

An American opinion of the visit of the sixty-ninth to Montreal.

For many days the wires between New York and Montreal have vibrated with messages alike coaxing and defiant, peaceful and warlike, between the hospitable Irishmen of the Canadian city and the gallant Irishmen of the Sixty-ninth Regiment of this metropolis. It seems that some good-natured Irishman had invited the Sixty-ninth up to Montreal to take part in a picnic on Dominion day; and that the Sixty-ninth became afraid that if they accepted the invitation the British flag would be flaunted in their eyes and toasts to the Queen be floated down their throats in copious libations of Canada malt whisky.

Whereat correspondence, and more correspondence; by mail and by telegraph. Public meetings were held, the daily papers were deluged with communications, and grim-visaged war seemed imminent. Every effort to harmonize matters was made. The Montreal Irish did not seem to fear that the 69th would

CAPTURE CANADA

and carry it back to New York in their knapsacks. They were willing to give bonds for the safety of the Dominion. If Beecher's regiment could come up there and stay nearly three days and the sanctity of their homes was still secure, surely they felt they could insure that the 69th would not remove the face of their and.

But it was no go. Lorne got excited. His main law had given him her Canadian Farm to keep, and he knew what he would get if he let these awful men from New York come and take it. Understanding that the 69th were armed with shillehals, he practiced an hour a day in his back-yard at single-tick. He rallied himself by fours, on the muddy banks of the St. Lawrence, with snow shoes on to keep him from sinking in the mire, and drilled himself in the tactics: "Repel In-vaders!" And, one morning, when he thought he should have to lead his forces against the picknicking enemy, Louise, more like an ancient Roman matron than a fashion-plate, exclaimed, "Then hadn't you better put on another chest protectah?"

Things were almost as bad on this side of the line. Some of the members of the 69th consented to go if the British flags were all

DRAPED IN MUD,

so that the Celtic eye could not see the bloody field of the cross of St. George. Also the trademark of the royal family was to be taken off all the pianos,

Some friends of the regiment offered them large sums for expenses; notably the furniture dealers, who know what the results of an Irish shindy are.

Many members of the corps resolved to go, and it is rumored that one man in his manhood arose and said that if all the rest of the regiment backed down, he would go alone—as a battalion; provided his expenses were paid.

Things looked serious. Canada trembled, and Lorne felt so pale that he was compelled to use a little rouge. He might be forced to fight; he had given permission to the terrible 69th to enter the Dominion, and they might carry it off to fill in the marshes back of Coney Island. What should he do? Aha! Happy thought! Go back on himself. Retract the permission given. He did so; but the same wires that transmitted his retraction conveyed to him simultaneously the determination of the New York regiment to let his little Dominion severely alone.

And so the tempest in the tea-pot has subsided. Canada can sleep in its bed secure. But wouldn't it look more dignified if a "Dominion" felt so sure of its government and its power of keeping the peace, as not to be afraid of a few (possibly) sore-headed visitors hissing the *Luce* and refusing to drink the health of the Queen?—*Puck*

A Good Temperance Lecture.

THE SAD FATE OF DANGER.—A DOG STORY WITH A BEAUTIFUL MORAL.—WHAT A GLASS OF BEER LED TO.

THERE was no better behaved dog in the Province of Quebec than Ballard's Danger. He was young, handsome, intelligent, educated, and of good moral habits. He was a high-bred setter, with long, soft hair, dark-brown in color, tawny under the throat. His eyes were soft and melting in their suppression, his silken ears had the patrician droop, and his aristocratic tail was eloquent in its expression of joy and affection, and rigid as an ax-handle when its owner came to a point. Danger was a reasonable dog. You could always make him see the point without the aid of the hustling-whip. As for his nose—there never was such a nose hung to a dog before. He could scent a quail across a forty-acre field, and could retrieve anything but his reputation in the latter part of his career. He would carry a dead bird half a mile and put it into the wagon, and he never mouthed or mangled the game.

When Ballard was nervous or flustered, and missed a good shot, Danger cheerfully came up to be licked with the ramrod, magnanimously taking all the blame on himself; but when anybody else of the party missed a fair shot, Danger made no attempt to conceal his contemptuous disgust. (On these occasions he usually relieved his mind by licking the other dog.

Danger had a bright future before him. But alas! in an evil hour he tasted his first glass of beer, and from that moment he was a ruined dog.

The way of it was this: It was a hot day in August, and Ballard and his friend had been hunting over the fiery stubble for hours. No water was to be had, though a keg of beer was in the wagon. Danger was nearly gone up. His tongue hung out a foot or more, and his palpitating sides indicated speedy dissolution. Ballard, unable to obtain water, gave him a quart of beer, which he lapped up with satisfaction, and demanded more. He was given a pint more. Considerably refreshed, the hunt was resumed, but Danger behaved strangely. He dashed about in a reckless manner, and tumbled headlong over fences. He barked in a maudlin, incoherent way, and quarreled without cause with Smith's dog. He seemed to have lost the control of his nose, and would run over a covey of grouse, and a moment after come to a dead point on a field-mouse or grasshopper. He chased rabbits—an indiscretion which he would have scorned in his sober senses. It was painfully evident that Danger was drunk—palpably and shamefully drunk—drunk as a fiddler.

