trodden and grassy path, lay the quivering and outstretched forms of my two gallant brothers, expiring in the agonies of a torturing death. Their murderers had gone. Horror-stricken, I rushed into my house, and passed a wretched night, only to meet a more wretched morning. What then did I hear? An acquaintance, one of my own race, informed me, with fear-stricken countenance, that I had suffered a yet sadder bereavement—our tyrants, disregarding the privilege of sex, had deprived my affectionate mother and my sweet sisters of life. Now, indeed, I am alone and desolate. What further pleasure have I in life? All night my melancholy cries ascended to the heavens. It is not improbable that you may have heard them—the irrepressible outbursts of a soul-piercing woe. I know some heard, and unfeelingly threatened me with vengeance if I repressed not the involuntary outpouring of my grief. Let them wreak it. I care not.

What have we done to be treated thus? Have we not ever been among the most useful, the most trusted, the most valued members of the community? Is not our honesty proverbial? We might be trusted with untold gold. As for lying, we are incapable of it.

I trust, sir, that you will interpose for our protection. I am unknown to you; but you have probably seen me. I am, as I said, remote from you; in fact, seven blocks off. I am of a white color, with brown spots. My name is Ponto. You may know me by the large serrated brass neck-tie I wear, to which a friend of mine lately appended an angular amulet of the same metal.

Yours,

AN AFFLICTED INDIVIDUAL.

Toronto, Aug. 1st, 1876.

TERPSICHOEAN.—The hard knocks given to MACKENZIE and party in the Ontario may be said to have made the Scotch Reel; but at Glangarry they have squared matters by administering to the Tory a High-land Fling.

Horrible Accident.

HERE is the first item under the head of "Accidents and Casualties" in Thursday's *Globe*:—

"The Parry Sound camp meeting commenced to day and will close on Wednesday following. A large attendance of whites and Indians is expected."

GRIP wants further particulars of this accident or casualty. Were there many killed? What doctor was summoned, and what did he do about it?

More Grit Partiality.

HERE is a genuine Grit anomaly. The *Globe* is obliged to bear the whole expense of running its special train west, whereas the *Mail* train is run at the expense of the government!

The Alderman.

Away, ye pinch'd and famin'd citizens!
Speak not to me. I am an alderman.
Speak not to me of houses all unlet;
Of business at a stand-still, debts unpaid;
Of money unattainable—of times,
The hardest ever known, speak not to me!
I say the taxes must be raised; I say
That we shall heighten all the rates this year,
And next year also. Pay, ye rascals, pay!
Speak not to me! I say the assessors shall
Assess you twice this year, and thereby we
Shall tax three months in two; speak not to me!
We mean to make new roads, new sewers, new
Stations and offices, bath-houses, all
That we can think upon, so but we spend
The money while we're in. Do you not know
Where much is spending much is to be made?
Think you for love of you we do your work?
What work do you for us? Speak not to me!
The money must be spent, and you must raise
It that it may be spent. We aldermen,
Must spend this year; we'll get no chance again.

The Stamp Nuisance.

MILD EXPLETIVE FOR THE USE OF THE GOVERNMENT STAMP MAKER.—BUY GUM!

OUR Nomination to the Stamp Department.—HARRY GUMMER.

THE members of the Presbyterian General Assembly object to the Government stamps because of their qualified adhesion.

THE Government Postage Stamps are like SIR JOHN A. the more they're licked the less they'll stay in the corner.

LEARN from the un gummed postage stamps that a man may have good face value, but is useless if he has nothing at his back.

THE Hon. WILLIE MACDOUGALL may be likened unto one of these stamps. He has a handsome exterior but he don't stick.

LIKE the Government majorities, the post stamps continue to drop off. LET us have paste!

"Never fash about Glangarry, man; come in bye, and hae some Glenlivet," quoth the jovial MACKENZIE to the downcast JOHN A. "Turn about's fair play; ye wan the Ontarios ye ken." "Turn about," said the doleful knight, "well then, we should get in again." "And ye shall, when we hae had twanty years," said the keen MACK. And the great MACDONALD groaned, drank, and departed.

CANINE.—The Chief of Police has sent in a valuable proposal for the management of dogs. First you are to buy a ticket as you do now, giving your dog the liberty of the streets. Then, if he is caught in the streets, you are to be fined a dollar. Now, what is the use of mincing matters? Why not let a policeman call at every dog-owner's every evening; and collect a dollar. If dog-owner's dog dies, dog-owner to purchase another at once? Perhaps this would satisfy the Corporation, unless, indeed, they prefer that he shall call every morning as well.

ATMOSPHERICAL.—The *Mail* speaks of "the cloud of Government contractors and civil servants which flooded Glangarry." GRIP did not at first understand this, but presently it became plain that MACKENZIE collected them, jammed them in portable shape, floated them by electricity over Glangarry, and let 'em drop. No wonder he inflicted a crushing defeat.