



"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, Mars-ton & 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."  
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"JOHN A. MACDONALD."

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# 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 Agency in Halifax is at Morton's Book Store, 195 Hallis Street, where subscriptions will be received, and where back numbers can be obtained.

## 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 ANTIENT 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 might,  
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.

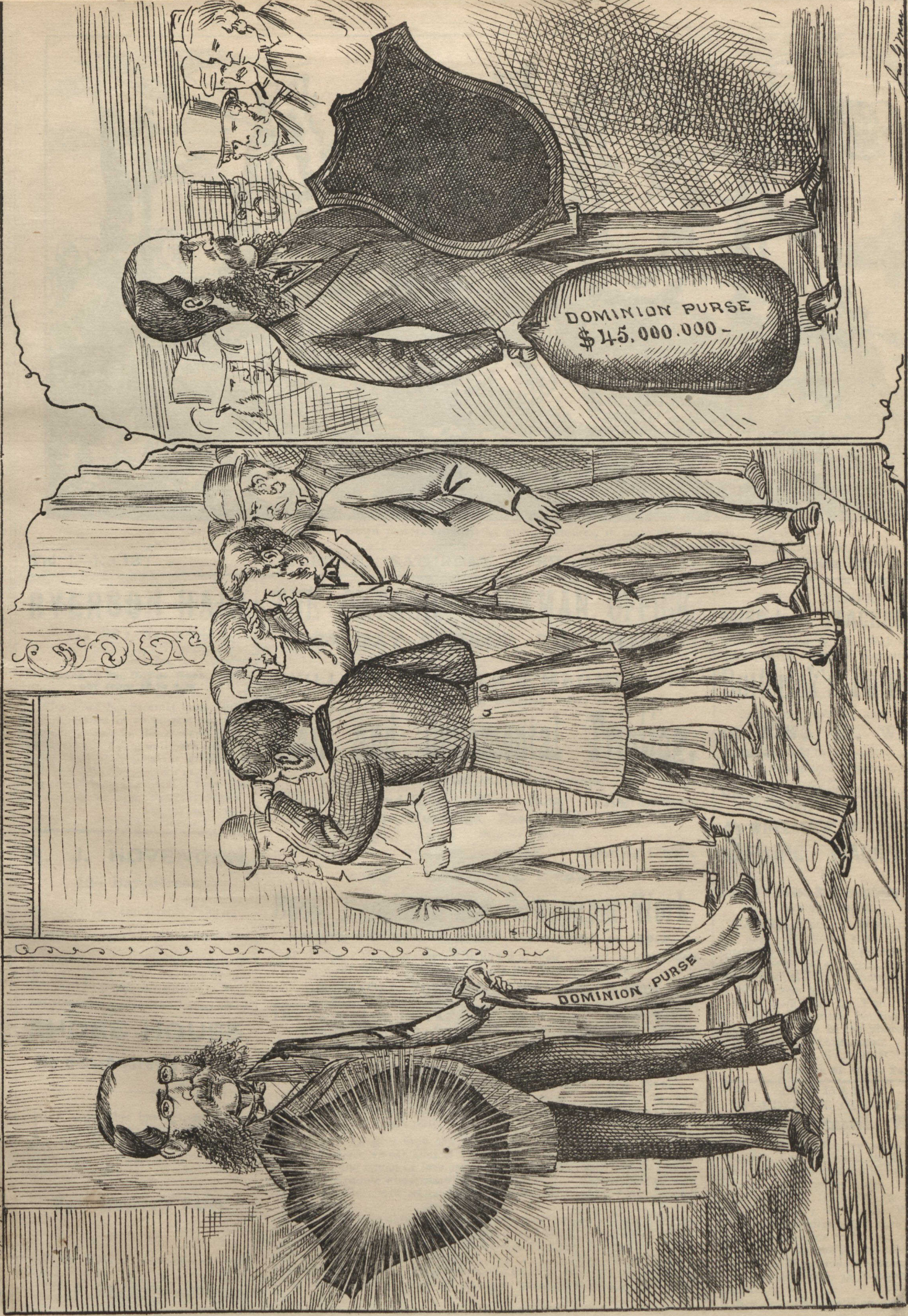
In secret they labor, by day and by night,  
Till their traps are ready to spring,  
Then the sharp sword of Truth, grasp'd by the Knight,  
Dissolved in a moment the fierce Ogre's might,  
And shattered the great Dymond Ring.

