



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

Vol. I.—No. 7.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 16th, 1878.

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

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LANCE.

SINE SALES SINE VILITATE.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1878.

The Irresponsible.

Some forty years ago, 'tis said,
A many-headed monster bred
Of Tyranny and foul oppression
From Liberty received a lesson ;
The Beast *she* baffl'd, bound and tam'd
"The Irresponsible" was named,
And from future wrong secured,
Was in a loathsome den immur'd.

This beast once came to ev'ry door,
To squeeze the rich, or grind the poor,
And absolute, with insolence
Essay'd to root out common sense ;
He by refusal never daunted,
The more he gained the more he wanted,
Where e'er he chose his path to tread,
Stalking the land he ruin spread ;
Whole Provinces in ruin laid,
No more the arts of Peace essay'd ;
And Industry and Honest Toil
Quitted the uncongenial soil ;
Untill'd and desolate the field.
The lands could not their produce yield ;
The flocks and herds no more were seen
To glad the eye, or deck the scene ;
And sour, and gloomy men became,
With silent tongue, but eye of flame.
And Right and Justice even quail'd
Where e'er the savage beast prevailed.
He seem'd to think his will was law,
And took whate'er he wish'd or saw ;
He recognized no private right,
And nothing gave him such delight,
As when his dreaded form he rear'd
All opposition disappear'd,
And vilest passions brought dismay
And held o'er man degrading sway :
Where selfishness decided right,
And Law became the will of might.

Ev'n Nature the oppressor spurn'd,
Her back on social life she turned.
In cavern, or secluded dell,
The victims of oppression dwell,
Without the means their toil to store,
From Industry laps'd more and more,
With craft and cunning are their guide,
Soon into savage life they glide.

But Liberty arous'd at length,
Against the Beast essay'd her strength.
Through years of contest, often foiled
And often of her conquests spoil'd,
The balance hovering in suspense,
At length was turned by common sense.
The monster having qualms of fear,
And growing weaker year by year,
And feeling Freedom stronger grow,
Resolv'd to strike a desp'rate blow.
The contest he severely fought,
And Liberty was often brought
Unto the very verge of life,
But Common Sense renewed the strife,
Its youth and vigor e'er supplied
A power that tam'd despotic pride.
"This monster," vanquish'd, bound and tam'd,
("The Irresponsible" is nam'd),
Was led in triumph and secur'd
Within some gloomy den immur'd,
By bonds and bars and checks attach'd,
The beast thus kept, is over-match'd.
While Liberty around him watch'd.

When people of more recent day
The Monster's ravages survey,
They wonder that his cringing shape
Such power and arrogance could ape,
Or he had force to perpetrate
The wrongs that histories relate.
They often at their hearths retreat,
The ancient prophecy repeat :
"The Beast exists in every clime,
"His power co-equal is with time,
"He yet will steep the *Globe* in crime,
"E'er striving to acquire control
"Of Liberty assumes the role,
"And, leaguings with some charlatan,
"Will often scourge the race of man."
For Liberty must never sleep,
But constant guard and vigil keep,
For should repose but close her eyes,
The Irresponsible will rise,
And bursting from his noisome den,
Again will scourge the sons of men.

How oft some noisy demagogue,
Wrapt in wordy clouds and fog,
Spouting imaginary wrongs,
With stand'rous speech exciting throngs
Of thoughtless men to civic strife,
Till they, with angry passions rife,
Proclaim they war "for Liberty,
As slaves won't live—will freemen die,"
Till Common's sense shall intervene,
And quell the fierce tumultuous scene.

And oft the Agitator's theme,
Is but a mad enthusiast's dream,
Opposed to common sense and reason,
Against humanity a treason—
Led on by self's ambitious view,
The course of lying cant pursue,
Asserting wrongs that ne'er exist,
Arraying facts in doubt and mist ;
Stirring the passions of mankind,
Till license social ties unbind,
And moral sense is overthrown,
And hatred sits on reason's throne,
Thus in the name of Liberty,
Restore the reign of Tyranny.

