



"No one ever employed sovereign power, acquired by guilty measures, to promote good ends."—Tacitus.

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THE IRISHMAN IN CANADA. By NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, author of the "Fair Grit," "The Earl of Beaconsfield," "British vs. American Civilization," etc. London: Sampson Low, Marsden & Co. Toronto: Maclear & Co.

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

"TORONTO, November 30th, 1877.

"It is a valuable addition to the scanty store of Canadian books, and does much credit to Mr. Davin's industry, impartiality and literary skill.

"Yours truly, JOHN A. MACDONALD."

"To give even the faintest idea of its contents would far exceed the space we can allot to the subject. . . . Mr. Davin brings to his work and labour of love unbounded enthusiasm and intense sympathy with the people whose story he retates. . . . Open where we may the greatest affluence of reference and amplitude of record are manifest."—*Toronto Globe*.

"There never has been such a formal assertion of the greatness of the Irish race. . . . It is a great work if only the amount of labour expended on it is taken into consideration, not to speak of all of the literary skill and the erudition it displays. . . . One of the largest literary undertakings conceived and carried out in Canada. We are convinced that it will have an assured place in standard historical literature."—*Toronto Mail*.

ESTABLISHED 1797.



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- Fragments of the War 1812, by Dr. Canniff.
- My Grandfather's Ghost Story, by W. J. D.
- The River in the Desert. (poetry.)
- Aunt Cindy's Dinner, by E. S. B.
- Asleep, by Chas. Sangster.
- The Neapolitans d'Mozart, (poetry.)
- A Few Hours in Bohemia, Ida.
- The Hiring Schoolmaster.
- Some French Novels of the 16th Century
- The Hermit's Bride, (poetry.)
- Current Literature.
- Musical,—Music, &c., &c.

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THE LANCE.

THE LANCE

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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.

LANCE.

SINT SALES SINE VILITATE.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1878.

Cartwright's Slander Inverse.

Doubtless ye've heard of the Macpherson !
The Highland chief of noble person—
Whose stripe the LANCE may make a verse on,
With Cartwright finan-cier !

Who talked of "instincts pred-a-tory !"
Of Highland-men—forgot the glory
That gilds the Gael in tale and story !
At such Dick dared to sneer !

The slander thus by Cartwright started
Like fire thro' the dry heather darted,
Dick, like the man who proved false-hearted,
Was seized of craven fear !

The signal flew o'er hill and heather !
Blue-bonnets came in crowds together,
Sir John A., too, in proudest feather !
Gude faith, they had good cheer !

At Ottawa, Sir John asserted
The Gael's true claims Dick's sneers averted,
And scooted the serpent-tongue that blurted
The "instincts of the thief !"

When all the Clans had met in person
That Chief, true Gaelic speech rehearsing,
There vindicated brave Macpherson !
And all his Gael's in brief.

Then dream no more of Highland schism,
When meet the Macs with Kerr and Chisholm,
The Gael may claim his optimism !
While led by such a CHIEF !

Short and Sweet.

To the Editor of the LANCE.

SIR,—As a steady reader of the news and comic journals of the Dominion, but residing near the tail end of the Intercolonial Railway, may I ask if you and other publishers cannot write, for the sake of greater brevity when writing and reading about the various topics that are known among political leaders as "scandals"—I mean by the adoption of two short words, as "Big Push" for example, to bring at once to the mental vision a whole paragraph of matter, and to condense the public thought, so to speak, upon the bearings of a whole subject of discussion. Thus instead of referring to the Kaministiquia job, supposing it to be the grandest effort yet put forth for elevating the standard of political purity and reform—why not have it known simply as "big job?" the Goderich affair as "rich job!" the Norris transportation plan as "no-job!" the Palen business as "pale job!" the steel rails purchase as "rusty job!" the Fort Francis affair as "frank job!" the Anglin printing contract, the "fishy job!" the Neebing hotel swindle, as "hot-job!" the Citizen printing scheme, as "Vail job!" the Foster rail scandal, as the "iron job!" the Huntingdon copper scheming, as the "brass job!" the Major Walker canvass, as the "wife job!" the Hagarty purchase as the "small job!" the Madiver bribery as the "cash job!" and so on through the tedious Grit series that taxes the nomenclature of the literary or illiterate public. The more sententious the style, the more impressive the effect, as you may see by the result of a few specimen phrases, such as "speak now!" "come along, John!" put down bribery! "lots of money," &c. Leaving this hint to the hands of your staff, or to you who have the staff as well as the LANCE in your own hands. I remain your

CONSTANT READER

A Cheerful Question.

