



"So the world wags."

I quite agree with the N. Y. Post in what it says about American humor, which is a thing altogether peculiar to this great Continent. However, the following short article will explain, far better than I can do, just exactly what American humor is.

#### AMERICAN HUMOR.

The "American humor" which now goes by the name and has attracted such world-wide notoriety, is not, properly speaking, literary humor at all, says the New York Evening Post. It has about the same relation to literature that the negro minstrels or Harrigan and Hart have to the drama. It was begun by Artemus Ward, and has been perpetuated by a long line of jesters, funny men, clowns, or whatever they may be called, who stand in somewhat the same relation to the public that the jesters of the pre-literary period did to the private employers in whose retinues they served. They say funny things, or serious things, or idiotic things, but they say them in public for the benefit of the vast audience which reads the newspapers. It is newspaper humor, rather than American humor, and though the fashion began in this country, it might easily be adopted, one would think, in England, where it is liked so much. Artemus Ward and Josh Billings, we should say, represent it in its earlier and purer state and now it is represented by a dozen paragraphers, whose jokes make us laugh, very often for the same reason that the sight of a man chasing his hat in a high wind will always amuse the bystanders—a fact for the true explanation of which we would have to plunge deep into the recesses of the human heart.

After the above little discourse on American funniness, I beg to introduce a bit of English humor, though it will be seen that even Punch has had to build up its poem on a well-known American model.

#### "CHINAMANIA."

TRUTHFUL JOHN TO MADAME FRANCE.

(In the spirit of friendliness and the form of a celebrated original.)

I make bold to remark—  
And my speech shall be plain—  
That for policy dark,  
And for purposes vain,

Chinamanian ways are peculiar, and this view I—  
politely—maintain.

In the year Eighty-Three  
To go in for this fad  
Is pure fiddle-de-dee,  
And a sight that is sad  
Save to those who are really your foes, or as friends  
are exceedingly mad.

For that Heathen Chinese  
Is a hard nut to crack,  
As you'll certainly see  
If you sail on that tack.

And the worst of it is that, once started, 'tis hard  
to slack sail and put back.

"Heads I win, tails you lose,"

Johnny pigtail might say  
Common sense would refuse  
To proceed in that way.

Fate may play it low down upon France if she enters  
the list with Cathay.

And for what useful end?  
Why for none that I see,  
And I speak as a friend,  
Pray be guided by me.  
You will make a faux pas, I am sure, if you "go  
for" that Heathen Chinese.

A—political—taste  
For such old bric-a-brac,  
If indulged in with haste  
Shows a plentiful lack  
Of discretion. 'Twill prove most expensive, and put  
your best friend on the rack.

In the same you propose  
I would not take a hand  
We are friends and not foes;  
You are great you are grand;  
But the game you are playing just now is a game I  
cannot understand.

Which is why I remark—  
And my language is plain—  
That for policy dark  
And for purposes vain  
Chinamanian ways are peculiar, and this view I  
make bold to maintain.

—Punch.

Probably most of my readers have read and admired "The Old Oaken Bucket," which is a very fine poem. The writer of the following, however, would seem to have had but little respect for the original of his parody which he calls

#### THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

From the National Bottler's Gazette.

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,  
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained;  
The malarious farm, the wet, fungus grown wild wood,  
The chills then contracted that since have remained;  
The scum covered duck pond, the pigsty close by it,  
The ditch where the sour smelling house drainage fell;  
The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barnyard night—  
But worse than all else was that terrible well,  
And the old oaken bucket, the mould crusted bucket,  
The moss covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted  
The water I drank in the days called to mind  
Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted  
In the water of wells by analysis find;  
The rotting wood fibre, the oxide of iron,  
The algae, the frog of unusual size,  
The water—impure as the verses of Byron—  
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes,  
And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to think it—  
I considered that water uncommonly clear;  
And often at noon when I went there to drink it,  
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.  
How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy!  
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell,  
And soon with its nitrates and nitrites, and slimy  
With matter organic, it rose from the well.

