

The Turkish Sympathisers.

And can it be that there are Englishmen
Who see the right against the wrong arrayed—
The cross against the Crescent strive again
And but by money interests are swayed?
Count but the bank-note heap, and watch the guinea weighed?

"The path to India clear!"—Give that alone,
Her route let commerce unimpeded seek,
Uncared of them the Christian slave may groan—
Unchecked his wrath the savage Turk may wreak—
Unheeded age's prayer, unheeded woman's shriek.

Ungrounded fear, for though the Russian fleet
Rode mistress of the Bosphorus to-day,
What hostile ship need British commerce meet?
When laid the course to Hindostan that way?
Far, far the broad canal; far distant Suez bay.

"Oh, but they might come down." Why, so they might
If Turkey should their ally chance to be.
She was not England's in Sinope's fight;
None of her friendship hold monopoly,
For all, with all, in turn, she fought on land and sea.

Away with such excuses—there is one—
One course alone, which right and honour knows—
Too long the Turk his bloody course has run;
Now let the bloody drama find a close.
Upon a brighter scene 'twere time the curtain rose.

In distant day, when savage Turkish horde,
The sabre and the Koran in the hand,
Like desolating flood o'er Europe poured,
Did England not by force their force withstand?
Where won the Lion Heart his fame through every land?

Their thoughts are not as ours—their idleness—
Their bigotry—their cruel tyranny—
A differing and a barbarous race express,
And what they are, that will they ever be
Their earth—their heaven—their all—base sensuality.

It is not so—old England's sturdy sons
Are not degenerate grown—though some there be
Who shame their sires—but British blood still runs
In sympathy with those who would be free.
And cries—Gain we or no, loosed let the oppressed be.

A Dominion Day Romance, (A la modern Novel.)

CHAPTER I.

It was a fine Dominion Day morning. Already the festive hop of the fire-cracker resounded on the air. Already coy maidens and tender youths, (and many others,) contemplated the glories of ice-cream, soda water, strawberries, and equatorial cramps.

SHADRACH CAULICOE sat in his room at the American House, and twirled his dainty moustache uncomfortably. No response in his bitter and perplexed heart to the joyousness in the air or the pleasant sunshine outside. Dark and gloomy were the thoughts which performed hurdle-races in his brain, and caused his brow to lower frightfully, so much so as to cause a grinning soda-water man across the way, who happened to catch sight of the picture of misery, to give vent to a howl of pain. "Yes," muttered Mr. CAULICOE, "I love her a million times, but the thought that I am unable to reach her is driving me frantic. How dare a six-hundred-dollar-per-annum dry goods clerk cast his eyes upon that Caucasus of bliss, the heiress of Yonge street? And, yet, my heart says she loveth in response. Great JOVE, could I upon any pretext steal a march on her affection! Why did fate not throw us together in the great volcano of St. John? There I might have snatched her from the flames. Or why could she not have been found by me some day, struggling in the water, during an unlucky swimming adventure—after which would follow 'the heroic rescue,' and a 'God bless you my children.' Ah, how bitter is life to a hopeless young dreamer!"

A cracker inadvertently flew into Mr. CAULICOE'S window, and roused him from his reverie with a bang! After a few frantic plunges about the room, he stopped and embraced the fragments of the Chinese demon. It had given him an idea—a hope. He called in one of the hoodlums, by means of glittering inducements held out, and many assurances of peaceful intentions given, and a long and confidential talk ensued. With a handful of silver and a sly leer and wink, the youth at last departed, looking down upon his late companions with supreme contempt. *Business* was written on his brow.

CHAPTER II.

