

601/8/126/3



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

Vol. I.—No. 15.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 11th 1878.

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

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LANCE.

SINT SALES SINE VILITATE.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 11TH, 1878.

The House That Mac. Built for Temple Worship.

'Tis an old tale, where jolly boys abound,
Of storied house, a certain jolly Jack built—
How "malt" lay there—how, in it, "rats" were found,
So of the "temple" JOLY, Brown and MAC. built!

Once the Grit Temple stood all fair to sight,
With high cap'd pillars rare,
Whose burnished sides reflected the sun's light,
And all was brilliant there.

Brown to Mackenzie gave the model plan,
A marvel in design,
Where every Province symbolised her man,
Their strength there to combine.

MAC. sought for its foundations stiff, Grit clay,
And dug down to hard pan,
But mixed with trait'rous sand—and thus decay
In the clay-tiles began!

Just as by "greed of place and lust of power,"
Men, once pure, fall away,
To "organized hypocrisy,"—an hour
Will bring its sure decay.

So did the emblematic brick of Grit,
Great "pillars" cap'd in state,
Shorn of consistency soon crack and flit,
The sport of damning fate!

Cauchon, and such like *models*, proved but *shams*!
Nor perfume left behind—
The Lauriers, Lairds, St Just, Jones, Laflammes,
No "odours" brought to mind!

Frauds formed the base whereon the Temple stood,
Men marvel'd at the "shrine!"
Till pillars fell away like rotten wood,
Or coal in crumbling mine.

The atmosphere around soon hazy grew,
In precincts sleepers lie,
With burdens on their shoulders, old and new,
Then came the hue and cry!

A Joly Samson, hailing from Quebec,
Essayed to save the State,
But the Grit boat he sailed in went to wreck,
And left him to his fate!

Still the blind worshipers to IDOLS joined
Their cry, "let us alone!"
Still worship'd each his "pillar" carved and coined—
Fell down to brick and stone!

That emblem of "assurance," Big-push-Brown,
The pillars would support,
He had designed—they never should come down,
Gone coons! of fools the sport—

But Brown, like Samson, 'neath the tumbling roof
Will fall, to rise no more!
Quebec and B.C. kick, and stand aloof,
Grit Temple-worship's o'er!

Now Lent is past—the Government of Lent!
Lent to St. Just, as men prepared to fast—
Scarce raised their flag—Jones for the heliyards went
To pull it down? or nail it to the mast!
He now finds pillary punishment, and worship
Leaves to the Premier—nicknamed now "his CUR-ship!"

Notes by the Way.

Grit candidates are beginning to take a deep interest in farmers' stock and mothers' babies just now. What does it mean?

Brown is getting anxious to know the price of sucking pigs in North York about now. He bought them at fancy figures in South Ontario, once.

Some of our people are growing nervous over the probabilities of another Fenian raid. These frightened ones evidently forget that Jones is our Minister of War. We are safe, friends, perfectly safe.

Quebec or no Quebec? that's the question. People are sometimes said to have "come within one of it," but Letellier seems this time to have come within two of it.

There are rumours of an early election for the Commons. Mackenzie wants to hurry up while his friends in Quebec, have control of the treasury, which will only be until the fifth of June.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says, "Nature intended that every man should be honest." If that is so, Mackenzie must be the most unnatural man living, if, perhaps, we except Lucius Seth Huntington.

They say the phonograph can whistle, sing, howl, and jaw; but when it comes to asserting that Grit politicians are honest, it just gets it back right up and refuses to lie.

The Grit Temple of Liberty is built in the Alexandrian style, and has a Brown front. There is, however, a great deal more front than either Alexander or Liberty about it.

Lucius W. Pond, an ex. U.S. Senator, is in a State prison. He was not as fortunate in his little piccadillos as our Lucius has been. He is Postmaster-General.

Some one has lately discovered that there is a law in force which permits money to be carried as baggage. Proton Nixon says he knew of the existence of such a law as long ago as the days of McKellarism.

The New York *Sun* says Tweed was a very "generous man;" and the Norristown *Herald* suggests that it was "with other people's money." Strange, but that's just what's the matter with our Mackenzie.

