

THE LANCE.

THE LANCE

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Registered letters at our risk.

J. A. WILKINSON, PUBLISHER,
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LANCE.

SINT SALES SINE VILIPATE.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1878.

Reply of H—s E—y to C—l S—y.

MY LORD,

Your dispatch has been duly received,
The contents are noted—you're slightly deceiv'd—
Our Cabinet here, as is very well known,
Have the highest esteem for the *Power* of the Throne.
We loyally regret *your status* in Europe,
Most sincerely, devoutly and truly, we hope
The Pow'r you would lean on won't prove a weak crutch,
And the war-clouds will melt into Peace at your touch,
And Turkey won't quite let the Northern Bear crush her,
Before you are able to satisfy Russia.

In times of excitement best heads can't be wise,
Not grasping a meaning that 'twixt the lines lies—
For a moment don't let the advance be impeded,
Our forces are ready the moment they're needed—
The Ministry labor—perform what's requir'd,
And oft times will do far more than's desir'd.

Advisedly, therefore, I deem I may write,
My Cabinet's loyal, man to man for the *fight*.
Since B—ke has been sent to the right-about face,
And V—l was too low to fill a high place,
I trust you will think I've conclusively shown,
Each Minister here ever *acts for the Crown*,
And solv'd is the question your challenge threw down.
Nota bene—Peruse the herewith enclosure,
I dare not, my lord, invite an exposure.

(ENCLOSURE No. 1.)

A five shilling coin we here call a Dollar,
But a five shilling piece with you is a Crown ;
Although in finance I'm not an apt scholar,
The dollar's *our Crown* here I think you must own.
Peruse the blue-book mark'd P. A. I send,
At a glance you'll see who my Council befriend,
And trace where the dollars, the most of them go,
Not to our forces,—where they are I don't know.
The Grit creed is "Dollars! make dollars who can,"
'Tis the dollars that make their respectable man.
'Tis their standard of honour, of justice, of truth,
Their last thought in old age, their first thought in youth,
Their dollars bought power, 'tis their sole test of right,
'Tis the source of each action, their constant delight ;
The Fetish they worship, to it they bow down ;
When they kneel to the dollar, they worship our Crown.
Now, your Lordship must see my words don't recoil,
For the *power of the Crown* my Ministry toil ;
As they pocket the dollars, to the Crown they're loy'l.

Our Army has dwindl'd to details on paper,
Doubtful and misty as oxygen vapor ;
Before we can hope to solidify gas,
And make it a solid and visible mass,
We'll have to exert the extreme of compression,
Aided by cold beyond my confession.
Our present machine is imperfect and weak,
Further pressure or cold must cause it to break.
When the new Engineer shall come on the scene
He'd better break up the rotten machine,
As no pressure 'twill bear. He ought to be told
Let Lombard street hence manufacture the cold.

Music and the Drama.

Complaint is made of the music in some of our Theatres. The acting is often so bad that it is enough to make the poor mus-seek.

Smith says that he can prove from Shakespeare that Forrest was no actor—does he not say : a fool ! a fool ! I met a fool in the Forest.

Mackenzie Madrigal.

Laurels for Laurier and Quebec,
That *omnium in terris* !
Talk not of steel rails gone to wreck,
Or iron rails to Ferris !
Our well-tried leader we will crown ;
"Game" as as the cock 'mid hens, he
Shall cackle down Blake, Mills or Brown !
Yes, Jones backs up Mackenzie.

Come, raise "The Standard" with a will,
We're favored by the fishes,
The great "Award" our fobs shall fill,
Our enemies it dishes !
Cheer next for Cartwright, chosen cock,
Crow chanticleer in frenzy,
Be not a chicken-hearted flock,
We're "Brothers" to Mackenzie !

Soon Richard's iron chest shall hold
Fish treasure sweet as honey !
Till Simpson's bankers, growing bold,
Will lend us "lots of money."
Let all the Provinces cry cheer !
Such luck we'll oft again see,
No more opposing hosts we'll fear
Since Jones backs up Mackenzie.

Pout not about Quebec's new lurch,
Com'el them by rail measure,
For as in building house or church,
They first must count the treasure.
Let Premier Mac, then grasp the reins,
He'll manage the Quebecers !
And steer the Ship of State in chains,
To suit the JOLY wreckers.

Militia News.

Some unknown friend has supplied us with a copy of the local Government organ of Nova Scotia. The only bit of news it affords is the announcement that when War Minister Jones entered the drill-room recently, the entire squad there assembled rose to their feet. This effort seems to have been considered a *feat* of arms ; at all events, if they had presented their *arms* on that occasion instead of their feet, it would have had less the appearance of kicking him out of the newly-acquired office. In the by-play of conversation on this striking occasion, one of the squad drily suggested that a Vale-dictory visit from their recently retired War Minister would have been taken as a compliment by the militia force, but he supposed that gentleman was no longer a-Vail-able ! since his retirement on "sick leave" granted him by the people of Digby.

A volunteer under Jones's orders was heard to remark :—"The people of Halifax will soon say to our Minister of Militia, what the natives of Bambirch said to Stanley, not 'on, Stanley, on,' but 'U-go-go ! to Javy Jones."

It is rumoured at Ottawa that the new War Minister at St. Petersburg, Count Caspowsky, and the Minister of Militia, have exchanged congratulations,—the first on the result of the Turkey war and the second on the result of the Digby election, with an interchange of sentiment about Alaska. Of course, it was all done by telegraph, and this will show the many grumblers, who complain of the Government account for telegraphic work how expensive it must be to correspond with Europe, besides giving early intelligence to the *party* papers everywhere on the kaleidoscopic changes in the Government policy, on Sunday railway travel, and such like.

Luc Soliloquizeth.

I.

The course my tyrants bade me take
I feared must breed disasters,
But then 'twas done for PARTY'S sake,
I but obeyed my masters.

II.

I'm Luc de Saint Just,
And I've broken my trust,
But now it's too late to retract,
I'm fast in the bog,
So I'll "go the whole hog."
A la Cauchon—I'm bust, that's a fact !

III.

Nay, pity poor Letellier ! too late I see my folly,
And, quite unlike my chosen guide, I'm anything but Jol(l)y !
Quebec, March, 1878.

As between the barbarity of the Turks on the one hand and the trickery of the Russians on the other, we'll take a cigar.

"The Dutch Geographical Society has discovered a mountainous region of great beauty, peopled by Malays."—*N. Y. Sun*.—We suppose these mountains are called the Ahem-malay.