MISS SYLVIE TUPPING and a lady friend were taking an afternoon

drive, and as the spirited ponies trotted along under their mistress's intrepid care, the twain looked the picture of love in a cottage at Saratoga—but especially beautiful appeared our hero's beau ideal. Miss SYLVIE was just whispering about the lovely sonnets she had received from a bold young clerk and prospective dry goods merchant, who sold her those beautiful striped stockings last week, and telling how she was expected to marry ARTHUR d'AUBREY shortly and how happy she would be in her new life. A leering young fiend was seen on the sidewalk. In an instant something fizzed in the air, there was a loud report, and then the maddened ponies shot wildly up street under the influence of fire-crackers. How the people looked and shouted! and next there appeared on the scene an excited young man, just as the horses were about to dash into a passenger train. SHADRACH CAULICOE threw himself into the jaws of death, grasped a bridle rein, and pulled the horses to one side, into a fence. They trampled on him, tore his new coat and vest to shreds, and scraped his cranium with their hoofs, but he held on and conquered. Then he looked up in expectation of the laurels of a preserver, when the voice of his idol yelled to him, "Well, if you haven't more cheek than a baboon; stopping our horses in this scandalous manner, when we wanted to catch the train!" The sweets of victory turned into sage-gargle, and bleeding and heart-broken, the lover swooned on the pavement. The crowd raised him up, however, with cheers for his bravery, and placed him into the phaeton, and SYLVIE sweetly drove him home, seeming real sorry.

CHAPTER III.

One year later we find SHADRACH CAULICOE, Esq., bloated millionaire, a happy bride-groom. It is Dominion Day 1877. Fire-crackers again send forth a hoarse-throated chorus, everything wears a bright aspect for our hero. We suppose we ought to introduce SYLVIE and tell how it all came about. But it isn't SYLVIE. Poor CAULICOE was left in charge of the servants, and SYLVIA'S pretty waiting maid, and when he recovered he found he had been a fool to aim at the sun, when there were so many sweet flowers about. And when CARRIE JONES promised to nurse him through life he felt happy. The heartless SYLVIE became Mrs. d'AUBREY shortly after the accident, and now she is wretched as she deserves to be, for Mr. d'AUBREY keeps a wine-cellar, seven race-horses, and pushes his bills payable with avidity in the banks (on the brink of ruin, of course), while she herself has long grown tired of a drunken sot of a husband and the dissipations of fashionable life and often thinks of the love she cast away. M. CAULICOE looks forward with satisfaction to the day when he shall be begged for a loaf of bread by d'AUBREY, and at this particular moment we find him administering a friendly kick to a knowing imp of an arab who whispered something about a few jinglers for that fire-cracker job last year.

The Jolly Commissioners.

Now of all places in the world, and of each high position,
It's pleasantest to be upon the Water Works Commission.
No doubt it's sad our tenure is but of extreme fragility,
But while one's in one is so free from all responsibility.

To use our own finances thus would awfully astound us,
But cash of others—jollily we pitch that all around us.
I tell you what, we make it fly while these good times are going,
We've struck our oil; it musn't spoil; we're bound to keep it flowing.

We have a way of doing things most extremely amusing,
A bill comes in—twelve thousand, say—which one of us refusing,
Because it isn't due, the rest—you really needn't stare, sir,
Pay fourteen thousand; 'tis our way of making things all square, sir.

We're out of coal—up comes a chap—"I've got two hundred tons here,
You'll buy it?"—"Yes, of course"—and then his big coal waggon runs
here,

Till he has dumped a good deal more than that two hundred there, too,
And has been paid a good deal more than he'd have got elsewhere, too,

We sometimes pay an engineer—no salary is higher—
To keep a distance from the work, and never to come nigher.
And if you ask the reason why, to you in scorn we mention,
The ways of Us Commissioners are past Your comprehension.

Don't talk to me of golden mines, or silver pouring fountains,
Go seek for them, all those who like, among the hills and mountains,
There's nought on earth that shall make me abandon my condition, or
Toronto leave, while I can stay a Water Works Commissioner.

SIR JOHN stood in a carriage heaped with flowery tributes, at Montreal, swaying gauntly the big one in his hand, "Quite a floral demonstration," said he to the crowd. The crowd cheered. "Omen that I shall floor all my enemies," continued the JOCOSE S. J., with a comic and inimitable contortion of countenance. Alas, that those in whose brain reposes the wit of the age should use it so carelessly. He meant no harm. But what was the consequence? That vast assemblage of 75,000 people, densely packed in a narrow street, suddenly, unanimously, and violently exploded, and GRIP draws a veil over the awful result.