E'en as we write a demagogue
Has set his fellow men agog,
And in the name of Liberty,
Restores the reign of Tyranny ;
He claims the honor and renown,
Of having beat the Monster down ;
Of having dragg'd his acts to light,
And chain'd him with his arm of might,
And in some den made safe and strong
Curtail'd his power of working wrong,
So men can live in trust and peace,
While industry their store increase—
With Freedom ever on his tongue,
The Demagogue his praises sung.

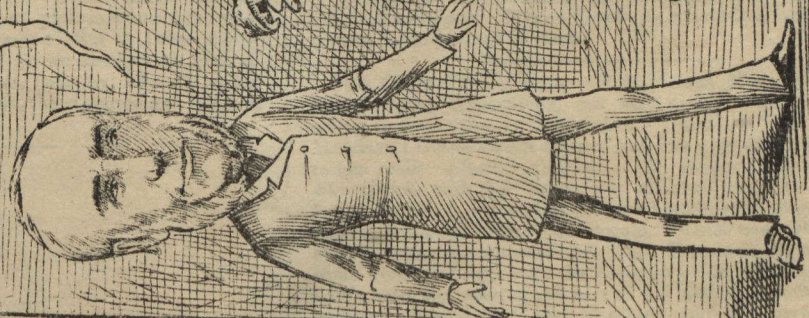
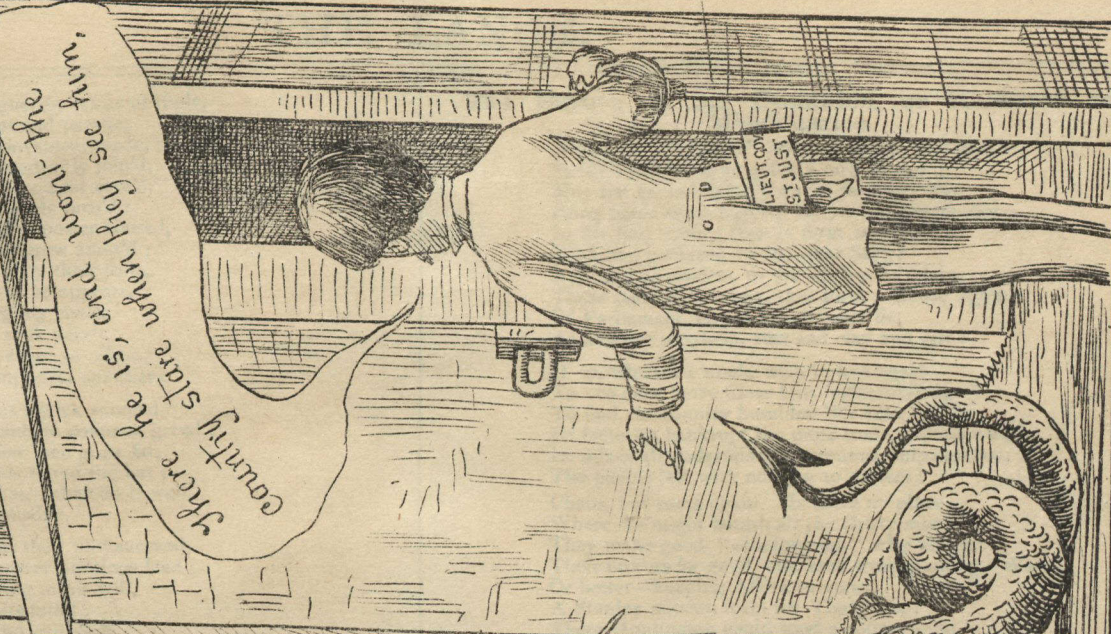
The Irresponsible o'erthrown !
My arm of might the Beast restrain'd,
To me, give honor and renown,
My Captive lies in fetters chain'd ;
The Irresponsible immur'd,
No more shall Freedom's sons assail,
Their rights to man I have secur'd,
And Liberty shall hence prevail.
The Irresponsible no more
Again his hydr' heads shall rear,
And with oppression as of yore,
Afflict mankind with brutal fear ;
Hail me his victor ! brave and pure,
Let ev'ry tongue my prowess tell ;
My might men's Liberties secure,
I rule the Irresponsible.