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.



OUR FINANCE MINISTER IN ENGLAND  
THE SILVER SHIELD

OUR FINANCE MINISTER AT AYLMF  
THE BRAZEN SHIELD

John Bull

## The Franchise in Exercise.

For the elections coming, now look out.  
Then candidates, aspiring thick and strong,  
Will take "the stamp," will slightly *spout*,  
And, "glass houses" ignoring, dash along.

John, "come along," of money "we have lots"—  
Will be the cry—like Neebing "lots for sale"—  
And nothing daunt the Grits! They're hard as knots  
Rhinoceros like, each wears a coat of mail.

They'll run in pairs too, each prefers a mate.  
And like loves like. As copper melts to brass  
The twins of SIAM shared each other's fate;  
So will the men of complex gains, Alas.

Perchance like him of London—rich in oil—  
A *brave*, who would throw stones in house of Glass,  
Or mate with Huntington of mining toil,  
Or Cartwright bearing "shield" reverse of Brass!

Fair to first-rate, ranks A. I. Candidate;  
A choice of evils, brands the second class;  
"From bad to damnable," the third estate—  
And by Chicago's rule the fourth's an Ass.

If any make that interesting quest,  
Who of G it heroes, is the *Boss* stump-talker  
With but *one trivial sin*—set LANCE in rest!  
The claquers of the crowd give answer—WALKER!

## Local Lancelots.

### Our Orchestra Chair.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—Miss Genevieve Rogers opened an engagement here this week, with an exceedingly interesting drama entitled "Maud Muller." Miss Rogers is possessed of considerable dramatic talent, and her bright and graceful bearing naturally befits her for the character of *Maud Muller*. The play presents many lively and interesting features, and was very satisfactorily put upon the stage. The support was fully up to the mark, and was duly appreciated by good audiences. "Bona, or Love Works Wonders," was announced for Thursday. On Monday next, Miss May Fisk's grand specialty combination of English Blondes will appear, and a novel as well as interesting performance may be looked for.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—On Monday last Miss Charlotte Thompson closed a successful engagement at this theatre. Eliza Weathersby and her famous "Froliques" are announced to reappear on Friday and Saturday of this week.

### Brevities.

A very neat imitation of Donnybrook Fair took place on William street, on Good Friday night. Stoning constables may be an exciting amusement, but it isn't exactly sanctioned by the law, as a few playful young men found to their astonishment. Reader make a note of this.... The noble Orangeman rises in lofty indignation and declares his fixed determination to pedestrianize on July 12th, in defiance of the Protestant clergymen of Montreal, or any other man.... The Roller Skating Rink rejoices in the possession of a brass band, and it is an interesting study to observe the countenance of Miserly Closefist, Esq., when, at the first sounds of the festive strains, his two daughters and three sons commence edging towards the door and suddenly make their exit.... Dexter, the License Inspector, is charged with taking bribes. Art thou, friend Thomas, *dexter-ous* enough to extricate thyself?... Our agony item: "General servant—at once; a good plain good; references required. Apply 157 Simcoe street." —*Mail*, April 19. We thought we had a pretty good idea of the being usually termed a "general servant," but we confess "a good plain good" article is a little beyond us.... The Sunday orators (?) have returned with the fine weather, and visitors to the Queen's Park may now regale themselves upon platform religion as evolved by peddlers, tramps, &c., and yet there are some people who are not satisfied.... It is generally acknowledged that "music has charms," but in the case of the Queen v. Colwell, heard last week at the Assize Court, the vocal efforts of certain jovial individuals doesn't seem to have been duly appreciated. During their confinement several musically inclined jurymen whiled away the tedious hours by carolling forth, in loud but discordant voice, their favourite ditties to the great annoyance of the court,.... "Scribner" and "St. Nicholas" for May have reached us. Both present a varied bill of fare, and we commend them to our readers.