Shall we "pull down the flag" if Jones command?
He reigns in and hails from the "banner land!"
Yes! all his rain and hail, we'll never fear—
To bring the Nova Scotians one "good cheer!"

Lobby Conversations.

No. 1.

A.—Why, if one has Mackenzie, "on the hip"
In Parliament, speaks he with angry lip?
Sharp as the LANCE, when wielded with a grip!
While Ministers sit mute to hear him rip?

B.—Oh, that counts nothing,—fighting over Bills!
In caucus, or in Council, they have "MILLS!"

No. 2.

GRIT.—You charge that every Minister some fault
Displays, that leaves him open to assault.
For thieving contracts, one you boldly blame;
Another plays for self and wins the game!
Of course Dick Cartwright's vain of his finance,
And Huntingdon is hunted by the LANCE
As copper-faced! and even purist Blake
Will wear a mask! friend Moore, as witness take!
But Premier Sandy! Boss—without a failing!

LIB.-CON.—Save one? that swallows up the rest—'Tis railing!

Intercepted Correspondence.

This is not

A COPY OF A LETTER SENT BY A. MCK—E TO L—R ST. J—T.
MY FAITHFU' SERVANT,—

I write in reference to the gran' scheme that the Father and Dictator o' our party, Hon, G—e B—n, intervewed you in reference to at Montreal.

It will be a gran' affair and will mak the Tories tak a back seat for the yonst. Ye kan mak' the railway beel your excuse and dismiss the DeBoucherville cleek; call on Joly, our faithfu' fren' to form a meenestry, and turn over patronage and office to our ain party. Of coorse Joly wi' nae be sustained by the country, but you'll nae need to be in any hurry about dissolvin' the Hoose, and twa ends can be served by delay. You maun first search the pigeon holes to see if somethin' upon which to found a scandal canna' be obtained—you ken scandals are the strong point in our party. But if naething of real worth is foun', something quite imaginary can be seized upon, as I did it in the Wallace case, and by springin' it on the country at the last minute, the Tories will have na opportunity of denyin' it, and we will reap the advantage of it. So if ye ken manage matters o' that kin' as well in Quebec as we can in Ontario, it will mak' little difference whether there is any truth in the charges that you mak' or no.

The nex' advantage will lie in the time that yer elections com' off—which will be regulated by yoursel. If we should deem it wise to ha' the Domeenion elections on the same day, ye can favor us in that respect, but should we think it a guid thing to use yer elections as a feeler to fin' hoo the Province feels toward oor party we can do that, an' then eether bring on the Domeenion elections or delay them as we think best. Your scandals—for remember ye must get some up—will affec' the Tories for baith the Province and Domeenion, and will partially cover the unpopularity o' oor party here at Ottawa. If ye manage this matter richt an' oor frens carry out their little plans a' o'er the Domeenion as we are concockin' them, we will likely succeed in gettin' enough support at the next general election to enable us, wi' the aid o' patronage and money—baith of which we know weel how to use—to run this machine a while longer at least, to the great advantage o' our frens and supporters, and to the sorrow an' dismay o' oor opponents.

Should any complaints be made about oor bein' arbitrary or in opposition to oor auld time principle, we will assure the complainers, "Whit ever a richteous man doeth is richt."

Noo let there be na shirkin' but do what we hae requested boldly, an' the blessin's o' a gratefu' party will ever rest poue ye

Yours in the bonds o' plunder,

A. MCK—E.

REPLY TO HON. A. MCK—E.

Your mos' fateful slave vood assor you an' de crate pardy fadder ob his mos' eternal legans to de gran' high jugglery pardy, an' express his mos' sincere plasur in bein' able to assist in any vay, or by any kin' of means in keepin' de patronage of dis country in de hons of dose who know so berry well how to use it for de advantage of deir supports. As one who haf shared in de precious gifts at your deesposal, I should consider myself unworthy of a blace in your great esteem ef I fail you in dis your hour of need. You may derefore depend on me dot I will do ebe yting jus' as you sugges'. I will oust DeBoucherville, put in Joly and keep him dere until he cant serve our creat pardy any longer. I will bring on de election whenever you tink best, and manage eferying just right. About dem scandal, we will show you up dere in Ontario dat we in Quebec are quite your equal "in ways dat are dark and tricks dat are vain," as Bret Harte says. We will do you a great servise, and I hope from de pottom of my my heart dot with the aid of "patronage" and "money," as you sugges', you may be able to do de rest, and keep de creat "Liberal"—dat ish liberal wit public money—pardy in power for a bery long time to come, so dey may dispense blessings to dere needy followers, and find good fat office for such as me.

