

THE THEATRE.

Several weeks having elapsed since we paid a visit to the Lyceum, we were induced to go to see our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Pauncefort, with whom we had often before beguiled many a tedious hour, and whom we hope to see again before we die. We were sorry to observe that the house was not as well filled as it should have been; but we suppose that our fair friends endorse Mr. Mackenzie's opinion, that the infliction of a debate is atonement sufficient for any crime short of a breach of promise. Still we are sure the dear creatures are not so bad, but that they might occasionally in the week convert the boxes of the Lyceum into a garden of roses by their presence. But we are digressing. As regards Mr. and Mrs. Pauncefort, we have no reason to change the high opinion which we had formed of them before now. We thought indeed that Mrs. Pauncefort was rather conventional as Mrs. Sternhold, and that Mr. Pauncefort's *John Midway* was in some points too elaborate, but as these blemishes were seldom observable we will not dwell on them. Their favorite characters in "Pauline," "The Green Bushes," and other pieces were warmly applauded; but we missed their usual Shaksperian representations.

We notice with pleasure an improvement in Mrs. Marlow's style of rendering *Mrs. Midway*—an unimportant character, but still sufficient to justify our remarks. She is, however, deficient in an important particular—she exhibits scarcely any genuine feelings; and the little emotion which she at times displays is so unskillfully counterfeited that the deception is disagreeably apparent. She will also excuse us saying that her pronunciation, instead of being hurried and falling flat on the ear, should be measured and distinct, and that all the words should be well emphasized. We hope Mrs. Marlow will not be angry with us; we write with the best intention, and nothing will give us greater pleasure than to chronicle the good effect which a dash of fire and energy would have when set off by her fine *physique*.

We have seen Mr. Marlow once or twice lately, and willingly accord to him credit for the dashing and gentlemanly style in which he throws off his part—but we are always ready to laugh at his most serious character, when he relapses into the old *Amindab Steele* style of delivery.

Mr. Cook's *Captain Hawkley* shows that he is improving in style; which would, no doubt, be still more observable if he were not so loath to renounce a ridiculous habit of giggling too much when merry, and "tearing a passion to rags" when angry.

Last of all comes Mr. *Petrie*, whose exuberant fancy is ever leading him to spoil what he has finished to a nicety, and this, too, in such a fashion that we are forced to laugh when disposed to be seriously angry at his impertinence. His *Mr. Potter* was too extravagant. By-the-way, as the character of *Longford* and *Markham* cannot be cut out of the comedy, we would suggest to the manager to clothe those fellows in any old theatrical suit convenient, sooner than send them in to play their part in a drawing room in the attire, and with the manners of under-grooms.

A want of punctuality has been and is the besetting sin of the manager. For no earthly good reason

he has changed the hours of ringing up the curtain, from half-past seven to eight o'clock; consequently the performance, what with a late start and a long delay between the acts, is never concluded at an hour proportionate to its character. We will insist on a reformation.

COL. PRINCE ON NIGGERS.

The gallant Colonel, it seems, can stand anything but a colored individual. The sight of a Blackamoor as effectually brings him to a stand still as the serpent of old did the Roman legions. Nay, he grows furious at the bare idea of a negro; and his hatred for the class is so strong, that we doubt if he would enter the Kingdom of Heaven cheek and jowl with a nigger, if he had the option. He won't allow that they are human; he calls them "these animals," and says, that they are a "terrible nuisance," and further, that they are "useless, worthless, thiefless," and in fact little better than ourang-outang. *Vagabonds* is the mildest expression he has for them. His opinion of what would be good for them is in keeping with his sentiments. He says, that they were "born, intended for slavery, and that they are fit for nothing else." At last we have finished Col. Prince's definition of a negro, and we are pained that he would have committed himself so far. If the Colonel has been faithfully reported, he has given utterance to statements more black than the hue of the duskiest skin, and more anti-liberal, anti-Christian, and anti-everything pertaining to a member of the Legislative Council, than it could have entered into the breast of man to devise, or that the tongue of man could utter.

