

FAIR PLAY IS BONNIE PLAY.

AFTER inserting two letters on the slight misunderstanding which took place at the St. Patrick's Bazaar, the *Gazette* published a short article which concluded in the following words:

"With this appreciation of the facts we have gathered, we must close these columns to any further discussion of the subject."

Here was a distinct editorial promise, which assuredly ought to have been kept. How it has been kept may be judged from a letter, signed "A Civilian," which appeared in the *Gazette* of November 9th.

The following is an extract from that letter:

"It is believed that the police acted in a cruel and unnecessarily severe manner towards the officers of the regiment above named, on the night of the 5th ultimo; that the fines in the Recorder's Court were unjustly severe, and that the fracas at the St. Patrick's Bazaar was an affair got up under the fervid imagination and lurking dislike of a person there, who had not the slightest excuse for either complaint or interference."

This language, in our opinion, was impolitic and uncalled for. The "severe dinner" is over, and the fines of which it was the occasion have been paid. The *fracas* at the Bazaar is forgotten. Why then should "A Civilian" now put in his oar, and endeavour to stir up again the muddy waters which were settling? We cannot but think his letter deserving of severe censure; but the *Gazette* is even more blameworthy for inserting such a communication, after having (according to its own words) "closed its columns to any further discussion of the subject." Since writing the above we have learnt that the *Gazette* has positively refused to publish any reply whatever from the "Volunteer Officer" to the "Civilian" who so roughly handles him. Surely this is not right. "Fair play is bonnie play," according to the Scotch proverb.

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS."

HAMLET.

By certain writers in this free country one word (provided that it has three or more syllables) is used indiscriminately for another. We cut the following paragraph from a late number of the *Gazette*—

"The Hamilton House of Refuge is in a disgraceful condition, and the occupants are allowed to *felicitate* in their original depravity and unclean habits."

If "proper words in proper places" is a correct definition of a good style, we cannot *felicitate* the writer in the *Gazette* upon the excellence of his style. It seems not improbable that the poor fellow meant *luxuriate* when he wrote the word *felicitate*. But, as Mr. Toots says, "It is really of no consequence."

By-the-bye, there was a letter, signed "Synod," in the *Gazette* a few days ago. Can any one inform DIOGENES what the writer meant by speaking of a man as being "*free from the gliff of past party strings!*" DIOGENES does not recollect having ever before met with this striking and original phrase. Another writer in the same paper, under the signature of "A Churchman," assures the public that Bishop Hills of British Columbia, and Bishop Williams of Connecticut, "*are in the very virgin of life.*" What on earth does this mean? Is the word *virgin* a typographical error, or what is it?

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—The *Gazette* informs its readers that it considers Mr. Howe's letter worthy of perusal. DIOGENES rather thinks it is. He thinks also that the clear-headedness of the *Gazette* scribe is about on a par with that of the *Gazette* reporter, who not long ago recorded the accidental death of a man in Little St. James Street with the heading "FATAL—BUT UNPLEASANT."

HANDBOOK for STRANGERS VISITING MONTREAL.

INTRODUCTION.

MONTREAL is the finest and best regulated city in the whole world. Its faultless municipality, its numerous and attentive police force, its constant and never failing water supply, its clean and nobly paved streets, and its admirable and well-administered sanitary regulations, all tend to prove our position. In matters of Lighting it is unrivalled. Gas, in Montreal, costs nearly five times as much as in Liverpool. It is, moreover, of a very strong quality, as may be tested by the nostrils. It is true that its light is not so brilliant as that of English Make, but then the moon in Canada shines more brightly than in the old country. On nights when the moon does not shine the gas is seldom lighted, so that any little brightness, more or less, becomes quite a secondary consideration. Human beings are buried outside the city, and dogs and cats within the limits,—that is to say, when there is sufficient snow for the purpose.—In the hot weather carcases remain exposed in the streets,—a practice found by experience to be very conducive to the health and comfort of the citizens.—

Montreal is divided into three districts, each returning a member to Parliament. The Western district is, like Edinburgh, divided into the Upper and Lower Town—the one tenanted by swells, the other by smells.—Connected with the latter there is a peculiarity which will at once remind the traveller of Egypt. At certain periods of the year our noble river, like the Nile, overflows its banks, inundating the cellars and sometimes the streets for several days. It afterwards subsides, leaving behind a large amount of rich, fertile matter. The name of the district favoured with this unctuous deposit is Griffin-town, called, as some say, after Gerald Griffin, the great Irish novelist. More recent antiquarian investigations lead us to believe that it derives its name from a secret association of "Griffins," which existed many years ago. It is related that once upon a time a band of "Griffins" assembled *en masse* intent on getting their own way out of a quarrel, and not succeeding in breaking heads, they broke a large number of windows instead.

The Central district contains the Wealth, the spacious Custom House, the convenient Post-office, the beautiful Nelson column, and the noble Drill Shed of Montreal. The contractor of the latter building may sometimes, also, be seen in the neighbourhood, on days when he wants money, along with some of the magnates of the City Hall intent on "going snacks." Those days have been tolerably frequent of late. Of the Court House and other city ornaments we must speak on a future occasion.

The Eastern district contains many objects of interest, such as the Papineau Road Bush, and the Gaol, which last serves also for a House of Refuge and a Lunatic Asylum, whereby much unnecessary outlay is saved. A short time ago some of the residents of this district planted the seed of a new and gigantic tree, large enough, it was said, to shelter the whole of Canada under its branches. The experiment was tried in Papineau Square. The tree was said to be a variety of the great national family "Independence," but on a nearer examination before it had attained even a pigmy growth, it was found to be only a common specimen of the weed "Impudence." It did not thrive in Montreal soil. It is indigenous to rotten stone quarries, where it attains a rank luxuriance.

In our next we will commence describing the city more in detail. Let us, however, always impress on the stranger that Montreal is the best regulated city in the world.