B'leve me to be your mos' devoted and fateful slave,

L—R ST. J—T.

"WHO CHECKS AT ME
TO DEATH IS DIGHT"

NOW YOU LOCAL CALVES GIVE ME
ALL THE HELP YOU CAN IN THIS FIGHT
FOR IT IS GOING TO BE A HARD ONE



"READY AYE READY"

S. G. W. 1878

THE LANCE.

The One-Horse Shay.

By special request we give a view of that "One-Horse Shay," from a photograph taken on the spot!



"Bye-and-bye you'll see a load go rushing down the road
Which leads to that oblivion of which hist'ry has no say;
Should you ask who they are, you'll find Aleck is there,
And all the crew that's left in his one-horse shay."

The Quebec State-Craft.

Anomalous and puzzling, looms Quebec,
But who the wreckers! and which is the wreck?
The LANCE might answer give, in merry voice:
"You, who the show-men pay, can take your choice!"
For ne'er did ship of state run such a rig!
The pirate crew regard her not a fig!
Wreckers and rescuers run so "neck and neck"
The puzzle is who shall be saved from wreck?
All state-craft simply narrows to 'a tug!
The Captain Jolly, ranking with "Hm-Bug!"

Chaff from our Hamilton Corn-tributor.

A bank that would not be injured by a run on it. A fog-bank.

The great Russian Ursa Major would like to change Asia Minor to Ursa Minor.

Why is a bankrupt merchant like a man blind of an eye? Because he's lost a sight.

Fletcher Harper says, "there are only five American writers of real merit." Show me de-merit.

St. Petersburg can't be a nice burg to live in just now. An alarming war fever prevails there.

Is the Russian Mos-cow a distant relation to John Bull? McGinnis thinks she is a belliger-aunt.

An exchange says, "Who shall take care of the Indians?" Why, the best re(a)d-man to be sure.

A Constantinople special says, "The Kurds have revolted." That's the whey with these cream colored loons.

An exchange says, a common hatred is a bond of love. Yes, but when it lasts too long it becomes a bond-age.

Earl Russell's condition is greatly improved.—Exchange. We would rather see another Russ-ill than this aged statesman.

Adam was the first unfortunate card player we read of. He lost a good deal when the devil euchred him out of his bower in the garden.

No trout can be lawfully sold until April 1st.—American paper. Nothing strange; every poor sardine can be sold on that day.

A new Communistic journal in Paris has been seized.—*Md. Dispatch*. The police just said come-you-nast-(ic) journal, and it suck-comed.

Was Babel started on the Tower plan?—Exchange. No, it was a plain structure, the architects of which were noted for sky-entific attainments.

"There seems to be a good deal of bad blood in Montreal lately." We do hope they will stop trying to knock you-late people who keep untimely hours.

The Parkhill *Gazette* man says the Forest *Mercury* man don't pay his baker. He should not make such crusty remarks.—*London Advertiser*. He means, we infer, that he sponges for his bred; dough he not?

\$2,000 Estimated for Storage of "Steel Rails."

How about storage? in the open air
For brother George's rails! does that seem fair?
Neebing's hotel stood better "on the square!"
For there at least was cellar-room to spare!
Its sparsely shingled roof shut out night air—
Its valuables veiled from the sun's glare—
The famed hotel too had a pair of rooms—
Of rust and dust was sometimes swept by brooms,
But here beneath the canopy of heaven
The rust (like yeast) the lump of rails will leaven!
Bright rails, and dear, piled lumber-like across—
The only store they share, is store of dross!
How fitly like—while crumbling to decay—
"Romes' smouldering shrines or Tadmor's columns gray!"

Diamond out Dymond.

Why does that Dymond hailing from North York
In Parliament keep popping up like cork?
Of little weight! as if his wits were bottled
And Sir John A. all utterance had throttled!
Because that Diamond is a thing of paste
And scissors—wanting elements of taste.
By paste and scissors, long Brown Grits he led;
So with paste minus taste, he eats his bread!

Count Shouveloff ought to hurry up and do it. People are getting tired of him.

There is a vacancy in the Italian Cabinet. Why not send Brother Pat-Ullo to fill it?

"What this country wants is free trade," as old Nobbs said when he went into a grocery store on Yonge street and helped himself to four codfish.

An Act of Parliament is to be brought in shortly to change the name of the Reform party to the Deform party, because it deforms everything it lays its hands on.

