

Whore Rosina rears his body tall,
[I mean th' hotel we Rosina call,
Once on a time—no matter when—
The funniest of funny men—
Giacco with—of course—a welcome call,
The Hots: Rosina dining hall.
No ordinary man was he,
A Frenchman—could he fall to be
Conspicuous among the throng
Which lured the dining tables long?
No Sir,—in state more solemn for
He sat, than Great Mogul or Czar.
The very darkey 'hind his chair,
Deemed him a man of mark and care.
He sat in state—but was not he
Follie as *politese* could be?
Guess so—Not once would he request,
Darkey to bring a slice from breadcr
Of chicken, turkey, lamb, or goose,
Until benignant smiles broke loose.
I thank you, Sir,—if Monsieur please,
Fell from his lips with graceful ease.
And had his head a *chapeau* on it,
That would have raised—depend upon it.
[Reader, 'tis solemn truth I sing,
In "bows" my hero beats a king.—
The flattered darkey in a tice rare,
Both here and there for such a nice man;
Fetch'd this and that, and quick display'd
The varied graces of the trade.
At length my hero deemed a glass
Of wine would aid digestion pass
The work with which it had been tasked;
So smiling sweet, he sweetly asked
Darkey if he would kindly deign
To bring a bottle of champagne.
"Oh yes, Sar,artin," quick replied;
Sambo, but still his sable lids
Moved not,—my hero thence infer'd
His meek request had not been heard.
So gently signified again
His wish to taste their best champagne.
"Yes, sarfin Sar," again replied
Sambo, but still his sable hide
Moved not,—perplexed, uncertain he,
Cough'd'! h'm'd'! and turned uneasily.
Surprise and anger now combine,
"Monsieur I've asked you twice for wine."
My hero thus with louder tones,
And eye more stern his wish makes known.
"Yes, Sar, but—but Sar," breathing hard,
"Your honour has not given a card."
"A card!—for what?" "Please Sar, don't blame,
I—I don't know your honour's name."
Anger gave way to wounded pride,
And once methinks my hero sighed,
Not know his name,—(was grief profound,
He deem'd each knew the table round,
But quick he raised his eagle eye,
Placed thumb in breast with dignity;
Upraised his chin—let one hand fall,
Then spoke—the sounds ran through the hall—
"SIN I'M THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL,"
Sambo was struck—within his hand
He held a plate—no soul could stand
Unmoved announcement so sublime—
Crash! went the plate in shortest time.
Upraised the whites of both his eyes,
Upraised his arms in grand surprise,
His bosom swelled—was struck he stood,
Like statue carved in stone or wood.
At length one single sentence fell,—
"Good gracious is it possible!"
I pause!—to tell, it is not mine
How quick my hero got his wine;
How long he ponder'd o'er the notion
Of Sambo's undigested emotion.
How quickly gathered round his chair
Toronto's wealth—Toronto's fair;
How quickly how Sir Edmund head
To offer him free board and bed:
How swelled his heart with honest pride,
When feted—almost deified,
Facts such as those let readers guess 'em,
And if they can't—why then God bless 'em.

(Carrying out our iden of securing the services of the best writers of this or any other age for our journal, we effected an engagement last night with the celebrated Oliver Cromwell.) It may be objected that Cromwell was not, nor consequently now can be, a good writer. But as regards that, all we can say is, that formerly that gentleman wrote with a *steel pen*; now he writes with a *goose quill*. Does any goose see a joke? Oliver wrote the following article in thirty-three seconds by a stop watch. The subject, he said was one that interested him very much when he was alive.)

Is killing murder? The question is: one of the *gravest* importance. We do not mean to ask is the killing of a policeman, a bailiff, or a mad dog murderer? Such questions admit of but one answer. But we mean, to ask in all soberness and earnestness,—is killing murder? Is it murder to put forth our hand and take the life that we have not the power to restore; and this, too, in a wanton, cruel, and deliberate manner? Is it murder for you, being armed with deadly weapons, perchance with a glimmering taper in your hand, to meet your enemy in the dark, and then and there brutally, cruelly, and wilfully, and of malice aforethought to kill, murder, and destroy your enemy? If such be murder,—then we confess that we are murderers.