## The Quebec Coup d'Etat—Mr. Hamlet-Blake's Soliloquy

To speak or not to speak, that is the question;  
Whether 'tis better for my name to suffer  
The bitter truths of foul outrageous Tories,  
Or, girding up my famed Auroral loins,  
By contradiction end them. To speak, to lie,  
No more, and by a lie to say we loose  
The galling chains of that great Constitution  
That Grits are bound by. 'Tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To speak, to lie,  
To lie,—but then how thin. Aye, there's the rub,  
For though I oft have shuffled round the coil,  
They still do think I'm a heaven-born lawyer.  
That gives me pause. There's no respect for Grits,  
Prevents me rising now and speaking out.  
For though I've borne the stern commands of Brown,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud *Globe's* contumely,  
The pangs of being ordered, driven, forced,  
The insolence of Dymond, and the spurns  
That men who see the truth have given me,  
I thought that I might George Brown's quietus make  
With my great intellect. I'd no more bear  
To serve beneath Mackenzie, so beneath me,  
But that the dread of something afterward,  
The dark and gloomy ranks of Opposition,  
The risk of losing power puzzles my will,  
And makes me rather sit, despised by all,  
Than speak up boldly for the cause of truth.  
Thus power makes a coward of once pure Blake,  
And so his pledges, vows, and resolutions,  
His opposition virtue, fall to naught.  
His glorious platforms, Purity! Reform!  
For this poor bauble Place are turned away,  
Are violated, broken. Soft you now,  
I hear Brown's mighty step. No speech I'll make.  
'Tis but another sin to be remembered.

BEY.

### Notes by the Way.

An exchange says: "Patrolman Burns shot a dog at the Depot." Now we do like truth—the dog was not shot; he received his death from Burns.

"Young dogs have a tendency to Dog-mas."—*Ex.* "Now who'd perp-y-trate such a joke as that?"—*Com. Advertiser.* P'raps he couldn't yelp it.

"A bald-headed darkey was not elected a member of a Literary Club, because he was black-bald."—*Am. paper.* This is *e'-bony* way to act in a free country.

The Rome *Sentinel* thinks "an honest man is the most lonesome work of the Creator." We have known some honest men and they didn't loan-some worth a cent.

A request has been made to the Board of Works "to permit sphinxes to be placed on each side of Cleopatra's Needle." A very good place, the needle could have its eye on them.

An American paper says:—"Mrs. Cady Stanton rode 24 miles in a buggy to fill a lecture engagement at St. Charles." "An old bachelor says he would have preferred seeing her ride on a rail." The brute.

We hear that a Mr. McLennan, Soap Manufacturer, has been committed for trial for pawning his goods just before failure. He should have kept clear of the (m)ashes of the law. Will he be tried by a Bar of soap?

There has been a good deal of wetness in the atmosphere these past few days. We are not much on weather prophecy, or anything of that sort, but we fancy this wetness is owing to the rain. But then this is only guess-work.

There is said to be a remarkable scarcity of servant girls in the city. This scarcity is most apparent about eight o'clock in the evening when the weather is fine. Lots of people don't know where to find them about that hour. But their fellows do.

"A Chicago man is writing a novel with a pretty female barber as the heroine."—*Com. Advertiser.* "To be illustrated with 'cuts' of course."—*Bost. Globe.* We suppose this tale will be s(h)ingled out by the critic to vent his usual sham-pooch-pooch.

### Hard Times—Charles to Alex.

If you have other contracts soon to give,  
Leave Fairman out. He's had fair share of pelf!  
Through hard times and elections one must live,  
Then, let me be a *fair-man* to my-self!

# 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, Waubaushe, and intermediate points, at 10:15 a.m.

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

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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.

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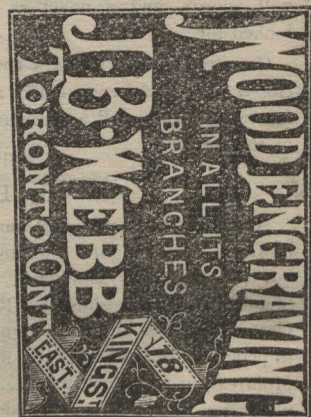
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