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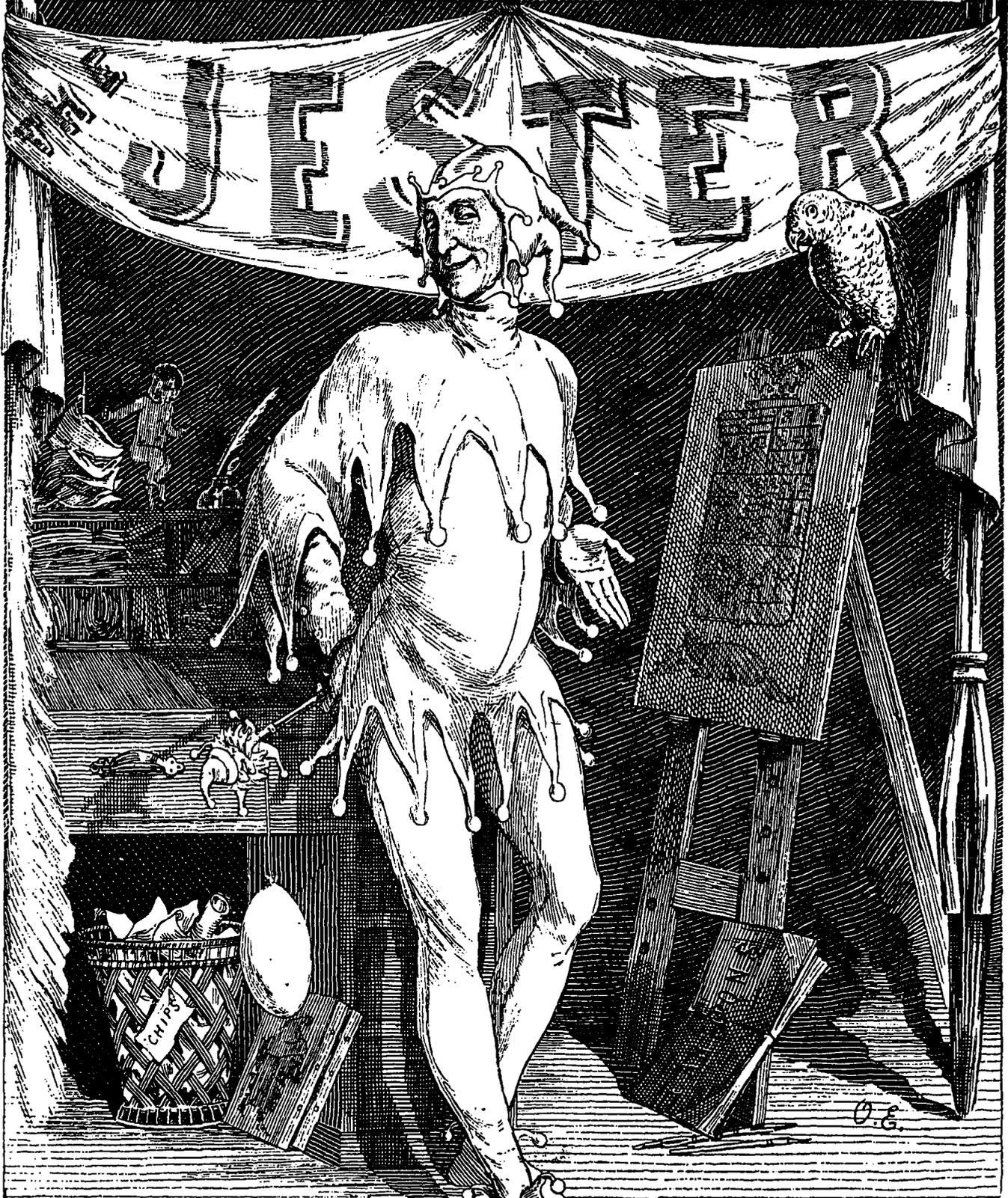
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, 22ND MARCH, 1878.

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 aigle 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?"