Hypocrisy within his heart,
The demagogue assumes his part.
Active in search for wealth and power,
Scarce waits to seize the fitting hour,
When he the mask can lay aside,
And safely o'er his victims ride,
And absolute in power, command
Resources for a "Grandstand,"
And his inveigled dupes compel
To loose "the Irresponsible."

Meantime he is their friend and guide,
To battle down the ranks of Pride,
And raise them by his providence,
From poverty to competence.

That's the same monster our party put in that den forty years ago, but he will be unco dooble in our han's

I told you to let him out, that's right!



UNCAGING THE MONSTER AT QUEBEC

From the Montreal Standard
Illustrated by J. W. M. ...

With oily tongue, by tricks of trade,
By hocus pocus and parade,
By promises convenient made,
With truth and lies adroitly join'd,
And facts upon the moment coin'd,
And sentences reversely turn'd :
With specious tales of power abused,
He keeps his motley crew amus'd ;
His cant and craft allay their fears,
They see him, but as he appears,
Not as he is, a juggling cheat,
A mass of lies and rank deceit,
Who by ascribing crime to others,
His own defect completely smothers.

No sooner does a trick succeed
His care descends to common greed ;
And as on words few men grow fat,
A secret chum hands round the hat ;
Hands round the hat,—they do it well,
To bind the Irresponsible.

No sooner does their plot succeed,
That plot to graver plottings lead ;
New agents pan'd'ring to his will,
Their part of parasite fulfill ;
Adepts in wrong and evil skill
They whisper ng, plot more direful ill.
To cheat the mass, their common cause
They never for a moment pause
His Messengers are heads with wings
Flitting around in circling rings,
With open mouths and voices sweet,
Repeat his words in skill'd deceit,
With scandals' breath are ever fann'd
But vanish e'r at Truth's command.

His every lawless deed they deem
A noble work to aid their scheme,
A virtue that begets esteem.
Tho' steep'd in villainy and crime,
Wallowing deep in moral slime,
They still the mask of truth preserve,
With prayers and tears held in reserve
To, o'er the crimes of others weep,
And prove what holy lives they keep.

The Hypocrite may for a time
By skill'd deceit conceal his crime
A day will come, e'en when deceit
Little expects his match to meet
Who'll tear the mask from off his face
And doom him, bared, to meet disgrace
And for his life's enormities
Blazon his stark deformities.
Look at our Cartoon and see
Whe these Hypocrits may be.

The Minister of Militia at Fault.

"When the British Flag at the Citadel Hill is hauled down, I will take off my hat and cheer."

The organ of the Nova Scotia Government at Halifax, just received of date March 8th, has a memorandum with signatures attached of several supporters of Mr. Jones, declaring that they did not hear the above words attributed to him in a speech, on the occasion of a meeting at City Hall to prepare for the reception of Sir J. Young, Governor-General, in August, 1869. Those who *did* hear him, and who left the hall of meeting in consequence are probably the best judges of the facts. However, "deafness" on such exceptional occasions is, perhaps, not to be deplored. But can any number of witnesses confirm the negative of a fact? The newspaper referred to, makes, perhaps, a better attempt at evidence and proof by another document with "a cloud of witnessess" attached to their belief in the virtues of Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Pierce's Medical Discovery, the parties being equally innocent of interested motives, and detestation of humbug as are the friends of Jones—and can no doubt swallow anything however nasty or nauseous with equal stomach. The LANCE solves the mystery beclouding the recollection the reluctant witnesses by pointing to a proverbial phrase in use at the blind asylum—"None are so blind as those who wont see!" and another is like it in philosophical bearing—"None are so deaf as those who shut their ears!" But as Jones says—"Enough of the rag story—let the flag drop!" So we conclude by reminding him of an old soldier living in the woods, near by, who by saving hard wood ashes, makes, as the soap-makers say, the strongest and blackest "LIE" in the Dominion!

