

## Hark! from the South, the Story Land of Old.

Hark! from the South, the story land of old,  
Ill-omened echoes wail,  
And to and fro, like gloomy storm-clouds rolled  
In distant thunders break;  
Starting a world, ill men's hearts fill for fear,  
And ask with bated breath, what mean these portents drear?  
Tis the clash of arms! o'er Italy's plain  
The war fiend stalks, and the hissing rain  
Of Death falls thick and fast;  
'Tis the crashing charge, and the dying about,  
The struggle fierce, and the ghastly rout,  
'The roar of war's hoarse blast.

The die is cast, the sword is drawn, the strife  
Pours on in reckless tide,  
And blood—men's blood—a gush of human life,  
A priceless stream has dyed,  
Oh! sunny South, with darkly crimson hue,  
Thy beautiful, thy classic land anew.

Where shall the carnage end? 'tis this dread thought  
That pales men's cheeks with fear;  
Where next must the shrill wail of woe be sought,  
The cry of—"death is here!"

Where next must rush the huge funeral car?  
Where next shall rear the blood-stained flag of war?

We ask in vain—who knows? what man shall say  
Not here—nor here—nor there;  
This spot is safe—that point shall firmly stay  
Red havoc's hideous glare?

This land may rest in peace—that need not fear  
The undeveloped future of a single year.

The flame is lit, the Rubicon is passed,  
Italia rings with war's devouring blast,  
Despota in armour stand.

May Heaven's high hand restrain their reckless might;  
Defend the weak; oh! God, protect the right,  
And keep our mother land.

## NOBLE PROTEST FROM THE "LEADER."

The *Leader* of yesterday, in doleful dumps, deplores the absence of the band from the University Park on Thursday last. He pictures in spirit-stirring terms the woes of disappointed nursery maids, the peevishness of undelighted infants, the plaintive notes of "simploring maids," and the fretful humors of "youthful lovers." Love and sunshine were there, but Mozart and Verdi were wanting. The scene must have been doleful indeed to the philosophical *Leader*, and we can well fancy how his tender heart was wrung with compassion to see the *lovers* "promenade for a considerable time," while the "more staid" would stay no longer, but retired foot-sore and musicless to their "cabs and carriages," not, however, before "taking a draught of the pure air of that neighbourhood."

How elegantly sad, how prettily melancholy, and only lacking one feature—truth. What will people think of the *Leader's* reliability when we tell them that the band was there and played during the usual hours. Wretched *Leader*, did'st thou take refuge at Oscar Howell till overpowered by the potent Barley-corn thou wast inaccessible to song? Where did'st thou get thy simpering maids and youthful lovers and disappointed nurses, above all, whence came the "more staid" of the disappointed assemblage? All the pure coinage of thy brain, dear *Leader*, yet as true as half the stuff thou vendest at three coppers per number. *Moral*. Never make a statement by guess work, and if you do, never build a fancy structure on the rotten foundation, or, like the *Leader* in its story about the band, you make a fool of yourself.

## CANADA SAVED.

"Mr. Macdonald sees what every thinking man must see, that the present is not the time to abandon office, and that to leave the country to the tender mercies of such an Opposition as that with which it is blessed just now, would be to reduce it to anarchy and confusion. With great wisdom Mr. Macdonald has given up his intention of retiring, and will still continue the Leader of the Upper Canada section of the Government."—*Montreal Pilot*.

Hurrah! boys; throw up your hats! stand on your heads! Canada's saved! John A. won't retire, and the Opposition are tectotally dished. Who can estimate the benefit that may accrue to Canada from Mr. Macdonald's patriotic determination to "hold on"—till he's kicked out? John A. is wise—he has great wisdom—the *Montreal Pilot* asserts it—and who has a better right to know? Who has a better right than his jolly proprietor to fear, that should the Opposition come in—a certain printing office would indeed be "reduced to anarchy and confusion." Save the printing office by all means! Monstrously wise is Macdonald, the idol of the *Pilot*. Can't something grand be got up as a mark of gratitude to Mr. Macdonald for his self-denying reception of \$5,000 a-year of the public money? Won't the *Pilot*, at its sole expense, erect him a statue in the *Place d'Armes*? Cost is no object—the profit on one edition of the *Pilot* would cover all, to say nothing of overcharges on government printing. We quite expect that the *Pilot* will seize upon our suggestion with enthusiasm, and that Mr. Macdonald's statue done in marble will speedily adorn one of the most conspicuous localities in Montreal. We generously present the *Pilot* with an inscription which should be traced in letters of gold upon the pedestal of the forthcoming statue:—

To the great John A.,  
Who folks will say,  
Dante in humbuggery always,  
I, Rollo, rear  
This statue here,  
Because he merits all praise.