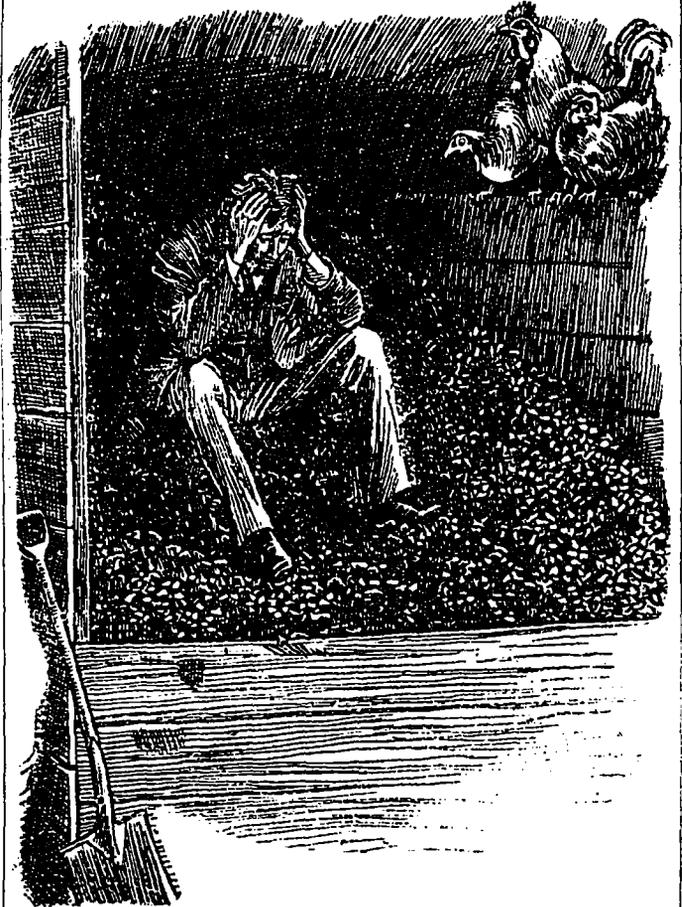
Young SYMKINS DE HARRIS (aged 11 years). Oh, Ma what a story! Didn't Pa say he owed Mr. Hogg a hundred dollars and he didn't know where in the world it was to come from?" (*Tableau*).

A BLACK PROSPECT.



HE spirit of Prophecy is not dead, as some in this age of skepticism suppose, for the fool contributes nothing to the mental characteristics in which he lives (unless it is distinguished by extreme credulity). He is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever, a feeble, but long-lived, tenth-century sort of man. Suspicions of humbug the realization of facts only shock his confiding nature at the moment of violent contact, and he remains even a bigger fool than ever, with a mind deeply impressed by the Supernatural, and wonderful aptitude to make mysteries out of the commonest materials. Our friend Sniffington has been inveigled by a flourish of crossed bones into a half

dozen societies of "Black Knights," all drawing fees, for the privilege of wearing a ridiculous looking bib with fringes. Every Apothecary or Patent Medicine Man in the country finds it necessary to publish an Almanac, embellished with the signs of the Zodiac surrounding a benignant being who seems to have got tired of life and committed Hari Kari. From the mystic kind of short-hand scattered about him we should say he was a Parliamentary reporter, did we not know that this work of Art, considered by children like our poor friend Sniffington, of diabolical origin, is simply, with Moses, and the brazen serpent thrown in, "all my eye," as our friend Touchstone, in the initial of this paper politely indicates. The worst of it is, there is no way of making these prophets responsible for the weather, as the non-fulfilment of their promises is immediately blamed on the retiring musk-rat, the gentle squirrel or the vagaries of the pensive goose. Don Quixote remarks to Sancho (who, by the way, wasn't such a fool as he looked) "that the Devil knows nothing of the future, except by Conjecture, wherein he must often be mistaken," and it does seem that must be the source of Vexnor's inspiration. In common justice with the light of the nineteenth century illuminating my otherwise dim understanding, Vexnor ought to buy back Sniffington's coal and Wheezy's new stove with other like claims of the ulster coated men. But these things are now settled by Arbitration, so if we dont expect anything it is not likely we shall be disappointed.



