

Ad Litem.

"Give us light on the subject."-[Free translation.]

What have we done, my legal Lords, To pinafores and frocks, That we should be bereft of wards, Like ill-conditioned locks!

Why such a rule? Designed to tap The country lawyers purses, Requiring fees for legal "pap," To Osgoode-Hall dry-nurses!

Should one whose Docket fairly "groans," Be guardian ad litem
Of all the infant BROWNS and JONES
And SMITHS, ad infinitum!

Nor is your course the Scriptures' path, Or legal road to heaven, For, only unto him that hath Should any more be given!

But Grip, altho' not learned in law, Can sympathy to all afford, For, bear in mind the ancient saw That VIRTUE is its own RE-WARD.

King Street, Saturday Afternoon.

YE OLDE FOLKE SPEAKES.

When e'er I take my walks abroad Full many folkes I meete, But those I deem to be most odd, Are seen on King hys streete.

Behold among ye motley crowde (For varied is its style) Ye neate attire—ye costume "loud,"
Which calleth forth a smile.

Ye grave, ye gaye, and those that stray In idlesse to and fro— Ye man of "biz"—ye flirt—ye quiz— Ye belle and cke ye beau!

Full many are ye bright-eyed maids, Of divers social stations, Shewing by these long parades Nomadic inclinations.

Ye banker's-clerk-ye legal limb (Not of ye tree of knowledge, Tho' Bencher's oft "prune" such as him) And students from ye College.

Anon there comes ye genus cad
With overcoat wide spread,
A-smoking ye cigar that's bad—
Ye "crush-hat" on hys head.

Beneath mine eye youth passes bye My youth has heard its knell! But cease dull care! and let us hie Whyte's, and meditative pry Ye bivalve from hys shelle.

The Advent of Spring.

(By our gushing contributor.)

Spring's delights are now returning, See the snow revert to slosh, And the poet's soul is burning To inflict a flood of bosh.

Now the frog inflates his bellows, Stretching out his little limbs, Soon he'll wake and with his fellows Chant his loud melodious hymns.

Telegraph the feathered choir They may come and build their nests, Say the grubs they do admire Will be round—the little pests.

Now in mirth the gay mosquito Tries to tune his little horn, And the sandfly, and the flea too, Think it high time to be born.

In the marsh the snapping turtle Opes his eyes and paddles round, And if we had groves of myrtle Snakes in them would now abound.

Little boys with baits alluring Coax the catfish from his lair-And the reader, much enduring, Breaks off here in wild despair.

From Our Box.

GRIP was for a time inconsolable over the closing of his beloved Royal Opera House. He lamented (and still laments) the departure of several admirable actors, especially Mr. F. MORDAUNT and Miss SAFFORD, and his heart was sad. But when the Holmans announced that the sparkling absurdities of Offenbach and the levities of the lyric drama should be there, he felt consoled to think the pretty little theatre should not be left to desolation. Visions of Wizards of the Nor' Nor' West, of troupes of performing animals, and, more horrible still, "variety" entertainments, had crossed his brain. He is now relieved for a time. May it be long ere such awful dreams be realized.

Turning from this gloomy picture, Grip pays homage to Miss JULIA SEAMAN, who has come, seen, and conquered. Only he wished she had not played Hamlet. It is bad enough to see the ladies who display their charms so liberally in burlesque assume, as for some absurd reason they always do, male characters. This was a serious impersonation, it was a painstaking one and in many respects creditable—but is was beyond Miss SEAMAN'S powers, as it would be beyond those of any woman, and nearly every man. As Rudiga the "Woman in Red," she was mysterious and at times awful, while her outbursts of passionate tenderness in this and as Lady Isabel in "East Lynne" were natural, not merely life-like. By the way, did any of the absurd incongruities in this piece ever strike the reader? They are mostly to be found in the novel on which it is founded and which is nevertheless worth reading, as the play is going to see. As Leah she "cussed" away in the one good scene of that bepuffed diss BATEMAN herself.

GRIP now "rises to remark, and his language is plain," that he saw a great deal of very careless acting among some of the company, and he is sorry to say among some who know better when they choose. If he sees any more like it, he will pull out one of his own quills and write such a fearful castigation that the offenders had better seek refuge under the ice the Beau. It is not necessary to particularize as he have a state of the sees. learful castigation that the offenders had better seek reluge under the ice in the Bay. It is not necessary to particularize, so he leaves it to their consciences, the offenders not being the same in every piece. With a parting word for Miss MARY CARR's admirable Miss Carlyle in "East Lynne" he leaves the unpleasant topic and hastens to roll up his little tribute to Miss LILIAN ADELAIDE NEILSON. In these days, when patched-up photographs and lying lithographs puff the padded, powdered, painted and—passee, it is indeed a pleasure to find the reality inside the show surpass the picture outside the tent. Miss NEILSON's limners have not flattered her, in fact some of them appear to have industriously attempted the exact opin fact some of them appear to have industriously attempted the exact op-

in fact some of them appear to have industriously attempted the exact opposite with considerable success.

With Romeo, Grip woulded he were a glove upon that hand and, being a bird already, he was only deterred by the exigencies of social etiquette from flying straight from his box to Her in the balcony scene.

Would the reader like a humorous account of the plot of Romeo and Yuliet? He shall not have it. Shakespeare is sacred from parody. One word more for the Grand Duchess at the Royal Opera House. Miss Sallie Holman is in every way to be congratulated, most especially so for keeping clear of that vulgarity too many actresses seem to think absolutely necessary. Mr. Ellis Ryse, a capital bass singer, was a good a General Boum as could be wished, always keeping up the spirit of his part. Of the rest, more anon. Of the rest, more anon.