



BARNEY HEARD FROM AT LAST.

ERINGOBRAH TERRACE, Jan. 15th, 1884.

To the Rare an' only Bard an' Freedom, GRIP.

Now don't yez be afther axi' what's become av yer travellin' correspondent all this toime, when it's yerself that knows as well as I do, that meself is just after returnin' from Rooshy philanderin' around wid the bear, an' me first cousin on the side av me aunt be marriage to wit, Misther Giniral Clay av the United States av Ameriky no less. Och masha! but he's a grate trate! an' a broth av a boy is the Giniral. Indade the only known infirmity he kin brag av is a quare paquilarity in his eyesight which wan might suppose could be caused by the eternal glare av the Roosian snow on eyes naterally wake. But in troth he towld me himself, how bein invited to dine wid the owld Czar (him they blew all to smithereens) he was so dazzled wid the honor an' glory an' glitter av the Impyrial display, that his natural eyesight was totally changed, an' o'er since he has worn a pair av rose coloured spectacles, which are a grate aid both to the sight an' the imagination. "Baron" sez he to me (they call me Baron O'Hcaowski in Rooshy), "Baron" sez he strokin down the top av his head softly, "this is the mosht A I country under the sun—the loveliest charmingest mannered, free an' aigual kind av people without an exception. Rooshy, Baron, is my bo-ideal av a country, and I want you to belave so at wanst." "Telah dipind" sez I shpakin Frinch, secin I did'nt know Rooshin. "I'll prove it" sez he standin' on his heels and shtickin his thumbs in his armpits, "Baron O'Hcaowski in this country I've dined wid an Impiror an' an Impriss, an' where do you suppose on the top av this airth, would I get a chance to do that same, except in Rooshy. Nine years ago Baron I came over here wid me microscope for the purpose av shtudyin human natur an' in purshoot av that science sur, I've eaten cabbage soup an' black bread wid the woodmen who come from the intayrior on boats and rafts."

"Mother av Marcy!" sez I, "cabbage an' blackbread! is that all the workin' men av Rooshy get to do a day's work on? Ayxcuse me Giniral," sez I "but don't yez think yerself now that a breakfast av fried potatoes wid a rashor av bacon, or a larrup av briled beef-stake, wid good hot coffee or tay sich as the lumbermen, an' raftsmen in Kanada get on a cowl mornin' would kind av go down better than—that was that?—cabbage an' blackbread—Ugh!" "Oh! well you know Baron, av course to expect Rooshin boors to be actin roast beef an' mutton—wid vegetables an' mashed potatoes, washed down wid a cup of good tay, an' a cut av apple pie, an' a quarter av an hour av the daily paper ivry day fur dinner like you have in Kanady an' the States

would be too much—there's too much distinction av ranks here for that, but then, to make up for that, the nobles here get up a faste ivry once in a while, an' give 'em lots to ate in the way av charity—an' they get up soup kitchens an' sich you know." "I see sez I" like they do for the tramps an' panpers in Toranty beyant. Giniral," sez I, "The workin' folks av Kanady are away ahead av all sich patronage, they prefer a good wage and indipindence to cabbage an' black bread an' charity."

