

Royal Lyceum.

THIS place of amusement is to be again closed owing to want of support. During the week different members of the Company have been taking benefits. The benefit of Miss Jenny Glen came off on Monday last and was very successful. Miss Glen since her first appearance on the Toronto boards has been a general favorite. Always correct in her part, she acted naturally and with much *naivete*. We have no doubt that she will succeed in her profession.

Of the other members of the company we may say a few words. We are very sorry to part with Mr. Herbert, as his comicalities have commended him to every one—his acting is capital. Mr. Simcoe Lee has earned a name and reputation for himself, and we need only say that it is well deserved. Mr. and Mrs. Hill have always acted well. Den Thompson and Mr. Herbert were well matched, and we can hardly say which is the more comical.—The improvement made by Mr. Halford since we first saw him, is very creditable indeed to him. We could say nothing of Mr. and Mrs. Marlow that would not be a mere repetition.

Mr. Marlow takes a benefit to night, and and Mrs. Marlow on Monday; no doubt both benefits will be successful.

PROMENADE CONCERT AND BALL.

This Concert and Ball was not so successful as it should have been; however, thanks to the excellent music supplied by the R. C. R. band, and the exertions of several young gentlemen (who we are sorry to say, received very little thanks) was by no means a failure.

The selections from the Operas played by the band were excellent, the selection from *Il Trovatore*, in particular: it equalling anything of the kind we have ever heard. Could not these concerts be kept up during the fall? Enough might be got to pay the Rifle band by charging a small fee, say 25 cents for admission. Mr. Pell, attention! We must not forget to mention Mr. Hope, who was the prime mover in the affair. His exertions are deserving of the gratitude of all who attended, and in their name we may be allowed to thank him.

SONS OF MALTA.

Their excursion passed off well. Every one seems to be pleased, and all appeared to have enjoyed themselves.

Strange Discovery.

The recent attempted destruction of the College Avenue, by a few of our patriotic Council, has brought to light some strange facts as regards a people supposed to be extinct. We all have read of the incursions and the excursions of the Roths and Vandals; however we have not to do with those tribes at present, but with others of "the same northern hive."

Several of our cotemporaries have called those destroyers Goths and Vandals; this, however, is not correct. It has been discovered,—though not by Dr. Wilson,—that they belong to, or rather are remnants of, the almost extinct tribes of the Allemanni (Alleymanni) and the Alani (a-lane-i). It is a question whether such good specimens—at least of those tribes—could be got in any other City in Canada.

A Lament.

Ah! woe is me! no rest have I
From weeks to months, from months to years;
My hollow cheek, my bloodshot eye,
Excite no pity, draw no tears.

I travel like a drunken man—
So weak and slender are my pegs,
Though surely I do all I can
To prove I've *bona fide* legs.

I eat and drink like other creatures,
And take some comfort in that way.
But then it don't improve my features,
For they get thinner every day.

Reluctantly, I go to bed,
And strive to nubilize my woes,
By "balmy sleep," but my poor head,
With nervous throbs denies repose.

I turn and twist, but find no rest,
Dread thoughts perplex my tortured brain;
I think, and think, how to be blest,
But find my thinking all in vain.

My fluttering heart against my side,
Thumps with a force that shakes my frame,
Each artery throbs and life's red tide,
Rushes tumultuously through each vein.

Pecks of pills I've swallowed down,
And bitter draughts of every kind—
Been bled and blistered by Dr. Brown,
But no relief could we find.

The world—its business, pleasures, all,
By others prized, are naught to me—
I'll quit it now by a pistol ball,
And die, a poor fellow, *à la* sec.

CATARAQUE.

Conundrum.

What is the difference between the mythological Atlas and the *Toronto Atlas*?

Ans.—The one supported the *Globe*, whereas the other opposes it. The one always kept it on his shoulders, while on the contrary the latter has it frequently under its feet. The former kept it up, whereas the latter is endeavouring to put it down.

A Suggestion.

We would recommend "the base ball club" of this city to send a deputation to Mr. Brown for the purpose of securing (if it is not kicked to pieces) the ball mentioned so frequently by him in the *Globe*, as being "still rolling." We are inclined to think however, that there is little chance of its being in existence, as those opposed to Mr. Brown were sometime ago engaged in kicking the ball and the players from one end of the Province to the other.

Public Drinking Fountain.

By perusing our advertising columns it will be found that there is a public drinking "Fountain" already in operation in Toronto.

Shakespeare on Clear Grits.

"I had as lief be a Browniet as a politician."

[*Twelfth Night—Act 3—Scene 2.*]

And politicians being as a class the most despicable of men, we leave the conclusion for others to draw.

A hint for advertising the Elephant—read Shakespeare's advice—

"To the Elephant."

[*Twelfth Night—Act 3—Scene 3.*]

A New City Daily.

In the next Directory we hope it will be noticed that we have more than three city dailies in Toronto. As far as we can learn the "City Daly" has been passed over by, what appears to us to be, a strange mistake. We hope the Council will look into this, and see that their daily is not ignored.

Correspondence.

MR. POKER,—I am one of the number of that respectable class of individuals, whom the vulgar multitude in their little magnanimity of soul designate by the appellation of "counter hoppers." It is only a few weeks since I emigrated from the free and happy state of celibacy into that of matrimony, but short as the period has been, I have realized fully the truthfulness of the adage—

"The man that is married must weep and bewail,
Like a dog with a tin kettle tied to his tail."

I am very philanthropically disposed, and knowing how very liable my brother knights of the yard-stick are, from a natural disposition, to follow into the same state as myself, I would, with your permission, Sir, offer a little bit of advice to the "favoured (of the ladies) and enlightened few."

Dear chips, before thinking of getting the chains of matrimonial conjugality thrown round your necks, think first of getting a snug little cottage, with all the necessary requisites pertaining to the comfort and felicity of your soul's *delight*. For pity sake, never leave it in the power of an old mother-in-law, or anybody else, three weeks after marriage, to bring the blushes to your modest cheeks, by putting the question, "young man why don't you take your wife home"? From this brief advice, Mr. Poker, I think you can hit pretty fairly at the precious position in which your humble servant is placed.

PICKLED PETER.

Original Conundrums.

(BY HORACE HORNEM, P. S.)

Why, at a certain period of his life, did Lord Byron resemble a *tallow-chandler*?

Ans.—Because much of that "certain period" was spent in affairs relating to *Greece*!

Why does a certain little paper known as the *Poker*, resemble a severe school-master's rod?

Ans.—Because it seldom appears without administering to foolish individuals "hard hits!"