



"ROYAL" FAVORS, "SNOWS," AND BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

"Haw, what the deuce have we heah?" exclaimed the Right Honorable Fitz Hugh Patepomme, Lord Comptroller of the Pastry Department, as a barrel marked "Victoria Regina, with compliments of J. French," was dumped down from an express wagon at the postern gate of Buckingham Palace.

"I weally couldn't infam your ludship," replied a pampered menial in royal scarlet livery, "but hi would advise your ludship to be keerful. Hit may be some Fenian dewice to blow us hall up."

"Haw! nevali thought of that," said the Right Hon. Patepomme, retreating a few paces. "Turn it ovah James, and see what's on the othah end of the hawell."

The P. M., with trepidation, "up ended" the package and discovered the legend, "Snow apples from Canada, presented to H. B. M., Vic. Regina, Empress of India, by J. French." The inscription was duly read over to the R. H. F. H. P. L. C. of the P. D., who became as white as the belts of the sentry on duty at the gate.

"By Jove!" said he, "theah is a dangerous, I n say tweekonable look about this mystewiou; sawell of snow apples! Who the deuce evah neard of apples growing in snow? The game is altogethah too twanspawent I, of eauth, an awah that Canada is a deplovably cold country, but snow apples! is altogether too good! And,—who the deuce is French? James, see that the hawell is eashfully dumped into the Thames." And the hon. gentleman went into the palace, muttering: "Snow apples! Well, by Jupiteh! Snow apples! If I knew the cartaw who brought it, I would have the fellow awested."

THE MINISTERIAL RECITAVO.

SIR JOHN—I'm a limb of the law.

SIR CHARLES—I'm of physic a claw.

SIR LEONARD—Drugs over the counter I sold, sir.

ALL—And it's awfully queer how we find ourselves here, And all heaven-born statesmen, we're told, sir.

SIR JOHN (to Sir Charles)—But between you and I.

SIR CHARLES (to Sir Leonard)—And between you and I.

SIR LEONARD (to both)—And between each, in secrecy greatest.

ALL—Just of all the mistakes which the great public makes, This one here is the largest and latest.

SIR JOHN—Oh, how gay does each year in the distance appear, When my French vote Ontario kept down.

SIR CHARLES and SIR LEONARD—But the country was cussed, And our friend's patent bust,

ALL—By a person atrocious named Brown.

SIR JOHN—But the help of Sir Hugh,

SIR CHARLES—Would have quite put us through,

SIR LEONARD—And have built up our fortunes past dreaming,

ALL—When 'twas knocked on the head, And our fortunes killed dead, By that villainous Huntingdon's scheming.

SIR JOHN—Oh, how vile to tell tales,

SIR CHARLES—Ah, wrong feeling prevails,

SIR LEONARD—Where 'tis do e by the tongue or the pen, sir.

ALL—It's think Huntingdon's course Showed he lacked moral force. And we are all religious men, sir

SIR CHARLES—But the country said not,

SIR LEONARD—And we caught it quite hot,

SIR JOHN—And they kicked us right slap down the stairway.

ALL—And condemned us to be reft of our sal-a-roe, which it was not a right or a fair way.

SIR JOHN—Why, if Heaven help men,

SIR CHARLES—Who will help themselves, then

SIR CHARLES—Why did punishment heavy ensue?

ALL—Deprive us of our nest, For we vow and protest, That that was just what we were doing?

SIR JOHN—(piously)—But in Gilead there's balm,

SIR CHARLES—(piously)—And a sweet, holy calm

SIR LEONARD—(piously)—Soothes our souls when we think the most dearly

ALL—And most fully loved here, In this vale of the tear, Must be frequently licked most severely.

SIR JOHN—Then we wandered about

SIR CHARLES—In the desert of Out,

SIR LEONARD—For a series of years the most frightful;

ALL—But a Moses he showed Us a policy road, And we came to the land most delightful.

SIR JOHN—Then straight I of the law,

SIR CHARLES—And straight I of the saw,

SIR LEONARD—And straight I of the pill and the bolus,

ALL—Threw slap over the man Who had brought us the plan, And went in for the spondulicks solus.

SIR JOHN—Do not call us ingrate,

SIR CHARLES—No, our course was most straight,

SIR LEONARD—And no Biblical person can quarrel;

ALL—For he, sure as you live, Was no Conservative, And to spoil an Egyptian was moral.

