

THE LANCE.

THE LANCE

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, at 111 Bay Street, Toronto. Subscription price \$2.00 per annum, invariably in advance. Single-copies, 5 cents, to be had of all News Dealers.

Advertisements inserted in the LANCE, on outside pages only, at very moderate rates.

Contributions from our friends for the columns of the LANCE will be thankfully received.

Registered letters at our risk.

J. A. WILKINSON, PUBLISHER,
P. O. Box 757.

Our Travelling Agents.

The following Agents have been appointed by us to take subscriptions for the LANCE. Any orders taken by them, or any one of them, will be promptly filled by us, and all moneys paid to them will be duly acknowledged by us:

T. W. D. HARVEY.
J. Y. SAVAGE.

E. HOLLINGSHEAD,
H. T. LENNON.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

LANCE.

SINT SALES SINE VILIPATE.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

IN these days of pamphleteering, a comic paper will be a god-send to the public. Why have we called ourselves LANCE? It is a good ancient name, which comes to us from days before English thought busied itself with "tomahawk" and "scalping knife"; from the brave, chivalrous days of "Gauntlets," "Pallets," "Vizards," "Strongbow," "Fortiscue" (brave shield,) "Sword," "Buckler" (no doubt the origin of the Irish Buckley,) "Spear," "Pike," "Bill," etc. One facet of this good word suggests, then, that our blows against wrong will be at once strong and vigorous. LANCE suggests not only the "foughten field"—it leads the mind to the dissecting room and the Doctor. If we have to cut beneath the outer skin of any public character, it will be on hygienic principles,—for their good; to take away the inflammation of conceit and the taint of corruption. There is one class of persons we hope to bleed with pecuniary results—our subscribers—and we anticipate that they will bleed copiously. We shall, as befits our loyal traditions, look at public questions in an independent light of conservatism and progress; nor shall we deprive men of any party of the advantages of our criticism. Funeral coaches are proverbial for being provocative of fun, and as that great dandy and poet, the late Lord Lytton, tells us—

"E'en death himself is friends with mirth
And veils the tomb with laurel"—

so we can assure our readers that the dissecting room is frequently a very gay if also a ghastly place. We hope to break a joke while tracing an artery or probing a sore spot, as well as other wielders of the lance, and happily our "bodies" and "subjects" may walk about the world after they have been dissected,—living, and yet killed off from all power of doing harm to the country. An English poet says—

"He kicked him down stairs with such a sweet grace
You might have thought he was handing him up."

When we use our Lance we hope to do it with so much good humour that the subject will feel that he is only being pleasantly tickled nor know that we have touched his vitals until he stands exposed.

The Lance is as symbolical as the three balls of the pawn broker; and we shall have our draughts, sedatives, tonics, bitters, powders, pills, etc., etc., etc.; and we shall have vinegar—and, if need be, gall. In order to be able to supplement the Lance, we shall sometimes employ the leech and the mosquito; and indeed, we have taken from the *Globe* staff a mosquito with a white choker on, who will supply us with any amount of insect poison we may require.

We hope our artist in the picture of our staff he is preparing will not forget to place, side by side, with our laughing editor, our weeping editor, our fighting editor, our sardonic editor, etc., etc.—the clerical mosquito aforesaid.

And now, people of Canada, of this young Dominion, of this future great nation,—remember you have, in Toronto, one who will be ready to break a Lance any week on your behalf.

Prelude and Dedication.

The lists will soon be opened, and the tourney will begin, Opposing hosts from east and west will be drawn up therein,— Foremost among the foremost, ready, eager for the fray, With open visor, smiling comes, our gallant Knight "JOHN A.," "By a Party, for a Party," is the sham Reformer's cry, "By a Party, for the Country," is his clarion reply. His Paladin and Champion—no truer e'er was tried— Victor of many a hard-fought fray, stands stoutly at his side, Whose arm in Nova Scotia was never known to fail, Whose last impetuous onset unhorsed the doughty Vail. Of other loyal followers, our leader has no lack; A betrayed and angry people form a phalanx at his back. Though Burke asserted that the days of chivalry were o'er, In manly hearts are yet astir the impulses of yore, The scorn of shams, of greed and fraud, of hypocrite and knave, Hatred of coward blows, and love and honour for the brave. Whate'er the power of wrong, whate'er its protean disguise, Truth, Justice, still oppose it, and the conflict never dies. Against Corruption's citadel, its hosts in ranks arrayed,— Still, as of old, our warriors bold, go forth for a crusade. A stranger Knight might join the fight unarmed and unrevealed, Save by token on his helmet, or device upon his shield. Thus ere the heralds sound the charge, the combatants advance, We offer to our Leader our untried but faithful LANCE. "Thrice armed is he," quoth Shakespeare, "who hath his quarrel just," Therefore three weapons we should bear, if we his saying trust, But that which we have chosen for our purpose is enough, Its tempered head is truest steel, its staff well seasoned stuff, Let it be like Ithuriel's spear, the false and foul to test, And to detect the Devil though he wear an Angel's vest. "Fair play" shall be its motto while we couch it for the fight. And on its pennon we inscribe, "May God defend the Right."

Blake.

How changed from what he was when we were told such great things of him—before he did any. The words of Tacitus fit him exactly:—"He appeared greater than a private individual, so long as he remained a private individual, and, by the consent of all, would have been deemed fit to rule had he never ruled." And who now is in the Grit ranks with any pretensions to be that noble thing which Æsop looked for and the country needs—A MAN.

WHAT doth it a-Vail Mr. Mackenzie if he gains the whole of Halifax, and loses his own Digby?

JONES is'nt much of a name for a Minister of War anyway. You could never declare war by issuing a proclamation signed by a man called Jones. The other fellows would laugh at you.

The Premier's Dream.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream,
My bright hopes nigh extinguish'd, and my star,
Propitious once, now quickly on the wane;
I looked out far into eternal space,
And fearful spectres passed then to and fro.
Years came and went; and came and brought no hope,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation. Then all hearts
Were steel-ed against me, the friend sincere
Of all who live by contracts; and then
Up started "Neebing," that most base invention
Of mine enemies' genius; methought the name
Of this illusion with the past had long been buried.
And this now vanished. Another object, grim,
Half human, half fiend, rose from the earth,
And with cold irony revived the fable of the "Rails."
Accused fate, that I should thus be tortured, and even now
The thought of this foul fiend turns my brain,
And brings again to memory my truly sinful past.
Could but the veil be drawn o'er this the sad,
The direful present, which my dream suggests,
When men look on expecting and in hope
That Providence may yet avert impending doom
And save our Canada from its dreadful fate!