The P. I. man says George Washington "stood up and told the truth like a little bell-punch." Mackenzie says:—"He has no use for either a bell-punch or a George Washington, at Ottawa, and as to that thing that they call "truth," he knows nothing about it.

Mrs. Gen. Gaines attributes her still youthful appearance to soap and water and a clear conscience. Unless the former can effect it without the aid of the latter, we may expect to see all our leading Grit politicians grow prematurely old.

Bertram, of West Peterboro', is opposed to protection to manufactures; but modestly accepts of an exemption from taxation, for ten years, for his wollen mills, from the corporation. This is another specimen of Grit consistency.

The Peterboro' *Examiner* man has been up here this week, consulting with the big luminary as to what course he should adopt in reference to the Sir John libel, and naturally enough has concluded to do whatever George Brown does. Here is the force of example exemplified.

Ten millions of hair pins are manufactured annually in the United States. Would it not be well if Mackenzie would have his brother Charles go into that kind of business and use up his rusting steel rails for stock? This would cause the rails to become useful as well as ornamental, and then Mac. could say, "That's the kind of a hair-pin I am."

PAGES

MISSING

Epilogue.

Spoken by the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie at the Prorogation of Parliament.

Kind friends! the third Canadian Parliament
Hath passed into the past, though badly spent—
How badly spent all Canada can see,
And doubly badly spent, my friends, for ME.

Four years since, like the Caledonian boar
Among the thistles, I let out a roar
That rang from where Vancouver's billows smile
To 'way down east, in wee Prince Neddy's Isle,
I raised the howl—the public took it up
That I was stainless and John A. corrupt—
"Retrenchment! Purity! Reform!" says I,
And the green goslings echoed loud the cry,
And yelled afar in patriotic frenzy,
"Reform! Retrenchment! Purity! Mackenzie!"

Ah, well the Session's done, and we'll gae hame
Ere folks pry deeper in our little game,
And if the outraged country "shame!" shall cry,
We can but jowl and let the jaw go by,
For, though the Tories lee on me, 'tis clear
That I have been a very braw Premier;
What would folks have? I've given them those rails,
Besides a Northern Light to run their mails;
A grand hotel at Neelung, and the like,
And sent the taxes bumming like a byke,
Run twa or three extra millions down at heel,
And saved cheeseparings like the vera Deil.

You're mostly weel provided for, my friends—
Smith's made a barrow-knight of Horse Marines,
Cauchon has got his sop and so hae Jones,
In fac' there's no dog but has gotten bones.
Think of our Jobs! [*here he winks*] at least a score!
Sir Huntington's no-copper ore,
The Great Big Push, [*here he sniggers*] the Anglin print,
The Goderich thing, the Palen hint,
The Hagarty small two-penny sale,
The job of Vail, the Foster rail,
The Kaminstiquia's mighty sell, [*here he snuffles*]
I'm sure, my friends, ye hae done well—
Though not a bawbee went into my pocket, [*here he weeps*]
So dinna offer nane or I'll feel shocket.

Ye ken me friends, I'm crusty, close, and dure,
But eloquent, and fond o' litera-ture—
(I'm great at Hudibras, you understand,
It suits my calibre, O man, it's grand!
The gentry say it's vulgar—well, what then?
Of course we're vulgar, for we're self-made men),
My only fault is—if it be a failing,
That like to Ives & Co., I'm good at railing—
Reminds me: that auld cateran MacPherson
Is really a most cuntankerous person,
Who aye keeps girding me with strife and battle,
(Learned from his ancestors, who lifted cattle),
And HIM that rides like care upon my crupper,
Auld Senna take the Devil—Doctor Tupper,
Who can't be made, like Ixion, to cuddle
The cloudy form of Cartwright's finance muddle.
But drat them all! they'd better let us be,
We're safe in organized hypocrisy.