The next morning Danger got up with a raging headache. He felt bad. His hair pulled. But he seems to have heard of the drunkard's axiom—"the hair of the dog is good for the bite"—and he accordingly followed Ballard down-town and "rung in" on him while he was taking his matutinal whisky and tansy at the Mystic. Ballard stood treat, and Danger "histed in" a glass of rock and rye. Several sports thought it was funny to see a dog making a beast of himself, and so they invited poor Danger to take another, until the upshot of it was he went home that night drunker than ever.

It got noised around town that Danger liked beer, and everybody began to invite him. The consequence was that he became a sot. He neglected his business. His beautiful eyes became red and rheumy, and his silken coat got shaggy. He frequented the bar-rooms and "laid" for invitations to drink. When hard pressed he would run his face with the barkeeper.

Danger made frequent efforts to reform, but dog-flesh is weak. After a day or two of abstinence, he would plunge in a deeper debauch. And so he went from bad to worse. His master, becoming alarmed, served notice on all the whisky shops not to let Danger have anything; but all to no purpose. He found means to get drunk every day. Beer got too weak for him, and he took to Canadian forty rod. Other dogs began to look down on him. Smith's dog, a miserable mongrel, cut his acquaintance. Even the flies and bench-legs regarded him with pity that was more galling to his proud nature than contempt.

Finally the end came. After an unusually protracted debauch, Danger began to see things. He would bristle up at imaginary dogs, and then shrink in the most abject terror from some imaginary assailant. Then he would come to a dead point on nothing, and again he would bustle imaginary cats about the yard, and getting them in a corner, bark for long hours at vacancy. He couldn't sleep. He couldn't eat. He couldn't do anything that was sensible, and finally died as the fool dieth—of jim-jams.

We buried him under a weeping willow on Papineau Road near Blumvo's establishment, with a headboard bearing the following inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
"DANGER,

"Only Dog of A. C. Ballard,
"Who (the Dog) died June 12, 1861, Superinduced by Overwork and Mental Anxiety.
"Gone but not forgotten."

That was a lie about the cause of his death, but we couldn't find in our heart to say that so good a dog died of delirium tremens. Fourteen times has the weeping willow shed its blooms upon Danger's grave, but his virtues are still remembered by all, while the broad mantle of charity is thrown over his frailties.

How Married Men Sew on Buttons.

It is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended on some one else for this service, and fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand or runs a

sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and, forgetting to tie a knot in the end of the thread, commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to ten minutes after he is expected down the street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for lee way. He says to himself: "Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see." Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye; but in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid part of that button, and finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time when coming back with the needle he keeps both thread and button covered with his thumb, and he feels around for the eye in a very judicious manner, but seeing his folly as the search gets more hopeless, he calms down, puts on his pants, fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.

A BOY'S LETTER TO HIS SISTER.

DEAR SUE—The horses is all got the epigramic very badly. Us boys had so much fun the other day! Little Frank's hobby-horse had glue runnin' out of his nose, so we knew he had it, and we took him into the bathroom, and got some of ma's fine towels, and wrapped his legs up in hot water, and burned sulphur matches under his throat, and singed his mane off, and the paint came off his legs, and the glue all came unstuck, and Frank can't ride him any more. Wasn't jolly? Then the matches put us in mind of havin' a St. Jean Baptiste Village fire, so we coaxed sister Sallie to give us her box of Swiss houses you brought her from Urip; and we set 'em up and touched 'em off, and let her rip. The town went like blazes, and we throwed some of sis' dolls in for dead bodies, and then saved the arms and legs for trophies.

But you bet we got scared when the flames went so high, so we turned on the hose, and that fool, Jim Blain, let the water run all over the floor and down the kitchen on to the cook's head, and she thought the pipes had busted, and run for a man to fix 'em, so ma caught us us in there, and the boys ran home, but I got a thrashing. It didn't hurt much, 'cause I had on thick clothes. Our Frank is in pants. He went in last Sunday. I've got a new girl. I don't like Jenny Bird any more, or I guess she don't like me any more, 'cause when I give her a handful of pop corn she throwed it in my face, and I expect Jim Blain told lies about me. I'd lick him, only his father keeps a candy store, and I get all the sugar-sticks I want for nothing.

Your affectionate brother,
CHARLIE.

P. S.—Please bring me a GOAT.

A DREAM.

Jones ate a half of a big mutton pie just before going to bed the other night, and then began to wonder what it was made of. Before morning it resolved itself into a troupe of monstrous cats, two grand mothers and a railroad bridge forty feet high and of inconceivable length, himself in the middle of it, the sleepers four feet apart, and the cars coming.

THE ENCHANTED PIN.

(From the *Norristown Herald*.)