It is suggested that the United States Government should give a prize chromo with every silver dollar. Is this because a ninety-three cent dollar will not make one dollar-ous enough?

There is one thing about Mr. Plumb which his opponents do not give him credit for. He always hits the subject he is driving at in the centre. That is to say, he is a sort of Plumb-centre.

Isn't it beginning to look as if the United States was trying to play a scaly trick in this fishery case. At any rate our neighbours are getting too o-fish-us. We should send them our bill C.O.D.

Some of the people want to know if the people of Quebec are getting justice by their government being upset. Of course they are: Letellier de St. Just-ass. This is bad French but it is good spelling.

The question to be decided in Quebec is whether a responsible government or one man shall rule. One man tried to rule in France in opposition to the people, but he failed. So will the one man in Quebec.

We hear tell of a man who has run away with his mother-in-law—eloped in fact, and deserted his woe-stricken wife and family. Don't believe a word of it. The mother-in-law has eloped with the man. He couldn't help himself.

There is more mud to the square yard in Toronto than in any other city on the continent. And yet there are more ladies with small feet to be seen on the streets on muddy days than when there is no mud on the streets at all. A man told us so.

And so the Mercer estate is not settled after all. We had an idea all along that it was not going to slip out of J. D. Edgar's hands so easily as that. He would have been declared the lawful heir long before this, only that he is bald-headed.

There is that old story going the rounds again about a man having carried a frog around inside of him for seven months. What this country is clamoring for is a frog that has carried a man inside of it for the same length of time. Where's your frog?

The young men with Ulsters are in a painful state of mind. They can't wear their Ulsters much longer, and they are afraid to shed them on account of the scarcity of bifurcated garments underneath. You ask what are they to do in such a case. We trow sir, we do not know.

A man has brought a bill into Parliament which provides that nobody shall be put off a train between stations just because he has neglected to go through the formality of getting a railroad ticket. All that is needed now to make people happy is for some other man to bring in a bill to prevent conductors from wearing sharp-toed boots.

Midland Railway OF CANADA.

COMMENCING on Wednesday, Dec. 5, 1877, and until further notice, trains will

LEAVE PORT HOPE for Lindsay, Peterboro', Lakefield, and intermediate points, at 6 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 3 p. m., and 6:15 p. m., and for the Georgian Bay, Waubashene, and intermediate points, at 10:15 a. m.

Trains arrive as follows:—

FROM Lindsay, Peterboro', and Lakefield at 8:20 a. m., 3 p. m., and 6:15 p. m., and from the Georgian Bay, Waubashene, and intermediate points at 6:15 p. m.

For further particulars see Pocket Time Cards, to be had at all Stations.

A. HUGEL,

President.

H. G. TAYLOR,

Superintendent.

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A well known New York correspondent writes:—Bergen Point N. Y., eight miles from this city, is a particularly happy location for a girl's school. It is a modern built suburb of nice, modest houses and families, without social extremes; graded, drained, flagged and gas-lighted; and while the best masters and other advantages of the American metropolis are available, there are no attractions for dust or rowdy visitors from the city, and no institutions for boys or young men.

Peninsular, begirt with the beautiful waters of New York and Newark Bays, and with the Killvon Kull and the woody heights of Staten Island in front, it proves to be absolutely protected from malarious influence, while its exposure to the South Sea breeze decidedly softens its climate.

Wykeham Institute is worthy of this favored spot, and deserves a wider reputation. Its lady founder and principal, Mrs. W. Townsend Ford, being by position free from the motive of necessity, still pursues her profession of 27 years past, as a Christian woman's mission. The best possible testimonials are the attachment of her pupils and the long term of years they remain under her watchful care. Her vernacular is French, the Germain is equally familiar, and the English could not be more natural to a native of this country; so that all three languages are acquired and spoken in equal perfection in her family. At the same time, solidity in the foundations of education is the specialty, extending even down to the "hard pan" of cooking, housewifery and sewing. The space given to study and recitation rooms, is unusually liberal and well appointed, and the recreation, in doors and out, is well provided for.

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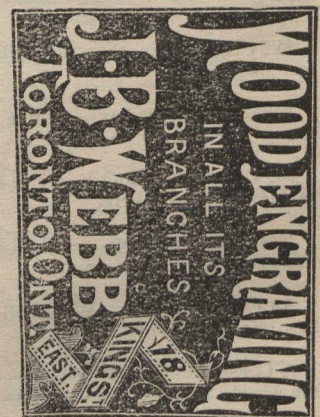
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