Anagrams.

JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD :

Lead on ; I am Rex., and can hold.

CHARLES TUPPER :

Help purer acts.

ALFRED GILPIN JONES :

Sin? no ! Lip jeer'd flag !

The Future of the Dominion, or Ministers as Missionaries.

Mackenzie's "bricks" are men of hay and dust !
Sandy's steel rails as quickly turn to rust !
May not commingling then of dust and clay
Bring there brick-making factors back some day
In the long future, then to form new bricks
With fuel gathered by the river Styx ?
And by due process, to the brick-yard plain,
These same Grit bricks, thus form a House again
Of Parliament, or pot-house—uses fit,
As now we see them, rust and clay and grit !

If so, who then would wish to live again
To see once more Clear Grit inglorious reign ?
To find our country humbled like the Turk !
Its factories bankrupt, no more trade, no more work,
Its mines all undermined, commerce shipwrecked,
The people left with nothing to protect !
Chaos, but come again. Is there no place
Where we might banish all the Gritty race ?
They make good "missionaries," why not test
Their powers for good, and send them packing—West ?
Or better—keeping Africa in view,
A Stanley mission form for Timbuctoo ?
There Huntington could start a copper mint—
Cartwright could push taxation without stint—
Mackenzie beat to plough-shares his steel rails—
There Mills and Laurier tell the Chiefs their tales—
Jones could defend them ! Let them volunteer—
Then of our "future state" we'll have no fear !

Chaff from a Hamilton Corn-tributor.

A good place for poor farmers—Land-s(end.)

McGinnis says : Vennor's (no) w-eather prophet.

We don't see how the English *bear* Russia's *lion* (lyin'.)

"Level-headed—the Flathead Indians."—*Ex.*—Ditto, carpet tacks.

"Lotta's new play is called the 'Grasshopper.'"—*Ex.*—We suppose it will have a good run at the Hopper-a house.

"Crows have made their appearance in the suburbs."—*Spec.*—There must, no doubt, be some caws for this.

It is reported that a horse epidemic has broken out. We suppose we will be visited next by a horse-collar-eh !

"Bay windows are safe harbors at night for little smacks."—*Phil. Herald.*—Especially when there aint an (old) *cove* around.

An American paper states that a Canada firm turned pale at the burning of a pail factory. No wonder—who wooden' pail ?

A man has just got a six cent judgment for libel against the Delhi (N.Y.) *Express*. We suppose he has got sick-sence.

We suppose that the Montrealers are enjoying fine weather lately, seeing that they are no longer troubled with a sun of haze (son of Hayes.)

Mr. Nettle was married to Miss Thorn. That's what you might call a prickly pair.—*Commercial Advertiser*. This is rather a pointed allusion Haw ! haw ! haw !

"The Kaffirs have lately been defeated, with great loss."—*Times.*—We suppose that Stanley, the prodigal, having returned, John Bull considered it his duty to kill a fatted Kaffir two.

"The lay of the hen will be the first song of spring."—*N. Y. Graphic.*—If the *lay* gets stale we would suggest "shells of oh-shun." Her *get up* will probably cause some egg-citement.

Some medical men assert that bran, &c., as a brain food develops a criminal tendency. If bran develops a criminal tendency in these people it must be in-grained in them.

OUR ORCHESTRA CHAIR—Mlle Helena Modjeska, the beautiful celebrated Polish tragedienne, has been giving some very fine specimens of acting in leading roles, "Adrienne," "Camille," &c., this week at Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House, and was greeted with the enthusiasm due to her really splendid abilities. The support, including Mr. Burroughs, who travels with her party, was all that could be wished for. At the Royal Mr. F. J. Frame has delighted audited large audiences with his stirring sensation play, "Si Slocum," which conveys very vivid pictures of life among the silver-miners. Mr. Frayne in the course of the play did some wonderful feats with the Kentucky rifle, shooting an apple from his wife's head and making the hair of his audience stand on end. The said audience cheered while they trembled, and the performances were great successes.

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

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