

THE LANCE.

THE LANCE

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Registered letters at our risk.

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LANCE.

SINT SALES SINE VILITATE.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878.

Grits at Sea.

I.

Condemned in the dock yard, a battered old hulk,
The Grit barque "Obstruction" was lying,
Too clumsy her model, unwieldy her bulk,
For old iron and junk scarce worth buying.

II.

She'd ruined her owners, her crew in disgust,
Deserted her decks in a lump, as
They found that her Captain, unfit for his trust,
Had mistaken the "cat" for the compass.

III.

Since then, all neglected, she mouldered in port,
Shunned by sailors, and sneered at by shippers,
Of rot, rats, and roaches, the harbor and sport,
The scorn of all modern built clippers.

IV.

Her business had gone to a prosperous Line,
The ships "Union," "Progress," "Dominion,"
The meteor flag was their symbol and sign,
And their backer was Public Opinion.

V.

At length certain parties, whom nothing could teach,
In desperate plight and condition,
Again patched her up, set her floating, while each
Went aboard with a roving commission.

VI.

By as motley a mob she was mastered and manned
As e'er went to sea in a slaver,
Rouge, radical, rather the ravenous band,
With Cauchon to furnish the flavour.—

VII.

A lout to a guardsman you cannot convert
By the very best help of the tailor,
And quid and "tarpaulin," and "ducks" and blue shirt,
Don't make a land-lubber a sailor.

VIII.

The Skippers were "duffers" at working the ship,
Tho' they bragged that they knew all about it,
Thirteen "men in a bowl," was a hazardous trip,—
It would dish them, no sane man could doubt it.

IX.

Although long at Lloyds she'd been struck from the list,
And under commercial embargo,
Mackenzie, whose Mill grinds all manner of grist,
Held huge risks on the vessel and cargo.

X.

Tho' down by the head, and crank "dozy" and frail,
She looked as if they would soon lose her,
They taunted the halyards and crowded all sail,
And took her to sea as a cruiser.

XI.

At first, in smooth water, with prosperous gales,
They held on their course in high revel,
But she soon struck a reef, unshipped rudder, split sails,
And she's going, stem on to the — bottom.

XII.

Electors, you'll soon have a question to meet,
Of hope the Grit cause has no spark in,—
Yon water-logged craft, or our sea worthy fleet,
Pray which will you choose to embark in?

Intercepted Dispatch.

From S—y of S—e for the C—s to G—r G—l D—n of C—a.

MY LORD.

Some dispatches and papers of late
Have caused Her Majesty's Government great
Surprise and anxiety.—How can we construe
The speeches you made in your progress through
The Dominion? From the far East to the West—
You declared the people were loyal and true
To Our Lady the Queen—but late facts attest
Discrepancies rise twixt your speeches and acts,
Hence rumor demands we inquire into facts.

At a time when the Empire is beating to arms
When the air's full of rumors and war-cloud alarms
And we only wait the first shot to be fired
Your force should be ready, if duty required;
You take to your Cabinet—the why is not clear—
A man who declared, *with his hat off he'd cheer*
If from the flag-pole Our Flag was torn down.—
Can such advisers as *he* be loyal to the Crown?
How you take his advice—or your confidence tend?
Is a problem we hope you'll solve or defend.

The past as the Revenue office betoken
The occupants there have disloyally spoken,
Their speeches and writings most surely portray
Their fealty lies—where lies the most pay.
He who dealt in pyrites and copper we hear,
The law courts decide was a swindle made clear,
If such men as these your confidence hold,
I think we may say the Dominion is sold.

When the House you dissolved some five years ago
Because 'twas corrupt and in morality low,
The house next elected—the present—we're sure
By the records in Court has proved most impure.
No doubt you'll claim, as in your duty's discharge,
Your Council commands a majority large,
This majority you must take as the test
How the country leans, when its confidence rests—
This view then would seem to infer as the fact
The House and the Country in view are intact,
If such be the case, then your speeches involve
A great question of fact, we trust you should solve
Should your Council, the House and Country agree
The people are not what you wrote them to be.
If the people are Loyal and true to the Crown
Your Council should not your confidence own,
Your course then appears—to your Council disclose
No confidence further on them you repose—
Appeal to the people—first call to your side
Those men that are Loyal—and the issue abide.

February 25th, 1878.

Chaff from a Hamilton Corn-tributor.

Can a blow be hard that makes itself "felt."

Ducks of bonnets and d-rakes of husbands bring many a family to desti-
tution.

"'Tis sweet to be re-membered," as the man said after being fitted
with a pair of wooden legs.

"Jean Pierre Antigno, painter is dead"—Ex. There is now no color
in his palette countenance.

It is expected that about the 15th of July Hanlan and Ross will likely
"meet to part some oar."

A local paper refers to the late poultry show as a "convention of the
lay-ity." This is an eggs-quiz-it pun.

A Hamiltonian who has for some years been married to a handsome
shrew, believes with the poet, that "a thing of beauty is a *jar* forever."

We learn that the ladies' gallery at the House of Commons is undergo-
ing certain alterations. It probably requires a few additional "stays"
and fan-lights.

An exchange goes into raptures over a lady singer who sings falsetto.
We know of a lady who has a beautiful false-set-too, and she never opens
her mouth about it.

Some parties are agitating for the formation of an anti-tobacco society.
They better *leaf* it alone, or our tobaccoists may "pipe" all hands and
give them a broadside from their "myrtle navy."

The *Canadian Illustrated News* says, "Dancing masters seldom have
any money, but they're always taking steps to raise some." Is this done
by making scholars "foot up" the bill?

A dramatic company were recently rotten-egged in the States while
playing the "Shaughraun." The fun commenced during the wake-
scene. These are doubtless the people referred to in "Grey's elegy,"
who wake-d to eggstacy the living lyre (liar).—ED.