"But Baron," sez he, sittin' down an' restin' his heels on a bust av the Impiror on the mantel, "Luck at the way they take care av the unfortunate young ones that come into this wurruld be the back dure; they don't stuff them into sewers, or pitch them into old wells like they do wid you, they take them an' bring them up an' make sarvants av them. How's that?" sez he. "Very good av the Bear," sez I, "he's a right to take care av his own, but Kanady not only has orphanages for her own, she furnishes homes for all the waifs an' orphans they send over from other countries—Cead mille failthe." "Ah! but them serfs, the Americans had to go to war before they could liberate the slaves—the Czar set them free on his own accord." "Shmall thank to him thin settin' serfs free with one hand an' wid the other enchainin' the flower av the country in the wilds av Siberia," sez I, "I was more'n astonished won day I was dinin' wid the Nephew of Prince Dogon-whiski." sez he, "An' who should make the spache av the avenin' but a liberated serf." "Could'nt beat Fred Douglas," sez I, "Is it only now yer afther findin' out that a serf is a man?" sez I. "Another thing," sez he, "pull down the blind is a chune never heard in Rooshy, they lave up the windows so's the poor can look in and see the grandeur an' the music goin' on." "Very kind," sez I, "sein' the poor devils never have a chance to have music in their own homes, they allow them to look in at them, like Dives in Hades, lukin' at Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, an' the wan gulf atween them as wide as the other. Oh masha! thin, it's in Toranty yez ought to be, there's were you'll hear Mary-Ann a poundin' on the pianny in ivry second house an' both blinds an' windows up av an' avenin'." "The fact is Baron," sez he, puffin his cigar, "I got so used to livin' in palaces that whin I wint home to the States on a visit, I got to sayin' good marnin' to the pretty house maids when I'd meet them in the hall, but my womenfolk gave me such a wiggin over it that I had to let that custem drop till I got back to Rooshy. An' theres the cholera—why they think nothin' of it here, off to the hospital wid you—cure you, pack you home again without charge. Splendid country—all bosh about Siberia—no worse than Australia, never heard of people coming back, once they got there—clear proof that it agrees with them. Knew three ladies born there—av coarse (he says kind av sheepishly, recollectin' he was an American) the ranks there are very distinct and marked, but the humane spirit of Rooshy thaws—" "Howld on," sez I, "Giniral, we hear enuff. Don't ever come back to Ameriky, them pink spees of yours could'nt stand the voyage, you'd get your feelins' hurt, stay an' take root in Rooshy. For my part I'm off to Kanady where there is neither Czar nor serf, only old Sir John, an' secin' he's put in the allotted threescore an' ten, why we kin afford to be courteous. *Avec reservoir*," sez I, shpakin Frinch again. So I'm after lavin' rose-colored Rooshy. Yours patriotically, BARNY O'HEA.

"Lands are measured by rods, leagues and so forth," said the teacher; "now what is a surveyor?" "A land leaguer!" shouted one of the boys.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.



CATCHING A CANDY BUTCHER.

The candy butcher took a look along the dizzy aisle, For men he had a haughty look, for girls a giddy smile. He knew his victims in one round, he sized 'em all down fine—

The hay-seed, couple on "tower" bound, mother and "baby mine."

Oranges, pea-nuts, figs and things, he sang of blithe and gay; He scattered wares but pulled the strings, so nothing went astray.

"Ha! by my troth, a tenderfoot I have this trip for sure!" He cried—for yon sat one whose suit marked him a farmed pure.

The train-boy, with his packet of prize sweets rich and rare, Drew near and gave the racket to the farmer man dead square.

"I got a prize, young fellow," the stranger said and drew Two ear-rings golden yellow—then calmly took a chew.

"You told me," and he clutched the youth in iron grip "these here

Was worth about a dollar—now the truth to me make clear;

You take 'em back for fifty cents—I get off at next place— Here! Whar's the coin? Ah! Compliments! Thanks fur the half-a-case!"

For the candy butcher had felt the tones of the stranger cold as steel,

And he said, "I reckon I struck Bill Nye—I'd better fork than squeal!"

But the festive fakir has learned to know you can't sometimes generally tell,

Or always, occasionally guess right so—but get left in a hole like a well.

AN OLD COUNTRY OPINION.

A writer in the *London Standard* (vide *Mail* of last week) gives some remarkable advice to intending emigrants, especially to young men who come here to learn the noble science of farming. He advises that the young man should not accept wages from the farmer, as by doing so he would likely be required to do some unpleasant chores by his employer, and furthermore that he should have a chamber to himself, and if possible to provide himself with a chum, as he would likely find the companionship of the aboriginal hired man uncongenial. Now this advice to a young man of such tendencies is good, but GRIP can offer a better. *Stay at home.*

Colorado is almost a desert, and it is refreshing to know that she even has a railroad pool.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

A man lately married was asked at the club about his bride: "Is she pretty?" "No," replied he, "she is not, but she will be when her father dies!"—*Ex.*

Many a young fop imagines that a girl takes an interest in his welfare, when in truth she is only eager for his farewell.—*Chicago Tribune*.

When asked what she had for dinner, she replied "cold tongue." And he judged by her manner that there would be some left for supper.—*Chicago Sun*.