

## The Jester.

A COMICAL AND SATIRICAL RECORD OF THE TIMES; ILLUSTRATED; WEEKLY  
PUBLISHED BY FRED J. HAMILTON & Co.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1878.

### THE JESTER'S GREETING TO THE VICE-REGAL PAIR.

(Scene Halifax.)

#### YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS AND MY LORD:

THE JESTER greets you, right glad to meet you,  
Well knowing how fair Canada will treat you.  
How much, dear Princess, you do resemble  
(Aside—I feel so nervous, how my legs do tremble!)  
Your Royal Mamma, our Gracious Queen—  
Would that she were here to note the welcome scene.  
You've come to stay. That's right. Take off your bonnet—  
(Aside—Good gracious! Why I nearly sat upon it!)  
Well. How do you feel? And how do you like the view?  
Feel indisposed? A day or two  
Will fix you up. How much I pity what you'll both go through.  
An awful bore? Ah, yes that's very true,  
But 'tis the penalty the great must pay—  
At things of that kind Wales I know's *au fait*.  
And you, my Lord, you look a trifle sick—  
(Aside)—Brandy and Soda, waiter, this way, quick!)  
Feel better now? That's right.  
The air at Halifax blows keen at night.  
You'll have to talk; to dance; to wine; to sup;  
But after that a rest will set you up.  
You'll have, in short, no end of things to do.  
(Aside—I wonder if he knows Sir Roderick Dhu.)  
But with good training you'll, of course, pull through.  
Your head is level, and I don't suppose—  
(Aside—I wonder if its etiquette to blow one's nose.)  
You'll judge men chiefly by their store-made clothes—  
For if you do, 'twill be a sorry test,  
As those who're best dress'd, are not always best.  
Men of your order always can  
Distinguish 'tween the cad and gentleman.  
Think how we love you. Why we're shorn  
Of all we had—our nomenclature's gone,  
At one fell swoop stern Fashion says "begone."  
And in its place your Lordly glance can trace:  
"Lorne" candies, pies; "Lorne" shirts; "Lorne" ties;  
"Lorne" fruits; "Lorne" boots and cheap "Lorne" suits.  
"Lorne" hats, cravats; "Lorne" keys; "Lorne" cheese.—  
(Aside—I wonder if it's *à la dig* to sneeze.)  
And when the season comes we'll have "Lorne" peas.  
Even Irishmen, whose native ways are frisky,  
Have ta'en to drinking nothing but "Lorne" whiskey.  
In fact all other occupations "gone,"  
And Canada remains now all for—Lorne.  
You say "that's kind." No, not at all—  
For when we meet a Lord, we act not small.  
How your Royal Highness will enjoy the air,  
(Aside—Pray be more careful, that sidewalk needs repair:  
They always do, so far as I'm aware.)  
We've plenty of it—pure and fresh—to spare  
All that you'll need will be a little Son and Heir.  
As for our people they are all "true blue"  
You'll find that out before you both get through.  
But if I may suggest a thing or two  
Don't judge the many by the shoddy few.  
We love our Queen; we love our Country, too,  
For in that particular we're one with you.  
We're simple folks; don't go in much for glory  
First ruled in turn, by Grit and then by Tory.  
At times like this, for instance, we go "cranky"  
And almost as curious as a Vermont Yankee.  
But, ordinarily, we're very steady,  
And when we're wanted, as you know, we're ready.  
We like flattery, of course. Pray who does not?  
That always titillates the softest spot.  
But in the main we're folk with common-sense,  
Who hate nonsensical and vain pretence.  
Sober and practical, but not too dogmatical.  
We're not republicans—nor democratical.  
Strong in our likes, and in our dislikes  
We are just the kind of people whom you might call "free."  
What sounds are those? The troops are drumming,  
To let the people know "The Campbell's Coming"

IN THE MEDICOS.—The *Witness* says that the Marquis of Lorne  
"right, upon his arrival, of conferring "tibular distinction,"  
"ir leading physicians please protest against this form of  
soly?"

### THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

The St. George's Society is "hard up," and the English poor are "hard up" also. The patron Saint of England never had a harder time to get along in Montreal than he has just now. George, however, vanquished the dragon by the sword, but the poor, who are still a greater drag-on the Society can only be overcome by the purse. So the Charitable Committee are compelled to purse up their mouths and say "we cannot help you." This is hard on the poor, but it is almost as rough on the Society. Englishmen are proverbially fond of good eating and drinking, but they don't appear to be doing much towards giving their poorer brethren the same opportunities. The Grand Trunk Railway Company cannot always be providing one hundred cords of wood—on credit. Neither will a hundred cords of wood cook a dinner—when there is no dinner to cook. Neither can the well-known benevolent few perform the duty of the many. It is a shame, a reproach and a disgrace upon the English people of Montreal to allow their National Society to go a-begging in the way it is now doing. If its members would only pay up their subscriptions promptly, there would be no necessity for this humiliation, and they would be happy in knowing that their fees would go towards swelling grateful—hearts and fuller stomachs. We suppose when the Marquis and his Royal wife comes along the Society will be framing an elaborate and costly Address full of loyalty, benevolence and setting forth its good works, and all that sort of thing, while the English poor will continue to starve. This is plain talk and no jesting. The Society, as it stands, is quite a sufficient jest in itself, and a burlesque upon those benevolent feelings usually associated with the name of "Englishman." The Committee, in its appeal by circular, truly observes they "cannot give the poor a stone when they ask for bread." But if the well-to-do Englishmen of this city worked shoulder to shoulder in this good work there would be no need for such an appeal, and they could at least give each applicant a stone—of flour. Will they do this? If they have any manly pride or Christian feeling in them, they will.

### ART CULTURE.

It is gratifying to observe the opportunity of cultivating artistic tastes accorded to the rising generation. A course of "free-and-easy hand drawing" has been commenced, under the superintendence of Professor Fagin. The pupils will be practically taught how, without abandoning their usual calling, they may while away a leisure hour, and increase their *menue*, by slight infringements of the nearly obsolete laws of *meum* and *tuum*. The highest price offered for pocket-handkerchiefs, portemonnaies, watches, &c. A class of experimental drawing will also be inaugurated at one of the charitable institutions, when young persons desirous of studying practically the noble art of dentistry will be allowed to extract the teeth of any of the inmates. (N.B.—A prize of a life preserver will be awarded in the case of any clearly accredited instance of a sound tooth being drawn instead of a decayed one.)

### "WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK," ETC.

It is to be hoped that peace will ensue, though it is not publicly proclaimed, between the two illustrious specimens of the "genus irritabile," M. Couture and Dr. Maclagan. Neither was wholly in the right. The latter displayed somewhat of Hibernian impetuosity not conducive to calm argument, and savoring of "Will ye tread on the tail of me coat, ye spalpeen?" The former was a little spiteful in rejoinder, and might have been more generous at the outset. The Philharmonic Society has yet much to learn, but this enterprise is an excellent one, meriting all sympathetic encouragement, and it ill-becomes a musician to administer a chilly douche to any effort which has for its object the fostering of a public taste for music of a high and classical order. It would have been kinder and nobler to keep silent, even if over-enthusiastic friends had been too profuse in their praise. The challenges put forth by the two rival heroes were eminently and absurdly unpractical. Dr. Maclagan may not be able to write a perfectly correct and original fugue, but a man need not be a first-class counterpointist, or versed in all the intricacies of harmony to be a thoroughly good conductor of a chorus and orchestra. Dr. Maclagan's challenge was most laughable. To play or sing six numbers of the "Creation" was to be the test of ability to criticise a performance of the work. This suggestion seems to waft towards us a whisper of Donnybrook Fair. A musician may not be able to sing at all in the true sense, or play aught but simple music, and yet completely imbibe the spirit of a composer, and drill a choir and band into admirable precision. Let us hope that these doughty champions will lay down their arms, if possible embrace, and that M. Couture and his friends will directly patronize the Philharmonic Society, which has perhaps already indirectly benefited by the publicity of the correspondence.

### CORRECTION.

Last week we gave currency to the rumor, that a well-known clergyman of this city was about to give a series of lectures upon the "Moral Law." This is a mistake, and we hasten to correct it. It is upon the "Immoral Law" that the person intends to speak. Morality, it will be observed, does not require legislation.