SIR JOHN—Yet with him though we've done, Sir Charles—Still his plan was A. I.

SIR LEONARD—And it's almost past force of believing

ALL—What a surplus we've got, And what spoils and what not, And what fortunes our friends are achieving.

SIR JOHN—But some bitter, you know,

SIR CHARLES—From sweet fountains will flow,

SIR LEONARD—And our fountain, still bitter, keeps flowing—

ALL—While that Naboth, you know, Who's called Mowat, won't go, Won't go, and don't seem to be going.

SIR CHARLES—Ah, pray tell us, Sir John,

SIR LEONARD—How the "byes" he has won.

SIR JOHN—Oh, that's all in my eye, my dear fellows.

SIR LEONARD and SIR CHARLES—What! are things not so bad? We were feeling quite sad. Sir John, won't you privately tell us?

SIR JOHN—Come, the old man you'll trust.

SIR LEONARD and SIR CHARLES—Yes! (aside—whenever we must.)

SIR JOHN—Well, now, you'll soon be fly. I wrote, "Boys, don't half try!" And each Grit is puffed up to the sky, see.

SIR CHARLES—What a head he has! not!

SIR LEONARD—What a head, has a not?

SIR JOHN—Then next summer while lulled in security, Coming down in our might, Like the wolf in the night, We'll floor Mowat, in spite of his purity.

(SIR CHARLES and SIR LEONARD take attitudes of mingled surprise, delight, hope, and admiration. Scene closes.)

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE.

[A Retrospective Poem, suggested by the late proposal to erect his statue in Toronto.]

"If you would see his monument, look round." Lo! the vast church he planned from crypt to spire Shall best preserve his memory with men; As with the artist's, so the patriot's work; So with MACKENZIE: long a name proscribed, Long by the lying lips of fear defamed, Now to the memory of his work and worth Is tardy justice done by other men, And they would set his statue up, you say, Here in Toronto, when not so long since, Could they have caught him, gladly they had hanged! So change the times, and men and human thoughts; To bet on any future is unsafe! And yet what work for Canada has wrought "The grand old rebel," he and his compeers.

How stood our case? look back some fifty years—Not "democratic" yet, but very "raw," And rule of Church and "compact"-caste supreme; No freedom anywhere of voice or vote, And no free legislature where to speak: One-tenth the soil of Canada the claim: Of priests, kept closed against the settler's axe. Yet there were signs of progress; schools arose: With growing wealth grew public thought, the press Spread her white wings and flew throughout the land.

Mackenzie came for equal rights to plead, For things that now seem commonplace and trite, Against abuses no one now defends; A Moses whom those Pharaoths would not hear; So he from Church and Caste, all powerful then, Turned to the people, then for years, untired, He taught and trained, was trusted and beloved, A man whose eloquence was in his worth; No wordy orator like some we know, But incorruptible and steadfast-willed, In fact in all things quite the opposite Of some modern leaders. Friends and foes Knew that the rebel chief could not be bribed!

But Church and Caste were mighty, they resolved To crush him, made revolt his sole resource. So, as the tribes to the Sacred Mount Led the seceding people of old Rome, He led his farmer-host, half-armed, but brave. Old men recall his camp on yonder height, And show the spot where the first blood was shed.

He was a man before his age. He sought What we too hope to see for Canada, The fair republic of the future day, And wearing bloodless robes, won peacefully. He knew not revolution cannot change, A nation's life rests not, cannot be forced. What then his work for us and ours? Why this; When England heard the clash of swords afar Her generous mother-heart was grieved, she rose, Turned out the tyrant-clique from place, and bade Judicial murder yield to Amnesty, The farmer, not the church, to have the land.

All this; in fact, our freedom, as I said, We owe the grand old rebel and his men: Few thanked them living. Hear his story's close. His effort foiled, he fled; in better days Returned a wiser, more experienced man; Still worked for Canada with pen and voice, Still by a few who knew his worth, beloved, Lived staunch and upright to the end, died poor.

A monument! But would it not look strange, A sadly-comic, queer, incongruous thing To see the selfless rebel chief some day Leered at by statues of Sir John and Blake? (They'll die sometime; and then, you bet your pile, The wire-pullers will set their statuary up.) No matter. Worthy friends, if such your will, And if Mackenzie's statue is to be, And not much uglier than the ones we have In the Queen's Park, Grip's mite, and mine is yours.

G. F. M.