



DIEU Felice, ma chere Felice,
I go me to ze Nile
To combat zat terrible beast,
Ze Egypte crocodile, Felice,
Ze Egypte crocodile.

He zink he chow me off my boots,
He laugh, ah oui, he smile;
He know not of ze gun I have—
Bools-eye—von quarter mile—Felice,
Bools-eye—von quarter mile.

I cross ze ocean bleu, Felice,
I cross ze ocean bleu;
And ven ze brizze terrible blow
I always go below, Felice,
I always go below.

Ze ocean pitch and tomble opp,
And shake ze marinarro;
But ze pitch vot make me feel so bad
Is ze von zay calle ze tarre, Felice,
Ze von zay calle ze tarre.

Ze red-cot sojer pool ze boat,
I am ze offisare;
I play ze earle and drink ze ponche,
And have von grand old tare, Felice,
Von, oh be joyfool, tare.

I fear me not ze Pyramides,
I fear me not ze Nile;
I jump me on ze slipperce tail
Of ze ver beeg crocodile, Felice,
Ze ver beeg crocodile.

Tree tousand hundred Arab, eh!
Farbleu! I do not care;
I kick ze Mahdi by ze nose,
And pull him by ze hair, Felice,
I pool him by ze hair.

Lord Volsey know ze stoffe I am,
He smell me very far;
He say, I vant zat Jean Baptiste
To feenish opp ze varre, Felice,
To feenish opp ze varre.

And ven I feenish opp ze varre,
I vill come back agnin,
And you my pretty little gal
Vill zen be Madame Jean Baptiste,
Vill zen be Madame Jean.



WHAT HAS CIVILIZATION DONE FOR THE AFRICAN?

BY "BONELESS CODFISH."

Ef cibilisation hed done much mo' fur de Afrikan dan what she hes done, de Afrikan would be extinct. She hes accorded to the Afrikan certain privileges which would war' out de patience of a bull-dog. De Afrikan am de wood bucker an' de white washer ob de known world. He is de receptacle fur de cast-off pants ob de community. Philanthropists am ready to exhilarate him wid de butternilk ob human kindness. His white bred'ren will shar' adversity wid him and gib him de biggest shar' too. Dey will on no account exemp' him from payin' taxes an' school rates an' de oder privileges of citizenship. He am welkin to de jail and de pennytenshery—and when he gits dar he stays dar. De neighbo's am not clamorous wid petitions to git him out. Ef he gits out it am by de assiduous use ob such po'tions ob bucket handles and ol' dianna' knives as oppo'tunity affords him. De Afrikan am free to aspire—so am de jackass. An' so long as he aspires to be kicked and sot on, his laudable ambition will not be frustrated; he will succeed, he will receive de warmest approval

and most generous support ob a capable, vigorous and painstaking public. White virtue an' callud virtue am popularly supposed to be anonymous. "A nose by any udder name would smell as sweet," but alas in point ob fac' dey is diagrammically different, but "dat which in de white man a choleric word, in de nigger am ten dollas and costs or thirty days." White remonstrance am callud sass. What in de white man am gallinaceous detraction, in de nig am chicken-stealin'. De norf abolished slavery principally becase if dey didn't the slaveholders was gwine to abolish dem. I'm talkin', honey! Dey made de Afrikan free—free to suffer kold contumeliousness and indigestion. He am free to pay fo' de sidewalks and git into de mud when he encounters his superiors. You har me. Free to execute de maximum ob exertion fo' de minimum ob remuneration. Free to help pay fo' high skools and acquire de rudiments of education in a log barn in the backwoods. You min' what yo' uncle's tellin' you. Yassir! de sable complected bruddah am permitted, nay persuaded to shar' in de blessin's ob knowledge. No man kin possibly be allowed to pay mo' fo' disseminaries ob diseased languages dan de black man. No man is mo' free to gaze

on de exteriums—but you don't ketch the native ob Congo on de pattent cheers winkin' at the stujenteses, and suckin' de sap from the trec ob knowledge wid an M.A., double L.B. to stick in de spiles. No sah! not to any voluminous extent; but you will find him on a basswood slab in a basswood academy in de fardest concession ob de back township, indulging in de vularest kind ob fractions, by de light ob a crab-stick stimulator. Dat's de gospel trowf. How de nation shrieked and hugged itself, and orated and oded when it mancipated de slave. Law! what soakin' wid newspaper tears and occasional whiskey. Dey dove 'mended de constitution, but dey didn't 'mend de Afrikan's pants, no sah! 'Mancipation from slavery meant 'mancipation from hoe cakes. However, if he cannot be a successful man and bust a bank, he can be a philoxpher and bust a watermillion, he kin set on de sidewalk an' let de wa'm sun ob prosperity shine on de black son ob adversity, an' watch de chillun nuss de baby an' play hoss, and see de pup chase de gander roun' de hog pen. He don't have to git drunk to enjoy hisself. When he laffs de trees keep still to lissen an' de day gits brighter, an' de sun shines warmer, an' de old coat tails wiggle with unsuppressed excitement. 'Taint no semi-neuralgic gigglin', no sah! a good uproarious forty horse power everlasting, widout intermission, explosion, dat makes de whole human machinery rattle along like a cotton mill under a high tariff.

SOME FOOLS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

Where is the fool-killer? I do not put this query because I am anxious to die myself just now, but for the reason that I daily, I may say hourly, meet men who should leave this world for the peace of its inhabitants. The men I am about to mention are known to everybody. They are men who have no sense of humor. I have heard it said that they don't like my style of composition. That's enough, but just what kind of men they are I will mention.

No. 1.—A well-known character. Generally rustic. You ask him for a match. You see his face light up with a smile of imbecility. He suddenly feels that he is about to spring an unparalleledly original joke on you. You know what is coming, but though you wish to flee you cannot. He holds you enthralled with the baleful glamor of his eye. His mouth opens, he replies, "It would be hard to find a match for you." You don't laugh, and he thinks you a fool. You know, however, that he is one, so after all you have the best of him.

No. 2.—"Now then," you say to your new rustic menial from the country—for, of course, all GRIP's readers possess menials both rustic and urban, dozens of 'em—"now then, Bill, Jim, Jack; what's your name? What shall we call you?" Gentle reader, you know what he will say as well as I do. You have all met the animal. He belongs to the same species as No. 1. His answer is "I don't care what you call me as long as you don't call me late for dinner, he, he, he." If your patience will permit you to be forbearing, you dismiss him on the spot. If not, you kill him. The latter is the best plan and it is merely justifiable homicide after all, and your fellow beings will press around you and squeeze your hand and expect you to treat. If you do so you are as big a fool as the animals mentioned. Then comes

No. 3.—We all know this creature. His name is Legion. He is generally English, however, but is cosmopolitan. You say to him—and you have no earthly right to say it—that this is a poor world, or a hard world, or a bad world. What does he say? "No; it baint the world; it's the people what's hin it; the world's good enough." Doesn't he consider himself a paragon of originality? Well, rather. But you see you have no busi-