



RIP VAN WINKLE'S RETURN TO THE POLITICAL  
WORLD (in East Toronto).

"DOESN'T ANYBODY KNOW ME? I'M A BALDWIN REFORMER!"

### Back Do' Observations.

SONFLOWER VERANDAE,  
May 16th, 1882.

#### Mistak Grip,

DEAR SAH,—I'se a bin takin' a back do' view of dis heah subloony existence, and I'se come to de final 'clusion dat it is mo' 'stonishing, de manifest difference 'tween de front an' back do'. De front do', Jerusalem! it's all fine fronts, an' venetians, an' lace curtains, de big plate glass sto' windows, all covered up from top to bottom with silks, an' ribbons, an' laces, an' all kinds ob finery; swell gents paradin' up an' down de sidewalk, an' showin' off de fine silk lining ob de crowns ob dere hats, to ebery lady ob dere acquaintance dey meet; jes' for all de world 'as if dey was beguin' a copper of dem for de Lawd's sake. Eberybody's alike at de front do', all dressed up slick an' smilin', an' you can see no difference between de noble an' de mean. Eberyone appears at de front do' wid a mask on. But de back do', golly! dere's where de distinction ob de difference comes in! Such a higgelty piggelty conglomeration, one-on-top-ob-de-order kind ob view! Grey fences, grey shanties, grey woodsheds, grey lumber, grey close-lines, grey cats, black dogs and white chickens, all kinder mixed up wid picanninies, whose pants am so much out ob repair dat dey ain't 'lowed to go out to play at de front do'. Deres whar you get de true inwardness ob de neighborhood you lib in. Dere's whar you see de ole women come out in dere nightcaps, scratchin' dere heads, an' yawnin' like to take de roof off dere upper story. Dere's whar de ole man wakes de echoes an' de neighbors, a-choppin' his kindlin' wood, at cockshout ebery Sunday morning, at 'zactly quarter past de minit since his big dog lay down, after barkin' all 'night at de moon. Here, also, is where de cats sing. In de words ob de poet, "In reason's ear dey all rejoice, and utter forth a glorious noise." Here's whar you see de little sickly mother ob three small babies, a-crawlin' out to de woodshed for kindlin' wood, an' de big husband, he am driftin' in de calm lagoons ob blanket bay. Hero

also you see a sight, 'nuff to make de very angels larf. Dat young paterfamilias, in his shirt an' pants, philanderin' all round de back yard, ebery blessed mornin'; his suspenders floppin' agin his heels like de reins ob a runaway hoss. Dere am always one baby on his shoulder, a-schreechin' an' crowin', an' anoder two more a-gallopin' like mad, an' hollerin' o-be-joyful, as dey wollop him all round de yard. Dere am not de slightest danger ob dat man's grey hairs goin' down wid sorrow to de grave. Not much! An' dere ain't one ob dese dere chilren goin' to de penitentiary either. Dere ain't neber no harm comes ob a man playin' wid his own boys. No sah!

In de berry next yard you can see a po' frightened little woman come runnin' out wid three or four children, babies all of 'em, an' lock 'em in de woodshed, or shove dem over de next do' fence, kase de big brute ob a father has come home "drunk again." Po' girl! she couldn't see any harm in him takin' a social glass, in de happy, sparklin' days; she thought a reformed rake made de best husband, an' now, like many mo' po' critters in dis heah world, sho sowed a delusion an' reaps a reality.

You 'member dat tall, handsome school teacher, who walks past you do' wid de air ob a bawn princess? Dat am de gal dat hangs out dat tidy washin' ebery Tuesday mawnin', af' school time; an' dat ar puppy you tole me about, a-walkin' past an' swigin' his cane like a fuss-class barber, you kin see him any mornin' from my back do'. De way he splits dat wood, an' lights dat fire, an' sweeps down dem steps, an' brings in a pail ob soft water for de ole mother, afore he goes off up town! I'll tell you what, he ain't no mo' of a puppy dan you am, an' discount 'lowed of dat. Dere's no judgin' by front do' 'pearances. Dat ar purty girl you bin crazy after dese two months, an' mo'; dere she sits, all day long on de back verandah, her hair done up in crimpin' pins, a-readin' de last novel by Miss Braddon. Inside dere's an ole woman a washin' an' workin' till de perspiration drops off de end ob her nose, an' her ole back is achin' drefful. 'Fo' de Lawd, sah!