SNIFFINGTON, a good-hearted, but extremely sensitive man, having been studying the almanacs, has laid in an extra supply of coal, now, he realizes the possibility of having it on hand all summer.—His wife, "never kewed him to do anything sensible, &c., &c."—He was found here after a search of five hours for a supposed suicide.—He won't eat and he won't come out.

THE QUINTESSENCE OF RAPTURE.

The *Star*, to whom the following was addressed, should at once secure the services of their correspondent; so, newspaper men look to your laurels; musical critics, beware! The musician who has the power, like our talented friend Dr. MACLAGAN, to bring forth such a flow of exultant verbosity must be something more than an ordinary, every-day kind of individual. Listen:

"I can imagine the feelings of such an one could he have been transported for a few moments last Monday evening to listen with an enraptured audience to a selection from Baptiste—when his ear had caught its beauties and his spirit entering into that of the composer, floated as it were o'er cadences that rose and fell in billowy strains of enchanting harmonies—flowing, rippling and breaking into joyous ebullitions as of musical waters, or as the wind o'er an Aeolian harp, sweeping in upon the senses in fullness, clearness and power, or dying away in low sad sweetness, then echoing back as it were memories entrancing, as the soul passes in reverie to days "lang syne"."

Now this is something like writing! What a threnodic pulse of pure, sympathetic flow is expressed in the above! How charmingly the thrill of superlative but effervescent jubilation permeates the hyperbolic ecstasy of the writer! Observe how smoothly the ripple of undulating enchantment lends its silvery notes of wonder to thus poetically denote the marvellous cogency of those digital gradations upon the fundamental base of that organic structure! All of which in plain English means—GUSH!!

Civil Suits and uncivil actions go together.

THE PRIZE BALLAD.

(By a disappointed Contributor.)

O, this a glorious land,
A glorious land is this;
Where Might governs Right
Both by day and by night,
And to swindle one's fellow is bliss.

O, this is a glorious land,
A glorious land it is;
Where it often is seen
That the greatest spalpeen
Is the most successful in biz.

O, this is a glorious land,
A glorious land I avow,
Where if you'd aspire
You need only require
To get rich—it don't matter how.

O, this is a glorious land,
A glorious land I may add;
If you haven't a dime
You have only to rhyme
And claim prize for Canadian ballad.

A man of letters—The Postman.

ROWDYISM AND ITS REMEDIES. WHICH SHALL IT BE?