He would'n't go out to please the Grits,  
So I still smuggle the rich "tit bits,"  
That just suits me,  
Hollo C.

## THE THEATRE.

A stranger might well be surprised at the number of well dressed and respectable persons which filled the boxes of the Lyceum on Tuesday night last. The show certainly argues favourably for a return of the good old times, when the drama was understood and appreciated; and we would even go so far as to predict from the manner in which the performance was received on the occasion in question, that our well dressed people may be induced to patronize the drama—in a complimentary manner of course—at least twice in the year. It must be very soothing indeed to the feelings of an unfortunate manager who has been left to struggle with beggarly houses for three hundred nights in the year, to find that after all there are "distinguished" ladies and gentlemen living in Toronto who have the interests of the drama so much at heart, that they will not hesitate to visit the Lyceum on the three hundred and first-night in each year.

However, to come to the performance. The pieces selected, were Buckstone's comedy of "Married Life," and the well-known farce of "Boots at the Swan," which by the way, owed all its success on Tuesday night, to the fact that a noble caping did the *Boots*. With regard to the first piece, the programme told us that Miss C. Thompson and our old friend Mr. Chas. Bass, kindly volunteered their services. This was indeed kind of them—for we doubt if on the Continent of America two better artists could be found to fill their roles. By kind permission, the Rifle Band was present. The music formed an attraction.

One of the best features of the evening, was the performance of "La Melangolie Pastorale," by Mr. John Kolk on the violin. But owing to the rudeness and want of taste and politeness, displayed in the boxes during the playing of this excellent composition its chief beauties were almost unheard.

On Wednesday night Mr. Bass played *Sir Peter Teazle*, and Miss C. Thompson, *Lady Teazle*. Miss Thompson's *Lady Teazle* was elegantly performed, Mr. Bass's *Sir Peter* was all that we expected from a veteran of his standing. The whole piece was excellently got up and played. The House was not quite empty.

If novelty of the most enticing character will ensure to the Lyceum anything like support, the programme for the remainder of the present season ought to do so. To-night Miss Thompson takes her benefit, when the "Heir at Law" and "Poor Pill-coddy" will be performed. The occasion will doubtless draw a crowded house. Mr. Bass and Miss Thompson appear in the first piece; and we understand Captain Elliot, who took so well with the audience as *Jacob Earwig* will appear as the much injured *Pill-coddy*. We are happy to announce that an engagement has been effected with Miss Davenport, and also with Mr. and Miss Richings. The Cooper Opera Troupe are also engaged. Mr. Marlowe deserves the thanks of the community for his enterprising spirit. But we hope, indeed we know, that his reward will come in a more substantial manner than mere thanks.

## Old Double's Esinement.

The following sentence in reference to a brother editor appeared in Thursday's issue of *Old Double*:

"A knave who never hesitates at a falsehood when it suits his purpose to utter it, is generally ready to accuse those of suphlicity who would rather adhere to what they know to be the truth, than make assertions without proof, no matter how much they might for the time benefit themselves or their friends."

If any one will show us a faultier, coarser, or more stupid sentence anywhere except in *Old Double*, (or perhaps Dr. Ryerson's letters,) he shall be handsomely rewarded on application to us.

## THE GLOBE AT FAULT,

OR THE MEMBER FOR NORTH HASTINGS LABELLED.

The apostolic *Globe* proclaims quite pat  
That Donjamin is the very fat,  
Still seeks to hide beneath his hat,  
More pap to keep him steady.  
'Tis clearly seen the *Globe* is wrong  
In this new "great discovery" song,  
Because the proof is clear and strong,  
Don's 'twice too fat already.