

# THE LANCE.

## A Parody of a Classical Rhyme.

Who was it when at honest toil,  
Beheld our fine productive soil,  
And said, "Now here's a chance for spoil?"  
Mackenzie.

Who was it then came into town,  
And made a league with Geordie Brown  
To seize our wealth and salt it down?  
Mackenzie.

Who was it then with face so long  
Proclaimed the "Tory" party wrong,  
And sang a puritanic song?  
Mackenzie.

Who was it when in office put,  
Our farmers spoiled, our factories shut,  
And let the Yanks our markets glut?  
Mackenzie.

Who was it bought steel rails a pile,  
To help his brother Charles "strike ile,"  
Then laid them up to rust and "spile?"  
Mackenzie.

Who was it bought a bit of land,  
Now too well known as Neebing stand,  
For fifty thousand out of hand?  
Mackenzie.

Who let a line to Georgian Bay,  
And made the terms without survey,  
And A. B. Foster had to pay?  
Mackenzie.

Who was it run us into debt?  
Who found an office for each pet?  
Who holds fast all that he can get?  
Mackenzie.

Who wasted all our ready cash?  
Who paid for rails made out of trash,  
And let our country go to smash?  
Mackenzie.

Whose sins at last have found him out?  
Whose foot and horse are put to rout?  
Whose prestige has gone up the spout?  
Mackenzie.

## Prophetic Accents.

Oh, my prophetic soul—my Oliver! It is well known that Oliver Cromwell thought that he was sometimes endowed with the prophetic faculty. When he put an end to the Long Parliament must he not have had a vision of the majority of the Parliament which will soon meet at Ottawa, its corruption reinforced by the loyal (?) Minister of Militia, who spent a fortune in Halifax. Hear what Oliver says:

"It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which you have dishonoured by your contempt for all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, the enemies of all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage; and, like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of money. Is there a single virtue now remaining amongst you? Is there one vice ye do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your god. Which of you have not bartered away your consciences for bribes? Is there a man amongst you that have the least care for the Commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes! have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's Temple into a den of thieves! By your immoral principles and wicked practices, ye are grown intolerably odious to the whole nation. You who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become the greatest grievance. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable, by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this house; and which, by God's help, and the strength he hath given me, I am now come to do. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place. Go! Get you out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves begone!"

'Tis time the Flag from insult to protect,  
'Twere well to place it somewhere near the sky,  
For Jones has said (mayhap but for effect),  
"The Flag removed, I happy then might die."

## 1872.—Then and Now.—1878.

(A PARODY.)

Then no one thought of party,  
And all were for the state;  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great;  
Then lands were seldom mortgaged,  
And goods were quickly sold,  
Deficits never thought of,  
And bonds as good as gold.

MR. BLAKE has resigned. If he had waited a little longer he would have had the felicity of being shown the door with the rest of the crowd.

THE anxiety of some of the Grit members to have the House opened with prayers is explained on the ground that the Grits have an instinctive fondness for praying.

WHY doesn't somebody present the Hon. Geo. Brown with a picture of himself. That, like the man who owned the mule, would be a remarkable instance of self-possession.

THE Reform party deserve the thanks of the country for one thing, at any rate. There has not been nearly so much wood stolen at nights since they came into power. On account of the hard times, nobody has had any wood to steal.

THERE is nothing that will make a man feel that life is short so much as to sit in the Speaker's gallery four hours on a cold day and hear D. D. Hay making a speech on the proper height of line fences, or some other subject of equal importance.

WHEN the Commissioner of Public Works—which his name it is Christopher Finley Fraser,—squats himself in his seat in the House, pulls his slouch hat over his eyes, and folds his arms, he just makes Napoleon at St. Helena look as mean as a 15 cent chromo.

THE Opposition will very shortly have to begin to fight the "beasts a Ephesus" again. Mr Mackenzie was badly sat on several times last session, and Ephesus anything severe he will be badly sat on again. This is one of St. Paul's little jokes fixed up new.

MR. MOWAT, does not feel equal to grasping the exemptions question in a statesmanlike way, but when it comes to introducing an Act of Parliament for sweeping out the Assembly Room, he is just grand. His power and dignity on such an occasion is something beautiful to behold.

JOSH BILLINGS says that when a man begins to go down hill he finds everything greased for the occasion. Josh must have been thinking about the Canadian Grits when he said that. They not only found everything greased but, foolish fellows, they greased their own hands and could not hold on.

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OPINIONS.—Letter from Sir John A. Macdonald to the publishers:—

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