

Grip Gossip.

No. IV.—HALIFAX.

At the HER. Club when members daily meet,
SMITH, DUNN and ROBINSON each other greet,
And speak of news or trade;
And so the world is typified, they say.
By what "The Heroules" may think each day—
Through wine their wit's displayed.
Like "all the world," by SHAKESPEARE deem'd "a stage,"
The play of rivalry they daily wage
In market—gossip—news;
The Husbands much on fashion will dilate,
On Beauty, Bachelors are prone to prate,
Or some "love-topic" choose!
Anon, the purport of their converse runs—
"SMITH! was not that the booming of big guns?
Aye—that means—Ship ashore!"
"Ah, hangs the fog so thick upon the coast!
Let's off to office—calling at the Post,
We'll there learn something more."
"No, I must to the Bank a cheque to cash,
Lest the wife's interest with my pleasure clash;
In fashions wives go mad,
And tho' she says men little know the cares
That weave their threads thro' what a woman wears,
A new dress makes her glad!"
There's WHITE, a bachelor thro' fifty years,
Tho' FANNY lured him by her sighs and tears,
His love remained untold;
He vows it's scandalous that FOGY's wed
To his young Pet, poor, pretty and well-bred,
And he rich, rough and old.
These are but private scandals of the day,
That fit when Spring's bright flowers adorn the May,
And Nature teems with life!
They serve for topics when the town is dull;
But people move now—the hotels are full;
Such gossip's out of date;
Familiar, threadbare scandals fall too low;
Better, what's done at Ottawa, to know
Official Scandal's great!
Of public morals take a brief review,
See what our taxing Parliament may do!
Let FOGIES wed who list;
A score of Bores or Bachelors may go
And spend their honeymoon at Jericho,
They'd not be mourn'd or miss'd!
But talk of our new statesmen; that's the thing
To wake the echoes of the slumbering Spring;
May they our plaudits earn
If scandals please. "Pacific's" overdone,
The Atlantic, too, its scandal has begun,
And well may claim its turn.
There a deep cry of black-art schemes they raise,
Official saints or sinners fit to craze,
Or make Grit Angels weep!
There they rob (p)all that PETER may have pay,
Ere duty's done, or comes the quarter day;
Thus fraud on fraud they heap!
What wonder, then, if DOUGLAS should come down,
And pounce on the official flock, with frown
That startles the M.P.'s?
Can human passions sleep, when din of war
Resounds? The people's cash is gone—what for?
The Loaders, ill at ease!
Cry out, "Our hands are clean of bribery's stains,"
VAIL declares ANNAND innocent of gains
From out the public chest.
ANNAND vows VAIL is just the saint he feigns,
Who makes no blot when public lauds he deigns!
Who's fit to join the Bless!
And both by packed committee's sign and seal,
Confirm their creed—send critics to the De'il,
And prove that black is white!
While Speaker Troop, whose chair is under ban,
Speaks "all our hands are clean, and I'm the man
To set all questions right!"
"So runs the world away," on every hand
Some public man must in the pillory stand,
Blunders to expiate.
The public heart beats sympathy for all,
Grieves if the vile escape, or the good fall
In service of the State!

So GRIP an equal scale essays to use,
Nor would just weight to every man refuse,
That all their ways may mend;
But when grave scandals, as they will, ariso,
By fit cartoon GRIP marks his sad surprise,
Till scandals all shall end!

Logic.

THE following paragraph is being quoted by the papers throughout the Province:—

AN OUTRAGE.—The Ottawa Citizen of last evening says: "As Dr. TUPPER was passing from the Chamber of the House of Commons after the debate this morning, a heavy blue book rolled up and in a compact parcel was hurled at him, striking him in the back of the head and causing a severe contusion. He turned back and asked who had inflicted the indignity, but although Messrs. MACKENZIE, BLAKE, and HORTON, together with others, were conversing in the Chamber, not one member was gentleman enough to apologize for the disgraceful act."

GRIP has a parallel case of despicable meanness. As Mr. MACKENZIE was passing from the Chamber of the House the other day, a large ink-bottle, quite heavy, was hurled at him, and struck him on the head. He turned around, and feebly enquired who had inflicted the indignity, but although Sir JOHN MACDONALD, Dr. TUPPER, and other leading Conservatives were conversing in the Chamber, not one of them offered to apologize.

P. S.—None of the gentlemen named had thrown the ink-stand.

Government House, May 28.

And now it is GRIP's turn to issue a wedding number. Ontario was not to be outdone by the ALBERT-ALEXANDROWNA or even the SARTONIS-GRANT matrimonial events, and this week we have the pleasure of wishing all joy to the LAW-CRAWFORD alliance, formed so auspiciously on Thursday. Although the guests have been gone thro days from Government House, GRIP presumes it is not yet too late to broach a cask in honour of the occasion, and toast—

The End delivered by Hymen—the End of Love.

Answers to Correspondents.

A Freckled one.—Yes; a little nitric acid or a poker at white heat will remove freckles; care should be taken, however, to get the right temperature, otherwise discouragement may ensue.

Billy Doo.—The signification of the name "WILLIAM" is "of much account;" hence the endearing appellation of "little BILL."

Lady Agnes.—Soup is seldom eaten with a knife in refined society; better to drink it out of the plate; it is well to mark your dinner napkin with your initials when at a friend's house; by judicious management your stock of pocket-handkerchiefs may thus be greatly increased.

Steupidd would be obliged to anyone who will inform him in what opera the lines commencing "One more unfortunate" are to be found.

Sally.—Strings are worn of different lengths and tied in different ways. A capital way is with a noose, the knot to rest just under the left ear.

Engaged one.—It may be modest, but it is certainly not politic, to take off your back hair in your lover's presence.

A fond subscriber.—Up strokes good, but why spell "physic" with an "f."

Selina Ann.—Photograph received and burned; do the same with the remaining eleven.

Sweet Tooth.—No; we cannot say that we fancy mustard with apple pie; there is a good deal to be said, however, for snails on the half-shell.

Enquiring Friend.—GRIP is published weekly, price \$2 per annum; among its contributors are numbered Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN, GEO. BROWN, BISMARCK and JOE RYMAL; they are chained by the leg during work, and are paid by the hour.

Gipsy Countess.—No thanks! don't count us among your admirers.
Barache.—Does it? well, send us one more letter like your last, or better, bring it yourself, and we will see what we can do for the other side.

De Vere.—You say your blue blood has never been properly recognised; our advice is, to singe your hair; rub in equal parts of castor oil, coal dust and assafetida; you will be immediately acknowledged as aristocratic by descent.

Disconsolate Mother.—Nitro-glycerine judiciously distributed in the cellar, will help you to move about as quick as anything we know of.

Working man.—Epsom Salts.

Quip, Halifax.—Send us your last wood-cut, we think of establishing a "rebus" department.