



DE GREENHORN.

BY PROFESSOR JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON  
WHITE.

Dis niggah am completety absawbed in perfound quondamplation ob dat ar natural phenonoman called by de denizens ob dis continent, a greenhawn. A greenhawn is an aboriginee of de old world just arrove in de new. Dis name am derivated from cabbage-green, and sprout-a horn, indicating dat he am as soft an greon as a cabbage sprout. Dat is, least he pears so. Pearances, hawever, am mighty deceitful. Sure's you're bawn. Dis niggah once knew a cute young fellah, who had trabbled all ober yewrip an finally pulled up in New Yawk lookin', wa'al, kind ob seedy and sunburnt as it vor. He was settin' in a restyournant, lookin' at an English paper, when in walkstwowells, an sets down opposite him. He seed them wid the tail ob his eye, but kep on readin' his paper upside down. Says one to de oder, "Ahem, we're from de kentry?" "Ya'as," says de oder, eyin' de greenhawn through his eyeglass. "Green?" "Ya'as." "Stranger in de city, eh? have to be taken care of." "Gentlemen," says the greenhawn, lookin' them blandly in de eye, "you are strangers in de city I see, ken I do anything for you?" Fo gracious sah! de maunnah in which dese two swells locomoted out ob dat dere restyournant was a moral, second only to de grin on de face ob de greenhawn, as he resumed his paper right side up agen.

De British greenhawn am de most amosin' cuss alive. All de las' winter he hab bin 'tendin' de lectures gib by de emigration agent in de village schoolroom, wid de Pirsbeterian minister in de chair. He am told dat de streets ob Meriky am like de streets ob de New Jroosalem, made ob gold, and all you got to do is to take a cold chisel, and a geological hammer and chip off all de dollars you want and go west an buy a farm wid de purceeds. De agent gibs him no end ob taffy, he am tryin' to earn his own salary, an de po clod-hoppers swaller de 'hole hog. So when it am January and de snowdrops am just ringin' in de new year, wid dere fairy white bells, he gets sum socks darned up, de February crocuses sot him a packing up, an when de daffodils am wavin' dere yallar heads in de March breezes, he whistles "De gal I left behind me," an arrives on dese shores in time to catch de third last blizzard ob de season. We hab known some greenhawns stay for a week and embark on de next ship, on purpose to persecute de em. agent fur breach ob promise, fur bringing dem out to dis "owling wilderness of snow," where dere ain't a green leaf to be seen wid de naked eye. Anoder and no acceptable kind ob greenhawn hails from funder norf. He arroves about de

white heat ob midsummer, arrayed in a heavy suit ob inch thick tweed, sootable fur Artic wear. In de lanwigde ob scripiter de iron hab entered his sole, fur he lugs around more'n a cwt. ob hob nails in ebry shoe, dis makes his feet come down ebry time like a thousand ob brick. His head am large, thatched wid piles ob hair, and roofed in wid a heavy hat, under which his ruddy cheeks ooze fatness. He am eber an' always accompanied by a big wooden, which looks as if in de words ob de poet it could "brave a thousand years de battle and de breeze." He am chuck full ob books, some ob dem in furrin tongues, and he tells you he just brought dat dar Algebra, and at Colenso to "amuse me when I weary in de e'enins." He take your bref away, when he asks you "what kind of a mess is this that Gladstone's got de kintra in noo?" He speaks in a barbaric tongue, an calls de ole ooman at home "my mither" and hab some queer outlandish ideas about purviding fur her old age. He has a pocket book well filled wid—no not dollars—but certificates ob character from de pastor, de schoolmaster, and de village poet. He am a practical farmer, he 'clares he "can thin neeps, saw, maw, bind an' thresh wi one man" and consequently he am hired rite away at \$25 and board. Dis am de Al kind ob greenhawn fur dis kentry. A kind ob Scotch pebble in de ruff, all ober queer corners and akwerd angles dat am dissagreeable at fust. Bymeby he will be tossed and rolled and ground down in de surging tide ob Canadian life, and after some years you will find him away up on de sands high an' dry, gleamin' an shinin' in de sunshine ob prosperity, round an' smooth an' pleasant an' valuable; all his roughness rubbed off an' his better qualities brought clearly out.

