

## Sonnet.

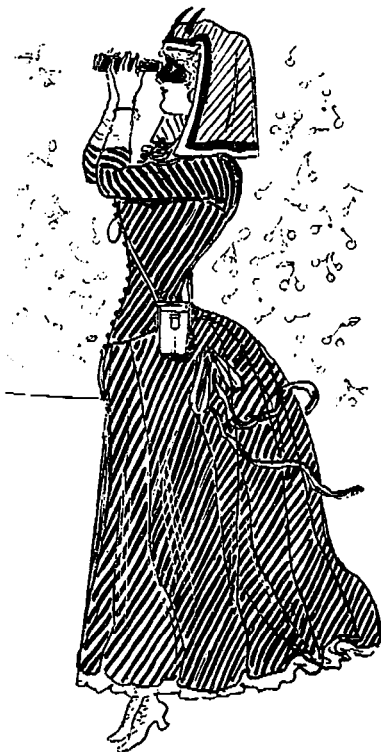
TO THE SHADE OF MAZZINI.

"Mazzini was the first to point out the cardinal defect in the writings of Thomas Carlyle; and that the cause of human liberty had nothing to expect from him."

FROM the time-servers here in time,  
Sad, solitary, yet sublime!  
Upon a throne thou sit'st apart,  
In the Valhalla of the heart.  
Most godlike of the heroes thou,  
Mazzini! Enthroned on thy brow  
I see Faith, Hope, and Charity—  
The ever-glorious trinity—  
Regarding with a sorry smile  
The selfish spirit of Carlyle;  
For when Freedom's outlook was dim,  
No help could she expect from him.  
E'en he could not escape thy ken,  
Diviner of the souls of men.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

## "AUGUST."



OUR pallid, poetic young man, who is at present off on his vacation in Europe, sends us from the Tyrol this dashing, *dégage*, tailor-made young lady. He calls his vignette "August." Now if he were in Toronto we would endeavor to remonstrate with him, —but we must confess that however firmly though gently we might expostulate, it would be of little use. You can't reason with a long-haired artist.

She seems standing on the tip-toe of expectation; anticipation is suggested in all the lines of her graceful figure, from her dainty wrists to her little French boots. The

style of hat she wears is rather *bizarre* in effect outdoors, however admirably it may be adapted to win the gratitude of all who may sit behind its wearer in a theatre. It may, however, be the latest freak of fashion, this combination of a cornuted napkin and a black velvet mask.

Perhaps the young lady is a Parisian heiress with whom our artist, who is a melancholy, romantic sort of fellow, has fallen in love. It may be that she is looking through her tourist's glass for his coming. The rest of us envy the luck which has fallen to him in that beautiful old-world region, under soft blue skies. It is rather likely that he sent us the sketch of his divinity just to make us dissatisfied with our surroundings, and to fill us with yearning and vague unrest. In return we have cabled over to him that since he has seen fit in his dream of love to idealize the goddess of his dream as "August,"

he can have no reason to feel aggrieved if her rejection of his suit is *summary*.

They don't charge extra for time-worn jests like that, and indeed it would trouble us not if they did; for we neglected to prepay the cablegram.

## QUEBEC'S SOLIDITY.

"Quebec will never consent to Commercial Union. I have now a letter from an influential gentleman from that province, and he says Quebec is solid against Commercial Union."—*Letter of Stapleton Caldecott in "Mail."*

MR. GREEP, MONSIEUR,—Zese vorts I read in ze papier vich I shall not to name; it is *un tres* vicked papier which I am not suppose to read some time at all. *Eh bien*, I read zese vorts, and I feel I shall owe myself ze duty to write to you zis small *petite* letter, to tell you I am not ze booby zis gentleman *influential* thinks me to be. He say, I am "solid" against le Union Commercial. Who tells him this? *Au contraire*, is it not that I should be "red hot" ze other vay? Vat is zis Union Commercial? Is it zat I shall be ask to give up my right? my treaty? my church? my leeberty? my religion? Non! not at all! Is it zat I am no longer under ze Breetish flag? Non! I am not ask to give up any of zese. It is zat I shall keep all I have secure, and get some more also! It is zat I shall only join ze other provinces to trade freely wiz the people of *P'Oncle Sam*. Shali I not share in ze benefit? If ze Union Commercial makes of Montreal un *ville magnifique*; ze great commercial centre *a la* New York, as Monsieur Wiman foretell, shall I not share in ze prosperity? And shall it not be zat my many thousand of brothers who have gone away to work in ze factories of ze States will come back to me? We cannot now keep them; and why? *Helas!* we are too poor! Why then, shall I be "solid" against my own interests? What is my interest? To keep *mes lois, mes langue, et mes religion* under ze Breetish flag! Zis I can do by le Union Commercial, but not by annexation. I am solid against annexation, but what shall I do if Nova Scotia and Manitoba, and ze other provinces, through discontent break up le Confederation? Le Union Commercial will cure their discontent, and make us all "solid" together.

Yours,

JEAN BAPTISTE.

## THE SONG OF THE TORONTO BURGLAR.

I'm boss cracksmen of the little gang, wot burglarize this city,  
And I'll tell you how we works it, if you'll listen to my lay:  
Perhaps yer think I run a risk in chirping of this ditty,  
But if yer do, ye're rather off—that's all I've got to say.

The gang is small and quite select and lor! ain't it a terror;  
If there wos many in it, some 'ud give it dead away;  
And we're more afraid of "peecheers" than policemen, make no error,  
So the fewer tongues the better—that's all I've got to say.

There's a woman at the bottom of our burglarizing racket,  
Just as sure as there's a bottom to our werry dirty bay,  
And a woman's work'll want a good detective for to track it,  
And it wants it in Toronto—that's all I've got to say.

She finds out all about a crib by calling on the mistress,  
And keeping open optics for as long as she can stay,  
While telling her misfortunes and relating shocking hist'ries,  
For scandal tickles ladies' ears—that's all I've got to say.

Then when we knows the place well, and how to get inside it,  
We watches till the bobby from the neighborhood does stray,  
And that ain't werry long; at least whenever I have tried it  
The peeler never bother'd me—that's all I've got to say.