dat ole woman is de moder ob dat ar gal you admire so much; you hab seen the front do' view, dis heah is de back do'—behind-de-scenes—view ob dat lubly critter. Over dar is a window, up stars, whar a po' little cripple sits all day long, lookin' pitifully out at de boys in de back yards playin' ketch an' tag, an' leap-frog, an' hully-gully, an' swapin' pigeons, an' all dat kinder juvenile business, but he can't never come out any mo'. Dat woman runnin' de machine 'long-side ob kim, wid de white starved face, she am his mother, an' she makes shirts fo' de big holesale merchant round de cawner. Dat merchant am a millionaire follower ob de Lawd Jesus, and a prominent pillar ob de church. He says he can't afford to pay dat widow mo' dan ten cents fo' fine shirts, but dere's a big blow in de papers, about him comin' \$6000 cash down, fur de new organ, and de spread ob de gospel. De Lawd Jesus must feel good oter dat man. You bet! An' heah's whar de yells ob a little young one make de wool riz right up on yo' head, an' yo' heah de smack ob de strap comin' down on de tender flesh, till it makes yo' think ob de slavery days down south; an' den yo' clear down de back stars, 'long de yard, and ober fo' or five fences to stop de slaughter ob de innocent, an' who does you find but Holy Joe, dat beats dem all to thunder at prayin' in meetin', a poundin' his fo' year old boy fo' breakin' a saucer. Ebery time you go to meetin', an' heah Holy Joe a prayin' you think you see dat po' little boy a writhin' under de cruel lash, and de mother a cowerin' an' tremblin' an' frightened to speak fo' her sweet life. And you am edified an' 'structed 'cawdingly. Dere also am whar de fun am to be seen. Dars whar you see de fat editah ob de "Times" a chasin' de neighbourn' poultry out ob de precincts ob his back settlements an' pitchin' headlong into de sunk water barrel in de excitement ob de chase... An' dars whar ole Swandown walks out wid a lantern ob an' evenin', to look up de young man dat he overheard talkin' to his daughter, under his window in de back garden. Dere ain't any young man dere now, kase why? he is suspended by de rear ob his pants, on de close-line nail on de oder side ob de fence, an' he dasent cheep till de ole man goes in again. Out ob de back yo' also remark de difference between de garden ob de sluggard an' de difference ob de man who has bin to see de ant. De garden ob de sluggard am all overrun wid his own an' his neighbors youngsters, a-cuttin' up an' foolin' so's to make it bery hard to believe dere am such a thing as care or sorrow in dis heah world. De man who has been to see de Ant, gets up in de night time to dig, an' delve an' rake an' hoe an' lay out his garden, an' has a good day's work done afore anybody in de neighborhood am up, 'cept de man who owns de nightly dog. He works late an' early, he grows thin an' nervous, an' sits up moonlight nights to see dat de male an' feline cats don't hold shivarees on de top ob his new onion beds. His weather eye is fixed on de heavins a watchin' fur derain, so he can not cabbage plants; de chilren am forbid to play in de garden any mo'. Bymo by, when eberything am green an' beautiful, an his early cabbages ar as nice an' hard as de average human heart, he hab got to move out ob dat ar house and de next tenant enjoys de fruit ob his labor. Sad, ain't it? but sich is life! Yes sah, de front do' am all slick an' shiny an' grand, but gib me back do' fo' a view ob de true inwardness. I allus feel a kinder relationship to de folks I'se 'customed seein' ong dizzybeel at de back do', an' I feel like smilin' an' talkin' to 'em when I meet 'em on de front street, but dey look so mighty 'stonished, to see me lookin' so friendly like, dat I hab not de courage to speak up to 'em, and dey doan seem to uderstan' dat I know how it is myself.

Yours parabolically

JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.