The occasion which gave rise to the above original remarks was a rider to the Emigration Bill by the Colonel, that negroes should be taxed on landing here; which rider was very properly kicked out.

A Capital Suggestion—Old Moss.

The following Letter was sent to us:—
 — Spose that ere Korporation uv urs vere to be hactuated by unkimmin fine feelin', and to take up the civiltion hon hour biland; hand 'spose that they vere all blowed away, and stowed away at the bottom of the lake—I'm blowd if they wouldn't make themselves 'himortal. They would be kounted decendants of that ere feller Kurtus; ho I've been led to hunderstand, was a Roman Councillor.
 Yours till ve meet.

A PATRIOT.

The Road to Ruin.

— The Grand Trunk Railway.

Looking Out for No. One.

— Mr. McDougall has introduced a Bill to dispense with property qualification, it is said, with a view of providing for his own case at the next election.

Wanted a Dandy.

Look here, look there, look round the House,
 Look north, look south and west,
 Wanted a dandy and a top,
 Who'll dille the role up best?
 Wanted a dainty, shallow fop,
 Just fit to hold a fan,
 Come pick and choose, there, there, that's him,
 Lorange is the man.

Extremes Meet.

— Messrs. Benjamin and Alley, — the Thick and Thin supporters of the Government. Messrs. Brown and Mackenzie, — the Long and the Short of the Opposition.

An Unfinished Illustration.

— That singular abortion from Quebec, the Commissioner of Public Works, attempted another ghastly joke, in replying to a forcible speech of Dr. Connor on the Russell election frauds. He quoted a *mal-apropos* expression from "Shylock," by being prompted, but forgot to mention that he, like Antonio, "was the tainted wether of the flock, meetest for expulsion." Meanness.

— The Beauty from Carleton, is progressing in the development of his varied accomplishments. Not content with acting as John A's whipper in and go between, he has taken upon himself the duty of Ministerialist spy in general. His new character accords so well with the *Honorable Gentleman's* antecedent course that we confess we cannot utter even a tiny ejaculation of surprise. "Excellent well, and 'as to the manner born" he hovers near when the Opposition Members do congregate, and bloated with consciousness of his importance speedily conveys the information gained by eavesdropping to his Leader. Poor fellow! we pity him. Contempt is too valuable a commodity to bestow on the likes of Billy the battle-washer.

Treason Punished—Patriotism Rewarded.

— We announce with infinite pleasure that Mr. Hinck's late Governor of the Windward Isles, who chiselled the City of Toronto out of a larger amount in one week, than Mr. G. Brown gets from the Great Western Railway Co., for a whole year's independent support, has been sent to *leeward*, for his complicity in the ten thousand pounds matter. And we publish the glorious news with pleasure *ad infinitum*, that Geo. Brown Esq., the talented and wordy leader of the loyal opposition, is to be sent to *windward* as soon as the Session closes, to renew the capacity of his lungs. We believe that justice has been thus tardy in consequence of the Palmerston administration; advised thereto by Mr. Leatherman, preventing the *Globe's* being seen by Royal eyes.—*Globe*.

Col Playfair's Expose.

— Col. Playfair informs us that his voting for the Grey Nuss Bill was altogether a mistake. He asserts that he was asleep during the debate, and dreamt that Baron de Rottenburg, Adjutant-General of Militia, had been drummed out of the service, and that he was about being installed in his place by act of Parliament, when he was awaked by the bell calling members to their places, looking up, and seeing his friend John A and his colleagues on one side, he naturally concluded they were all voting for his appointment; and cursing Brown and all other obstructives, he joined the yeas. He says that when he had got his eyes fairly open, and found that, instead of voting for the promotion of a gallant soldier, he had given his yes for the advancement of a pack of old women, he almost made up his mind to desert to the opposition.

O never desert your party, man,
 Whatever cause they may give,
 Always stick close to your friend John A.,
 And in time he'll well kick thee.