

THE CITY LIFE;

A Weekly, Periodical, devoted to the Amuse and Criticism of the Folks 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 latest news of interest to the sporting fraternity.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Important news 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, MON. 21, 1870.

CAVE ET EMPTOR.

Since we first took our seat upon the platform of journalism, we have earnestly sought to correct the morals of the vicious and the habits of the depraved; by the pungency of our attacks and the dignity of our composition; and we are gratified to learn that the energy and labor thus expended has not been all in vain. One sinner has already been pursued by a retributive justice, and now lies incarcerated in a miasmatic dungeon. But strange anomaly it is that the press of this city does not improve on such an opportunity to teach useful lessons in the school of morality, and thus retard the growth of crime. The charge against the now-convicted culprit was distinctly stated on the trial, and the adduction of evidence clearly established the commission of the offense; an intelligent jury sat in grave judgment, and, after deliberate consideration, rationally declared their conviction of guilt; still, in view of all this interior publicity, some of our lachrymose conferees, with the blush of affected modesty on their literary cheek, dread referring to the question except in the most puerile terms—designating it simply as an "unmentionable crime." What information can the weak and innocent extract from so vague an allusion, and what useful purpose does the display of so much obscurity serve? The court room had been densely packed during the judicial investigation; youth and old age stood side by side in compressed and eager circle—the one sneering with a venerable and morbid pleasure as the enquiry proceeded, the other omnivorously devouring with precious depravity each rancid morsel as it fell from the trembling lips of the timid witness. No attempt whatever was made by the officials to surround the progress of the trial with any cloud of secrecy; neither was any effort indulged in to expel the pious nor to remove the chaste from among the motley group—the law recognized their right to be present and within hearing of the sickening recital, so that those among them who might, perhaps, be contemplating some equally atrocious act, should be deterred from further advances in so loathsome a labyrinth by the punishment now so justly inflicted for so barbarous a crime. Why is it, therefore, that such great latitude is extended to a diversified public in large assemblage, and within the very portals of justice, whilst a powerful press seeks to curtail its own usefulness by a reduction of intelligence and the suppression of even horrid details?

The following is the most sublime exhibition of impertinence that we have yet received, and is treated by us with that just contempt which all anonymous scribbles so well merit. If the writer of this threatening missive is Phillips, of Quebec, why does he so cowardly conceal himself under such hateful and unmanly disguise? If no timely apology be received, the original document will be placed in the hands of the authorities:—
To the Editor of City Life.

SIR,—If anything appears in THE CITY LIFE regarding Harry Phillips, as promised in the last issue, you will find that it will be much warmer for you and the rest of the editorial staff than you dream of at present. Take this warning, and save yourself trouble, etc.
SPOTTER.

HOT TURN-OVERS.

Sinbad has not been seen since the riot in the station.

If H. S.— does not stop his evening visits to the fair one on St. Louis street, we will have to telegraph to the pretty blonde in Ogdenburg. Look out, Harry.

Little Dick had better keep away from the McGill College avenue blonde, or he will get a *blu* eye that will prevent him turning out on the 24th in No. 5 company.

We hear that William has been *a-dozin* the popular young actress, Mary Anderson. Be careful, Willie, actresses are sometimes dangerous, especially to a youth like you that has never been there.

George A. M.—, the would-be "masher," got fifteen "cases" from his boss to pay his board bill, but, instead of paying his board, he donned a white tie and went up to Lottie's to have a time. He is now sponging on his friends for board.

Willie, the would-be Northwest mounted policeman, was caught the other night in a neighbor's kitchen making love to the cook. Look out, Willie, or we will show you up. Residents of St. Catherine street, beware of this midnight prowler.

Frank C—, with his beaver hat, can be seen at all hours lazing around one of our most prominent saloons on Notre Dame street, waiting for some one to come in and "save a life." Stop this immediately, or you will give the place a bad name.

Beautiful Bud got patriotic the other evening—having imbibed too much Rock and Rye—and proposed himself for the Vics, but got fired. He was black-balled by *Special* request. Poor boy, M— won't have any more of you. Try the 65th, Bud.

The ladies of a prominent dry goods store on Notre Dame street had quite a time coming down St. Joseph street on last Friday night. Take care, fair ones, or you will get a good setting out next week if you carry on as you did, as the "photos" have their eyes on you.

JANE, in answer to the paragraph which appeared in our last issue, wishes to say that the Pete referred to is a thoroughbred, and the man who wrote it is the very opposite. Pete never waits to be asked to "put up" the wine. The reason why the *thing* wrote the article was jealousy.

We think it would vastly improve the business of a St. Maurice street grocer if he would "fire out" certain young men (F. O'H., G. R., J. K., M. F. and others) who hang around his place every evening, insulting passers-by, and sometimes making night hideous by their howls, which they call laughing.

Poor Maggie '94 is in a pretty bad way. Strange that two of the same family are in the same fix. One of them ought to get some one to look after a certain young gentleman, who is running pretty wild in her absence, and who pretends he is keeping faithful and waiting anxiously for her re-appearance. Poor Rosa will be sadly disappointed.

LOOK HERE! LOOK HERE!!—The veteran Bob E—, the last of the old McGill street stock, was out on his weekly tour the other night, and he surprised the quiet neighborhood of "Old Jane's" by invading the premises in his usual Zulu style. He was lucky in not meeting "Long Pete," the housecar, or he would have had to levant to the great Missouri.

Fresh Jack G—, of St. Mary street, was observed on Saturday afternoon waiting at the Post Office to see his French pull pass, in the brand new hat and white feather bought by him. Drop on it, Jack, as the fisherman's daughter will kick, and get Willie H. to back her; the parasol and gloves you gave her will be thrown to the winds when she hears of the hat on that other girl.

We note among other business changes the proposed amalgamation of a prominent brewing firm with a well known retail establishment in the lager line. The junior member of the former generally manages to get round there about the time that the boys drop in, and never refuses a "boozey," thereby adding more wealth to the exchequer. Tom is a far-seeing boy. He always has an eye to biz.

Jack I—n, alias "Consumptive Jack," was very "boozey" the other night, and was prevailed upon to join the raw recruit company of the Vics. He now wishes that he had never touched her, as he finds the heavy load of his rifle a good deal harder to carry than a skinful of lager. Jack would rather sit in on a cent-a-nte game of draw than drill, as it requires less muscle and more *nerve*. But if he sticks to his drill, he will no doubt appear very *Grace*ful.