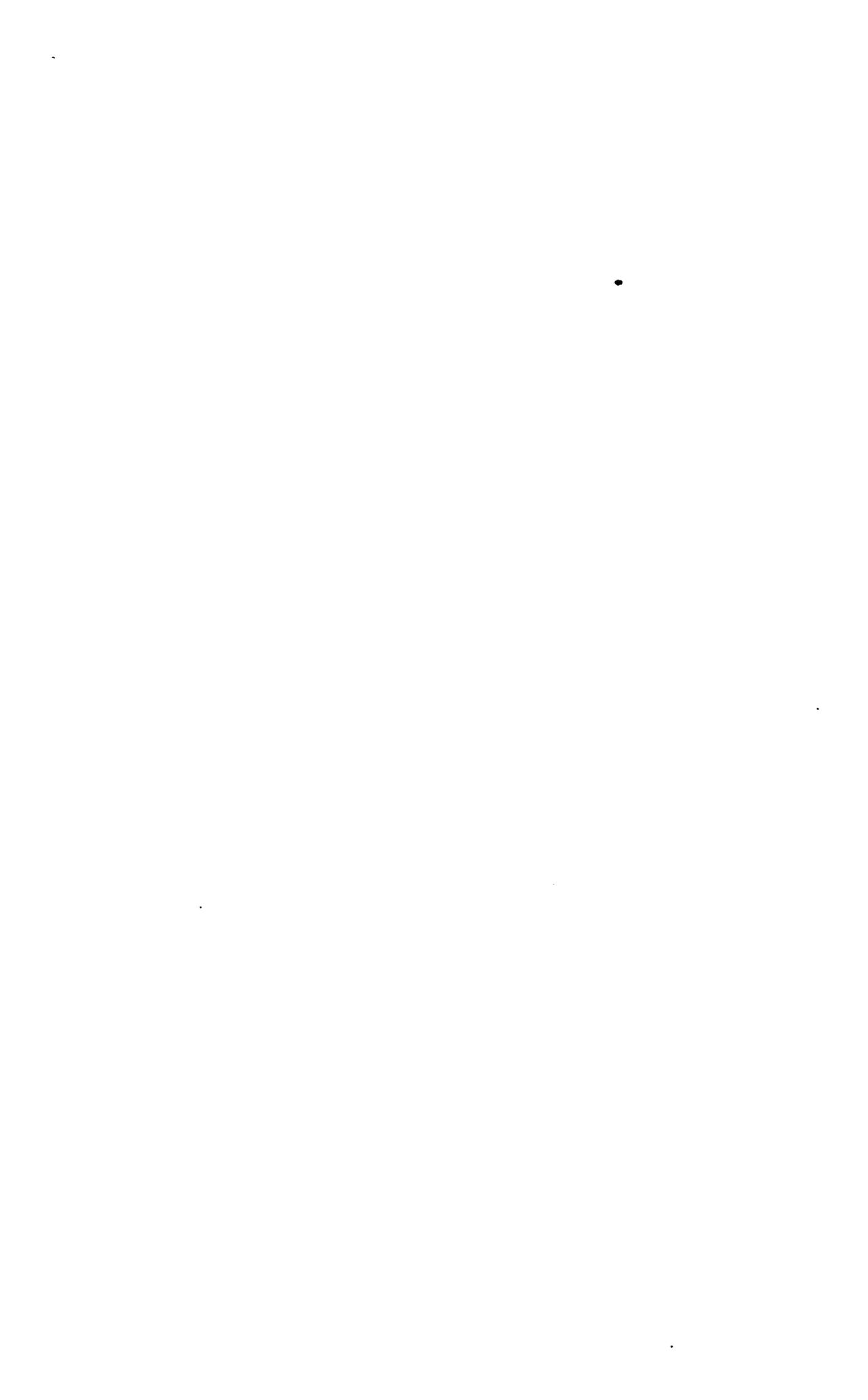


LAW?



OR

LICENSE?





A REMINISCENCE.

“ Drive over the river? O yes, with delight,
It looks such a dazzling, beautiful white!
But they tell me the road is so awfully rough
All ruts, cracks, and *cahots*.” “ Why Mary, what stuff!
It's all filled up and levelled. And, well, I declare
There's Tim the *journalier* himself, sitting there,
Blowing his cloud in his easy chair—
White headed, ruddy faced, rugged old Tim;
Whom has he to smooth his path for *him*?
Good day, my old friend! Do you never sigh
When the sleighs and cutters go dashing by?
“ Why must I labor to smooth the way,
Why must I toil that others may play,
Others more able to work than I,
Who am growing old and must very soon die,
And have none to make easy my road for me?”
“ Ah, no! Why, that wouldn't be true you see
I have a good wife and children three
Who help to make pleasant my path for me.
Were it not for the care of my faithful Jeanna
I might have been buried again and again.
Jacques and Felix are working in Morial
And earning good wages since the fall,
And Marie! She was a tender plant
And the times were hard and we were in want,
And medicine was dear and she suffered long,
And we thought she would die, but now she is strong,
Strong and healthy. I'd say, did I dare,
As healthy and blooming as Madame there,
But in beauty—Madame is beyond compare.
And now she is married and living nigh
And has two little children—about so high.
And often their gran' dad they come to see
And they patter around him and climb his knee,
And pull his beard in their childish play,
And their bright smiles help to make smooth his way.
So, should a man's life be ever so rough
If he be but content and can earn enough
For dinner and pipe and to cover the backs
Of his children in winter by mending the tracks,
And when times are bad and there's nought to do
Some good friend to bestow a *piastre* or two
(*Merci, M'sieu*, that's the first to-day)
Why then I am not the man to say
I have no one to smooth life's path for me.—
Salut, M'sieu, Soyez béni!”

The *Star* tells us of a poor fellow who while excavating in the Lachine Canal works, was by the earth falling upon him, thrown “ to the ground, breaking *two of his legs*, causing compound fracture.” Fancy only two of his legs! How many more did the *Star* think he had?