Oh! had I but reckoned, in time to avoid them,  
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught,  
I'd have tested for organic germs and destroyed them  
With potass permanganate ere I had quaffed;  
Or, perchance, I'd have boiled it and afterward strained  
it  
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined,  
Or, after distilling, condensed and regained it  
In potable form, with its filth left behind.

How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever  
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink!  
But since I've become a devoted believer  
In the teachings of science, I shudder to think:  
And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing,  
The story for warning to others I tell,  
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing,  
And I'm sick at the thought of that horrible well,  
And the old oaken bucket, that fungus-grown bucket,  
In fact, the slop bucket that hung in the well.

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#### THE FUTURE OF THE CLASSICS.

No longer, O scholars, shall Plautus

Be taught us,

No more shall Professors be partial

To Martial.

No nunny

Will stop playing "shinney"

For Pliny

Not even the veriest Mexican Greaser

Will stop to read Cæsar.

No true son of Erin will leave his potato

To list to the love-lore of Ovid or Plato.

Old Homer,

That hapless old roamer,

Will ne'er find a rest 'neath collegiate dome or

Anywhere else. As to Seneca,

Any cur

Safely may snub him, or urge ill

Effects from the reading of Virgil,

Cornelius Nepos

Won't keep us

Much longer from pleasure's light errands—

Nor Terence.

The irreverent now may all scoff in ease

At the shade of poor old Aristophanes.

And moderns it now doth behoove in all

Ways to despise poor old Juvenal

And to chivy

Livy.

The class-room hereafter will miss a row

Of eager young students of Cicero.

The 'longshoreman—yes, and the dock rat, he's

Down upon Socrates.

And what'll

Induce us to read Aristotle?

We shall fail in

Our duty to Galen.

No tutor henceforward shall rack us

To construe old Horatius Flaccus.

We have but a wretched opinion

Of Mr. Justinian.

In our classical pabulum mix we no wee sop

Of Æsop.

Our balance of intellect asks for no ballast

From Sallust.

With feminine scorn no fair Vassar-bred lass at us

Shall smile if we own that we cannot read Tacitus,

No admirer shall ever now wreath with begonias

The bust of Suetonius.

And so, if you follow me

We'll have to cut Ptolemy.

Besides, it would just be considered facetious

To look at Lucretius,

And you can

Not go in Society if you read Lucan,

And we cannot have any fun

Out of Xenophon.

—The Century.

The door was thrown violently open and an energetic-looking man rushed into the editorial rooms of this office and exclaimed, "Wull ye put a bit notice intill this week's GRIP to let the Montreal folk know I'm comin' doon to gie 'em a chance to get their advertisements intil GRIP'S ALMANAC for 1884?" and having said this he rushed out and down to the G. F. R. station. It is needless to say that the individual was our Mr. George Crammond, and this is the bit "notice." He is now in Montreal.

#### GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

A Frenchman is learning a donkey to talk. What we want in this country is a man who will teach donkeys not to talk.

The difference between a besotted man and a pig is a slight one at best. One's a hunting grog and the other's a grunting hog.

Bad temper often proceeds from those painful disorders to which women are subject. In female complaints Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure. By all druggists.

Professor, to class in surgery—"The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright Student—"Limp, too."

"No," bitterly remarked the laureate, "my last poem wasn't much of a success. The critics rather sat down on it. But in view of the fact that the printer got the words 'golden light' 'gutter snipe,' I don't quite feel the piece had a fair chance."

The window in a dentist's office came down and caught a cat by the tail while he was out, and fourteen people who would have waited for his return, on going up stairs and hearing the cat's voice, decided to go home and stand the pain of the toothache.

Almost a hit—"How's yer coming on in your new place?" asked Uncle Mose of Gabe Snodgrass who had recently accepted a position as porter in a Austin hardware store. "I's not comin' on very fas', Uncle Mose. De boss told me somefing dis mornin', and ef he don't take it back he winter lose me shuah yer born." "What did he tole yer?" "He tole me to consider myself discharged."—Siftings.