

RANKINIANA.

The trial of Townsend some interest raised,
And the people of Canada noomed amazed
That a Jury should act so—
Majors evidence de facto,
And a verdict "not guilty" should give.
But why should they be?
When they daily may see
That a still greater rascal may live
Not only unbung,
But mixing among
Those waiting to be
At the top of the tree.
The first of his trials
In eighteen fifty-six,
Involved 25,000 we're told;
And he would have succeeded
In making this great hit,
Did not Death his great rival unfold.
His next trick was worse,
It involved not the purse,
But the life of a man,
Whom, (so the tale ran)
He wove up one night,
In a decoy of a fright,
At seeing him stand
With some papers in hand,
With the modest request
He would do him belch,
And his signature give
If he wanted to live.
And now by his foe,
(A poor, impotent fool)
Who, a contract to gild,
Tried by "Legor-de-main";
But, unused to the art,
And not being smart,
He was caught in the act,
And his face soundly smacked.
But what's to be done,
Are such fellows to run
Loose on society,
And, for sake of variety,
What their tricks should gain,
By main force obtain.

But if I can not reach him, why he, being a tumbler,
His manners must mend, and beware of THE GRABLES.

The Theatre.

— Mr. and Mrs. Drew have been very successful this week. The former is imitable as an Irish actor, the best, we believe, who has yet appeared on the Toronto boards. Mrs. Mossop hardly sustains her former reputation, still her elocution is unexceptionable. We have much pleasure in welcoming back our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe, whose re-appearance will, we are sure, be highly acceptable to our theatrical readers.

The Unkindest Cut

— The *Colonist* gives the following advice to its correspondents:

"During the Session of Parliament, correspondents must confine themselves to facts."

The *Colonist* is right. "Too much of one thing is good for nothing," therefore correspondents must mortify the spirit and forego telling lies until the Session is over, when it is to be presumed they may lie until they are black in the face. The reason of this injunction is, that as lying is now looked upon as the peculiar right of an M.P.P., it would injure the circulation of the paper if more than 27½ columns of lies were printed each day. What ought to be done.

— The city harbours a nest of incendiaries. Incendiaries are wholesale murderers, and as such deserve no mercy. Therefore any man who should see an incendiary attempting his bellish purpose should arrest him if possible, and if not, then shoot him as dead as a dog, with a decided preference for the last method as the surest way of securing justice. The police should receive orders to act in the manner, and then we would hear of no more villains slipping through their lazy fingers. Nor should we scruple to put in practice what we preach. We would blow an incendiary to the devil with as little remorse as we would experience in drinking our best friend's health.

A NATIONAL SONG.

The requirements of a national song are good words and good music; it must, moreover, be chosen by the people, and not forced upon them. Such was "God save the Queen," "the Marsailles Hymn," and "Patrick's Day;" and as long as the world lasts, so long will those national songs be cherished. We were led to make these remarks by seeing that a national song had been cut and dried for our use, set to music for us, and recommended to be played by our new Canadian regiment as the national song of our country. Now we are fond of a joke, and, for that reason, we read the *Colonist* every day; but we cannot allow this joke to go any farther. The song is composed by a lady, and therefore we feel loathe to say a bad word of it, but duty before inclination: the song is unworthy of Canada, and the national song of Canada, by any amount of puffing, it never will be. Listen to the first lines:

"Let's sing success to Canada,
And may she flourish long,
And bear her name to many lands,
With honour and renown."

The next refrain, which hopes that the son of Canada wherere he "roam," &c., is made of course to rhyme with "home." The chorus is a stunning sort of thing, filled with fifteen or sixteen "native homes," "our homes," "wide-spreading homes," "loved homes," &c., interspersed with declarations of war against tyrants and foreign yokes, and all that sort of thing. In the name of all that's wonderful was it ever seriously intended to palm off on us such a combination of words as our national song? And then the music: it is certainly good, but neither brilliant nor interesting. We would rather hear one line of the "Canadian Boat Song," than a thousand such songs as the above.

Hail Columbia, Happy (?) Land.

— We observe that the anti-Lecompton victory, in Congress, has been celebrated in Kansas by illuminations, as a "triumph for freedom," in the "freest nation in all creation." There is only one other place where such a triumph could be celebrated just now, and though such vaunts of freedom are not made there, we think with more reason, we mean in Russia, at the abolition of Serfdom now proceeding. Extremes meet.

Incendiarism Again.

— A report is gaining ground, that as soon as all the combustibilities of our city are destroyed, an attempt will be made to conflagrate the "Peninsula." Our "vigilant Chief of Police" has, moreover, appointed a patrol for the protection of the water-lots.

"I always told you so."—Mrs. Canule.

— On Thursday last, at about half-past four in the afternoon, a young lady, while walking on King-Street, imprudently approached too near to a "quondam flame," and set her crinoline on fire. She was instantly wrapped in a blaze which communicated itself to some ladies at her side, and would have extended along the whole length of the street, had not No. 2, Hook and Ladder Company promptly made its appearance, and, by tearing down several four-story crinolines, cut off the communication. Some of the fair sufferers were only slightly injured, but all agree in looking rather blasé.

THE GREAT SECRET.

Several correspondents have sent us the true secrets by which Raroy tames wild horses. We print their experience:—

DEAR SIR,—Manago to knock the horse down, tie his four legs to a post, and then leather him with an iron crowbar as long as you are able. My word for it, he'll be as tame as a pet rabbit after that.
Yours,
STODDS.

MR. EDITOR,—Just you take your 'os down to that their Hesplesnade, blindfold 'im, put a rope round 'im, toss 'im hin and keep 'im there for six 'ours. 'E won't kick any von's brains out after that there.
Yours, &c.,
ROCKWOOD.

SIR,—The best way to cure an unmanageable horse, is to give him two ounces of strychnine. The other cures are all bosh.
Yours, &c.,
TOWZER.

PLEASE SIR,—Hoist the brute up by means of a windlass, and keep him suspended for twenty-four hours over a pan of lit sulphur. You may play with his hoofs afterwards.
Yours, &c.,
BRIMSTONE.

GENTLEMEN,—Send your horse to livery, and allow him to be driven by a fast man—say Sam Sherwood—for a week. He'll never run away after that as long as he lives.
Yours, &c.,
VOX.

DEAR SIR,—Introduce the animal into the strangers' gallery of the House, during an animated debate, and he will be quiet for ever after.
Yours, &c.,
STOKEN.

TO SPECULATORS.

A Fragment from Moore.

Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that we know for a lover of profit—
Is to buy up friend Forsell at the price he is worth,
And sell him at that which he sets on himself.

A La Lanterne.

— We understand that his worship Judge Lynch, has arrived in the city, and taken up his quarters at the Rossin House. The reason of this distinguished visit is the prospect of a short assize on the incendiaries who may be caught during the next week; worthy gentlemen contemplating arson must not be surprised if a few feet of rope and a lamp post are administered to quiet their over-heated temperaments.

The Fire Brigade.

— We have not the slightest intention of grumbling at the energetic and gallant body of men, whose services have unfortunately been so much in demand during the last four weeks. On the contrary, we do grumble most bitterly at the comparative want of appreciation shown for their inestimable services. When we consider that these self-denying men have worked almost uninterruptedly for three weeks with unflagging perseverance and sleepless vigilance, we should like very much to know why the Corporation has not given some special recognition of their extraordinary labours. We therefore urge strongly upon the City Fathers the evident propriety of voting a liberal bonus to the Brigade, under the unusual circumstances in which the city has been placed by the fearful incendiarism at present rampant in our midst.