

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

ROYAL LYCEUM PIT, July 21, 1859.

MR. EDITOR,—I ain't much on a scholar, but I ain't neither an ignorant animal wot has lived to the yers o' discretion without aquirin' a taste for wot you ery folks call the buties o' the drama. I always likes to go to the play, Mr. Editor, for I think as how it does a fella good. I ain't like some o' your folks wot cheats their neighbours all day in the way o' trade, and then goes to the theatre at night, and applauds the honest sentiments in the play. I ain't one o' your eddicated people wot is rude and brutish a'day to their families and their neighbours, and then make a up at night for it at the theatre by applaudin' the actor when he makes an almighty ass of himself by swellin' out until he almost busts his weskitt, and roarin' like an enraged monkey all about 'onor, and wartus and various other grades o' respectability. I ain't none o' these. I goes to the play because I likes it, and I think that 'ere are a very good reason. However I did n't sit down to write this 'ere epistle to you to tell you all this. Wot I wanted to say was to axe you the reason why it is that an actor, wot has got a voice which fetches up from his toes and an action like an hickory tree in high wind is always sure to be wrapt roundly applauded when he cracks on steam and leathers away—no matter whether he is playing *Richard the third* or such a contemptible character as toad I saw the other night in "Buck Bison."—*The Misanthrope*, or the *Cut throat* I think they called him. This rascal—I mean the *cut-throat* chap—was about as bad an imitation of the melancholy man *Jakes* in "As You Like it" as it was possible to pit-h-fork together. He told the audience in werry sepulchral tones that he wos a man-hater, and as how he wos a werry much ill-used individual. And after he wos much applauded for this by the pit, he grew quite communicative, and told us in a werry much lower voice that "wot war to be would be! and wot warn't to be wouln't be! and that there was one great cus afflictin' all creation, and that that one cus war siv-vil li-zation!"

Well, sir, I thought that war goin' it pretty strong, but the audience applauded him with might and main, especially the way in which he pronounced "siv-vil-li-zation," which indeed war some in' one don't hear every day in the year. There war another actor there who war also applauded—but in a milder way, because he couldn't fetch his voice up from such a distance as that *ere cut-throat* fellow. I should say he didn't fetch it from much below his knees. This other actor war also werry communicative, and brought down the House by tellin' another chap on the stage, in a werry vicious manner, that "He knew what he knew; and he'd do wist he'd do!" intelligence which so pleased the audience that they cheered in a frantic manner.

But I needn't tell you, Mr. Editor, all the stunning points in this abortion of a play, and how they electrified the audience. I have given you a specimen of the best of them, and you may guess what a beautiful thing the play war, and what a discrimination' and educated audience goes to the Pit of this ertre theatre. The play "Buck Bison," I believe is dramatized from one of the werry worst stories that ever appeared in a New-York paper. But the

audience seemed to like it all the better for that. I order it seems to me that it only needs for an actor to yell and kick up his heels, and no matter whether he says tellin' the audience that they are all a parcel of ridiculous donkeys, or repeatin' the best scene in *Hamlet*—they will applaud him to the skies.

It is of this ertre indiscriminate praise that I write to you to complain of; and by takin' the matter up you would oblige

Yours, &c.,

BILLY PIT.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A NIGHT WATCHMAN.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—