Is killing murder? It is said that murder will out. The ghostly dead, arrayed in their pale shrouds, have ere now left their unhallowed tombs, where their rotting remains had long been hid, and affrighted and convicted the guilty wretch whose bloody and sacrilegious hand had deprived them of sweet life. Conscience, it is said, will not suffer the murderer to rest. The hum and excitement of the busy day may drown the warning voice, but when darkness comes down, peopling the air with ten thousand hideous figures, and silence steals along, filling the air with dying shrieks and piteous groans; then when the distracted wretch sees fiery eyes glare on his inmost soul from every side and hears on every hand a thousand voices damning his guilty soul to black perdition,—then he will confess. Yet we would ask,—

Is killing murder? The guilty sometimes go mad. The horrors of the final tragedy haunt them. The furies get hold of them. They writhe in desperate agony with their inexorable tormentors, and in the struggle uttering reason is overthrown. Then they dash their guilty bodies to the ground, and tear their mutilated flesh against the iron bars of their dismal prison houses. Their wild, unearthly cries fill the midnight air, and affright even the wolves. Their persons are frightful to behold. Fearfully do they suffer for their crime. Yet would we enquire—

Is killing murder? If so we are murderers. Last night, as the midnight hour thrilled from the topmost turret of the Town Hall, we wound our weary way to our own cheerful chamber,—a bludgeon in one hand, a candle in the other. A dark object crossed our path. "Ha!" we exclaimed; "we know you! our ancient enemy! Prepare for death!" What needs it to describe the bloody and determined combat. In a short time our enemy lay dead, crushed, and bleeding at our feet. "There," we exclaimed again, "so perish all ——— cockroaches. Is killing murder?"

Throughout the past week several benefits were given at the Lyceum, which drew a fair attendance. On the occasion of Mr. Base's benefit "Young Hearts and Old Heads," one of M. Bourcault's pieces, was produced. This piece, although containing many good parts, is very weak. Many of the characters are overdrawn, and are as unlike real life as possible. The elder *Littleton*, with the Yorkshire accent is an instance. The piece would have passed off much better, if several of the leading actors had not forgotten their parts,—a most reprehensible practice.

Miss Davenport appeared as *Nedea* on Wednesday night, and as *Julia* on Thursday night. On both occasions she was warmly applauded. Miss Davenport was most telling in those strong passages with which both pieces abound. Many of the tender soliloquies were delivered in a masterly manner; but from the creaking noise made by the continual opening of the door leading to the boxes, they were half lost upon the audience. A pair of hinges and a yard of lining would be invaluable.

We should have preferred to have seen Mr. Leo as *Modus*. He makes a capital *Modus*. *Helen* was agreeably rendered by Mrs Marlowe. It gives us a pleasure to see the improvement of Mrs. Marlowe in characters of this kind, they being essentially suited to her. Her Irish characters are becoming very very good indeed. It would be a great injustice not to mention Mr. Herbert's *Fathom*. Mr. Herbert plays everything he takes in hand well.

The reception of Mr. John Nickinson on Wednesday night was very flattering. His appearance as *Delph* and *O'Dwyer* reminded us of old times. Both characters were rendered in Mr. Nickinson's raciest manner. Before concluding we must again urge on the stage manager the imperative necessity of a little more despatch. The curtain should fall on the last piece at a quarter or at farthest half past eleven each night.

"THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE."

It affords us much pleasure to call attention to a lecture to be delivered in the Temperance Hall on Tuesday next on the above subject. Mr. T. Connelly is a gentleman who comes to us highly recommended, not merely by our neighbours of the States, but also by the press of Quebec and Kingston, where he addressed large and gratified audiences. Mr. Connelly is a young Irishman, and from what we have heard of his antecedents we have little doubt that his lecture on so attractive a subject will delight all whom our notice may induce to hear it.

The lecture is interspersed with readings from the dramatic and lyric poets, and as an additional attraction to our citizens, we hear that the President of University College, the Rev. Dr. McCaul has very kindly consented to take the Chair. We know that we do not mistake the taste and good sense of our fellow citizens when we bespeak a crowded hall and a hospitable reception for Mr. Connelly on Tuesday next.