

Overheard in a Ball-Room.

(Downy young gentleman, not just escaped from the nursery, as one would at first sight suppose, but sadly, sadly biased, waltzes blue lady round the room, and stops.)

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN (murmurs)—"Aw, this is the dance of the evening—aw—thanks. Shall we cool off on the stairs?"

(Green lady, pink lady, white lady, and yellow lady appear descending.)

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN—"Confound it!—pardon. Here come the PLUFFERS. Late. Bad policy. Not like old Miss WALLEFLOWER—brave old girl, present at the taking of Quebec, they say—she is always first in a room, and picks us out one by one as we arrive, with the deadly aim of a sharp-shooter. Irretrievably vulgar lot, the PLUFFERS! Went to a dance there last week for a lark—famous lark. Girls as ugly as sin, but I have a conscience, and suppose I must trot one or two of them out. Ha, SANDERSON! Going to dance with SANDERSON?"

(Blue lady is carried off. Downy young gentleman approaches pink lady.)

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN—"Devening. Pleasure of a dance? Hope your card isn't full."

(Pink lady blushes, and looks round for green, white and yellow ladies.)

PINK LADY, timidly—"Oh, no, we have just come."

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN—"Oh, by Jove! BLANK! I'll dance this with you, then."

(They whirl round the room. Pink lady is light, and they whirl round again. They stop.)

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN, languidly—"Aw, this is the dance of the evening."

In the City.

A SONG BEFORE SUNRISE.

How sweet to rise ere yet the milkman's cry
Proclaims the day, with all its troubles, nigh;—
Ere the first newsboy, in sepulchral tones,
Shrieks "Globe and Mail!" across the echoing stones;—
Ere water carts pour out the sprinkling flood,
And turn the dust of yesterday to mud;—
Ere the rough maidens in the dim hotel,
With steaming soap-suds scrub the bar-room well.
How sweet, I say, to rise with pleasing thirst,
Induced by last night's half-remembered burst;—
To seize the wash-jug with an eager hand
And find it dry as heap of builder's sand,
To turn the faucet of the water trough,
And find some fiendish hand hath "cut it off."
How sweet to stand in pleasing silence there,
Too much surprised for the familiar swear,
With burning coppers and with aching head
And utter loathing for the buggy bed;—
Then the reluctant trousers on to draw,
Tangling the toe-joints in the lining's flaw,
To clap a battered castor on the head
And rush for cock-tail, swift as arrow sped.
How sweet to see produced the shining tin,
And the soft sugar poured with judgment in,
With artful jerk to watch the bitters drop,
Then see descend two table-spoons of pop,
The yellow lemon's fragrant juices flow,
And render tart th' ingredients below.
The ingenuous bar-boy seeks your eager eye,
To that mute question is the answer, *ryc*.
Straight from the bottle flows the golden store—
Six lumps of ice—ten shakes—his task is o'er.
How doubly sweet to feel the cooling flow,
Down the hot palate to the depths below!
The rattling ice proclaims enjoyment's close—
Then, oh how blissful,—to repeat the dose?
To search the pocket, pay the well-earned cash,
And slow returning, meditate on hash.

A STRAY SHOT.—The *Sunday Times* has, for several weeks, been publishing a "poem" entitled *The Passover*. GRIP thinks the verses excellently named, as they are systematically evaded by all the readers of the paper, who prefer rhyme with reason in it to the other variety.

Well Urned.

OTTAWA is about to erect a Collegiate Institute that will do credit to the capital of the Third Maritime Power of the world, and accordingly a copy of GRIP has been deposited in the corner-stone, which was laid by LORD DUFFERIN on Thursday, the 4th inst. The sprightly RAVEN of course appreciates the distinction thus conferred upon him, but his gratification cannot be perfect while he reflects that by such entombment, the present generation must suffer the loss of a neatly printed copy of No. 1., Vol. III, until some antiquarian of the future, searching amongst the crumbled ruins of the Institute shall find and restore it to the hearts of men. By that time how many hundreds of volumes shall have been issued!

"Where were the Police?"

THE *Oshawa Reformer* thus details

"A ROWDY'S IDEA OF POLITENESS.—A young lady passing along King Street a few evenings since had the skirt of her dress trodden upon by a fellow who was the worse of liquor, and upon her turning her head on being thus impeded in her progress, was accosted by the following vulgar expression of this coward—(Here follow bad words.)—This we heard and witnessed, and felt sorry that constable GURLEY was not present at the time, in order that he might have been made an example of."

GRIP would suggest to the Editor and his fellow-citizens of Oshawa that it is not yet too late to "make an example of" Constable GURLEY: there is a good chance still to teach a wholesome lesson to bobbies who neglect their duty.

A Politician.

Take some smug lawyer versed in slow chicane,
Whose widest wishes all converge to gain,
One with a callous, shame-proof moral hide,
Impervious to truth and wit beside,
Ready to cant, carouse, blaspheme or pray,
At any season when 'tis like to pay.
Gift him with that low tact which wins the crowd,
The hand to shake, the ready laughter loud,
To please the pious—features grave as death,
For roughs—foul stories told below the breath,
A pat on head for children on the streets,
And gossip for the mothers whom he meets.
Give him some cry by ignorance held dear,
To chant it loud and catch the vulgar ear,
"NO POPERY" or "WORKING PEOPLE'S FRIEND,"
Or "LOYALTY," or ought that serves the end,
Or any cant by narrow fools embraced,
Whose uttered nonsense speaks a vulgar taste.
With tawdry rhetoric let him unfold
His borrowed arguments and jests of old—
He shall succeed—while better men stand by,
And mark his progress with contemptuous sigh.
He shall succeed—a politician placed
To mend the laws by such as he disgraced.
He shall succeed—but only till he's known,
Then slowly sink, as sinks in filth a stone.

To Whom it may Concern.

Would you woo a stout widow of forty years?
You must keep from sonnets, and sighs and tears,
You must show a round leg clothed neatly, neatly,
And a roll of big bills to soothe her fears.
Boldly, not coldly, talk her down,
Squeeze her to please her, fair or brown,
Press her, caress her,
Serve her with favor,
Then praise her complexion and she's your own!

"Nec Tamen Consumebatur."

THESE words, surrounding a representation of the Burning Bush, form the legend of one of the branches of Presbyterianism in Canada. It must have occurred to some of the reverend gentlemen taking part in the Synod and Assembly debates at Ottawa this week, that it would be a happy thought to substitute a picture of the 'Union Question' for that of the Bush, as the problem seems to be as far from solution as ever. GRIP is of opinion that if it be not definitely settled before these grave conventions separate, the motto might as well be made to read, "*Nec tamen consummatus-ebatur.*"