Some tricks in "Parlor Magic" printed in juvenile publications are very amusing, as well as very simple. To perform this trick you take a common brass pin, such as a man sometimes uses to fasten his shirt-collar when a rear button flies off. To satisfy your audience that the pin doesn't contain a false bottom, let them have it in their hands to inspect. This will convince them that there is no deception about it. Now, bend the pin in two places, —first, about one third from the head, and second, the same distance from the point, so that the business end will project upward. Again show the pin to your audience, in order to satisfy them that it is the same pin, only bent—bent on mischief. Now, place the pin on a hard-bottomed chair, and, when a late visitor enters, invite him to sit on the chair. The effect will be magical. If the ceiling is not more than ten feet from the floor, the probabilities are that the man will arise spontaneously that his head will make a dent in it. The innocent little trick never fails to amuse an audience, and if such amusements received more encouragement in the domestic circle there would be fewer poems written, asking "where is my boy to-night?"

Heroic.—On Friday evening Willie Nichols, ten years of age, would have ended his existence in a watery grave had it not been for the brave conduct of Thomas Gilmour, of No. 224 Seigneurs street, in this city, who had to dive under a barge in the canal before he could reach the drowning boy. Mr. Gilmour's noble conduct deserves to be recorded.

QUERY.—Where is the Mystic?

—Montreal can boast of one of the best fire departments on the continent.
—Anlan 'as beaten Helliott hand 'Awdon. 'E should row 'Iggins before 'e comes 'ome.
—For weeks a local singer trained his voice against a mule and brought it to a high pitch of power.
We often see many printers devils about the Mystic.

—"I love," says a reporter, "to sit on the steps in front of the Central Station and watch the coming in of the tied."

—The coachman who marries his wealthy employers daughter may truthfully assert that his "lines" have fallen in pleasant places.

—This being a time when so many oxen are being sent from Canada to Europe in comfortable and padded stalls, "he who has steers to shed prepare to shed them now."

A place of popular resort is the Mystic 671 Craig street.

—"A want of confidence is plunging the country into a whirlpool of idleness and a vortex of financial ruin," was the feeling remark of a man who was refused credit for a glass of whiskey at one of our hotels yesterday.

—George Augustus St. Charles says.—Ya-as this the aw season when schools and othaw places devoted to the twaining of youth of both sexes twy the pwogewess their pupils have made, and give an elocutionary entertainment they call a "commencement."

—The *Witness* on Monday last came out with a heading "another mystery" and gave this paper an advertisement. We wish it distinctly understood that we did not pay said paper for doing so. The proprietors however are extremely gratified.

Go and see the Colonel at the Mystic.

—I love in July when the sun is low
And a cool, soft breeze comes out of the west,
To the Square of an afternoon to go,
My wearied limbs on a seat to rest,
And from under my own particular tree
To lazily watch the idlers there
For dear are the sights and sounds to me
To be seen and heard in Victoria square!

WANTED.—A Canvasser of good address is wanted for this paper. None but a responsible person, who is thoroughly acquainted with the City, need apply.

BOWLING ALLEY.

The only Bowling Alley in this City is at No. 272 St. Lawrence street. The proprietor, Mr. J. B. Emond, is prepared to receive his friends who may enjoy a quiet game without incurring much expense.

CANADA HOTEL.

This first class hotel has been thoroughly refurnished. The table leaves nothing to be desired. Busses connect with all Railway Stations and Steamboats.
A. BELIVEAU, Prop.

BILLIARD ROOM.

The most popular Billiard Room in this City is that of Mr. Alphonse Mercier, late of the St. Lawrence Hall. The tables are Phelan's & Collet's, and pin-pool, pyramid, and all green cloth games may be played by the lovers of the Sport. Don't forget the address, at the corner of Notre-Dame and St. Gabriel streets.

E. W. BURGESS, No. 170 Notre-Dame street, opposite the Court House, is the place where a lover of sand Porter, cool Lager Beer, choice Liquors, and Cigars, may suit himself. Mr. E. W. Burgess, the obliging proprietor, will be glad to receive his friends. Great improvements are being made in his establishment which will be enlarged by the addition of a well-fitted room.

TWO AMATEURS OF SHOOTING AND ANGLING.

A. BONNEVILLE having bought the bankrupt stock of Wm. Harper, desires to inform his friends and the public in general that he will remove his stock of Guns, &c., to No. 227 Notre-Dame street, in the store lately occupied by Mr. Wm. Harper. Lovers of rod fishing will find at his place all required articles for the Sport.

TIVOLI.

RESTAURANT, 58 JACQUES-CARTIER SQUARE.
Formerly St. Nicholas, Serafino Giraldi, mag'r.
This establishment is the nearest to the market boats, and is open from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m., and is one of the most elegant and best conducted in the Metropolis. Oysters served in all styles. Special rooms for portemantaux and parcels for those who do not desire to take a room at the hotel.

COSMOPOLITAN WINE AND LUNCH ROOMS.

COR. CRAIG AND ALEXANDER STREETS.
Scientific Compounders of Exhilarating Beverages.