Now, like good bairns, gae hame, and every man
Come back n'xt Session, that is *if he can*.
We've work before us. We must purge the land
From this compact increasing Tory band,
(As to their policy, I've no objection,
Perhaps next Session I may speak Protection).
But meantime go, my Grits—my merry menzie,
And cry "Retrenchment! Purity! Mackenzie!"
Which means "use every art,—man every gun,
And fight for Plunder and for Number One!"

A scientific journal in New York says that in drowning, the easiest way to die would be to suck water into the lungs by a powerful inspiration as soon as one went below the surface. Will some one of a philanthropic turn of mind cut this out and send it to Joe Rymal?

The inventor of the phonograph says the speeches of members of Parliament can be preserved in a tin foil, and ground out for the delectation of future ages. It is well for the morals of the future ages that this new process was not in operation during some of the Grit harangues at the Session just closed.

Mental vs. Governmental.

Mental arithmetic gives answer clear,
But govern-mental rule makes Cartwright miss it
When there's no *profit*, who will prove a See'r
Or F'incancier—with reasons for *deficit*!

Cartwright's addition's simple, yet 'tis queer
That he should muddle all things under heaven,
And with short estimates for every year,
Be short six millions—eighteen seventy-seven.

To what does Dick's arithmetic amount?
Why not make causes and results explicit?
Now, though he miss a figure in his count,
He cuts a much worse figure *in deficit*!

Our Orchestra Chair.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—The entertainments provided this week have been of more than ordinary excellence. On Monday and Tuesday Bellini's charming opera, "La Sonnambula," was presented. Miss Sallie Holman's impersonation of *Amina* was highly appreciated, and her graceful acting and singing secured her a well merited call before the curtain, both nights. The cast included Miss Julia Holman, and Messrs. Bowler and Dalton. The entertainment concluded with "Bubbles." Each and all of the performers engaged in this sparkling little extravaganza seemed thoroughly at home in their respective parts. Miss Sallie Holman, as *Emma*, again came in for the lion's share of the applause. Mr. Joe Banks also met with a hearty reception. His violin feats and "Blathertown Town Band" were very good, as was also his "one string fiddle" performance. The rest of the "bubbles,"—Miss Julia Holman, Miss Dolly Banks, Mr. Alf. Holman, and Mr. Dalton, were fully up to the mark, and as such were duly appreciated. Frank Mayo and his famous "Davy Crocket" combination were billed for Friday and Saturday evenings, and Saturday Matinee.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The "Exiles," a new and powerful drama, has been the attraction here. The play is replete with realistic situations and beautiful passages which did not fail to strike the audience. There are also many scenes of picturesque grandeur, the home of the exiles in Siberia being especially attractive. As regards the characters, they are simply perfect. "The Exiles" is well worth a visit.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—Monday, May 13th, 1878. Engagement of Toronto's favourite actress, Miss Lizzie Safford, who will appear each evening during the week, and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, in the new drama written for her, entitled RAINBOWS! She will be supported by a strong Company, and the child actress, Little Ruby. A strong, pure play of modern times. Prices remain as usual.

The New Style of Reporting.

See Toronto Globe, Montreal Herald, London Advertiser, and Hamilton Times.

Sir John A. Macdonald rose, and in a masterly style discussed the whole constitutional aspect of the Quebec question, in a manner that went far to carry conviction to the House. He was drunk.

Mr. Palmer ably pointed out that in the case before the House, the British constitution and British precedent had authority here. He was drunk, too.

Mr. Domville made an exhaustive speech, and quoted largely from official writers, clearly establishing the applicability of the precedent. He was intoxicated.

Mr. Plumb, in a straightforward speech, discussed the question. He was fuddled.

Mr. McDougall (Three Rivers) followed in a clear and vigorous strain. He was half-seas-over.

Messrs. Gibbs, Kirkpatrick, Langevin, Ouimet, Wright, Currier, and all the Liberal-Conservative party, addressed the House. They were all blin' fou.

The leading Grits followed with a few feeble remarks. None of them smelled of whiskey.

Mr. Mackenzie doggedly refused to adjourn or do anything else. He had not a smell of fire upon his garments.

And so on

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:—

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

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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 and 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, housewifing 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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