GENERAL SIR W. O'GRADY ITALY.—Died March 19th, 1878.

A gallant soldier passed away,
To swell the roll of Britain's dead;
'Grave on the head-stone o'er his clay
“ He trod the path where Duty led.”

OUR “ MILITARY ” COLUMN.

We are glad to hear that our City Corps are passing around the hat for the purpose of presenting Alderman Mercer and other civic friends with suitable testimonials in the shape of silver wheelbarrows and shovels for the great interest they have taken in the state of our *Sham-de-Mars* and Drill Shed. We shall be glad to contribute the price of a days rations.

The “ *Scarlet* ” Brigade on the Queen's Birthday will be commanded by General Jester. Officers will supply themselves with eye-glasses in order to see through the movements of the enemy. Patent leather boots and high shirt collars will be among the standing orders of the day. Lemon-aid with sticks in it will comprise the regulation drinks for recruiting the thirst. The day will be a pretty warm affair and the enemy will get it hot.

THE NEGRO Point Battery, St. John, N. B., is to be hereafter known as Fort Dufferin. We hope the duffer in command at present will bring his guns to bear in the proper direction. PERLEY will engineer the operations.

It is NOT true that Sir SELBY SMYTHE has “ sold out.” There is not the faintest indication of a “ sell ” about *him*.

THE 6th Fusiliers, although they have a Martin, yet he cannot be called a martinet.

LIEUT. CRUIKSHANKS has resigned to accept the position of Judge Advocate of the Circuit Court.

It is understood that Lieut.-Col. HANDYSIDE is to give a banquet to his corps at some future date not yet decided upon.

LIEUT.-COL. LABRANCHE is a twig of the right sort, and would present a stout obstacle to the foe.

CORRESPONDENT.—No. The bushies of the 65th are not of the regulation pattern worn by the *Bashi-Bazouks*.

LIEUT.-COL. A. A. SREVENSON is about to patent a new portable food to be known as the “ *Scotch Army-Bannock*.” It will be one of the most solid forms of nourishment either for man or beast and will be made purely from “ wild oats ” sown by young officers.

“ A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH. ”

Our American cousins have many good points about them. But one of their principal features of Republican simplicity is their fondness for titles, degrees and other high sounding names. You are continually rushing up against their Generals on Broadway, and you have to elbow your way among hosts of Colonels, Captains, Judges and Doctors every day. We once knew a Lieutenant who made an admirable crossing sweeper, but he would insist on his title. And now they have started a Dental Society in Boston, which to say the least is not composed of “ the most remarkable men in the country, Sir.” But that isn't their fault, and if they are not remarkable, they are at least worthy of remark. Not content with being simply “ Members ” they have dubbed themselves “ Fellows ” and “ Associates ”, just as if a fellow wasn't known by his associates. But these associates have dropped the prefix in case they might be taken for Ass. Fellows by which they could not fail to be identified. Now we would like to know if these members have yet cut their wisdom teeth, we should think not, so they had better lose no time in doing so. It is a high honor to be a plain man now-a-days—especially in Boston.

THE RUSSIAN BURGLARS.

“ I say Jimkoff, here's lots of swag lying round here : how much can we carry away with us ? ”

JIMKOFF : “ I don't know, Got-such-a-cough : but I mean to shovel off Forty Million Sterling into my bag ; and I should think you could manage to stow these Ironclads into your pockets and then we will each take hold of one end of the Provinces, and pop off.”

Got-such-a-cough : “ Hilt ! keep still : did you hear that growl ? The Bull-dog is woke up ! And look, there's the watchman's lantern. I must drop the ships, they're too heavy. Besides, the Horn bee is out and might sting us.”

JIMKOFF : And I've only got Twelve Millions packed up : “ it's too bad to be interrupted.” But we must clear out with what we've got.”

Got-such-a-cough : “ Never mind : when all is quiet, we will come this way again, and gobble up another lot of stuff. Hurry up.” (*Exeunt.*)

A policeman regards his baton as his staff of life.



MONTREAL SPRING FASHIONS.

SPRING.

