

### Who Shall be Mayor ?

Who shall be Mayor? the citizens all cry,  
*Marc incerta est*, voters reply—  
I hold a vote, and the small voice within  
Whisper, "Go vote for him as has most tin."

### The Image.

Bright suns and coldest winds come oft together,  
And man's career is typified by weather;  
Fame, riches, earthly good are the bright sun,  
And secret grief's the cold wind wailing on.

### English Charity.

Lot A. be poor—(so writes a grave divine),  
And straight way B to C will write a line,  
"Relieve poor A."—C does so in a trice,  
So C gives money and B gives—*advice*.

### Editorial.

The few lines beneath were sent us by a correspondent of ours, who, though clever at verse, has always labored under the curious infirmity of never being *positive* as to the best word to conclude a line; he therefore writes the most likely word to suit the sense; first, putting the other idea in a parenthesis, leaving his readers to choose:

A gentleman Grit, called Gordon Brown,  
Well (I mean *ill*) he left this town,  
The "Leader" people were glad. (sad)  
Gordon Brown, he came back all right;  
When the "Leader" heard he was well, quite,  
They were most uncommon mad. (glad)

### Amusements.

On Thursday we wended our way to the Temple of the Drama, as we always do when we see that the genius of the immortal bard is to form the substance of the evening's entertainment and amusement. Richard the Third was promised, and Richard the Third very much mutilated by the scissors was produced. Now, to be candid, we really do not think that the company are equal to a respectable representative of any of the plays of Shakspeare, and certain it is that they did sparse justice to the magnificent tragedy of Richard the Third. To commence with, the hunchback homicide personated by Mr. Connor—we must first of all take exception to the make up of the character; the lump of Mr. Connor looked more like the saddle of a circus horse than a natural deformity, while the dress would have been more appropriate to a brigand than a Royal Duke. The acting was careless, and we say this, because we believe it to be in Mr. Connor's power to have given a much better rendition of the character, for while in speaking the passages of the tender passion to the Lady Anne, he gave us a good lea of the subtle hypocrite; in the magnificent burst of eloquence that Shakspeare puts into the tyrant's mouth, "now is the winter of our discontent," he utterly failed to produce an impression upon his audience. At the same time we think Mr. Connor bids fair to be a good actor,

he has it in him, and we shall look with interest to his future.

Mr. Myers did remarkably well in the short part of Henry the Sixth, and Mr. Halford as Richmond, did his best, and the best of us can do no more, Mr. Pope's Duke of Buckingham was a flat piece of acting, and conveyed no idea of the politic and splendid Duke. The ladies did tolerably well, and it would not be fair to criticize them severely if they had not done so, for it is a play entirely out of their line of acting. In the farce of the Happy Man which followed Mr. Daly's Paddy Murphy, was inimitable and kept the house in roars of laughter. In the representation of The Ticket of Leave Man, produced earlier in the week, the company all did remarkably well, the characters were well distributed, and were done justice to; crowded houses warmly applauding the performance throughout, Mr. Pope's rendition of James Dalton was good and did him great credit. In that class of domestic drama, and in comedy, we can speak in warm praise of this company; they deserve the support of the public, and we hope that they will be well patronized, that they may be induced to stay with us during the winter months. Rob Roy was well performed last night, and will again be produced this evening. Mr. Connor's Rob Roy is excellent. We shall look with interest for the Duke's Motto, which is a fine play, and well adapted to the capabilities of the company.

### The Globe and the Council.

We were not a little amused on perusing a leading article in one of last week's *Globes*—rather an over-strong pill for the benefit of the City Council, and as the columns of our "big cotemporary" have of late been pretty fruitful in the smut throwing line, on every one generally, and on the devoted heads of our City Fathers in particular, we beg to recommend to the favorable notice of the editor-in-chief and staff of said journal the following proposition, as we wish, so far as is in our power, to alleviate the evils of this "unhappy and divided country." Our plan is as follows:—Let Gordon Brown be elected Mayor; his chief cook and bottle washer H—u—g, Chairman of Finance; Hugh Miller, Chairman of Walks and Gardens; some *Globe* sucker head man of the Board of Walks, and let the balance of the Council be selected from the "faithful" exclusively, and there's not a doubt but we'll have "piping" times. So mote it be.

### Sharp vs. Green.

Coming up York street the other day we saw a long Bounty Jumper trying to make up to a healthy-looking country lass. He saluted the girl with "Hallow, Siss? did you come in on the loose?" "No, Zar," replied our fair friend, "I cum in on the cars."

NEWS FROM ITALY.—They are going to make Florence, which is noted already as a capital place of residence, more capital still, by making it the capital of all Italy. We grieve to say, however, that the national Turcon (Turin) has been upset thereby.

### The Terrapin Redivivus.

It has been said that old wine is a good familiar creature, that it opens the heart, and when taken in moderation quickens good impulses; and we believe it, if its dispensers may be taken as an example of its influences, for certainly our friends the proprietors of the Terrapin deserve all that we can say about them, in reference to liberality, enterprise, and good fellowship. Misfortune has visited them recently, and the devouring element left very little of the old Terrapin; but the energy and perseverance of the good hosts being brought into requisition, they have quickly transformed a mass of ruins into the most elegant and *recherche* saloon in either Upper or Lower Canada, we know that Sam McConkey, the presiding genius needs no words of commendation from us, but we deem the re-opening a good opportunity to express what we believe to be the unanimous opinion of the gentlemen of Toronto, viz: that the Terrapin has become an institution of the City which we could on no account dispense with; it has always been conducted with so much respectability and good order, that the taste of our most fastidious citizen has never been offended in it, and we may say that this is true physically as well as morally, for what better cheer can the world afford, than is there dispensed both at table and bar. If you want a good breakfast the Terrapin provides it, if you can enjoy a good dinner, you will find all the luxuries of the season on the Terrapin table, and if like poor Kit in the "Old Curiosity Shop" you want to shew your friends what "oysters means," take them to the Terrapin and they will soon find out.

The table *d'hote* at this establishment is a great boon to the business community, for from twelve o'clock until three, they can step into the Terrapin and eat a sumptuous dinner, served in good old English style, for a ridiculously small price. We have long ago made up our minds that any man who can enjoy the good things of this life either to eat, to drink, or to smoke, cannot do so more satisfactorily than at the Terrapin in Toronto. We hope our friends will receive all the patronage they deserve, and then they will have no cause to enlist under our standard, and become Grumblers.

### Ubi.

Leith and Liverpool are quarrelling as to the birth place of Mr. Gladstone. Seven cities disputed Homer's birthplace, so Mr. Gladstone may fairly be put on a par with the grand old poet, for two disputants *during life* may certainly be considered equal to seven when dead.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F., WINDSOR.—Had to pass through without seeing you, however, tell W., to send along contributions and correspondence immediately. Our business manager will call on you in a week or ten days.

C. M., CHICAGO.—A friend will see you before the 1st inst. We have arranged with Governor Allen for lodgings for the man that stole the winter lily and tried to cuche the constable out of his focs.