

THE JESTER,

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WHICH SHALL IT BE?

A properly equipped and disciplined Police Force, or a nightly series of shooting and stabbing as we have witnessed lately, followed by a serio-comic drama, supposed to be a legal enquiry in the Police Court? But, after all what an eternal fitness there is in this! How delightfully do the fragments of Law and Order fit into one another and go to make up the chief figure of Discord! Murderous, midnight attacks are made (only nine within the past week); a few arrests take place, and, under the shadow of the Law the prosecuting and defending attorneys are permitted to carry on their wordy war, and to perpetrate their atrocious puns from day to day in the very face of this Carnival of Crime! All of this, is of course, very funny to the "unwashed" to whom these gentlemen cater with so much glee. Besides, is it not a characteristic of Police Court jurisdiction? So what Custom has licensed let Practice continue to sanction. Questions like the following contain the very essence of humour. We quote from one of the daily papers:

"Can you swear that the witness did not stand on his ear?"
"What is your wife's maiden name?"
"How do you know the complainant did not bite his own nose off?"
"Will you swear it?"

So comical were some of these interrogatories and the manner of putting them, that one of the witnesses remarked to a defendant's counsel:

"You make me laugh when I look at you."

And all this buffoonery was the outgrowth of a legal preliminary enquiry into one of the most cowardly attacks that have disgraced humanity! But we are becoming almost ashamed at our sickly sentimentality, for is it not a huge joke to read about a fellow being prodded, or shot, on a dark night? And now for the tragic side of the picture. Gentlemen of the Bar put your feet down upon the itinerants in your profession, who prostitute decency and burlesque Justice under cover of their small wits. And, Gentlemen of the Council, give us more policemen with shorter beats and longer *batons*. Teach them how to use the revolver upon these self-constituted champions of Bigotry and Fanaticism. Order them to search suspected persons after dark, and to confiscate contraband of war. Give us an intelligent Police Force, for Pexton is 'nt to be blame if you tie his hands. If you do not do this, the people in self-defence will have to do it for themselves and the result will be—who knows?

Therefore, fellow citizens, let us stifle our political prejudices for the moment, and unite upon the more important platform of PROTECTION TO LIFE AND PROPERTY. May be, that some rowdy may make the mistake of shooting a defenceless woman, or one of our most influential citizens, but we fear not until then, may we expect to hear of a dignified and calm judicial investigation to ascertain where the joke comes in.

HOW IT IS DONE.

A friend of ours who was asked the other day to define the politics of Canada, replied Grit and Tory. Those who are either one or the other, or perhaps both, will know whether the reply is correct. There are some things that are indefinable, and Simkins when he writes so glibly in the *Liberal Abuser* about "the growing feeling of indignation" is no more indignant than the pencil he writes with, and by the time he has come to a full stop with his article, the "feeling of indignation" has vanished. Then there is Tomkins, good, honest soul, who pens those heavy, sleepy leaders in the *Tory Villifer*, which invariably commence with: "The impression is gaining ground." Bless you,

he does'nt mean it, for he is one of the most impressionless fellows you ever saw. It's only his original way of putting it when at a loss for a thought. Then comes the reaction—or Tomkins, not on "the country"—that has to expend itself in broken health, and mayhap broken fortunes. He does'nt believe all he writes any more than a quack believes in the efficacy of his nostrums. He does it at so much a week, and the cheaper the better for his employers. Literary merit goes for nothing and some of Tomkins finest efforts go for nothing, and never see the light, because they express his best and honest thoughts upon subjects that require brain treatment. Tomkins, becoming disgusted, if not too hardened, goes to the States, or if he stops in Canada has to accept the miserable pay of ten or twelve dollars per week and tells everybody he is getting fifteen or twenty. This is the reason why our Canadian papers are so full of spicy, general news and are so far ahead of the best American journals. The man who has convictions never breathes them in a newspaper office, and whatever the gentle public reads, they will not be far out if they believe the opposite, if they wish to know the true sentiments of the men who write for their entertainment. If Tomkins is told his last article on the "Big Pot Scandal" is a clever thing, it is about as much encouragement as he can reasonably hope for. He knows very well one-half of it was "written in the cellar" and the other half is a perversion of facts strung upon the thinnest threads for a foundation. The issues therefore before "the country"—that is before the 1200 readers, are not issues of principles, but deductions presented merely for argument's sake. Then as to Party ties. Such is the devotion to Party that our friend Boggs who is a red hot Tory told us the other day that he would vote for a dog if he had "Conservative" painted on his hind-quarters, and looking at us, said "Would'nt you?" What a sublime faith is here depicted that will support a resolution of this kind! But let Tomkins and Simkins toil on, for the gentle public can rest assured in all honesty that no one is more disgusted with all this vilification, abuse, and Party subserviency than those who pen it.

A TRIBUTE TO O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

Air.—The Rogue's March.

Now boys have ye heard, of that mighty foine bird
That's to claw up the whole British nation?
By the breadth of its maw and the size of its claw
T'will crayate a rousin' sensation.

The name of this bird is O'Rossa
Tis said to be a very foine cross Sir;
Half eagle half kite, its eye full of spite,
If t'were missed t'would be mighty small loss, Sir.

To Toronto it came, just to get up its name,
A big crowd convaned at the stachin,
This bird full of blood, hopped right into the mud
And started its first agitation.

Sure how the people did laugh, Sir,
The joke was too good by half, Sir,
It then got away and for the rest of the day
You could hear nothing but chaff, Sir.

The Town Hall was engaged where this big bird was caged,
T'was expected there'd be some tall scrayching;
A hundred or so determined to go
To hear the O'Dynamite's praying.

The show turned out a big sell, Sir,
As people by this time know well, Sir,
We've no use for such traitors, nor Faynian debators—
That same we can them plainly tell, Sir.

But the scene of disaster, in which Mob-rule was master
Is past all excuse or defence, Sir,
'Twas a sin and a shame in which all were to blame
Who took part and hadn't more sense, Sir.

All praise to Toronto's police, Sir,
In their efforts to maintain the peace, Sir,
It's a hint to us all who live in Montreal
That we our own Force must increase, Sir.

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

Mrs. SYMKINS DE HARRIS (to visitor). "Do we know the Hoggs? Really, I dont think we do, do we Maud?"

Young SYMKINS DE HARRIS (aged 11 years). Oh, Ma what a story! Didn't Pa say he owed Mr. Hogg a hundred dollars and he didn't know where in the world it was to come from?" (*Tableau*).