

make an appeal once more to the sympathies of my subjects. Should you decide to assist me in publishing a series of letters, to which this may be considered the introduction, I shall immediately proceed to inundate your columns with the productions of my teeming intellect.

G. R., V.

## SELECTED.

### "THE EVENTFUL HISTORY OF TOMMY AND THE LION."

WITH this issue of the TRIP HAMMER is published an Illustrated Supplement, containing the first two of a series of facsimile reproductions of twelve cartoons by the late distinguished and humorous Artist, Mr. Richard Doyle, entitled "The Eventful History of Tommy and the Lion." The drawings, hitherto unpublished in Canada, were among the last that Mr. Doyle executed, and evidence a moral so clearly that any explanation would appear quite unnecessary. This series was recently published by the *London Pall Mall Budget*, and we have reproduced them from their engravings for the benefit of our readers, and will issue two of the sketches in an illustrated supplement each month till the completion of the twelve. The original pencil drawings were exhibited at the recent exhibition of Mr. Richard Doyle's Works at the Grosvenor Gallery, where they met with considerable attention from the Artist's many admirers. The *Pall Mall Budget* thus comments upon them :

"The quaint conceit and humor displayed in illustrating the story are remarkable characteristics of the Artist's work, while the sketches possess a popular interest extending far beyond art circles."

In a leading article dealing with the sketches the *London Daily News* remarks that Mr. Doyle "shows us in some slight sketches how Tommy came to grief among the lions, which seems a heroic prehistoric way of going to the dogs. Observe the absolute recklessness of Tommy, his heedlessness of natural laws, of parental remonstrance, of all things human and divine. The ancient Greeks would have recognized, as his nurse probably did, in Tommy that insolence which is a tempting of Nemesis. He reminds one of Aias, who insulted the gods, and was promptly wrecked in the sea. But Aias swam to a rock, and climbed thereon and boasted, and said he didn't care, so it became necessary for Zeus to pick him off with a thunderbolt. Tommy was like that. Observe, then, how in peaceful English plains a lion was suddenly evolved by the general indignation of nature. The lion pursues Tommy, catches Tommy, lays its paw (awful moment!) on Tommy, and finally you have a very foreshortened view of portions of Tommy as he vanishes into the maw leonine. This series shows us Mr. Doyle as an ethical artist denouncing moral judgments; something like Michael Angelo adapted to the nursery."

### AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

WE were twenty days out from Boston, and had made throughout an average run of a hundred miles a day. The schooner had proved herself an excellent sea-boat. The coast of Greenland was about ten leagues away, obscured by a cloud. We had not yet, however, sighted the land, but we had made our first iceberg, we had seen the "midnight sun," and we had come into the endless day.

The first iceberg was made the day before we passed the Arctic Circle. The dead white mass broke upon us out of a dense fog, and was mistaken by the lookout for land when he first caught the sound of breakers beating upon it. It was floating directly in our course, but we had time enough to clear it. Its form was that of an irregular pyramid, about three hundred feet at its base, and perhaps half as high.

Its summit was at first obscured; but at length the mist broke away, disclosing the peak of a glittering spire, around which the white clouds were curling and dancing in the sunlight. There was something very impressive in the stern indifference with which it received the lashings of the sea. The waves threw their liquid arms about it carelessly, but it deemed not even a nod of recognition, and sent them reeling backward, moaning and lamenting.

As the fog lifted and rolled itself up like a scroll over the sea to the westward, iceberg after iceberg burst into view, like castles in a fairy tale. It seemed, indeed, as if we had been drawn by some unseen hand into a land of enchantment, rather than that we had come of our own free will into a region of stern realities, in pursuit of stern purposes;—as if the elves of the North had, in sportive playfulness, thrown a veil about our eyes, and enticed us to the very "seat eternal of the gods."

It would be difficult to imagine a scene more solemnly impressive than that which was disclosed by the sudden change in the clouded atmosphere. From my diary I copy the following brief description of it:

"MIDNIGHT.—I have just come below, lost in the wondrous beauty of the night. The sea is smooth as glass; not a ripple breaks its dead surface, not a breath of air stirring. The sun hangs close upon the northern horizon; the fog has broken up into light clouds; the icebergs lie thick about us; the dark headlands stand boldly out against the sky; and the clouds and sea and bergs and mountains are bathed in an atmosphere of crimson and gold and purple most singularly beautiful."

In all my former experience in this region of startling novelties, I had never seen anything to equal what I witnessed that night. The air was warm almost as a summer's night at home, and yet there were the icebergs and the bleak mountains, with which the fancy, in this land of green hills and waving forests, can associate nothing but cold repulsiveness. The sky was bright and soft and strangely inspiring as the skies of Italy. The bergs had wholly lost their chilly aspect, and, glittering in the blaze of the brilliant heavens, seemed, in the distance, like masses of burnished metal or solid flame. Nearer at hand they were huge blocks of Parian marble, inlaid with mammoth gems of pearl and opal.

One in particular exhibited the perfection of the grand. Its form was not unlike that of the Coliseum, and it lay so far away that half its height was buried beneath the line of blood-red waters. The sun, slowly