That season of the year has now arrived, when men who write poetry stuff will contribute to the newspapers their annual stock of poetical imaginations, relative to a season called Spring.

We have pondered how it is that a man, who will take down outside windows, remove surplus articles of winter use, clean carpets, have a bad cold, etc., will sit amongst a confusion of furniture, with his feet bandaged for the rheumatism, flannel round his neck, a glass of hot ginger to drink, and with a bad pencil have the audacity to write about the pleasures of spring, its beauties, gentleness and the delights caused by it.

We conclude that it is a fallacy of human nature, caused by some idiomatic poet, in the early years of poetry, who misrepresented the season by his maniacal ideas, being in quixotic circumstances. Being the first to write on "Spring," every poetical man, writing about the same subject, follows in his wake. Unprecedented honors ought to be heaped on the man who would use his superfluous inventive language in describing how to reduce the irritability and extinguish the volatility of a woman's temper caused by Spring, and in other ways make the unpleasantness less unpleasant. And to the men who use their balmy, gentle ideas over every year for the promotion of poetical literature, the Government might be induced to award them free board in an—asylum.

"LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER" is the only compound of the kind that will restore grey hair to its original colour, rejuvenate age and put young heads on old shoulders.

INFANT RHYMES TAUGHT IN OUR CIVIC NURSERY

Our Mayor BEAUDRY'S
A consequential man ;
Wanted City Hall built
On a different plan.
When the Hall was finished
Then did BEAUDRY sing
"The place is far too costly
For any but a King."

There was a young man named MCSUANE,
Who caused his friend HOLLAND much pain ;
One said "you're a liar," to raise l'other's ire
Now which of the two's most to blame ?

Another Alderman's name it is Menceu,
On the School Tax he's quite a precursor ;
He thinks Education will strengthen the nation,
But as to the Tax—*vice versa*.

Hi diddle, diddle,
GEORGE STEPHENS' a riddle ;
He'll promise you everything square—
But his heart isn't in it, and at the last minute
He'll be found—the deuce only knows where !

Alderman NELSON'S a brick,
To his ship he doth stick,
Economy guiding her course,
When taken up short
He cries "hard a port,"
And so avoids danger and loss.

DAVID R. McCORD, he
Is on the Board of Health
Preventing other people
Looking after wealth ;
Going in for Meat Inspection
Regulating drains ;
Hearing lots of buncombe
So much for his pains !

We have yet another, CLENDINNENG,
Far more sinned against is he than sinning,
He dont wear a white choker, yet he's high priest at Oka,
And his ways are strikingly winning.

Poor PETER DONOVAN,
Chairman of the Water,
Weary of official life—
His lease is getting shorter.
When his race is ended
St. Ann's ward will admire
That native ease
With which he then
Will gracefully retire.

AROUND TOWN.

Parliamentary candidates are requested to caution their committees against employing canvassers who are addicted to whiskey and "then feel too ill to go round."

The *Herald* while endeavouring to show that Mr. W. H. KEAN, Q.C., is not a proper person to be returned for Montreal Centre admits that he is at least a respectable candidate. So much the more reason why he should win. Respectability in politics is a novel but happy feature and should be fostered.

What is to become of our municipal surplus if Alderman NELSON is permitted to defeat Mr. KEAN? We hope our worthy and respected Chairman of Finance will think twice before he determines to abandon the supervision of a surplus, which to say the least, is a high honour to him, for the obscure satisfaction of going elsewhere, where he will not have the opportunity of handling a surplus for some years to come. In the meantime, following the example of higher Legislatures, our "Civic Orange Tree" will become dwarfed for want of proper nourishment, and we shall have, in all probability, to exchange our present luscious orange for the prickly pear—since deficits are the order of the day. Therefore, in the name of our municipal interests and the pockets of our rate payers, let Alderman NELSON remain where he is, and enjoy the fruits of his honest labours.

All sketches and manuscripts to be addressed to EDITOR, Box 455, P. O. Montreal. Accepted contributions will be paid for. No manuscripts will be returned unless accompanied by postage stamps. Business communications to be sent to G. E. Desbarats, Publisher, Montreal.