



THE LAST THING IN HAIR.
Coiffure à-la-Velocipede.

THE CAPITAL SNOW-SHOE RACES.

(From our Ottawa Correspondent.)

These important events came off on Saturday last, the 6th inst. The programme was played out in the Government Square, surrounded by those august buildings,—the glory of the past and the envy and hatred of the future.—If the games came up to their designation, it is well; we cannot decide, and leave it to posterity if it will be kind enough to take the job in hand before the snow melts. We heard no one cry *Eureka*—that didn't matter much; the crowd was probably Greek of the Lower Empire, and super-fastidious. In the innocence of such a heart as this, sir, I made an observation. I remarked that it appeared to me rather singular that a snow-shoe track should be graded and macadamized. An ill-conditioned individual—what better could have been expected remembering the locality?—not having the fear of the great philosopher, or of his great envoy, before his eyes, of malice aforethought, did deny that this said track *was* macadamised. Fired with the spirit of Socrates and Boswell-Johnson, I thrust him into the snow with a syllogism! Pardon me, great master—now I reflect, the weapon had really four legs. Never mind—thus was it constructed:—1. Are not those bodies you see yonder all the sons of Adam? 2. Are they not here, as everywhere else where anything good is to be had, in a great majority, *Asacs*? 3. Are they not *covering* the road, to the annoyance of the contestants? My premises having gone unassailed, either by argument or by snow-balls, I jumped triumphantly to my conclusion. Now, sir,—son of impertinence!—tell me—tell me is not that road macadamized, and pretty thickly too?

But off to the Derby,—and, off with the little races among the professionals and the commonalty—very good, I daresay, in their way—but they have no interest for you and me, and none for our superlatively-refined readers. They must mizzle from *our* programme, and quickly. Such shoes won't fit. In a word, you did not send me forth in the royal carriages to fish for sprats.

The first race on my list was

THE DESBARATS TESTIMONIAL RACE.

The prize for this race was a strip of parchment, but of such very *scurvy* appearance, that no one touched it even

with tongs. Though intended as a consolarium, and a (very queer) tribute of respect, neither the head nor the tail of the firm, nor any intervening member, put in an appearance.—No race:—Prize, with many thanks for re-acceptance, returned to the liberal donors. Lime-juice in great demand.

The second was

THE CORPORATION SCRAMBLE.

The prizes in this race were numerous and valuable, but quite indefinite in their multiplicity. They were generally thought to be whatever the winners could lay their hands on. The municipality was greeted on its arrival at the scratch with the popular air, 'Four-and-twenty black birds all in a pie.' There were several false starts and false moves. When the shoers did get off they made up for lost time. There was an almost unnatural eagerness to obtain the best places and the best prizes. No by-law had passed to secure fair play,—so fair play was passed and rejected *nem. con.* Motions were made that upset other motions, and their makers too. The same may be said of contracts. A general halt was called half-way on the course to do a little thimble-rigging. A dozen peas were disappearing and again mysteriously coming to light. Some of the crowd shouted, "Fire!" others screamed, "Water!" There was any quantity of the first—not a dribblet of the last. There was one point strikingly singular in its virtuous abnegation,—everybody seemed to *rate* everybody above himself. Of course—how could it have been otherwise?—the race did not terminate satisfactorily. It was regarded by every one outside the corporation, as an ordinary *mix-up* and muddle.

The next affair that came off was named

THE DOMINION CEMENTER.

There were four entered for this race—Messrs. New Brunswick, Quebec, Nova Scotia and Ontario. Sir Cummin Early Newfoundland, begged hard to be permitted to contend. The stewards took the request into consideration, but were reluctantly—almost with tears,—compelled to refuse the application; but they comforted the applicant with the assurance that long ere another Olympiad came round, he would be qualified for the course, and would be able to put in his shoe with the longest and the broadest. We fear Sir C. E. N., thought this a little fishy. The prize was a Union Wreath, of pure gold and richly ornamented. An intense excitement had arisen around this race; it was deemed to a certain extent to be chilled. Mr. Nova Scotia, though considerably improved in health and spirits, was not yet convalescent. The recent fever had bequeathed an annoying irritation: fortunately, the remanet was attached only to the skin. However, if not just then in the humour for running he was joking, after his own misty fashion. I feel, said he, 'more inclined for *coming* than for *going*.'

The stewards took the situation into consideration, and adjourned the race until all were prepared, all were able, and all were willing.—Satisfaction reigned supreme.

Just at this crucial conjuncture the half-and-half arrived.

Your Envoy Plenipotentiary seized the pewter with eager grasp, and waving it aloft with that triumphant swing peculiar to royalty and its representatives, roared in that voice which no man disregards and lives,—“A SENTIMENT!”

“A SENTIMENT! A SENTIMENT!” echoed a million tongues. This was the beautiful enunciation of compressed wisdom,

“MAY ALL WIN WHO DESERVE SUCCESS!”

I had barely time to breathe off the froth and to secure the liquor, when the sound as of many voices rose around me; ten thousand Niagaras, conspiring with ten thousand murky clouds, belching forth fire and thunder, could not have equalled the storm and fury of applause that rained around me. You must have had it and