As one of the many whose anxiety has been aroused by the incendiary fever, now raging in Toronto, permit me to put on record my experience as a volunteer guardian of the property of myself and neighbours. Allow me to premise that I am a very respectable store-keeper, with a large stock in-trade, and a decent balance at the banker's. My neighbours, who follow the respective callings of 'obacco-ist, ironmonger and shoemaker, shewing my fears of the insatiable element, determined to organize a mutual protection alliance by which at a periodical sacrifice on the part of each, the slumbers and property of the rest might be secured. By the provisions of the treaty, I was to furnish the gunpowder, the hardware gentleman the shot, whilst my friend the shoemaker, put an old horse-pistol into the armory, to complete our munitions of war. I was further to provide, at the general expense, a pint of Morton's proof *noctem* and the tobacco-wist agreed to place at our disposal pipes and tobacco *ad libitum*. Thus equipped, we cast lots for the first night's watch; the lot fell upon Solon Simple, your humble servant. After three hours preliminary indulgence in the company of Morpheus, during which visions of dark lanterns, turpentine, straw and tinder, danced through my fevered cerebrum, I rose at ten o'clock to my nocturnal duties. Mrs. Simple at first, would not bear of my venturing my valuable vitality on so perilous an enterprise, but when I related the daring manner in which Louis Napoleon assumed the special constables' baton to repel the riotous Chartists in London, she felt rather ashamed at her pusillanimity, and bade me show my superiority to the much be-praised Emperor. Giving a parting kiss to my own Jemima, and the sleeping cherub, our joint property, I sallied out to meet the midnight foe. Absorbing a limited modicum of Morton's subtle fluid, kindling a moderate allowance of the tobacco-wist's honey dew, and replenishing the shoemaker's weapon with my own gunpowder and the iron-monger's buck shot, I sat down, calmly awaiting the gentlemanly visitors of arsonical proposals. Desiring to equalize my first watch by some daring exploit, I touched in ambush, and carefully capping the shooting iron, preserved a discreet silence, which I never broke, save by an occasional ejection of saliva, or a periodical gurgling produced by the agreeable process of suction from my black bottle. At twelve o'clock I was startled from a deep—reverie by the tramping of footsteps. Instantly summoning all my available mettle, with hair rampant and body creakant, I listened with trembling expectancy. Three dark figures came up the back lane, and stealthily approached the back premises of the tobacco-wist, evi-

don't you up to snuff in the incendiary way. They wos rowdy bats and talk'd in a subdued tone muttering words of which I could only catch the horrid sounds, "Let us illumine." Ah! thought I, you cold blooded miscreant, talking of the destruction of our property after that heartless fashion you have yet to encounter Solon Simple. "Where's the paper?" said one; "Here, Bill, light the match quickly," said the second; "Get up close in the gateway, or it won't light," said the third; "That's true," said the first, the wind's blowing high, and we shall have a rare time." How those words froze up my veins; "The wind high," indeed, and sure enough it wa; and "a rare time" it would be for Simple and Co. r moving their furniture and goods with the fire roaring round them. I prim'd my pistol raised myself on my knees, and prepared to fire a broadside on the ruffians, when I heard one exclaim "Confound it, Bill, this horrid pipe of yours won't draw." I had actually got myself into a high fever, preparing to meet enemies who turned out to be three lovers of the weed in search of a smoke. I instantly called to them, gave them a light and shared the whisky with them. We sat, four jolly watchmen together, till daylight, when I staggered back to my dormitory, quite satisfied with my exploits as A NIGHT WATCHMAN.

THE COLLEGE AVENUE.

The *Colonist* deserves much credit for the manner in which it shows up the petty scoundrels of the corporation who have had a finger in that precious pie of cutting up the College Avenue. Our contemporary cannot be half severe enough on those jobbers, and cannot censure in too strong language the narrow-minded, miserable policy which is at the bottom of this unwarranted and most reprehensible infraction of public rights. No plea of mere public convenience can be trumped up in support of this contemptible piece of business, which cannot be weighed down by a thousand unimpeachable reasons both of public convenience, and general public good.

From first to last the spoilation of the College Avenue is a crime against the public, and ought to entail on the perpetrators of it public obnoxiousness. We heartily concur in the wish that in the eleventh hour this cruel injustice should be brought to naught. But unless some of our citizens will beset them for the public good, we have nothing to hope from the members of the corporation—but a continuance of that pursuit of plunder, which seems, with one or two honorable exceptions, to be the only motive that has actuated them since entering on the duties of guardians of the public interest.

The Law Malignant

The Inspector of weights and measures, for the Co. Peterboro' in an advertisement in the *Peterboro' Review*, thus threatens the delinquents of Peterboro':

"All parties not presenting their Weights and Measures, will be PROSECUTED according to law."

Persecuted, according to law is rather a strong expression for an officer of the law. If the Printers devil has not made a mistake we should prefer Toronto law to Peterboro' law, any day.