

THE LANCE.

THE LANCE

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LANCE.

SINT SALES SINE VILITATE.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1878.

Quebec—and that sort of thing.

When schoolboys wild come out to play
Beneath the moon-shine—light as day!
They come with whoop, and merry call,
Come with good will—or not at all!
But sober councillors of State
Who, for the people, legislate,
Less wise than children bent on play,
Change day to night—and night to day!
Their rallying cry is—come at call,
Come with a slander! one and all!

At Ottawa, Grits and Patriots met!
Deboucherville, his rights to get—
Since by Letellier of Quebec
The constitution came to wreck!
The Premier willed! the House divide—
Ere the great question had been tried,
Or by *resolve*—St. Just should fall;
Then followed—the new game of brawl!
Next, their bluff trick, the Grits would try—
“Come with a slander!” still they cry!
With many a Joly joke or song
The faction would the hours prolong,
Would *not* adjourn, but *would* deride
With cheers and shouts—divide! divide!

The Patriot Chief in words that burn
Had speech, and asked for others' turn!
The Premier—qualified as Clown,
In hand a glass! on brow, a frown—
Persists that hours have grown too late,
And he, perforce, must close debate!

Afresh the slanderous outcries flew,
Till sneers to open insults grew—
And Campbell on the Chair made call
To order! to order! stop the brawl;
And Globe Reporter homeward slunk
To print the scandal—“all are drunk!”
Fair women listened—brave men spoke,
Despite cheers—clatter—and coarse joke
Of Dymond's corps, and their *base brawl!*
The skunk-like outpour of them all—
Until at length the vote was taken
* * * * *

And left St. Just, to save his bacon!
Speaker nor Premier should permit
Such orgies—not for Commons fit!
And Grits must, if our fates they rule,
Build an out-house, to *play the fool!*
N.B. Ask Lucius Seth, or Killam—
Why they use tumblers? and how fill'em?
Deveber, Landerkin, Laflamme
If their bright beverage is but *sham?*
Of this be sure each slandering elf
Full well, knows how it is himself!”

It was determined by the Mackenzie Administration the moment they came into power that the Intercolonial railway should be re-steel'd to the extent of \$200,000 every year.—See Senator Brown's speech in defence of the Government.

Well done, Geo. Brown, you're the true *man of feeling*,
But feeling most because of the revealing,
Of jobs, like slab hotels, *sans* doors or ceiling!
The Grits have well begun their course of *stealing*,
But now the people wounded beyond healing,
Brook no more “double shields” or *double dealing!*

The Ogre and his Dymond Ring.

(AN ANTIEN BALLAD.)

Once upon a time, so the story is told,
There dwelt a thousand miles away
An ugly old Ogre, ferocious and bold,
Who hungered for power and thirsted for gold,
And treated mankind for his prey.

This old Ogre possessed a very long nose,
His scent was exceedingly keen,
His proboscis he thrust (so the annals disclose)
Into all the private concerns of his foes,—
What he smelt could never be clean.

His limbs, long and lankey, his lank body lean,
No compassionate bowels had he;
The rich he devoured with an appetite keen,
Contractors and bankers he gobbled up clean,
But a Paddy would oft disagree.

When angry his face was a terrible sight,
His expression would any man daze;
When he laugh'd, 'twas a howl of fiendish delight,
As much as to say: You are now in my night,
My vengeance can now work its ways.

He lived in a tower raised by magical skill,
There concocted the blackest of sin;
By day half deserted, gloomily still,
By night, its crannies oft lurid lights fill,
While dark forms are busy within *

This Tower had a dungeon† where strange beings came,
Where they pull'd a mysterious string,
There they conn'd over spell and black acts of shame,
But the highest delight the Ogre could claim
Was the power of his Dymond Ring.

His great Dymond Ring had a magical might,
Its sight e'en brought on disaster,
Chang'd white to black, and black into white,
Chang'd right to wrong, and wrong into right,
At the devil'ish will of its master.

This Ogre at times had plausible ways,
When his mein was soothing and bland;—
To lull the repulsion his presence conveys
He affected great candor, with a show of false praise,
Till his victim was ripe for his hand.

Then into his press, the poor creature he thrust,
There to squeeze out spirit or soul,
Till his victim was ground to spiritless dust,
And only releas'd, as a pander to lust,
A lifeless machine in control.

For years folks submitted though fear to his yoke,
And sigh'd from his trade to be free;
They trembled when the old Ogre spoke,
As his slaves, they were fearful his wrath to provoke,
So bow'd to his fierce cruelty.

A gallant old Knight, whom the Ogre desired
By torture to death's door to bring,
Ever faithful and watchful, when duty required,
Withstood the fierce Ogre, by virtue inspired
He defied the power of the Ring.

Invoked by the Ogre, the slave of the Ring,
The command of his owner obeys;
They determine the Knight to ruin to bring,
To transform him into some infamous thing,
And damn him the rest of his days.

The faithful old Knight penetrates the design,
And vain are their traps and their toils;
He lets them work on, a spirit divine
Assures him, though the powers of evil combine,
His honor they cannot assail.

In secret they labor, by day and by night,
Till their traps are ready to spring,
Then the sharp sword of Truth, grasp'd by the Knight,
Dissolved in a moment the fierce Ogre's might,
And shattered the great Dymond Ring.

The Knight views the Ogre approaching his end,
His Dymond Ring now has lost sway,
Though the powers of darkness their vengeance may lend,
He feels there are thousands his cause to befriend,—
The dawn will burst into bright day.

M. L.

* Globe Office. † The Editor's Sanctum.

It is to be hoped Cartwright will never become bankrupt in anything beyond is political reputation, as he has the greatest lie-ability on his shoulders of any Grit politician, and his double-faced shield could in that case, of inadvertence, be no protection to him.