

From our Box.

GRIP, desirous of seeing the effect of his late warning, has made several visits recently to the theatres. In spite of Mr. KING's very clever acting, he was scarcely prepared for the Frenchification (good word, that) of his old friend *Mephistopheles* into a sort of *Diablo Boiteux*. And yet the fiend talked clever and wicked epigrams, and the actor gave them point most diabolically. Very pretty was the scenery, but GRIP was not enraptured with the musical arrangements. An *obligato* of hideous groans may have had some relevancy, but was exceedingly unpleasant.

It was with regret that GRIP heard the Royal was about to be closed, and it is with joy that he chronicles its re-opening until the close of the present company's engagements. Much as he likes both the leading theatres he is sorry to see them injure one another. Yet will he not cry with *Mercutio*, "A plague o' both your houses."

And once more Mrs. MONNISON herself returns to the scene of her triumphs. What a relief, after the inanities of burlesque and wasting by clever actresses and actors of their talents on the ditties and dances popular with the frequenters of the Academy of Music! By the way, GRIP hopes plenty of his readers went to see "The Advocate's Last Cause." It was the most unpromising piece at the outset, but the concluding scene amply repaid those who had sat out some of the early ones. In that Mr. COULPOCK was simply admirable, and was well supported too, as he should have been. If it had not been for some insane shouting behind the scenes in honor of Mr. PLATT and the Water Commissioners, the Lunatic Asylum, or the members for Toronto generally (for something of this description appeared to be going on), the scene would have brought down the house. As it was the interpolation gave time for every one's enthusiasm to cool down, and the "tag" was received tamely. There was a burlesque after this.

A special commissioner empowered to examine into such matters reports to us that since the appearance of our late warning the consumption of chewing tobacco has much diminished inside the theatres. Heel and toe music is also less frequent. No improvement perceptible in the galleries, whose occupants will have to be refused playbills if they only use them to pelt the parquette.

Hey! Johnny A.

Hey, Johnny A., are ye wakin' yet?
Or are ye sleepin', I wad wit?
Wi' Clear Grit hosts,
Frae Treasury posts,
Mackenzie's no retreatin' yet.

Hey, Johnny A., can ye tell me noo,
Hoo this Mackenzie displacit ye?
Naught frae *your* set
The West could get,
Sae to the deil we checked ye through.

Hey, Johnny A., can ye channels dig?
Hey, Johnny A., can ye crib-works rig?
For ship nor boat
Can we keep nor float;
And wark we want—not this talkin' big.

Hey, Johnny A., wad ye tell this Mac,
Either to wark or to get him back;
Then may be BLAKE,
The job wad take:
For the West maun hae the Atlantic track!

Puns--Several of them.

GRIP has, after many fruitless attempts, succeeded in making the following puns upon the name of the ex-Premier. They are respectfully dedicated to all who can see the point. Country papers of all stripes are hereby forbidden to infringe upon the right which GRIP claims of being the original perpetrator of these puns:

Why are the Conservative party like the sea? Because they are bound to surge on.

Why was NELSON like the Conservative leader? Because he was the great surgeon.

When is a young lady like the Conservative party? When she has her serge on.

Bravo B-rg-ss!

Nothing could more strongly testify to the ability of those "into whose hands *Hansard* has fallen" than the way in which their chief, through the *Ottawa Times*, has *hansard* the malignant and jealous article of the *Globe* on the subject of the Reports in question.

A Little After Moore.

BY AN ILLIBERAL CONSERVATIVE.

Oft in the dull debate,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Memory, amid their prate,
Brings other days around me.
The quirks—the tricks
Of politics—
The words on hustings spoken—
The "dimes" that shone,
Now scarce or gone,
Expenditure betoken.
Thus in the dull debate,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Memory brings the state
Of other days around me.

When I perceive the fact
That friends for "progress" banded
Are cruelly attack'd
By Grits—"the red right-handed"—
I feel like one
Who views alone
Some "caucus" room deserted,
Whose "lights" are fed,
And HE—their head—
Alone and disconcerted.
Thus, in the dull debate,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Memory, amid their prate,
Brings other days around me.

City Council--Baxter on the Position.

(Mr. Baxter intended this inaugural. He said something else by mistake. GRIP makes it all right.)

My name is BAXTER—BAXTER, d'ye see?—
"BAXTER, and not another!" Couldn't be.
No. Nature never turned two BAXTERS out.
But—come to to think of last year—there's a doubt,
They turned out out one quite easy. I don't care:
I'm in—so's MEDCALF: Clear Grits now beware!
Now shan't we spout in Council as we please?
Now shan't we grab the perquisites and fees?
Now shan't we pay off those Reforming chaps?
Now shan't their knuckles catch some precious raps?
WITROW I'll wither with my withering eye;
And SHEARD I'll quickly shear of dignity.
I'll soon make MURTON mighty sleepish show;
And GEATING out of gear I'll quickly throw.
This Council is Conservative to be,
Which means, hold fast all place and salary,
With this attending principle, no doubt,
From all such things to keep the Clear Grits out.
Clear Grits are folks who shout economy
And pile the taxes on; but you shall see
We'll bring them down, if it's in power of man;
And if we can't, be sure no Clear Grit can.
Good-by, my friends. One thing I mean to say:
Don't interfere with BAXTER; so, good day!

Crouks from Grip's Basket.

The trial of Mr. WILKES' case in the Election Court is postponed in order to enable him to get through with his Parliamentary business. We thought such trials were to decide whether people had any business to transact Parliamentary business.

The *Liberal* has a perfect right to differ in opinion from the *London Advertiser* as to Major WALKER's prodigality and its consequences. It is quite right to say so. Didn't the Siamese Twins take opposite sides in the late American War, and cannot the Two-headed Nightingale warble two different ballads at the same time?

A deputation of European statesmen propose visiting Toronto shortly for the purpose of learning from the City Council how the "balance of power" is maintained.

Mr. DISRAELI told the English Parliament that the day would come when they *should* hear him. Mr. WHITEHEAD, in the last century, announced his intention both of speaking and of being heard, with the addition of sundry awful oaths. We wonder what is the form of speech in vogue among our Aldermanic orators, when two or three claim possession of the floor of the Council Chamber at the same time. Fuller reports of their proceedings are required.