

THE CITY LIFE;

A Weekly Periodical, devoted to the Censure and Criticism of the Follies of the Day
Published by the Editor and Proprietor, at No. 142 St. Joseph street, Montreal.

THE CITY LIFE will be published EVERY WEDNESDAY, and will contain the best news of interest to the sporting fraternity.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Impetuous correspondents are requested not to write on more than two sides of the paper.

Address all communications "EDITOR CITY LIFE," P. O. Box 294.

Advertisements will be inserted at 5 cents per line, each insertion.

MONTREAL, MAY 28, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SADIE Mc.—We were sorry to disappoint you last week, but had previous engagements. Do send another note.

FRONTI NULLA FIDES.

A conclusion that all persons arrive at after but brief worldly experience; and indeed it is only necessary for man to bump just a little on the rocks of adversity to discover the hollowness of almost all friendly protestation and the blood of bitter antagonism and envy which pulses through the veins of the human family. We have recently had one among us who most perfectly exemplifies the theory here advanced, and from among whose most virulent assailants we could select hundreds that are themselves secretly existing in a sphere of the most hateful concubinage, if not of notorious harlotry—men who, by a horrid and preconcerted arrangement with their wives, readily consent to sit majestic in the gloomy realms of cuckoldom, so that the opportunity to satiate their own lecherous propensities and attack their neighbor's may meet with no conjugal interference or permanent obstruction—men who willingly permit their wives to unceremoniously cast all the sacred vows of matrimony to the wind, and to desecrate in so holy a union everything that remained of the beautiful and sublime. Having thus sunk themselves so far in the deep abyss of degradation and shame, the miserable creature, still calling himself husband, again rises to the surface, and with the unblushing effrontery of the accomplished libertine seeks to inject himself into the poisoned bed of adultery or to slumber on the couch of vile seduction. Henry Ward Beecher presents the haggard illustration to which we have referred. He has been charged with the commission of a serious offense against the moral and social laws of a Christian people, and has borne with heroic courage and exemplary patience an investigation, the most searching in character to which no other man was ever subjected, either through the courts or among the laity. The result is well known to have been a clear declaration of his innocence, and the vindication of his honor. The law could not, of course, prevent the envenomed arrow from being pointed at its intended victim, but it has given him a shield in the integrity of a jury and the sanctity of an oath. Society denies man the right to attack the culprit after he has expiated the fatuity of his crime, and we therefore cannot concede to the press the privilege of indulging in unfair criticism on so well settled a question. It is particularly ill-becoming in an obscure evening journal in our midst to dally with the lash of censure after the object of its malignity had retired, taking with him the eulogies of those who felt honored to receive him as their guest.

HOT TURN-OVERS.

We would advise L. A. L., the pedant, to beware of Art. B., on account of the "Belle Eva."

Un certain "mouilleur d'Indienne" du Magasin Rouge, à par charité, il annonce qu'il va être de cérémonie deux mois d'avance.

The two parties in the East End last week were quite a success, only the people were obliged to tolerate B. McN., the hideous "chaw" mouth of St. Joseph street.

Miss Alice P., the St. Catherine street paerambulator, should not be seen loafing around with wee Johnny H., as naturally people would think they were nurse and baby.

Hen R., has begun to cackle again, now that navigation is open, and has dropped Mrs. B. Be careful, Hen, generosity is your failing, and it has left plenty of people poor.

The blonde of St. Elizabeth street is in mourning. Freddy was practising on her eyes last Friday night. Now, old boy, you must stop this little game, or you will hear from us.

We hear that one of the well-known boys received a Government appointment, and refused to take it, the salary not being large enough. That's right, old boy, stick out for your rights.

Lady Tom P—n has been sporting a nice meerschaum pipe of late, but it suddenly disappeared out of his mouth at the review. How is that, Tom; we thought you got it a present.

It would be well if Max, the lawyer, would give up studying, and learn cigarette-making, as studying debates will affect his eyesight. Perhaps a pair of spectacles would do him good.

"Pickle," the haberdasher, makes contracts yearly. We will give notice, later on, when "Pickle" will appear in his new "spring," as it is not definitely settled as yet; he has it on ice.

Our Talking Machine accompanied the rustic blonde from Boston on a cruise to Mary's, at 139. S—k. got "mashed" on Cis, but poor Sammy was too much overcome, owing to his hard training for the match next month.

TO DECORATORS AND ARTISTS.—Tenders will be received at the Fountain House, for the decoration of the nursery. The designs may be seen at 179 St. Joseph street. Work subject to the approval of T. O'B. and Tom P.

LOST.—On Sunday afternoon last, near the Bonaventure Station, a horse and buggy. The horse was last seen standing near Bill D—y, the great skater and sample peddler, and, as Bill's mouth was wide open at the time, it is feared the animal walked into it. No reward.

The spring's come and gone,
And the hot days are here,
When weak human nature's
Inclined for its beer.

Louis L.—s had better pay his boarding house bill, instead of sponging on the neighbors and smoking A. G's cigars. Louis, you're a terrible sponger; give it up for a bad job. You had better sell out and drive a hearse in Manitoba. Take Horace Greeley's advice, and go West.

Willie, the would-be Northwest mountain policeman, says that he has given up making love to cooks, and is going to turn his attention to married ladies. He can be seen any afternoon going out to the west end of St. Catherine street, to call on one during her husband's absence. Be careful, Willie, or the husband will serve you the same as the fish dealer did.