Anoder an' more doubtful kind ob greenhawn, goes sailin' round de streets ob de city, a small undersized kind ob man wid de suspicion ob a cast in his eye, and wid one question ever uppermost on his lips "what the doose brought him to this blawsted kentry" where he am first roasted, then frozen, then thawed out again wid de revolving seasons. His accompaniment am a limp faded woman in a limp faded dress, wid a wilted little bonnet slipping off de back ob her head, who gets her livin' by doin' a "bit o' washing" wid de aid ob a "drop o' beer" of which she and her husband are mighty fond. Manifest destiny, an orange or pea-nut stand.

Den dere am de eber welcome cosmopolitan greenhawn, who de moment he lands, plants his foot firmly on de lowest rung ob de ladder, tackles de fust job he gets an' sticks to it till he gets a better, goin' up hand over hand, right ober our heads, till we find ourselves liftin' our hat to him when we meet him in de street, or sendin' him to de House ob Commons, to represent us dere. De greenhawn ripens very soon in de heat ob de Canadian sun; de soft look ob innocence gibs way to one ob shrewd business talent, an dat air ob conceit and oppressive goodness, walks away wid his strait-laced cant and caste and other ederecences, peculiar to de old lands, he grows into a ripe mellow well tode citizen, active, liberal, an' with an ever ready hand to help strugglin' greenhawns.

The credit system is bad, but so long as there's sheep there will be ticks.

Our Funny Contributor lately had a call from de now and popular Episcopal minister in Lindsay, and was much gratified thereat. But in conversation with a friend belonging to the same church afterwards, the friend complained that the minister had neglected him of late, adding, however, that he did not mind, as the parson only took care to call on the "hard cases." Our Contributor didn't feel so well after this, and has not mentioned that call since.



## IN LIQUORIAM.

BY A. T. (OPERA.)

I hold it false with him who sings  
To a cracked fiddle or the bones,  
'Twere better to be breaking stones  
Than loafing round for tails and slings.

'Tis muchly too and many more,  
And too too muchly more again,  
It fills my gizzard full of pain  
To stand around a bar-room door,

And see the boys the cocktails scoop,  
And ask each other: "Have a smile?"  
Yet never to enquire the while  
If I, my lofty soul would stoop—

And take with them a brandy-smash!  
'Tis sad to think they never will,  
And thus within the grasping till  
I sadly drop my little cash.

But who, when he's been swilling beers,  
Tries on his pants to light a match,  
And doesn't reach his claw and catch  
The friendly lamp-post in his fears?

Let Thirst clasp Drink, and Grief be drown'd  
In liquors tempting to the soul;  
Ah, sweeter to be drunk, and roll,  
And whoop, and yell, and paw the ground.

Than that some wretched cop should sneak  
And put a period to your fun,  
And rush you into Number One,  
To come next morning 'fore the Beak.

## II.

Old dog that followed at my heel,  
And gobbled bones with snaps and growls,  
I'd sooner hear thy frantic howls  
Than many a giant organ's peals.

The seasons bring the bull-frog's bark,  
And bring the toper to the dock,  
And bring the spouters in a flock  
To air their 'ntinious in the park.

But never more shall tiwaware vile  
Be fastened to my nanky tail,  
To send thee forth upon a sail  
At half-a-minute to the mile.

And when to sleep I fling me down,  
In some dark lane or vacant lot,  
The cops, unnoticed, to the spot  
May creep,—thy bark is "out of town."

It often seemed when day was done,  
And we were kicked into the street,  
As round my legs you'd clasp your feet,  
We were incorporate into one.

But never, never more I'll greet  
Thy bot-tailed carcass here again;  
In schooners I must drown my pain,  
They've made thee into sausage meat.

## ASTRONOMY.

"Why," asked Tarquinius Superbus Mehaffy the other day, as he was pensively gazing at a fresco on the wall of a bar-room, "Why is it the sun is hotter in this country than in the ould country?" "The reason," replied his comrade, Clinton De Vere Murphy, "is this, sorr. Ye may not be ware that in Ireland the sun rises four hours and more before it does here, and consequentially as he keeps rising all the time he grows hotter and hotter, as ye may observe on any summer's day. Now d'ye know why it's hotter here?" "Murphy, y'er a genius," said Mehaffy. "What'll ye have?" and the two philosophers smiled.